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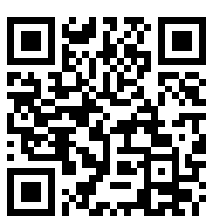

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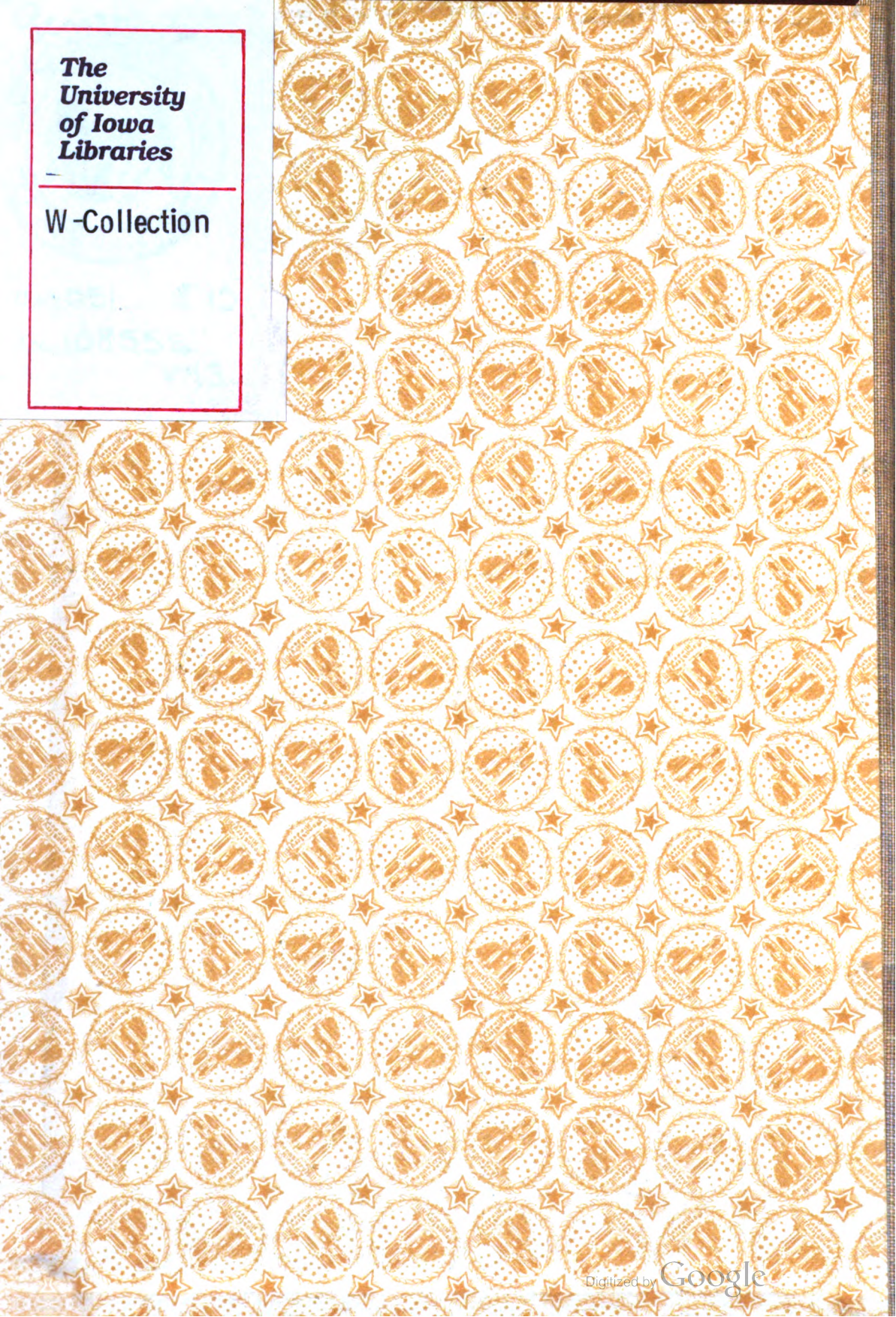

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THE

# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

# FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JANUARY TO APRIL, 1858.

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W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

## FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JANUARY, 1858.


From the British Quarterly.

## ACCORDANCE OF CHRISTIANITY WITH THE NATURE OF MAN;

### OR, THE ETHICS OF REVEALED THEOLOGY.

Is it not strange that men who can discern the seeds of all sorts of heresy in the slightest divergence from the common modes of *thought*, should witness the gravest departures from the just in ethical *feeling* without any serious apprehension as to consequences? The logical connection between the beginning of error in speculation, and the ends of it, seems to be seized in a moment; while the relation between deteriorated moral feeling, and all sorts of declension from the true in opinion, seems to be wholly overlooked. Even the inquisitor, who insists on the duty of visiting error in opinion with the penalties of the rack and the stake, and who to justify his policy is obliged to maintain that errors are not merely errors but sins, is uniformly tolerant of the sin which produces the error, until the error becomes patent. Men may be practically heterodox to a large extent, and be subject to no inconvenient questioning. It is only when this practical heterodoxy has developed itself in the formal rejection of some received dogma that the cry of heresy is raised. But if men err in regard to the great facts of revealed theology, it is in general because they have first erred in regard to the ethical ground on which those facts are based. The fitness of the great doctrines of revelation, whether viewed in their relation to God or to man, is an ethical fitness. Nearly all objection to them, when examined, resolves itself into moral objection. The inner light which men oppose to these doctrines is not the light of mere reason, so much as the supposed light of their moral nature. They have come to regard



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them in the first place as morally exceptionable, and then have learnt to account them as speculatively untrue. No man, accordingly, can be a believer in the theology of the Bible, who is not a believer in the ethics of the Bible.

We hold these maxims to be clear and certain, and of much more practical significance than men in general suppose. For this purpose we shall endeavor to show what the ethics of the Bible really are, and how it comes to pass that men who err in regard to revealed morality, must of necessity err in regard to revealed theology.

Revelation teaches us that moral distinctions come from the Divine Nature—from what is eternally and necessarily in that nature. It teaches us further, that the will of the Deity, however made known, is the expression of his nature, and to us the rule of duty. And it teaches that the end contemplated by the nature and will of the Supreme Being is the good of the universe. The Divine Being speaks to us as he does, because he is what he is, and his purposes are ever in harmony with rectitude and goodness. Reverence of his greatness, love of his goodness, and gratitude for his bountifulness, to the extent possible to the nature of his creatures, is the obedience he demands of them in relation to himself; and, furthermore, that his creatures should all be and do towards others, as they would that others should be and do towards them. These principles embrace all the harmonies we can imagine as possible to the universe. Every infraction of them must be not only discord, but sin, a transgression of law.

But in judging on this subject it becomes us to look beyond the theoretical principles of moral government, to their practical relations—to the facts of the universe familiar to us, and which must be held to be consistent with them. Sin manifestly exists. Suffering and death have come in its train. All the relations of sinful beings are of course powerfully affected by the fact of their sinfulness. Thus the ethics of the Bible come to be something very different in their manifestations from the ethics we could imagine as pervading the universe in the absence of sin. Right, indeed, is right in all the possible conditions and relations of being, but the application of the principles of right must vary as those conditions and relations shall vary. The justice of God is the same whether manifested towards the innocent or the guilty. But the manifestations of justice are not the same in the two cases. What it might have become the Divine Being to do towards sinful beings, we could never have known had not sin been permitted to exist. For our knowledge and certainty in such matters we are indebted, not so much to what we might have reasoned out for ourselves, as to what the Divine Being has himself said and done. It would be presumptuous enough were we to deem ourselves competent to distinguish in all cases between the ethically sound and the not sound even where evil should have no real place. But to imagine ourselves capable of deciding thus concerning the right or wrong in the conduct of the Divine Being towards a world like ours, would be, we scarcely say, presumptuous to the last degree. The case is too complex—too profound in its difficulties, to be wholly comprehended or wholly fathomed by us. Truth, justice, goodness, mercy—these are terms about which we have no dispute. We did *not* need a revelation to enable us to conceive of these qualities or principles, considered in themselves. But there has been ample room for the coming in of new light to determine what may or may not be done consistently with those principles in the relations in which we find ourselves placed, both towards each other, and towards our Maker.

It is clear, then, that if we would be wise in such things we must take the place of learners. It is not the light we bring with us into the world, so much as the light which has come into the world independently of us, that must settle such questions. The primary application of the principles of moral government must be supposed to have had respect to innocent beings. Such a condition of being must be supposed to be the natural condition of creatures. The entrance of sin is the entrance of the unnatural. From sin all forms of the unnatural come as from their common root. The application of the principles of moral government now—especially if its aim be to restore, and not merely to punish, the erring—opens a new field in the history of the Divine administration. The fitting now must be almost wholly a matter of Divine revelation, it can be scarcely at all a discovery of reason. Social government, and parental

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government, are adumbrations of Divine relations. But social government everywhere proceeds on the assumption of human depravity, and is everywhere modified by that assumption. Even the parental relation is necessarily influenced by the same consideration. The ethics of the governmental and the paternal relations among men, in so far as they are from above, must be in harmony with the ethics of the governmental and paternal in the relations of the Divine Being—himself the Supreme Ruler, the Great Parent. But we know all these things now only as they exist among a race of beings who are manifestly erring and sinning beings. As subjects men have revolted. As children they have become unnatural. As the effect of these changes the Divine administration has greatly changed.

We repeat, therefore, that if a man would know what is now most fitting in the relations between man and his Maker, and between man and man, he must learn these things mainly from the Bible; and that only as his feeling shall be in harmony with revealed ethics, is he likely to be a believer in revealed theology.

What, then, are these revealed ethics? We may see them embodied in part in the scriptural idea of civil government. Civil government is an "ordinance of God," and an expression of his will, in so far as it proves to be "a terror to evil doers, and a praise to those who do well." As described in Holy Writ, it is no soft and sentimental influence—but a stern and coercive reality, designed to awe or to compel the most turbulent to submission. In all rude states of society, government is, and must be, to a large extent, a reign of terror. Its penalties must go, and go often, not merely to the loss of property and of liberty, but to the life. We all know that the government—the divinely sanctioned government of the Hebrew people, as set forth in the Old Testament, partook largely of this complexion. When the Deity permits a people to come into such a state, he cedes existence to the kind of government proper and necessary to that state.

In truth, the idea of government in any other than a purely despotic form never entered the thoughts of men in the old eastern world. It is the same over those regions to this day. The notions of liberty which have found a place in Western Europe have no place there—have never been understood. What Russia is now in this respect, the eastern world has been through all time. The great distinction between a despotic and a free state is, that in the latter the rights of men, not merely in relation to each other, but in relation to the government, are largely ceded, and carefully defined. Even in despotic states, a man may often claim justice with a measure of success as against his fellow-man; but justice as against a government, has always been another matter. In such states, the will and pleasure of the chief ruler have been as the beginning and the end of all law and of all right. The only check on such power has been, either the prudent consideration that to destroy the tree must be to lose the fruit; or, it may be, the influence of some priest caste, which being recognized, on a sort of theocratic principle, as representative of invisible powers, has been permitted to act at times as mediator between sovereign and subject. But in all such cases governmental ethics must be something very different from the state of things in this respect with which we are happily familiar. And to expect that the general morality of a people may be pure and elevated, while the morality on which their government is based is thus imperfect, would be to expect against reason. The estimate of human rights, of human suffering, and of human life, is more and more lowered in a state, as the government of the state becomes more and more arbitrary. The great necessity in despotic governments is, that a succession of wise and virtuous men should be provided to take possession of the supreme power. But every thing in the working of such governments tends to insure that there shall be folly and vice as the rule, wisdom and virtue only as the exception.

It is, nevertheless, a fact, that the Hebrew Scriptures never seem to anticipate any thing other than a despotic government for those regions of the earth with which they are conversant. The only happy condition imagined as possible to the people of those lands is, that they should fall under the sway of sagacious and good kings. It is felt to be very much thus even with the Hebrews themselves. In the seventy-second Psalm, which is commonly regarded as intended to shadow forth the millennial reign of Messiah, the imagery employed is taken wholly from the forms of despotic rule.

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One fact, indeed, is conspicuous—the chief ruler in this case is the model of every thing enlightened, just, and humane, in place of being the contrary—but that is the sole difference.

Under the sway of a Solomon, or of any other king, whose reign should have its place in history as the type of the reign of Messiah, the Israelite might expect much. But from kings as he was generally to find them, no such happy influences were to come. Even in his case, the rule of the king would be, in general, more arbitrary than limited, more oppressive than just. Had the Hebrews been content with that theocratic form of government under which they were at first placed; or had their kings been made to respect those theocratic laws to which they ought to have been subject, the case might have been otherwise with them. But when they claimed to be like the other nations in the matter of having a king, they soon became, as Samuel had foretold, like the other nations in very much beside.

Now, several things are at this point observable. First, the Old Testament Scriptures clearly contemplate the oriental nations as incapable of attaining to liberty on any constitutional basis, or by means of any political system possible to those regions. In the second place, in giving their sanction to the principles of such rule as was alone adapted to the east, the inspired writers must be understood as giving their sanction to those special severities which are known to be indispensable to the upholding of rule in that form. In the third place, what it was right to sanction in the given circumstances then, it must be right to sanction in the given circumstances now and forever. For the principles of right are eternal and immutable; they do not fluctuate with time and chance. We place no faith, accordingly, in the talk about the morality of the Old Testament as being imperfect —the word *imperfect* here being used to denote that what is called the morality of the Hebrew Scriptures is often no morality at all, but, on the contrary, something very immoral. Jehovah could sanction nothing as right then, which was not right in the conditions of things then existing; and which would not be right again wherever such conditions of things might again be found.

We feel disposed to look at some of the points relating to the ethics of the Old Testament, and which are regarded as being most open to exception, in the light of these facts. By the ethics of the Old Testament we of course mean its real moral teaching. We must distinguish between the actions of a moral nature which those ancient writers record, and record it may be without praise or blame, and the acts of that nature which they approve and commend. In regard to all sentiments expressed which may be deemed of questionable morality, the point to be determined is — are those sentiments recorded simply as parts of Bible history, or are we to accept them as the real teaching of the Bible? We may select the song of Deborah as a case in which a discrimination of this kind may be at least plausibly exercised. It was in the following terms that we expressed ourselves on this point seven years since: "In itself this story is by no means at variance with the rude notions of justice natural to such an early stage of civilization. Society as it existed in Syria in those days, was of the order in which violence begets violence, and in which deeds that would be highly criminal among us, take with them scarcely any sense of evil. Deborah, indeed, is before us as a prophetess, at whose bidding the Hebrews go to war and victory; and Jael, who entices the defeated general, Sisera, to her roof, in violation of the acknowledged laws of hospitality, kills him while asleep. This happened, too, while there was peace between the country of Jael and the country of Sisera.

"Now before judging of this fact it is to be remembered that for many long years this Sisera had 'mightily oppressed Israel;' and that there is every reason to believe that the peace granted by this pitiless freebooter to the country of Jael had been of the sort which makes the extortions and oppressions of peace nearly as hard to bear as the horrors of war. There were, moreover, ties of affinity between Jael and her people, as descended from Jethro, the father-in-law of Moses, and the oppressed Israelites; and on all these grounds it was scarcely unnatural that both peoples should have looked with a feeling of common execration upon their common oppressor in the day of his reverses. Such rude forms of vengeance are natural in such conditions of society. It is clearly the law of Providence that it should be so, and that such deeds

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should come, in their season, upon the class of delinquents who identify themselves with those monstrous forms of wrong and tyranny which drive even the wise to madness. In much more civilized communities we sometimes see manifestations of the power—the resistless power—which belongs to these retributive instincts of humanity. Let a Robespierre be brought to the ground, and nature's law seems to proclaim that judgment in such cases should be direct, summary, and pitiless. Such miscreants have lived in defiance of all law, and they die without the protection of law. The probability is, that Sisera richly deserved his fate, and that from the hand of the people represented by Jael. But if even this fact, the most perplexing perhaps in its moral aspect of any in the sacred writings, admits of explanation so nearly, if not altogether, satisfactory, it is easy to see what might be done with other incidents to which the same kind of exception has been taken."*

But our impression was when these words were written, and still is, that the song of Deborah was no further inspired than as being handed down to us as a piece of Hebrew history by the inspired author of the book in which we find it. The words in Judges 4 : 5, 6, show that in summoning Israel to war, and promising victory, Deborah uttered not her own words, but words which "the Lord God of Israel commanded." But no expression of this sort occurs in the song composed after — possibly long after — the struggle was over. In later times, a religious teacher once inspired may have been always inspired ; but it is certain that it was not so in those days. The story of Balaam, and that of the "old prophet," in 1 Kings 13, furnish sufficient evidence on that point.

But there are many other passages in the Old Testament, breathing the same spirit, which can not be so dealt with. The imprecatory Psalms have ever been a serious perplexity to devout minds. The greatness of the difficulty here felt is indicated in the many elaborate ingenuities which have been resorted to in the hope of meeting it. Our first impression is, that the passion of revenge, and of revenge carried out to the sternest extremity, must be immoral. Nature seems to say that it is. We have instincts which prompt us to pity even an enemy when prostrated. The antagonism of such feelings to not a little of the teaching of the New Testament seems to be very marked. Nor is the difficulty lessened by the fact that those breathings of vengeance often come up in connection with strong expressions of devout feeling.

It has been urged that the Hebrew language is defective in regard to the tenses of the verb, and that the rendering might be, not a prayer that such things *may* come, but rather a declaration that such things *shall* come. But this plea is not really admissible in any case ; and is of necessity precluded where the verb is in the imperative, and not in the optative.

Another expedient in dealing with these texts is to account the Old Testament dispensation as inferior to the present, not only theologically, but ethically, and to take these passages, accounting them as clearly immoral, as evidence of that fact. But this plea is as little tenable as the former. For, as we have said, moral principle is always the same. What is in itself wrong in the circumstances at any time, must be wrong in the circumstances at all time. It no more comports with just conceptions of the Divine Being to suppose that he could sanction the immoral in the Old Testament, than to suppose that he could sanction it in the New. Both dispensations come from him, and though the ethical development in the one may be *greater* than in the other, there must be nothing ethically *unsound* in either. If both are from God, both must be worthy of him. The man must have been a very defective student of the Old Testament who does not know how large a portion of the book of Deuteronomy is directed against the selfishness of the Hebrew mind, urging the most considerate treatment, not only of the widow and the orphan, but of the stranger, of the servants hired from other nations, and even of the Egyptian.

We can not escape, then, from the conclusion, that the imprecations in question had respect to real persons; and that the vengeance, at times the terrible vengeance, which they breathe, was a vengeance which the writers would fain have seen come on those who had so roused their indignation. The question is, therefore—how are we to explain this fact, consistently with the belief that the men

* *British Quarterly*, vol. xiv., 237, 238.

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who so expressed themselves were nevertheless inspired men? For inspired, and true and just accordingly in their teachings, we must suppose them to have been. In an historical narrative, a poem may be inserted as being historically true, and nothing more. Such we may suppose the ode of Deborah to have been, and such that of David on the death of Saul. But the book of Psalms, from their nature, from the uses assigned to them, and, above all, from the manner in which they are mentioned in the New Testament, must be supposed to have been immediately and entirely inspired, or there is no portion of Scripture that can be so regarded. To say, as some would-be orthodox people are now saying, that the writers of the Psalms were inspired but imperfectly, and that in consequence—to use plain English—they give us good moral lessons in some places, and very immoral lessons in others, is simply to surrender the authority of Scripture altogether. For here it is not the historical or the scientific merely that is ceded as erroneous. It is the moral teaching that is unsound—yes, and the religious teaching too, for in the Psalms under consideration, the moral and the religious are so blended together that there is no separating the one from the other. Those writers are forward to affirm that the objects of their execrations are what they are to them, not merely as being personal enemies, but mainly as being enemies to God. The indignation is an avowed religious indignation, and can not be morally wrong without being theologically wrong. If this breakdown of authority be allowed to take place, for the reasons assigned, in the Psalms, it must of course be allowed to take place everywhere for the same reasons. Perplexing, therefore, as the imprecatory Psalms may be, we feel bound to conclude, if we are to have a Bible at all, that the man who wrote them did not err in thus writing.

Can we, then, imagine the circumstances in which expressions of such a nature would be justifiable? David, as he fled from the wrath of Saul, presented himself to Ahimelech the priest, in the city of Nob, and obtained from him a supply of the priest's bread, and the sword of Goliath. David said, but said untruly, that the king had sent him on this errand. One Doeg, an Edomite, a herdsman of Saul, chanced to be there, and to win the favor of his master he not only reported that Ahimelech had so received David, but said that he had consulted the Lord in his favor, which he had not. Saul, in his wrath, summoned Ahimelech, and all the priests of Nob, eighty-four in number, to his presence. Ahimelech declared himself innocent, which he was justified in doing, and as to the eighty-four priests, against them there was no sort of evidence. Nevertheless, Saul commanded his followers to fall upon the whole of them, and to destroy them. But not a soldier would do the atrocious bidding. Saul afterwards commanded Doeg the herdsman to do that deed, and Doeg not only murdered the eighty-four priests, whom he, of all men, knew to be innocent, but smote all the men of the city, their "women and children, and sucklings, and oxen, and asses, and sheep, with the edge of the sword." One, indeed, a son of Ahimelech, escaped, and hastening to David, related all that had happened. David replied to the distressed youth: "I knew it that day, when Doeg the Edomite was there, that he would surely tell Saul; I have occasioned the death of all the persons of thy father's house. Abide thou with me, fear not, for he that seeketh my life, seeketh thy life." (1 Samuel 21, 22.)

Now suppose David to have retired to his tent that night, and to have written an ode on this slaughter of innocent priests and of innocent people. Suppose him to have pictured to himself the unarmed priests as one by one they are cut down by the merciless destroyers; the harmless men of the city as they fall by the same weapons, husbands and wives, mothers and tender little ones, butchered in the presence of each other, the infant and the man of gray hairs lying together in their blood before him—and would it have been a marvel if he had heaped on the head of the unpitying bloodhound who had perpetrated that tragedy, the heaviest of the curses to be found in the imprecatory Psalms—converting him and his into a monument of terror that might serve to scare wretches of his sort from their purpose when disposed to do thus wickedly? It is vain—it is sheer imbecility to reply, it is written, "Bless and curse not," for it is also written, "He beareth not the sword in vain," and that in a judicial sense at least, there are occasions when it is as truly humane, ay,

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and as truly religious, to curse as to bless. And who is to say that the cases to which the imprecatory Psalms refer, were not all of them as bad as this case of Doeg, and some of them even worse? Can he be the friend of the Bible—can he be said to do towards its authors as he would that men should do towards him—who does not at once cede, not only the possibility but even the probability of such being the case? Do we not feel bound to assume, under any view of the matter, that the wickedness thus denounced must have been of the most signal and monstrous description? And does not the above fact show how possible it was that the crime of those days should become at times thus enormous?

History, unhappily, does not fail to give us, from time to time, her Siseras and her Doegs; and, as we have said, it is a clear law of Providence, that vengeance of the sort breathed forth by Deborah and by the Psalmists, should come upon such offenders. The instincts of injured humanity, which come forth, in their season, to crush such men of wrong and bloodshedding, are instincts far too deep and pervading in our nature, and too sure in their retributions, not to have been lodged within us for the work they do. Such men have chosen violence as their law, and the imperishable in man insures that they shall die by that law. In reading history our moral feeling teaches us to expect that such monsters will, in the end, be caught in their own snare, and be destroyed by their own weapons. Even in fiction, where the man who has made evil his good is often introduced, the writers know what is expected of them, and that to allow a villain of that order to escape his fitting doom, would be to offend against the moral anticipations of their readers, and to contravene the general lessons of Providence. When the friend of Macduff tells him the last sad news from Scotland, and proceeds to say that his house had been entered by the regicide usurper, and that no mercy had been shown there, either to wife or little ones, and when the wild burst of agony goes forth from that father's heart—

> "What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
> At one fell swoop!"

who after that can doubt as to the fate of Macbeth, or as to the hand that will be found to bring that fate upon him? What we here say applies to such instances of evil-doing, even in a highly civilized state of society, such as that of France in the time of her first revolution; much more to a social state so little influenced by law and judicial forms of any kind, as is the normal condition of things in this respect in the East, and as was especially the case among the Israelites, and the nations around them three thousand years ago.

Let the feeling in such cases be analyzed, and it will be found, that though the foremost feature in it be the punishment of a delinquent, the groundwork of the feeling awakened is not so much a feeling against the delinquent, as a feeling in favor of the many who have suffered from his hand. There lies at the basis of what is felt, the elements of every thing generous and noble—pity towards the weak, and care for the safety of the innocent. It is seen that forbearance towards men who do thus wickedly, must be injustice, cruelty, murder towards the unoffending. It is felt that society must be saved from the hands of such demons, and that the only way of so saving it is to destroy them. What less than this could be due to those mutineer fiends whose deeds will be associated through all history with the name of Delhi and Cawnpore? The whole resolves itself, not so much into the hate of one man, as into the love of many. It is in human nature to pronounce, that whosoever dares to rise up thus against humanity, should be crushed by humanity—that there must be something out of joint, something other than it should be, in any moral system, where this, as a rule, should not be. The feeling here is not malignant, it is benevolent.

Often, indeed, the culprit himself comes to feel this. The cases are not few in history in which the perpetration of some flagrantly wicked deed so haunts the perpetrator, as to forbid that he should attempt to escape from the terrible penalty he has merited. He has often been constrained, not merely to surrender himself into the hands of justice, but to implore that its stroke might not be withholden from him. Shallow witlings may make light of such moral phenomena, but grave men trace in them the finger of God.

Some of these imprecatory Psalms are, as we believe, Psalms of David. As such they may be regarded as being, not so much private, as public and judicial, in

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their character. Yes, and more—as being the utterances, not merely of David as an offended king, but of him as the representative of Jehovah, the Theocratic Sovereign of the Hebrews, the King of Kings. In this view, accordingly, the offenses supposed are something more than offenses against a private person, or against an earthly sovereign—they are such as take with them the double guilt of impiety and treason.

But, in all instances, the men who so wrote were at least inspired men. Now, it can not be pretended that the evils accumulated on the heads of those who are the objects of these imprecations are other than do often await such offenders in the course of Divine Providence. The wicked do often thus treasure up unto themselves wrath against the day of wrath. And are we competent to say that inspired men may not have been prepared in some cases to see the sins of the sinning, and the retributions awaiting them, so clearly as to have been qualified and warranted to pronounce the doom of such men in anticipation of the coming judgment of the Almighty? These Psalms bring no more upon the wicked than the Divine Providence brings upon them. They give forth the burden of the Lord against such men: that—no more than that; and must we suppose it impossible that an inspired mind may become so much one with the Divine mind in these respects, as justly to pray that the Divine Being would do what it would assuredly be *righteous* in him to do, and what, in his time, he assuredly *will* do? In this view, the argument against the imprecatory Psalms becomes an argument against the moral government of God. It is not this or that Hebrew scribe, but the Ruler of the universe, who is at fault.

Certainly, it is in our view a much easier and a much safer thing to accept the imprecatory Psalms under such lights, than to say with one breath, that all the moral and religious teaching in the Bible is inspired; and with the next, that those Psalm writers were so liable to err in their morality, and in their theology too, as to be in fact no authority at all, in comparison with our own inner sense of fitness in regard to such things. If this be not the great principle of Rationalism, we know not what that principle is.

But the grand plea in this matter is that the Christian spirit is a forgiving spirit—that the language "love your enemies" is characteristic of it, and so on. Now, it is not denied that lessons of this nature have a beautiful prominence in the New Testament. But lessons of another kind are there, and such as are in full accordance even with these imprecatory Psalms. Did Peter sin when he said to the man that would have purchased the gift of God with money, "Thy money perish with thee"? Did Paul sin when he said, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema maranatha"? or when he said, "Though an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed"? or when he said to an insolent priest who smote him, "The Lord smite thee, thou whited wall"? True, he withdrew the term when the priest proved to be the high-priest, but he therein affirmed the fitness of his feeling and of his words in other circumstances. Did the same Apostle sinwhen he said, "Alexander the coppersmith hath done me much evil; the Lord reward him according to his works"? To say for the purpose of turning aside such texts, that these are occasional utterances only, and that inspiration leaves room to individuality, and the like, what is this but in effect to say that it is well to accept the authority of the inspired writers when felt to be convenient, but no further? We certainly should not of ourselves have thought of looking to the imprecatory Psalms as giving us language which should be regarded as that of the Messiah. But the New Testament shuts us up to this conclusion. We do not suppose it to be necessary that we should take the Psalms so cited as being Messianic in all their parts; but to us it is clear that some of the severest utterances found in them are said to be His utterances. And in the fact that those writings are cited in the New Testament as giving the language of Christ at all, we see enough to satisfy us that those portions of Holy Writ can not have been the immoral composition which some men affirm them to have been—Messiah speaking in one verse, and some purely malignant passion, of which even heathen men should be ashamed, getting vent in the next! Upon reflection, there is not the slightest ground for wonder that our Lord should be made to speak as he does in these citations from the Psalms. We all remember the language in which he de-

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tects the sin, and forshadows the doom of the Pharisees. In that doom we have his own judgment—that which he brings to pass, whether men pray him so to do or not. So in the woes which he pronounces on cities like Chorazin and Bethsaida. Those woes came, and came, we must suppose, according to his will. If the time came in which it was good for him so to do, can we not suppose a time to have been in which inspired men might innocently have prayed him so to do? What was right as an object of his will, might assuredly be right as an object of prayer on the part of natures made to partake in a special degree of his mind. It was his voice which said, as he looked down on the guiltiest of cities: "Thou shalt not see me, until thou shalt say, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." In other words, the judgment upon thee which will make thee a terror to all ages, shall come. Terrible as it is, it is only just; and I depart that it may enter — that I may send to thee, alas! not the Comforter, but the avenger! So, too, in the last day, it is from his lips that the words will proceed: "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." What that future state is to which this language points, we can understand but imperfectly; but from the effects of evil in this world, we feel that we are forced upon dark inferences as to its consequences in the next.

Now it is in vain for men who profess to believe in the Bible at all, to attempt to ignore these aspects of its teaching. The Christian revelation is not simply a revelation of mercy, it is also a revelation of justice. Its character of God discloses his compassion as a Father, but along with it his grandeur as a moral ruler. Whether to our liking or not, this revelation has its heaven and its hell. It is designed for men who can believe, not only that there is a God, but that there is a devil. It depicts the evil of sin as a terrible reality. It teaches that there must be a real atonement made for sin, if there is to be pardon for the guilty. It teaches that a regenerating power must come from the divine nature itself to the nature of man, if the depraved are ever to become pure.

But the man must be little observant of what is existing about him who does not know that there is much in our modern philanthropy, as it is called, which is strongly at issue, not only with the retributive element in certain of the Psalms, and with the moral teaching of the Old Testament generally, but with the ethics which everywhere underlie the above scheme of doctrine—doctrine embracing the evangelical truth of the Christian Scriptures. The conclusion to which this feeling prompts is, in substance, that the case can not be so bad as represented, and that the remedy demanded can not have been of so serious a nature. This impression admitted, the next step is to make it appear that it is a just and safe impression.

The parties who come under the influence of such feeling, are some of them amiable and pious persons, whose mild and sensitive nature disposes them to turn away from suffering and terror in any form. Towards such temperaments it is easy to have compassion and to judge charitably. But this plea of philanthropy is often obtruded upon us by persons of quite another description, and very commonly this class knows only too well how to make dupes of the former class. Parties who were never suspected of being much burdened with the milk of human kindness, who are known, on the contrary, as being among the best haters to be met with, may be found with much sickly talk of this sort upon their lips. Their own life is a ceaseless tissue of conceit, envy, uncharitableness, and evil speaking—nevertheless they are great philanthropists, inasmuch as they do not afflict bodies, they only aim to torture souls! Authority above their own does somehow or other force itself into play about these persons, and it is this fact which so deeply affects their bile. All war they account as unnecessary, unjust, cruel—as so much murder. All penal severity they describe as proceeding from prejudice, or from the mere love of inflicting it. The world, in fact, is a very well-disposed sort of world, if those who undertake to govern and amend it could only be induced to let it alone. Coercion is a barbarous and brute element; every thing should be expected from persuasion.

Society in this country is saturated with such talk. Examine it, and you will find in it so much of Robert Owen *redivivus*, as to be little surprised at what often follows. Nothing is more natural than that minds thus prepossessed should be shocked by things they meet with in nearly every page of the Old Testament,

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and in large portions of the New. The human nature in which such people believe is not the human nature of the Bible, nor of the actual world. Hence the principles of civil government, and the doctrines of theology, which they are predisposed to expect in the Bible, are something very different from what they find there. Men possessed with this narrow and diseased feeling are largely committed against every thing of special value in divine revelation. They have learnt to turn from any human government which makes itself a "terror," as from an abomination. How natural that they should turn from the divine government, which does the same thing on a much larger scale, as from a still greater abomination. Discourse concerning the paternal character of God, and its paternal administration of things as much as you please. But discourse about moral law, about the necessity of sustaining its honor, of enforcing its sanctions, and of exacting satisfaction for offenses against it, and you are accounted as entering the domain of mysteries—mysteries concerning which the less that is said in any positive way the better. Christ no doubt did, in some sense, die for our sins, but in what exact sense he so did is very difficult to determine. Divine influence in the human soul is no doubt a reality, but to what extent, and in what way, is very hard to comprehend. In fact, it is only weak men who dogmatize on such themes. Wise men show their wisdom by finding more intelligible and more practical topics with which to occupy their thoughts. It is in this manner, good reader, that evangelical truth, without being formerly disavowed, is really ignored among us. The Gospel, as preached by Paul, is passed by, and another—which is not another—is by degrees, and without noise, obtruded into its place. But the man who must quarrel with his Bible in this manner, because it will prophesy rough things to him as well as smooth, should bear in mind that the quarrel can not rest there. For the same reasons it must be extended to providence and nature. In short, in this grave misconception as to the moral condition of our race, and in this morbid sentimentalism as regards the manner in which the case of humanity should be dealt with, the seeds of half the deisms and atheisms the world has known may be found. It is the old story, the internal light against the external — Rationalism *versus* Revelation. Reason ceases to know its place, and, heedless of all external authority, whether of an external word or of an external universe, runs into all sorts of license.

The philosophy of this brief paper may be placed within a small compass. What it *must* be right in the Divine Being to do, it *may* be right in inspired men to pray him to do; and conceptions of law and retribution which certainly have their place in Providence, may have their place in Revelation.

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From the Westminster Review.

## MRS. BROWNING'S AURORA LEIGH.

Mrs. Barrett Browning has won for herself the first place among our female poets. Falling short of the exquisite grace characterizing the masterpieces of Felicia Hemans, without the simplicity of L. E. L., or the variety of dramatic power which distinguishes Joanna Baillie, her earlier volumes contain poems evincing a depth of thought and subtlety of expression peculiarly her own. The "Graves of a Household" is not more delicately beautiful than those verses of "Caterina to Camoens," or more passionately tender than "Isabel's Child." "The Romaunt of the Page," "The Swan's Nest among the Reeds," "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," "The Rhyme of the Duchess May," "The Rhapsody of Life," with some of the best sonnets and the most stirring lyrics in the language, give proof of poetic genius no less various than powerful, and would of themselves vindicate for the authoress

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the position we have assigned her. No one could fail therefore to regard "Aurora Leigh"—the most mature, as well as the longest of her works—that into which she says her "highest convictions upon Life and Art have entered"—with profoundest interest and sanguine expectations.

The attempt to write a *novel*—which shall be also a *poem*—is a daring one. We have abandoned the absurdity of setting limits to the sphere of poetry, but there is a certain incongruity between the natural variety and expansion of the one, and the concentration required in the other. The general success of this effort is remarkable. Few volumes of verse have such intense interest. It has been found by an ingenious critic to contain more lines than "Paradise Lost" or the "Odyssey"—yet there are few people who do not try to read it at a sitting. Once into the vortex of the story, we are whirled on, forgetful of criticism, of the authoress, and of ourselves. This is a high recommendation, and has contributed largely towards the enthusiastic reception of the work; but when one has leisure to be censorious, he is met by defects equally striking. The difficulties of the design have not been entirely surmounted. The authoress is given to a diffusive style: she drags us through many pages in "Aurora Leigh" which are unnecessary, trifling, and wearisome. That it may become a story, it sometimes ceases to be a poem. Blank verse is the most flexible and accommodating of all measures: it can sound, as in "The Brook," like graceful conversation, or with the Æolian pulsation of the "Morte d'Arthur," preserving its harmonious fullness; but in "Aurora Leigh" there are cases in which Mrs. Browning has broken loose altogether from the meshes of versification, and run riot in prose cut up into lines of ten syllables. Is there any sign of verse, for example, in the following: "When he came from college to the country, very often he crossed the hills on visits to my aunt, with gifts of blue grapes from the hothouses, a book in one hand—mere statistics, (if I chanced to lift the cover,) count of all the goats whose beards are sprouting." Yet, with the simple change of *often* into *oft*, Mrs. Browning has made six lines out of it, as good as about one third of those in the volume. There are so many minor faults throughout the poem, that they cease to be *minor* faults, and are a serious hindrance to our enjoyment of its beauties. Those are not mere deviations from conventional practice. At the present day such deviations, in Art at least, are not apt to be harshly judged. The age is past when critics presumed to lay down rules for poetry, strict as the dogmas of heraldry, and more meaningless. The reäction against classicism has reached its climax. Even the Unities have died out. We favor an artist who has ventured on a new method, or sought to evolve a new design; let him but keep within the bounds of reason, he obtains the praise of originality.

It would be fortunate if, in revolting against restraint, we were never led to transgress those laws of rhythm and construction which, fixed by Nature herself, are never forgotten but with offense to harmony, taste, and sense. The affectation of Originality is the next fault to the want of it. Irregular lines, extravagant metaphors, jarring combinations, are the occasional *defects*, never the *signs* of genius. An ostentation of strength is the most infallible proof of weakness. A profusion of words is no voucher for richness of thought. Those are not the best scholars who make the most numerous quotations from the Greek. We know no poem so good as this, with so many glaring offenses against those first principles. Mrs. Browning's greatest failure is in her metaphors: some of them are excellent, but when they are bad—and they are often bad—they are very bad. By a single ugly phrase, a single hideous word, dragged in, one would think, from the furthest ends of the earth, she every now and then mars the harmony of a whole page of beauty. She sadly wants simplicity, and the calm strength that flows from it. She writes in a high fever. She is constantly introducing geographical, geological, and antiquarian references, almost always out of place, and often incorrect. Here are three wise lines of her own, which ought to have preserved her from many errors:

> "We strain our natures at doing something great,
> Far less because it's something great to do,
> Than, haply, that we, so, commend ourselves
> As being not small."

Mrs. Browning seems at once proud

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and ashamed of her womanhood. She protests, not unjustly, against the practice of judging artists by their sex; but she takes the wrong means to prove her manhood. In recoil for mincing fastidiousness, she now and then becomes coarse. She will not be taxed with squeamishness, and introduces words unnecessarily, which are eschewed in the most familiar conversation. To escape the imputation of over-refinement she swears without provocation. Those are grave accusations: but the authoress would be the first to disclaim the shield of that spurious gallantry which accords her sex an exemption from the full severity of legitimate censure. A few examples, taken almost at random from among many, will vindicate the justice of our remarks.

The description of a face that haunted Aurora's early years, gives scope for a perfect shoal of mangled and pompous similes. It was, she says, "by turns

"Ghost, fiend, and angel, fairy, witch, and sprite—
A dauntless Muse, who eyes a dreadful Fate,
A loving Psyche who loses sight of Love,
A still Medusa, with mild milky brows
All curdled and all clothed upon with snakes
Whose slime falls fast as sweat will; or anon
Our Lady of the Passion, stabbed with swords
Where the Babe sucked; or Lamia in her first
Moonlighted pallor, ere she shrunk and blinked,
And shuddering, wriggled down to the unclean."

What a confusion of violence is the account given of London streets and the wretched beings who dwell there:

"Faces! phew,
We'll call them vices festering to despairs,
Or sorrows petrifying to vices: not
A finger-touch of God left whole in them;
All ruined—lost—the countenance worn out
As the garments, the will dissolute as the acts,
The passions loose and draggling in the dirt
To trip the foot up at the first free step!
Those faces! 'twas as if you had stirred up hell
To heave its lowest dreg-fiends uppermost
In fiery swirls of slime," etc.

How much more full of meaning, to one who has seen such sights, is the simple phrase of our Laureate's, in "Maud:"

"And I loathe the squares and streets,
*And the faces that one meets.*"

In another passage (p. 178) Mrs. Browning designates the hard heart of society as—

"This social Sphinx,
Who sits between the sepulchres and stews,
Makes mock and mow against the crystal heavens."

Payne Knight (p. 186) is compared to a "mythic mountaineer"

"Who traveled higher than he was born to live,
And showed sometimes the goitre in his throat
Discoursing of an image seen through fog."

To illustrate the way in which individual words are often misused, we may take the following. "My life," Romney says (p. 388)—

"Scarce lacked that thunderbolt of the falling beam,
Which *nicked* me on the forehead as I passed."

Of Florence (p. 307) she says—

"The town, there, seems to seethe
In this Medæan *boil-pot* of the sun,
And all the patient hills are bubbling round
As if a prick would leave them flat."

Of Romney Leigh excited (p. 164)—

"Was that his face I saw? . . . . . .
Which tossed a sudden horror like a *sponge*
Into all eyes."

Of an angel face, that it shone in Heaven in "a *blotch*" of light!

To Lady Waldemar, Aurora writes (p. 287) with a strange confusion of biblical reference—

"For which inheritance beyond your birth
You sold that *poisonous porridge* called your soul."

Those pieces of bad taste mainly arise from that straining after strength which mar some of the authoress's best writings; but there are others which, in their rough treatment of themes we are accustomed to see handled with reverence, are still more repulsive. Witness the comparison of Christ to a hunter of wild beasts, (p. 343.)

In the picture of London, (p. 95,) she has so overlaid her colors, as quite to destroy the effect of what might have been

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a most impressive sketch. Sometimes the mixture of metaphors is such as to make the passage utterly unintelligible; as for instance, in the invective against the German scholar, Wolf, who, good unsuspecting man, when he first ventured to criticise Homer in his study at Halle, never dreamt of being called such names by an English poetess.

A considerable portion of the book is devoted to a minute and not very profitable analysis of the process of making verses. There is surely some "playing at art" here, and science too:

"I *ripped* my verses up,
And found no blood upon the rapier's point;
The heart in them was just an embryo's heart,
Which never yet had beat that it should die;
Just gasps of make-believe galvanic life;
Mere tones inorganized to any tune."—P. 98.

This "ripping up" does not seem to have been sufficiently savage; but Mrs. Browning has her excuse for the jolting of her Pegasus:

"But I felt
My heart's life throbbing in my verse to show
It lived, it also—certes incomplete—
Disordered with all Adam in the blood,
But even its very tumors, warts, and wens
Still organized by and implying life."—P. 101.

Yet it is those very warts and wens that we complain of as degrading her best poetry from the first to the second rank. It is that exaggerated mysticism and confusion of phrases that has given men, who pride themselves on their common-sense, a distaste to metaphorical or even imaginative writing, and has done more than any thing else to lower the esteem in which works of Art are held.

Did our survey cease here, we should not be so unfair as the *Saturday Reviewer;* but we would give the reader only some such conception of Aurora Leigh as he would have of the Ajax, from the bad joke on the hero's name—of "Romeo and Juliet," from the wretched puns it contains—of Byron's "Don Juan," from the stanzas in which he offends against delicacy—of Wordsworth's "Idyls" from Goody Blake and Henry Gill, or of Tennyson's "Maud," from the rudest of his hobbling hexameters. The worst pieces are short. The poem contains passages of concentrated beauty and sustained grandeur, enough to establish half a dozen reputations. In the presentation alike of character and scenery Mrs. Browning has proved herself in every sense a master. Those pictures of England and of Italy which so adorn the first and seventh books are already familiar to our readers; and they will take a permanent rank among our best specimens of descriptive poetry. Some of the portraits exhibit a fund of subtle humor. Witness that oft-quoted sketch of the Aunt, a lady whose temper is perhaps best represented in those three lines—

"And English women, she thanked God and sighed,
(*Some people always sigh in thanking God,*)
Were models to the universe."

There are many passages which we value, as much for the truth they condense as for the beauty of their language. We shall select one or two of those wise sentences at a venture:

"We get no good
By being ungenerous, even to a book,
And calculating profits—so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth—
'Tis then we get the right good from a book."
—P. 26.

"Many tender souls
Have strung their losses on a rhyming thread
As children cowslips: the more pains they take
The work more withers. Young men, ay, and maids,
Too often sow their wild oats in tame verse,
Before they sit down under their own vine
And live for use. Alas! near all the birds
Will sing at dawn; and yet we do not take
The chaffering swallow for the holy lark."
—P .34.

"The rest are like it; those Olympian crowns
We run for, till we lose sight of the sun
In the dust of the racing chariots."—P. 72.

"There's not a crime
But takes its proper change out still in crime,
If once rung on the counter of this world;
Let sinners look to it."—P. 120.

"We are wrong always when we think too much
Of what we think or are; albeit our thoughts
Be verily as bitter as self-sacrifice,
We're no less selfish."—P. 151.

"I've known the pregnant thinkers of this time,

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And stood by breathless, hanging on their lips,
When some chromatic sequence of fine thought,
In learned modulation phrased itself
To an unconjectured harmony of truth.
And yet I've been more moved, more raised, I say,
By a simple word—a broken, easy thing,
A three-years infant might say after you—
A look, a sigh, a touch upon the palm,
Which meant less than 'I love you' . . . than by all
The full-voiced rhetoric of those master-mouths."—P. 174.

"The Greeks said grandly, in their tragic phrase,
'Let no one be called happy till his death.'
To which I add—Let no one till his death
Be called unhappy. Measure not the work
Until the day's out, and the labor done;
Then bring your gauges. If the day's work's scant,
Why, call it scant; affect no compromise;
And, in that we have nobly striven, at least
*Deal with us nobly, women though we be,*
*And honor us with truth, if not with praise.*"
—P. 183.

It is, however, to the general management of the poem that we must look for its main excellences, as well as for its gravest defects. The outline of the story is well known. The writer—whose sentiments and opinions we can not avoid identifying to a large extent with those of the authoress—is a Tuscan girl, left from her birth alone with an English father, to grow up, at once shy and impetuous, under Italian skies. He dies in her thirteenth year, leaving her to be conveyed by strangers to a strange land, under the charge of his sister. This lady has harbored a long hatred against Aurora's mother, who bewitched the stiff English gentleman, from his home, his duties, and his estate. She receives the child with all the chill kindness of an unsympathetic guardian. Under her, the wild girl has to become tame—to grow in the prescribed way to the prescribed end. And so she shoots up into womanhood in outward conformity, yet fluttering more and more against her cage, seeking a solace from the weariness of her tasks in the land of thought and fancy:

"I was not, therefore, sad;
My soul was singing at a work apart,
Behind the wall of sense, as safe from harm
As sings the lark when sucked up out of sight,
In vortices of glory and blue air."

Gradually she grows to learn the beauty of that England which at first seemed cold and repulsive. Here is introduced that exquisite landscape painting to which we have referred. (See pp. 39–41.) Then comes the crisis of her life—the scene with her cousin Romney. He has lived near them, and seen Aurora daily, and grown to love her. She, too, loves him, unconsciously to herself, plainly enough to the reader; but they have their own distinct views of life. He is a poet in action—she in verse. His soul is "gray with poring over the long sum of ill"—of wretchedness, and poverty, and vice, in the world around him: he has, with all the foolish enthusiasm of youth, resolved to devote his fortune and his life to lessen this ill. One fine morning he comes to seek a helpmate in his career of beneficence. But *she* is twining wreaths around her brow, dreaming of Dante and Florentine bays. Their interview has been compared to that famous one between Jane Eyre and St. John. There is some show of resemblance between them; but the difference as to the essential question is infinite. St. John thought of Jane as a mere missionary; he would as willingly have had her go with him as a sister, were it not for public opinion. Romney loves Aurora far more deeply than she deserved; and he shows this by tone and look and gesture throughout the whole colloquy. He talks too much, perhaps, of his philanthropy, his schemes—some foolish, some as wise as any yet devised for reforming the world; but he is diverted from superfluous display of tenderness, by the noblest thoughts of others and their welfare—

"Thinking love's best proved unsaid,
And by words the dignity
Of true feeling's often lost,
He was vowed to life's broad duty,
Man's great business uppermost
In his mind—not woman's beauty."

She, on the other hand, turns from him because she thinks too much of herself. Because he will not protest that she is born to be a poet, she distrusts and rejects his love with a most magniloquent disdain:

"'Now,' I said, 'may God
Be witness 'twixt us two!' and with the word
Meseemed I floated into a sudden light
Above his stature—and I proved too weak
To stand alone, yet strong enough to bear
Such leaners on my shoulder? poor to think,

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Yet rich enough to sympathize with thought?
Incompetent to sing, as blackbirds can,
Yet competent to love, like HIM? I paused:
Perhaps I darkened, as the lighthouse will
That turns upon the sea."

He writes next day, renewing the assurance of his affection, but the aunt in her indignation has let out the secret that Aurora, by her father's foreign marriage, is left undowered, and Romney, the sole heir—interpreting his offer as an act of charity, her pride revolts still more. Shortly after, her aunt dies, holding in her hand a letter with a transfer of a large portion of Romney's estate to her, and so, by inheritance, to Aurora. Unfortunately it is found unopened, and the heroine tears it up with infinite grandeur. "Penthesilea mediis in armis;" or, as she modestly expresses it, like the whirlwind on Valdarno. The cousins separate—she to the central seat of English life, to work out her independence, he to forget his own great sorrow in the activity of a greater mission. Seven years after, she writes the first part of this history from her room three stories high, in Kensington, where she has found for herself a sphere of action and a taste of her much coveted fame. Yet the memory of that morning in the summer garden haunts her still:

"He bears down on me through the slanting
years,
The stronger for the distance."

The account of her London career gives occasion for a good deal of humorous satire on the fashionable life and talk of the metropolis. We find nothing indeed to rival the cunning disclosures of Thackeray; but in the fourth and fifth books there is a large amount of vivid characterization. Some of the minor *dramatis personæ* are drawn with great power; such as the good Lord Howe, the cautious philanthropist, never out of his depth, never honest; clever Mister Smith, and Sir Blaise Delorme—

"with quiet, priest-like voice,
Too used to syllable damnations round
To make a natural emphasis worth while;"

and above all, Lady Waldemar—the rich, the beautiful, the fascinating, the hateful Lady Waldemar, who, herself in love with Romney, comes to ask Aurora's aid in averting a marriage which, in practical illustration of his communism, he is about to contract with a daughter of the people—a poor girl who has lived pure in the midst of horror and penury and crime, whom he has saved from death, or worse than death, and whom he is resolved in front of all the world to make his wife. The lady fails in her mission:

"'You take it so,'
She said; 'farewell, then. Write your books
in peace,
As far as may be, for some secret stir
Now obvious to me—for most obviously,
In coming hither I mistook the way.'
Whereat she touched my hand, and bent her
head,
*And floated from me like a silent cloud*
*That leaves the sense of thunder.*"—P. 115.

Henceforth we are seized upon by a new interest which makes us hurry over every thing else. Stately Aurora Leigh, her theories, her speculations, and her pride—the London life, the balls, the gossip of ladies in rustling silks, the talk of artists and old rakes and embryo philosophers, amusing and graphic as they are, are cast into the shade by the apparition and the tragedy of Marian Erle. Aurora goes to see her, and finds in the midst of one of the wretched streets of London "an ineffable white face," which we get to think more beautiful than any other in the book—

"She was not white or brown,
But could look either like a mist that changed
According to being shone on more or less."

She tells her sad story with irresistible pathos—how, born in a miserable hut, she led a hard life with cruel parents, driven from place to place and set to all mean tasks, yet consoled by the beauty around, which from nature and stray books she draws to herself by some unborn instinct. At last her wretched mother offers to sell her to a rich squire in the neighborhood. She tears herself from their hands and escapes. The account of her flight (p. 127) is a wonderful piece of writing. We read it with the breathless haste which it describes, in sympathy with the passion of fear that gave wings to the fugitive. She is found by Romney in an hospital to which she has been conveyed. He addresses her in kind words, which she never forgets—

"since, in any doubt or dark,
They came out like the stars, and shone on her
With just their comfort;"

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and in tones of music that haunt her still in the London milliner's, where he has sent her to work and hope:

"Then she drew
The stitch, and mused how Romney's face would look,
*And if 'twere likely he'd remember hers*
*When they two had their meeting after death.*"

He meets her again when she has left her position to nurse a sick companion, and after a time seeks in her that fit associate for his task. The day is fixed for the marriage. There is an extraordinary meeting of rags and silks to solemnize the cementing of social distinctions which Romney desires to symbolize in this ceremony—

"Half St. Giles' in frieze
Was bidden to meet St. James' in cloth of gold."

All is ready, but the bride has disappeared. He seeks her east, he seeks her west, but no trace is to be found; nothing for love or money but a mysterious letter from Marian, declining marriage, yet showing her love, evidently concealing more than it reveals:

"Very kind,
I pray you mark, was Lady Waldemar,
She came to see me nine times, rather ten;
So beautiful, she hurts me like the day
Let suddenly on sick eyes."

Time passes. We have a great deal about London society, and profuse speculation on art and artists. Meantime the report grows that Romney is affianced to Lady Waldemar. We hear no more until, a year or so after, on her route towards Italy, Aurora meets Marian accidentally in the streets of Paris, with a child in her arms. Borne off in the crowd, she is again found by chance, after a long, fruitless search, and this time Aurora succeeds in tracking her to a retreat in the suburbs, "scarce larger than a grave," where she lives with her infant. There is nothing more exquisite in the poem than some of the lines which refer to this infant:

"While we stood there dumb—
For oh! that it should take such innocence
To prove just guilt, I thought, and stood there dumb;
The light upon his eyelids pricked them wide,
And staring out at us with all their blue,
As half perplexed between the angelhood
He had been away to visit in his sleep,
And our most mortal presence—gradually
He saw his mother's face, accepting it
In change for heaven itself, with such a smile
As might have well been learnt there—never moved,
But smiled on, in a drowse of ecstasy,
So happy, (half with her and half with heaven,)
He could not have the trouble to be stirred,
But smiled and lay there. Like a rose I said,
As red and still indeed as any rose,
That blows in all the silence of its leaves,
Content, in blowing, to fulfill its life."—P. 250.

But it is difficult to select; the whole of the succeeding pages, as also that passage in pp. 288–289, present a picture of innocence and maternal fondness such as perhaps has never before been realized in verse, and which reminds one more than any thing else of the masterpieces of Raphael. We confess to entertain very different sentiments regarding the two heroines of this poem. Aurora's self-consciousness repels—her speculations do not much interest us; her genuine human feeling is reserved for the closing scene. There is something about Marian, on the other hand, that is especially attractive. All the little incidents of her early life, the court in London, the flowers, the way she tells her tale, with the exception of one or two misplaced scientific phrases, so artless and natural—the shrinking, clinging, half reverence, half love she feels for Romney, combine to exhibit a winning beauty and grace. But nothing in the book is so grand as the revelation to Aurora of her dreadful secret—how, beguiled by the serpent kindness of the Lady Waldemar to believe herself an obstacle to Romney's happiness, committed to the charge of some female fiend, and lured into a home of horror in France, she "fell unaware, and came to butchery," doomed to live ever after subject to that law:

"The common law by which the poor and weak
Are trodden under foot by vicious man,
And loathed for ever after by the good."

The tale has too deep a pathos to be expressed in any partial transcription. It is indeed a tragedy too terrible for tears. There is something almost superhuman in the awe of those concluding lines in which Marian describes her wanderings. We read them with a sort of breathless fear and wonder:

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"Up and down
I went by road and village, over tracts
Of open foreign country, large and strange,
Crossed everywhere by long thin poplar-lines
Like fingers of some ghastly skeleton hand,
Through sunlight and through moonlight evermore,
Pushed out from hell itself to pluck me back,
And resolute to get me, slow and sure;
*While every roadside Christ upon his cross*
*Hung reddening through his gory wounds at me.*
* * * * *
Brutal men
Stopped short, Miss Leigh, in insult, when they had seen
My face—I must have had an awful look.
And so I lived: the weeks passed on—I lived,
'Twas living my old tramp-life o'er again,
But this time in a dream, and hunted round
By some prodigious Dream-fear at my back,
Which ended, yet: my brain cleared presently,
And there I sat one evening, by the road,
*I, Marian Erle, myself alone, undone,*
*Facing a sunset low upon the flats,*
*As if it were the finish of all time—*
*The great red stone upon my sepulcher,*
*Which angels were too weak to roll away.*"

The rest is soon told. Aurora, Marian, and the child go together to Italy, a report having previously reached them that Romney and Lady Waldemar have been married. One glorious evening he himself appears before them, to announce the error of this report, the ruin of all his schemes, the conflagration of the old hall, which he had turned into a phalanstery for wretches who brought it down over his head, and his intention to claim Marian still as his wife. She appears herself to address him:

"'Romney,' she began,
'My great, good angel, Romney.' Then at first
I knew that Marian Erle was beautiful.
She stood there, still and pallid as a saint,
Dilated like a saint in ecstasy,
As if the floating moonshine interposed
Betwixt her foot and the earth, and raised her up
To float upon it. 'I had left my child
Who sleeps,' she said, 'and having drawn this way,
I heard you speaking. Friend! confirm me now.
You take this Marian, such as wicked men
Have made her, for your honorable wife?'
The thrilling, solemn, proud, pathetic voice,
He stretched his arms out toward the thrilling voice,
As if to draw it on to his embrace,
'I take her, as God made her, and as men
Must fail to unmake her, for my honored wife.'"

Aurora, too, confirms this, and Marian's answer illustrates the nature of her devotion:

"'Thanks,
My great Aurora.' Forward then she sprang,
And drooping her impassioned spaniel head,
With all its broad abandonment of curls
On Romney's feet, we heard the kisses drawn
Through sobs upon the foot, upon the ground—
'O Romney! O my angel! O unchanged!
Though, since we've parted, I have past the grave;
But death itself could only better *thee*,
Not change thee! *Thee* I do not thank at all;
I but thank God who made thee what thou art,
So wholly godlike.'"

Yet she tells him—

"'You and I
Must never, never, never join hands so'"—

and abides by her resolve to live apart, and consecrate the rest of her dim life to the care of her child. Romney announces to Aurora his penitence for self-confidence in his schemes, his tardy appreciation of her genius, and the calamity which has overtaken him of incurable blindness. This mutilation (which we consider in every point of view offensive) enables Aurora to confide the secret of her own attachment to him, and the poem concludes with the magnificent verses expressing the triumph of love which are already familiar to most readers.

In an artistic point of view, this work has all the defects and all the excellences of the authoress's style. Those excellences more than counterbalance the defects. But it is a work written with an evident purpose, and it openly challenges criticism *ethically*. We can not give a favorable verdict. Romney tells Aurora, in that early scene, that women never estimate principles, but only persons. Mrs. Browning has done her best to establish the truth of this dictum. If, as she herself declares, "wrong thoughts make wrong poems," there is much to censure in this one. The estimate she gives of the French and the eulogy of Louis Napoleon which follows it, is a glaring evidence of a judgment easily misled by the outward show of things, and arrested by the *semblance* of Power.

We do not intend to diverge into the field of politics to point out in what manner their "twice absolute" Emperor *re-*



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*presents* this "poet of the nations," or *how* "his purple is lined with the democracy." It is more within the scope of our purpose to contend with those peculiar views of reform and social philosophy which this volume has for its text. There is a widespread and growing error to which its success has given a new impulse—an error founded in a truth, perhaps, but none the less fatal. We allude to the mistake of exaggerating the effect of Art—whether as exhibited through Music, Painting, or Poetry—in ameliorating or elevating the condition of the masses of the people in any age or country. It probably results from a transference of the feelings and sympathies, which arise from or are possible only under a certain degree of culture, to spheres where that culture does not exist. But, however originating, History and our every-day experience combine to demonstrate the error. Art and the perfection of the poetic sentiments follow, or are contemporaneous with an age of prosperity. They do not constitute, nor can they supply the place of material comforts and free institutions. Artistic culture, far from standing in the place of philanthropic effort, depends upon the success of that effort for its own permanence. Men must be fed, clothed, and washed, ere ever "the essential prophet's word comes in power" to awaken, elevate, and sustain their nobler energies. Mr. Ruskin, among many lasting obligations conferred on Art, has yet done something to adorn this error; and his agreement with the general drift of this poem may account for the exaggerated estimate of it which he has just recorded.* He has found in the higher classes of our society, already disposed to extend beyond its due limits the domain of *Taste*, a wide sympathy with its eloquent exposition of its laws, even when he most misconceives their application. But in a more stirring time, it was a similar, though far grander Art-worship, a like contempt of material wants and depreciation of political struggles, that withheld many of the noblest minds of Europe from a comprehension of the great head, or a full sympathy with the greater heart, of the gigantic Goethe.

An attentive examination of the latter books of Mrs. Browning's poem will convince any one that we are not unjust in charging her with comparative contempt for the material agencies of civilization, and disparagement, through precept and example, of philanthropic effort. Here are some of the passages in which the moral of the whole book is, as it were, summed up:

"I walked on, musing with myself
On life and art, and whether, after all,
A larger metaphysics might not help
Our physics, a completer poetry
Adjust our daily life and vulgar wants
More fully than the special outside plans,
Phalansteries and material institutes,
The civil conscriptions and lay monasteries
Preferred by modern thinkers, as they thought
The bread of man indeed made all his life,
And washing seven times in the 'People's baths'
Were sovereign for a people's leprosy."
. . . . . "What we are, imports us more
Than what we eat; and life, you've granted me,
Develops from within."—P. 344.

Yet our physics must be seen to first. A truckle-bed is after all a narrow study for a metaphysician. It is but poor comfort to a starving wretch to tell him that it imports him more what he *is*, than what he *eats*. It must be a complete poetry indeed that will undertake the work of Mr. Mayhew among the criminals, or solve the problem of female labor in our large cities. There is some poetry that is really a power among the better portion of the laboring classes of a nation: but neither Burns nor Schiller penetrates to those depths where the zeal of a philanthropist is most beneficent. We require something more tangible to touch the under-current masses: the means of daily bread and the first rudiments of knowledge. Poetry about poetry is the last thing to descend to the people. We suspect the large sale of "Aurora Leigh" has done but little to renovate or purify the alleys of London. We doubt not the good effect of the Manchester Exhibition, the Handel and Haydn festivals, on many even of our common workmen; but their influence is insignificant compared with the benefit that would result to England from a good system of Secular Education. The new Venetian lecture-room at Dublin, and the hints from Mr. Ruskin which have been acted on in its construction, must have gone far to elevate the taste of the masonic craft, but we suspect that the Northumberland baths and the National School have done still more for the morals

* See Appendix to "The Elements of Drawing."

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and health of the city. In the wilder districts of England, in the moors of Ireland, in Connemara or Cahirseveen, this romance of art appears in its full absurdity. You must drain those waste lands, put windows into those mud cabins, and teach their ragged inmates to read and to work, else the "prophet and the poet" will only "thunder down" in the guise of some wide-mouthed agitator preying on the passions and ignorance around him. It is well to know that man develops from within, that outward schemes are but imperfect methods, and that we ought not to sever poetry from the actual world. But if we doubt too much of our powers for doing good—of the possibility of lessening by enduring effort the ills around us, we fall into a profitless despair, or a false content more truly named indifference; "Though we fail indeed," our authoress tells us:

"You—I—a score of such weak workers—He
Fails never. If He can not work by us
He will work over us. Does He want a man,
Much less a woman, think you? Every time
The star winks there, so many souls are born,
Who all shall work too. Let our own be calm:
We should be ashamed to sit beneath those
stars,
Impatient that we're nothing."

Ashamed? no *proud* rather, that we feel so deeply the greatness of each atom of God's work. There is here, and in the magnificent poetry at the conclusion of the book, too much of the spirit of the Lotos Eaters—the most fatal, because the most fascinating form of the *laissez faire*—an acquiescence in the "Everlasting No!" The whole world would come right, we are told, if we leave it to God. *It wont.* Is it not one of the truisms of our morality, that where evil is active, good must be strenuous on all sides, or the fair fabric will go to ruin while the ministers he sent to keep it sound are singing hymns?

Romney Leigh himself seems to be treated no less unfairly than the cause he represents. There are absurd philanthropies in abundance, pretentious schemes with no heart in them, false and idle. Had the hero of this poem advocated the most impracticable of these, his punishment had been too severe. Let us see how Mr. Stephens, of the "Cambridge Essays," would phrase it? Romney Leigh for being a philanthropist—to be rejected and lectured by his mistress—to have his intended wife stolen from him—to try every thing, to succeed in nothing—to be laughed at by every body—to lose his money—to have his house burned about his ears—to get both his eyes knocked out—to beg pardon of his old mistress at last, and confess that she was all right and he was all wrong—to have her to take charge of him afterwards in his mutilated state!!!

But Romney's schemes were not so impracticable; he was too good and too great a man to devote his whole life and energy to an honest cause without some beneficent result. He did more holy work in his tender care and reformation of those poor girls in London, than his cousin's poems could effect, were they much better than we can imagine them to have been. If he erred, it was through excess of faith and hope and charity; by trusting too much the effect of kindness in remoulding rough natures; by a want of practical distrust. "Dear Romney, you're the poet," Aurora says herself; and some one well sings—

"To have the deep, poetic heart,
Is more than all poetic fame."

We do not blame Mrs. Browning for not doing what she does not profess to do—she has, indeed, professed too much—but for doing wrongly part of what she does. The work—full of beauty, large-heartedness, and valor, though it be—has artistic defects sufficient to render it unworthy the place assigned to it by a great critic, as the greatest poem of the century; it would have had a more prominent position in the first rank had it taught a truer and a nobler lesson.

Perhaps the worst effect of exaggeration is that it excites the opposite extreme. When Art is advocated by the depreciation of the other influences for the elevation of mankind, it receives the deepest injury. They who ignore its real glory and grandeur retaliate by a corresponding depreciation. The great agencies for harmonizing and adorning life should go hand in hand. The world prospers then, when "the poet and the philanthropist stand side by side" in grand equality; and its rough labor is most ennobled when music and poetry accompany and complement the worker's toil.

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From the British Quarterly.

# THE WONDERS OF ELECTRICITY;

## OR, ANDREW CROSSE, THE ELECTRICIAN.*

[Phenomena: School exploits—His Lightning Apparatus—His Dissection of Thunder-clouds—Exploring Wires sucking the Lightnings—Hall of Thunder-bolts—Fiery character of November Fogs—Combustion of the Sea—The Galloping Winds—Tearing up Towns by the Roots—How he made Crystals—Devils dancing on the Lightning-wires—Hatching Eggs by Lightning—The Electrical Insects—Little Boys and Girls at opposite Poles—Electrified Potatoes—Preserving Milk and Meat by Lightning—Belting the Earth with Cables and Wires.]

Not far from the town of Taunton there recently dwelt a man who would have been regarded as a kind of enchanter had he lived in a less intelligent age. The superstitious peasant would have quickened his step as he passed along the road, overarched with solemn trees, which ran not far from the mansion of the magician; or if he had stopped, it would have been to direct your eye to the poles fastened to the summits of the tallest trees, and to tell you in a whisper that these were the wands by which the sorcerer conjured up storms, or controlled them, at pleasure. You would be informed that this wonderful being could draw fire from mist, and extract streams of sparks from the drifting fog. He could entice the lightnings from heaven, and put them into his vials, or use them to make sport for his friends. He played with thunderbolts as if they were harmless toys, and handled the red shafts of the tempest as if he had forged them himself. And this man too, it was said, had learnt many secrets of nature, and could tell how she made her crystals, and slowly formed her minerals in the caverns of the earth—nay, it was rumored that he could beat her at her own work, and had actually fashioned divers substances the like of which had never yet been discovered in the ground. But stranger than all, it was believed that this great enchanter could produce creeping things that had life in them, by means of his mystic arts, for had he not thrown his electrical spells over dead minerals and poisonous liquids, and constrained them to bring forth insects which were perfect in all their parts, and as vigorous as if they had been hatched without any magical compulsion?

Much more, too, you would have heard respecting the deeds of this mighty wizard, all expressed in muffled tones, and doubtless with sundry embellishments such as the popular fancy loves to employ when it approaches the dim region of the supernatural. But in good sooth Andrew Crosse—that was the name of the magician—was not less remarkable in the eyes of men of science in the nineteenth century than he would have been to a Somersetshire peasant in the days of the Plantagenets. Many a distinguished philosopher listened eagerly, and with unfeigned astonishment, to the accounts of his researches; and those who visited his mansion of Thunder—for such it might be called—gazed with surprise on his gigantic apparatus for gathering the electric fluid from the atmosphere, and watched him with no little dread whilst he operated on the lightnings which lay coiled up in his Leyden jars. True, his name is not extensively known except among the followers of science, for Crosse was a modest, unpresuming man, a diligent student of nature, who was more bent upon exploring her secrets than on blowing the trumpet of his own exploits. But careless as he was of public attention whilst living, it is the more necessary that justice should be rendered to his labors now that he is dead; and therefore it is with no small pleasure that we refer our readers to the volume, in which his widow has collected some memorials of his life and researches. Brief and disjointed these certainly are; but the writer lays claim to no literary

* *Memorials, Scientific and Literary, of Andrew Crosse, the Electrician.* London: Longmans and Co. 1857.

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merit in the execution of her work; and considering how difficult it is for relatives to wield the biographical pen with discretion, we say much when we say that she has produced a judicious and unpretending book.

Andrew Crosse was born in 1784. He was the descendant of a respectable family long established at Fyne Court, in the manor of Broomfield. It is of little moment to say that the head of the race is supposed to have come over with the Conqueror. Whose forefathers did not, we should like to know? The quantity of ancestral gentlemen who accompanied the Norman marauder appears to have been prodigious; and if William could have foreseen that he was founding pedigrees by the thousand, he would assuredly have been proud of his genealogical achievements. Young Crosse received a somewhat rambling education. He was taken to France for a time, and learned to speak French fluently as a child, but totally forgot it as a man. He was taught Greek before he studied Latin, and could write in the language of Hellas before he could even scrawl in his own mother tongue. For a period of more than nine years he was sent to Seyer's school, at the Fort, Bristol, where Eagles, the "Sketcher" of *Blackwood*, Broderip, the naturalist, Jenkyns, Master of Balliol, and others of subsequent note, were his schoolfellows. There, as he says, he was caned, on an average, not less than three times a day for seven years, though never once formally flogged. Andrew was a wild, laughing lad, passionately fond of a frolic, and doubtless entitled to a little scourging occasionally; but Seyer dealt out his blows with undistinguishing liberality. For, once, when the boy was rehearsing his Virgil, the pedagogue happened to look at the book, and found that a large portion was torn out, his pupil having repeated his lessons day after day from memory alone. Instead of expressing any surprise at the feat, the master inflicted a caning, though the leaves had been removed by a malicious schoolmate; and whenever his temper was particularly awry, the equitable Seyer would ask to look at the Virgil, and administer a dose of castigation as if the offense were perfectly new and unliquidated. During these nine years, too, Andrew never had enough to eat: the mistress compelled him to feed on "vile black potatoes," and a conglomerate of fatty refuse which was dignified with the name of "hashed mutton." One little retaliatory act on the part of the boy is worthy of mention, because it shows that his taste for mischief had something of a scientific turn. Seyer detected him one day in the process of manufacturing rocket powder, and having carried off the inflammable mixture, it was placed on the window-sill of a room, and locked up for the time. To recapture it was impossible, but it occurred to the bereaved youth that he might perhaps fire the compound by means of a burning-glass. A lens was procured; the sun was shining; its rays were speedily concentrated, and to the infinite delight of the lad a brilliant explosion ensued. "It was well," said he, "that the house was not set on fire; as for me, I was reckless of all consequences."

Mr. Crosse always attributed his scientific tendencies to an amusing cause: he had a good appetite, and this made him an electrician. The reader will scarcely see how, for there are thousands of boys equally endowed with gastric energy, who never rise to eminence in any thing. The explanation, however, is this: the drawing-master lived at some distance from Seyer's establishment, and not far from his residence there stood a tavern where joints of beef, beautifully boiled and beautifully roasted, were exhibited in the window in alluring array. To a boy with a lively appetite, who was fed on vile black potatoes, mutton conglomerate, and other boarding-school atrocities, the vision of such dainties, all in a state of orthodox cookery, was peculiarly impressive. But to taste them was bliss; that bliss he thought he might frequently enjoy if he could obtain leave to accompany his companions on their excursions to the artist's house. Professing to be smitten with a love of the fine arts, he procured the requisite permission, and commenced a series of studies in boiled and roast. Whilst thus engaged on one occasion, his eye was attracted by a syllabus of certain lectures to be delivered on Natural Philosophy. These he resolved to attend. The second course was on electricity; and such was the fascination this subject exercised, that his future pursuits, as he says, were at once decided. We have no doubt that the liking for electrometers and voltaic batteries would have been excited by other means, even if the tavern in question had never displayed a single joint,

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or produced a single drop of gravy; but we can not deny that the rampant appetite of the youth, and the cruel *cuisine* of the mistress, contributed to hasten the result.

Nor was it long before Andrew introduced some of the wonders of electricity to the notice of his schoolfellows. To one so full of fun the painful surprises of the Leyden vial must have opened out a source of exquisite enjoyment. The younger lads, as might be expected, were freely victimized. A large box, without door, was set on one end in the hall, and at the back there appeared a transparency representing a place which is said to have a peculiar sort of pavement, very excellent, but very insubstantial. A horrible object, with a pitchfork in hand, hovered in front of the view, whilst at one side there stood a figure dressed like a witch, and attended by a familiar spirit of a somewhat corporal cast. The patient was either driven or enticed to the spot, and whilst gazing on the spectacle, and wondering what the mystery could mean, the contents of a Leyden jar were sent through his person. Boy after boy was thus led into the snare, and received a hearty shock, to his own excessive astonishment, but to the infinite delight of his tormentors. Need we say that the leader of the revels—the high-priest of the performance—was Andrew Crosse? It was in sport that he commenced his electrical operations, with nothing but a broken barometer tube for his machine, and an apothecary's vial for his battery; but before many years had elapsed he was lord of the finest apparatus in the kingdom, and was ardently engaged in conducting some of the most remarkable experiments which philosopher ever undertook or accomplished.

The liking for science thus developed in the youth become the master-passion of the man. After studying for a time at Oxford—which he described as a "perfect hell upon earth"—he found himself in possession of a comfortable fortune on attaining his majority, and established himself quietly in the family nest at Broomfield. There his days were spent, with little exception, not in dull, ignoble vegetation, like many a country squire; nor yet in making orders on putative fathers, and passing indignant sentences on hardended poachers, like many a country magistrate, but a large portion of his time was devoted to philosophical pursuits which demanded an extraordinary amount of patient toil, and to the imitation of processes which Nature conducts in such a calm, deliberate way, that centuries seem to go for moments in her great laboratory. Not that Mr. Crosse's duties as justice of the peace, landed proprietor, or head of a family, were at all neglected—no man appears to have been more conscious of his responsibility on these points—but his chief business in this world, secularly speaking, was to cultivate electricity, and to draw out new uses for its wonderful powers. And if ever mortal succeeded in taming this fiery spirit, and compelling it to drudge like some fettered, but sleepless familiar—if ever, on the other hand, philosopher knew how to exhibit it in its might, forcing it to display its strength in angry but measured leaps of flame, which burnt or dissipated all that opposed, Andrew Crosse was assuredly the man.

In visiting his seat at Broomfield, the splendid apparatus he employed for extracting electricity from the atmosphere would first arrest the attention. Fancy the electric telegraph of our railways stretching across a forest, with its posts mounted on the tops of the highest trees, and the reader will be enabled to form some idea of the scene in Mr. Crosse's park. Far overhead ran wires supported by poles which rose from the summits of the trees, and were provided with an insulating arrangement to prevent the dispersion of the fluid. The duty of these wires was to fetch in the electricity from the clouds and the fogs, so that it might be examined at ease by the owner of the mansion. Within the building there was a large room with an arched roof, originally intended for a music hall, but now occupied by voltaic batteries, galvanic piles, electrical jars, and other implements of philosophy. It was a place where strange processes were in progress, and where subtle streams of fluid, flowing in silent but ceaseless currents, were busily employed in piling up little mineral fabrics, and compelling the obedient atoms to fashion themselves into exquisite forms of crystal achitecture. But it was a place also where the same element might be seen in its pride, and where it might also be heard in its wrath; for all those wires could be made to pour their supplies into a large brass conductor, fixed and insulated on a table in the organ gallery,

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and fittingly inscribed with the words, *Noli me tangere.* Not far from this conductor was another brass ball forming the extremity of a metallic arrangement by which the electricity might be conveyed out of the building into the moist ground around. There was a contrivance too by which the current, when its strength became perilously great, or when its services were not required, might be turned off altogether, and discharged into the soil without entering the apartment. But if the magician wished to observe the play of the fiery element, it was easy to increase or diminish the distance between the two brass knobs, and thus to regulate the charge to be received by the huge battery employed. Then, if there were any electricity astir in the atmosphere, those balls would be sure to reveal the fact, and a succession of sparks and explosions, augmenting in rapidity as the commotion increased, would enable the observer to see into the storm as it were, and to listen to its doings related in its own voice.

The results were surprising. With this noble searching apparatus Mr. Crosse succeeded in obtaining an insight into the composition of thunder-cloud such as no one else had done before him. Imagine a dense mass of vapour approaching the electrical observatory on a sultry summer's day. No sooner does its margin arrive overhead the exploring wire than the brass balls begin to announce the commencement of the fray. A spark is seen, a detonation heard, and these heralds of the tempest are followed by a series of mimic flashes and explosions somewhat slowly delivered, for they may not perhaps exceed nine or ten during the first minute of the convulsion. Then there is a pause, but after a while the apparatus gives forth another set of sparks and snappings, equal in number, equal also in force to those which have just been exhibited, but differing in this particular—that if the first consisted of negative electricity, the second will consist of the contrary description. Another pause takes place; and then the sparks begin to leap from ball to ball, but with greater vigor and rapidity than before; these are discharges of negative electricity as at the outset, and, when they have passed, a similar set of positive eruptions invariably ensues. Again the apparatus becomes silent, but it is only for a short interval: a more numerous and brilliant succession of flashes soon announces that another zone of negative vapor is sweeping aloft, to be followed after a brief respite by a corresponding zone of positive electricity. The intervals of repose now grow shorter, and at length a stream of fire is seen to pour from one conductor to the other, broken only by the change from one kind of fluid to its opposite. When the center of the cloud has reached the spot, and the exploring wires are sucking the lightnings from its heart, the effect is inconceivably fine. With the thunder roaring around the building, the windows rattling in their frames, the rain dashing against the panes, the electric fire bounding madly from ball to ball, and bursting incessantly as if enraged at the presumptuous mortal who had dared to drag it from its native sky, his must be a stout heart who could witness such a scene without some feeling of awe or even of alarm. For there is death in every discharge, if those conductors were rashly approached, and thousands of Richmans might perish in the emptying of a single cloud. But as the excited vapors roll on, the explosions begin to slacken in number, and a series of twin eruptions, alternating with periods of repose, shows that the latter half of the cloud corresponds in its electrical arrangements with the former. Finally, the languid spark and lazy snap announce that the hurly-burly is nearly done, or that the storm is traveling with the remnant of its wrath to some neighboring locality.

Thus were thunder-clouds dissected. Mr. Crosse was the first who traced and defined the skeletons of these aërial rovers. To him they were no longer like whales, or weasels, or camels, or any thing a Polonius might imagine; but they were masses, having a settled electrical structure, complex indeed, but as regular and harmonious as the belts of the rainbow. Formerly it was supposed that an excited cloud consisted of vapor similarly and equally charged throughout its mass. But now it appeared that there was an electrical nucleus impregnated with one species of fluid, round which ran zones of vapor arranged in pairs, each pair exhibiting positive and negative action in turn, and alternating with what seemed to be rings of repose. Further, it was manifest that the strength of the cloud lay in its center, for the fury of the discharges gradually increased as it approached, and

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diminished as it receded. This circumstance was not at all in keeping with what was known respecting the dispersion of the fluid on insulating plates or globes made of a conducting material. There, the electricity is most abundant at the rim or superficies of the body: indeed, in a solid sphere it disposes itself as a thin shell or atmosphere on the exterior, leaving the inner parts perfectly unexcited. But here, in the cloud, the conditions appear to be reversed, and the fluid augments in power from the circumference to the center.

How explain this unexpected fact? Mr. Crosse made it the topic of frequent consideration. None of the solutions he could devise seemed to afford him much satisfaction until one day, whilst shaving, the puzzled philosopher cried out, *Eureka!* and darted into his electrical hall with the lather still ornamenting his chin. He proceeded to try some experiments—for theory was nothing with him until embalmed in facts—and speedily convinced himself that his surmises were correct.

The shaving discovery was this. A cloud is not a solid conducting mass, but a congregation of vesicles separated from each other by little intervals. The watery globules, if closely packed together, would convey the electricity from one part to another with the greatest facility, but being estranged by the action of caloric, the fluid can only be propagated to a small distance by direct communication. Induction, however, commences where transmission ceases. Hence, if we suppose electricity to be developed in any particular spot in such a medium, it will spread itself circularly as far as its energy will enable it to push through the interspaces between the surrounding vesicles. Then it will begin to act inductively through the air, calling up the opposite kind of fluid in a ring or zone of watery particles, which ring or zone will be concentric with the excited nucleus. This, in its turn, necessitates the formation of another belt charged with the contrary species of electricity, and thus the whole cloud is mapped out into a series of electrical rings, arranged in pairs, with barren intervals, and a central mass, which is the metropolis of the storm. If the distribution of the fluids could be rendered visible, and their presence denoted by different colors vying with those of the rainbow in brilliancy—the interspaces being left in their natural condition—what an impressive spectacle such a cloud would present as it rose above the horizon, mounted to the zenith, and then spread its huge folds over the heavens, like some monster serpent—say the Old Serpent of Sin let loose from his invisibility, and coming in horrible magnificence to crush the world in his embrace. In the absence, however, of these pictorial aids, some of Professor Faraday's experiments afford a species of illustration which may assist the reader's conception of the case. If a number of small pails or vessels are arranged within each other—all being insulated by the interposition of sheets of shell-lac or some other non-conducting substance—and if a ball charged with electricity be suspended within the innermost vessel, its inductive effects upon the whole set will express in some degree the action of the storm-nucleus upon the remainder of the vaporous mass.

Nor is the interest of such a many-zoned cloud* at all lessened by the fact that it produces a corresponding disturbance and a corresponding distribution of the electricity in the earth beneath. Point for point, ring for ring, and nucleus for nucleus, it calls up an answering tide of fluid in the ground by virtue of its inductive powers, the only difference being that the positive parts of the vapor above are represented by negative below, and *vice versa*. Thus, whilst a storm is raging, we are helplessly stationed between two excited masses, and if we were relatively as light as the paper figures or pith balls which frolicsome young electricians delight to see dancing between two metallic plates, we might almost expect to be turned into movable conductors, and kept mounting and descending until the troubled equilibrium was restored. Thus, too, whilst the storm-cloud courses through the atmosphere, its electrical rival is traveling along the surface with equal rapidity, as if it were but the shadow of the tempest above; and now and then the vivid flashes, darting from one nucleus to the other, or from one zone in the sky to another in the earth, seem like the shots which armies moving by parallel paths sometimes exchange in their wrath or in their wantonness.

* It is scarcely necessary to remark that in speaking of this adjustment into zones, it is not the vapor, but the electricity that is meant.

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It does not, however, require a professed thunder-storm to produce stupendous electrical displays. Mr. Crosse's apparatus enabled him to read the secrets of a November mist, and those who have frequently pushed their way through these cold, raw, dreary phenomena will be surprised to learn how often they may have been sheeted in fire, and how calmly they have passed through a furnace more deadly than Nebuchadnezzar's, but without a hair of their head being singed in the flames. One day, during that dismal month which Hood celebrates in a series of No-es, the philosopher was seated in his hall of thunderbolts whilst a thick driving fog was darkening the air. For some time no symptoms of excitement were manifested by the exploring machine; the insulators were dripping with wet, and consequently carried off all the electricity the wires received. But suddenly a smart detonation was heard between the two balls; others shortly followed, and then the explosions succeeded each other so swiftly that the ear could detect nothing but a continuous crash. This was interrupted by the transition to the opposite kind of electricity, after which a similar torrent of fluid was poured from one conductor to the other. So vivid was the rush of fire that the eye could not bear to survey it for any length of time. To have touched one of those balls whilst the liquid lightning was gushing forth with such fury would have been instant death. For upwards of five hours this splendid but appalling spectacle continued without any intermission except when the positive fluid was exchanged for the negative. "Had it not been for my exploring wire," says Mr. Crosse, "I should not have had the slightest idea of such an electrical accumulation in the atmosphere . . . . the stream of fluid far exceeded any thing I ever witnessed, except during a thunder-storm. Had the insulators been dry, what would have been the effect? In every acre of fog there was enough of accumulated electricity to have destroyed every animal within that acre." Who could have supposed that a simple mist contained such potent lightnings ready to be issued whenever the word of command was given, and yet so masked and sheathed that but for the tell-tale apparatus you would as soon have imagined the gentle dews to be saturated with fire? This, however, is no solitary exemplification of the skill with which the Great Forces of Nature are curbed and muffled when their activities would be injurious to man. The sea consists of two gases, which, if released from their combination, would produce the intensest flame, and burn up every combustible thing on the surface of the globe. The atmosphere is formed of elements which might easily be transformed into compounds capable of poisoning, maddening, or suffocating every creature that breathes. The clouds, which now discharge their contents in such harmless drops, might pour out their burdens in a deluge, as if some huge reservoir had burst in the sky, and crush every object that lay beneath. The winds might sometimes be expected to break loose, and, forgetting their prescribed pace, would gallop round the globe, tearing up our towns by the roots, and driving men and trees before them like dust in a gale. The ties of chemical affinity might relax, or the cohesive forces might occasionally fail, and then the earth would crumble into a heap of sand. The internal fires of the earth might master the resistance of the external shell, and shatter the surface at a stroke; or, collapsing in their fury, the ceiling of the gulf might give way, and whole kingdoms go down into the burning abyss. Half an hour's slumber on the part of the Almighty would liberate all these great powers from their present restraints, and in that half-hour the world would be reduced to a wreck. But He who holds the winds in his fists, hides his thunderbolts in the drifting vapor, and chills the very lightnings so that men walk unscathed through the deadliest magazine of mist.

The electrical battery, through whose agency Mr. Crosse was enabled to observe these striking phenomena, consisted of fifty jars with a coated surface of seventy-three square feet. Though it required upwards of two hundred turns of the wheel of a machine with a twenty-inch cylinder to charge it artificially, those half hundred vials could have been filled to their tinfoil brims in an instant during a storm, and recharged as fast as emptied. To prevent the shattering of the glass, however, he adjusted his conductors in such a way that the battery should not be strained to the top of its capacity on such tempestuous occasions. Its reports were like those of a small cannon.

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Over this apparatus the philosopher's various contrivances gave him perfect command. Whilst sitting calmly at his table, says Dr. Noad, he could watch the movements of the wonderful fluid, "directing it at his will, and with a single motion of his hand banishing it instantaneously from his presence." Need we be surprised if less scientific individuals conceived very grotesque ideas of the hero of these magnificent manipulations? Many were ready to believe in earnest what a learned professor observed in jest —that the lord of Fyne Court had brought into his house streams of lightning as large as the mast of a ship! Some thought him wicked: was it not impious, said a solemn old gentleman, when visiting his mansion, "to bottle the lightning?" "Let me answer your question by asking another," replied Mr. Crosse, laughing. "Don't you think, sir, it might be considered rather impious to bottle the rain water?" And some thought him positively demoniacal. "That's Crosse of Broomfield," said an angry farmer at a meeting where the politics of the philosopher had given offense to the agricultural mind—"Crosse, the thunder-and-lightning man; you can't go near his cursed house at night without danger of your life: them as have been there have seen devils, all surrounded by lightning, dancing on the wires that he has put up round his grounds."

But Mr. Crosse did not confine his attention to the grander phenomena in which electricity displays its powers: he was famous for the use he made of his favorite fluid in the quiet and protracted processes of crystallization. In this field of discovery, although slightly preceded in some respects by Becquerel, he was entitled to the merit of a great and independent discoverer. Men had doubtless grown much wiser than they were in the days of Pliny when it was believed that transparent crystals consisted of snow or ice desperately hardened—*crystallus fit gelu vehementius concreto;* but some of the wisest would have laughed as much at the Englishmen as at the Roman, had our philosopher asserted fifty years ago that he hoped to produce the most regular and beautiful crystalline forms by means of a simple voltaic current. His thoughts were first turned to this subject about the year 1807. There is a cleft in a limestone rock near Broomfield, called the Holwell Cavern, where the walls and ceiling are covered with a beautiful mineral vegetation of arragonite—a

> "broidered vail
> Which nature in fantastic freak has thrown
> In snow-like moss upon the rugged stone,
> From which a host of vivid beauties rise
> In unimagined forms to lure the eyes."*

The philosopher could not help inquiring by what process these elegant figures had been produced. They could hardly be ascribed to the chance dropping of water freighted with carbonate of lime. There must be some attractive forces employed to discipline the particles, and arrange them in true crystalline array. It was natural that an electrician should think there was nothing like electricity. Mr. Crosse did think so, and straightway proceeded to put the idea to the test of experiment. Having carried off some of the Holwell water, he poured a quantity into a tumbler, and exposed it to the action of a voltaic battery. For nine days the operation was continued, but without the slightest perceptible result. He was about to break up the arrangement, when the arrival of some friends compelled him to defer the step for a few hours longer. That delay gave the battery sufficient time to establish its character. Visiting the apparatus on the tenth day, the delighted electrician perceived, on examining the negative wire with the aid of a lens, that it was speckled with crystals of carbonate of lime. At the expiration of three weeks the whole of this salt had been extracted from the liquid and deposited at the same pole. There could be no doubt that the voltaic current had drawn out the carbonate of lime, for all the particles had eschewed the positive in order to patronize the negative wire, and on applying a proper test to the water no further traces of calcareous matter could be detected. Who would not have rejoiced like Mr. Crosse on obtaining such a glimpse into the laws by which Nature formed her minerals, and who would not have indulged in sanguine anticipations respecting the production of many valuable substances, now that a key to the process of crystallization had been found?

Once launched upon the right course

* From a Poem, entitled "*My Native Hills*," by Mr. Crosse.

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of inquiry, the philosopher prosecuted his researches with singular shrewdness and success. To imitate Nature closely was the great principle which ruled his operations. He knew, for instance, that minerals were produced in the ground, and that caverns were the nurseries of stalactites, and therefore inferred that the manufacture of artificial crystals should be conducted without access of light. Acting upon this conclusion, he contrived to cover a copper wire, immersed in lime water, with brilliant crystals of carbonate of lime in six days when the experiment was tried in the dark, whereas ten days were required when it was performed in open day. Indeed, when the crystals, born of the night, were afterwards exposed, they "entirely disappeared in the course of about six weeks," as if long concealment in the obscurities of the earth were essential to the consolidation of the finer mineral forms, just as solitude is often essential to the ripening of a genius which might languish if prematurely pushed into public note.

By thus scrutinizing the conditions under which nature worked, Crosse endeavored to approximate as far as possible to her processes and—we need not scruple to say it — to her perfections. From his voltaic forge came specimens of quartz capable of scratching glass, arragonite, chalcedony, carbonates of strontia, barytes, lead, and copper; sulphurets of lead, iron, copper, silver, and antimony; with many other compounds equally interesting in their character. "I have produced," said he, "about two hundred varieties of minerals, exactly resembling in all respects similar ones found in nature, as well as some others never before discovered in nature or formed by art." Only think of that! Going beyond nature herself in the elaboration of mineral shapes! "A specimen which I have made of a subsulphate of copper is an instance of this." And again: "I have also formed an entirely new mineral in brilliant octohedral crystals now forming upon a coil of platinum wire. These crystals are composed of oxygen, silver, and copper, and such are not known in nature." Nay, the philosopher grew more audacious in his expectations, and ventured to express a belief that the day would come when diamonds would be fashioned by voltaic art, and when, in fact, every species of mineral would be brought within the reach of human skill. And yet this same individual, with his large anticipations, was so simple in his experiments, that, to use the language of Dr. Buckland, he made some of his "great discoveries in crystallization by the use of a brick with a hole in it immersed in a pail of water."

Still more surprising rumors, however, were soon afloat respecting the doings of the Somersetshire magician. Not long after the public announcement of his researches in regard to mineral formations, it began to be whispered that he had actually produced strange insects by means of the potent fluid brewed in his batteries. The truth was this. Mr. Crosse had contrived a little apparatus for the deposition of crystals of silica on a lump of stone, through the agency of a voltaic trough. After the lapse of a fortnight he observed a few small whitish specks on the surface of the electrified stone. On the eighteenth day these specks had expanded, and from the surface of each seven or eight filaments were thrown out, but without exciting any surprise on the part of the observer, for embryo minerals exhibited similar phases in their passage to the crystallized state. Soon, however, the swelling specks assumed the aspect of insects standing erect on the bristles which formed their tails, and on the twenty-eighth day Mr. Crosse distinctly saw them move their legs. Imagine the surprise of an experimenter who had come looking for a simple mineral, but had found—life! There could be no mistake about the matter. The creatures were no mocking simulacra—mere insect apparitions—for in a few days they detached themselves from the stone, and began to roam about like other independent animals. Loathsome things they certainly were, for they belonged apparently to the genus *acarus*, which is famous for its ugliness, and which numbers some of the most nauseous parasites in creation in its ranks. But they continued to increase, and in the course of not many weeks at least a hundred were charmed into life. How, was the question? To this Mr. Crosse attempted to give no decisive answer. "I have never ventured an opinion," said he, many years afterwards, on the cause of their birth, and for a very good reason—"I am unable to form one. The simplest solution of the problem which occurred to me was, that

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they rose from ova deposited by insects floating in the atmosphere, and hatched by electric action. Still I could not imagine that an ovum could shoot out filaments, or that these filaments could become bristles; and moreover I could not detect, on the closest examination, the remains of a shell. Again, we have no right to assume that electric action is necessary to vitality until such fact shall have been most distinctly proved. I next imagined, as others have done, that they might have originated from the water, and consequently made a close examination of numbers of vessels filled with the same fluid: in none of these could I perceive a trace of an insect, nor could I see any in any other part of the room."

The experiments were repeated in various ways, and with numerous precautions to prevent the introduction of extraneous matter. Still the insects appeared. They were developed under circumstances which seemed to be totally adverse to the manifestation of animal life. They grew up beneath the surface of liquids in which they could not afterwards exist. They did so in fluids which were caustic or absolutely poisonous. They were extracted apparently from materials which had been fused in a heat exceeding that of melted iron, and from solutions poured whilst boiling into the apparatus. They were engendered under an atmosphere impregnated with chlorine, or charged with muriatic acid gas. Similar experiments, too, were afterwards undertaken by Mr. Weekes of Sandwich, who was still more solicitous, if possible, to exclude all foreign elements of vitality, but the acari laughed at his pains, and after a lapse of twelve or eighteen months invariably presented their unhandsome forms for his inspection.

What could be said? It seemed obvious that electricity exercised some peculiar influence in the development of these uncouth little creatures. But in what way and to what extent? There were persons who did not scruple to conclude that the insects were really originated by voltaic power, and that this marvelous agent could, under certain circumstances, inspire dead matter with the principle life, and mould it into breathing, moving forms. There were others who resolved the phenomenon into some *lusus naturæ*, in which the observer was misled by the mimicry of vitalized acts, just as the operators on the dead body of a criminal could scarcely refrain from believing that the galvanic convulsions of their patient indicated the return of the spirit to its forsaken tabernacle. Philosophers and men of science were puzzled by the intelligence, which flew over Europe like wildfire. Southey, whom the electrician met on the Quantock Hills soon after the discovery, was staggered by the account he received, and exclaimed: "Well, I am the first traveler who has ever been stopped by so extraordinary an announcement." But the bigots, the men of starched souls—they whose judgments were strangled by a thousand prejudices, and who looked at all science through the smoked glass of their own conceit—were furious at the father of electrical acari. Mr. Crosse was arraigned as if it were wicked to send a voltaic current through a silicious fluid. He dealt with unhallowed apparatus, and was always trying profane experiments. He must be an atheist. He was an atheist. He pretended to create insects. Such a man ought to be suppressed. Who knew but that if he professed to make mites he might also attempt to produce butterflies, sparrows, cats, spaniels—animals of all descriptions—by the same unlawful means? Nay, should we not hear some day of hopes being entertained that little boys would ultimately appear at the positive, and little girls at the negative, poles of his diabolical batteries? One worthy individual took the trouble to write to the impious philosopher denouncing him as a "distuber of the peace of families," and a "reviler of our holy religion." "I have met with so much virulence and abuse, so much calumny and misrepresentation, in consequence of these experiments," remarked Mr. Crosse, "that it seems in this nineteenth century as if it were a crime to have made them." And painful as it is to think that in such an enlightened age as ours it should be necessary for a scientific explorer to parry the strokes of such vulgar spirits, it is nevertheless true that this excellent man had to declare, for the satisfaction of the public, that he was neither an "atheist nor a materialist, nor a self-imagined creator, but a humble and lowly reverencer of that Great Being of whose laws his accusers seemed to have lost sight."

After all there was no real foundation for this abuse. That the ova of the insects were derived from the atmosphere,

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or conveyed into the apparatus by some natural means, whatever fostering influences the electric fluid might be supposed to exert, was a point which Mr. Crosse did not positively dispute. He did not know how to reconcile that view with the precautions he had used, but the idea of an electrical creation was one which such a man could never have entertained. It is enough, however, to say that the more recent experiments of Professor Schulze, of which the biographer is not probably aware, have shown that where more stringent measures are taken to prevent the introduction of animal germs, the *acari Crossii* are *not* produced.

These were, perhaps, the most remarkable investigations in which Mr. Crosse engaged. He was a man, however, who carried on so large an electrical business that it would be impossible to describe his proceedings adequately, even if ampler details existed. Unfortunately, the philosopher wrote little, for his memory was so tenacious that he could recall all his experiments, and therefore seldom committed the particulars to paper. Amongst his numerous projects may be mentioned his attempts to employ electricity in the extraction of metals from their ores, not by operating upon them in a melted condition, as Mr. Napier's processes required, but through the medium of chemical action. He tried raw gold—gold in its native condition—and found that by connecting the mercury used for amalgamating the precious metal with the negative pole, and keeping up a gentle stream of the voltaic fluid for some hours, the work of separation was greatly facilitated. He tried copper also, and having devised an elegant and ingenious arrangement by which the metal was dissolved in sulphuric acid, and then transferred to the negative pole in a disintegrated state, he succeeded in obtaining it in a perfectly pure condition. The results, indeed, were so decisive that the only question appeared to be whether the expense of the battery would admit of its employed for such a purpose at large. That was always the difficulty with Crosse. Could he have invented a battery combining cheapness and power with durability, "he might say with Archimedes, that he could move the world."

At another time he was engaged in inquiries respecting the influence of electricity on vegetation. This is a subject on which the most equivocal results have been obtained, one set of experiments contradicting another when brought into the court of science, just as witnesses are accustomed to do when brought into a court of justice. In some cases, however, Mr. Crosse appeared to elicit very striking conclusions. When potatoes were operated upon with a view to ascertain how far electricity was concerned in the production of their peculiar disease, it was found that a specimen planted in negatively electrified earth contracted the distemper, emitted a putrid smell, and was beset with the insects which are characteristic of the complaint. The positive potato escaped all these afflictions, but when removed from the earth it proved to be destitute of stem and root, and looked like a shrivelled apple. So far as his observations extended, Mr. Crosse inferred that negative electricity was hurtful to all vegetation, except that of the fungi, but that the positive fluid, on the contrary, was favorable to the interests of plants, probably because it attracted from the soil such particles as were nutritious, or repelled such as were unsuitable.

Then, too, Mr. Crosse applied himself to plans for purifying liquids by electrical means. He contrived an apparatus for converting sea water into fresh. A couple of metallic cylinders, placed in porous earthenware tubes, and duly connected by a copper riband, were plunged into a cask of brine, (once distilled,) and rendered it perfectly good and potable in the course of a single night. The liquid, thus rectified, was kept in an open cask for fourteen months, and at the expiration of that time was as sweet as at first. He also tried many experiments on the antiseptic properties of the electric fluid. Water which has been subjected to the current of a battery was found not only to preserve many substances, liable to decomposition, but it restored putrid pieces of meat to a sweet and inodorous condition:

"Milk has also been kept sweet for three weeks in the middle of summer by the application of electricity. On one occasion Mr. Crosse kept a pair of soles under the electric action for three months, and at the end of that time they were sent to a friend whose domestics knew nothing of the experiment. Before the cook dressed them, her master asked her whether she thought they were fresh, as he had some doubts. She replied that she was sure they were fresh; indeed she said she would swear

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they were alive yesterday. When served at table they appeared like ordinary fish, but when the family attempted to eat them they were found to be perfectly tasteless; the electrical action had taken away all the essential oil, leaving the fish unfit for food. However, the process is exceedingly useful for keeping fish, meat, etc., fresh and good for ten days or a fortnight."

Occupied with these and other pursuits, Mr. Crosse's time was busily and profitably spent. There were few idle hours in his history. He had scarcely any red-letter days in his calendar. Work, work, work, in some shape or another, was the burden of his Psalm of life. Those who heard of him as an amateur electrician concluded that he must have plenty of leisure on his hands, and applied to him for information without recollecting that science often imposes severer labors upon her unsalaried servants than lucrative professions or highly-remunerated trades. It will be seen from the character of his experiments that patience and perseverance were two virtues who must have presided in Mr. Crosse's laboratory. He thought nothing of undertaking operations which extended over many weeks, or even months. He speaks quite coolly of keeping up a constant electrical action, for a quarter of a year, upon fluids in a state of incessant ebullition, in order to see whether crystals would be formed in a boiling liquid, if never permitted to rest for a moment day or night; and what he describes, he did — watching the process himself with as much fidelity as any old alchemist when the gold was just *expected* to appear. At other times, vessels were put away in corners or cupboards, that their contents might undergo a sort of electrical gestation, lasting twelve or eighteen months; but, long as the period might be, the vigilance of the philosopher was rarely, if ever, at fault. He hung over a group of crystals, and noted their growing proportions, as a man might observe the gradual rise of some huge cathedral or Sydenham Palace. He soon discovered—for his peculiar studies taught him the fact with special force—that nature works with sublime slowness in most of her great operations. "You can not hurry her," said he; and though from his mercurial disposition a certain amount of impatience might have been expected, never did explorer follow her movements, however tardy, with more respectful step, and in a less precipitate spirit than Andrew Crosse. It was impossible to enter his house without perceiving at a glance that you were in the workshop of a philosopher. If those electrical posts in the grounds had not already served as signboards, the apparatus scattered about the mansion would soon have disclosed the occupation of its master. To an uninitiated visitor, the place might well look like a perfect chaos of instruments, troughs, gallipots, furnaces, crucibles, and other scientific gear. The rooms seemed always to be in a transition state, as if resolving themselves into electrical bureaux or chemical cabinets. Spite of the confusion attendant upon these repeated alterations, and even whilst the premises were partly rebuilding, the batteries were kept in continual play, and crystals were tranquilly elaborating in cupboard and cellar, just as they did in olden time, when there was neither man nor beast to break the silence of the infant world. It was only when the sixth or seventh furnace had been erected that the owner considered his house to be properly "*furnished*." Amongst these he would sometimes toil "like a slave," keeping his fires burning day and night, and "half stewing" himself with the heat, which it was necessary to tend with no less care than a "stoker and poker" bestows upon the railway engine intrusted to his charge.

These experiments could not of course be conducted without great expense. The cost of his apparatus alone must have amounted to many thousand pounds. Had his means been adequate to his wishes, he would probably have constructed some monster batteries, capable of achieving electrical wonders, and of dazzling mankind by the brilliancy of their revelations. Having formed a water battery of sixty-three large zinc and copper cylinders, it is pleasant to observe how he fires up at the thought of the glorious exhibition which five thousand of such cylinders would afford, or even at the splendid exploits which might be expected from a single thousand of such plates. But—and there is ever a mournful *but* in the way of a grand scheme—the production of an apparatus on the giant scale first proposed would entail an outlay of five hundred pounds, and five hundred pounds was more than he could then well spare for the project. There was a time, indeed, when his expenditure on science and in farming operations had been so great that

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he made preparations for a retrenching trip to the Continent, where he intended to practice frugality for a few years. His rent-roll was far from contemptible, but unfortunately he was not clever as a landlord. His business habits were vastly inferior to his scientific qualifications. He belonged, as he said, to a family which had the knack of turning a guinea into a shilling. Or, to use the remark of Eagles, the Sketcher, when some one was praising the philosopher's performances on his lathe, Crosse could "turn any thing but a penny." Add to this want of natural financial power—we presume no one will quarrel with the phrase, for are there not born bargain-drivers and instinctive money-makers to be seen on every side? —that the electrician was a man of unsuspecting character, confiding to a fault, and we may readily believe him when he says that, in building houses and improving farms, he suffered "immense impositions," and was "cheated tremendously."

His pursuits, too, were carried on amidst many difficulties and in spite of much personal and family suffering. From the age of fifteen he was subject to nervous visitations of the most painful description. The fiercest toothache was, in his opinion, a downright pleasure in comparison with these agonizing attacks. He consulted Sir Anthony Carlisle on the subject, when about the age of thirty, and was told that the evil was chiefly due to indigestion. "Eat dry biscuits," said the physician, "and drink water alone." This was a pretty prescription for a country squire, but it cost Andrew Crosse little heroism to comply with the advice, and to confine himself in a great measure to mere prison regimen. Some improvement ensued, but from time to time the enemy came down upon him in full fury, and then his sufferings were sad and crushing. Bodily pain, however, did not affect him so much as the loss of numerous relatives. Blows leveled at his affections told with fearful force upon the mind of this warm-hearted man. During one of his overwhelming afflictions, he writes: "I have given myself up entirely as a useless incumbrance upon earth, and bowed to my Maker, mentally speaking, in dust and ashes." Every breeze of his mountain air became full of melancholy associations, and in a letter written in the latter years of his existence we find him declaring that he would not lead his "unfortunate life" over again for all the blessings the world could bestow. Yet Crosse was not a gloomy, desponding man. On the contrary he was naturally as buoyant and airy as the lark. His school-boy love of frolic was never chilled by age, but sparkled in his eye as freely as the inspirations of philosophy. A heartier laugh than his never came from the lungs of a gray-haired sage. His widow describes him as the most uniformly joyous being she ever knew. His friend Kenyon hints that he is blessed with a glorious temperament, and reminds him that he could be happy in a prison with a magnifying glass, looking at a straw. But troubles came fast and thick upon him, and his path lay through thorns and briers, and all the gayety of his disposition, and still more, the comfortings of his religion, were required to keep him from faltering by the way. Faith pointed him to the future, and taught him that if sharp medicines are often administered to the soul, they come from the hand of a Good Physician, and are intended to purify and exalt.

It was in a spirit of true veneration, as well as of noble curiosity, that Crosse prosecuted his philosophical researches. He went to his laboratory, or manipulated with his implements, in the "humble hope of benefiting his company, improving his own understanding, and finding unspeakable consolation in the study of the boundless works of his Maker. Often," says he, "have I, when in perfect solitude, sprung up in a burst of schoolboy delight at the instant of a successful termination of a tremblingly anticipated result. Not all the applause of the world could repay the real lover of science for the loss of such a moment as this." But of his own services he entertained a remarkably modest opinion. He regarded his experiments as "feathers," thrown up to show which way the winds of science blew. It is difficult to understand how he could labor for so long a time on a scale of such magnitude, bringing out one brilliant fact after another, and yet manifest such sublime indifference to the celebrity he was entitled to claim. The prizes of distinction were within his reach, but not a finger was extended to make them his own. If honors had been lying thick at his door, he would never have voluntarily opened it to welcome them in. A scientific hermit he would probably have remained to the last, had he not been pushed into fame by his admiring friends. It was not

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until the meeting of the British Association at Bristol, in the year 1836, that the electrician was induced to lay the results of about thirty years of sequestered toil before the public. His statements produced a species of delirium in the audience. The simplicity of his manners, and the apparent unconsciousness that he had any thing extraordinary to communicate, gave singular point to the striking disclosures he made. Many a *savant* looked on in amazement whilst he explained how he had formed mineral after mineral by the aid of his little noiseless rivulets of voltaic power. But when this new-found interpreter of nature intimated his conviction that one day men would probably be able to construct every sort of crystallized substance, and amongst these the glittering diamond itself, the excitement, as described by an observer, "became so great, and the applause so general, as to leave an impression on the minds of the dense mass that filled the lecture-room, scarcely to be equaled by any circumstance in their existence." Dr. Buckland pronounced the discoveries to be of the "highest order;" Dr. Dalton had never listened to any thing "so interesting before;" and Professor Sedgwick stated that though Mr. Crosse had hitherto concealed himself in privacy, he must now "stand before the world as public property."

From this sudden celebrity, the electrician endeavored to extricate himself as speedily as possible. He slipped away from the scene of his involuntary triumph more like a culprit than a conqueror. The brilliant honors he had won did not affect him in the least, but he hastened home to his batteries, and continued to enlarge the borders of his favorite science with as much zeal as if he were the lowliest laborer in that interesting domain. His faith in the power of electricity was great. He believed that it was destined to work wonders, and that the time would come when it would produce greater and more permanent alterations in society than any which might arise from political convulsions. He expressed his belief that it would be universally employed "in a vast variety of manufactures over the whole civilized world." That he was no visionary in his opinions may be inferred from the fact that upwards of forty years ago, when dining with some country gentlemen at Alfoxton Park, in Somersetshire, the conversation happened to turn upon the discoveries of the day; Crosse, then a shy young man, uttered the following prediction: "I prophesy that by means of the electric agency we shall be enabled to communicate our thoughts instantaneously with the uttermost ends of the earth." Now we who are in the habit of seeing those marvelous wires which are constantly streaming with intelligence, and conveying it hundreds of miles without the slightest perceptible expenditure of time, may think little of such a prognostication; but forty years ago the idea was just as hardy and incredible as it would be now to talk of establishing a line of balloon packets to ply regularly between the Monument and the Moon. And yet in forty years more the earth may be belted round with cables and wires, differences of time may be abolished, and diversities of speech all sunk in, or at any rate subordinated to, one universal language — that spoken by the quivering needles of the telegraph.

But Crosse was not exclusively an electrician. He was a poet as well. Not that he was a bard of the highest order, or as expert with the pen as with the discharging rod. His inspiration has scarcely the smack of genuine Hippocrene. There is a tone of pensiveness about his lyrical pieces which can not fail to touch the heart of a melancholy reader, and sometimes a tenderness of emotion which made his friend Kenyon say that he could not bear Crosse's verses because they tore his his very heart-strings. But in his statelier compositions the author is partial to the stilts, and exhibits an awkwardness of movement which shows that poetry was not his natural vocation. His verses are too starched, and are stiffened with too much rhetorical material to produce a perfectly agreeable impression. It was certainly not from any belief in his prowess in this line that Mr. Crosse threw off thousands of couplets, and repeated them by the score whenever he could discover a ready and congenial listener. But poetry was one way of investing his superabundant energies and of solacing his mind under a multitude of sorrows. Even here, too, his ruling tastes were frequently exemplified in the selection of his topics, for he was employed at one time in the composition of an "Electrical Poem," and some of the most pleasing and flowing stanzas he penned are those in which science is invoked as the "Queen of the Earth." Let

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it be remembered also that Mr. Crosse's effusions were only written for himself and his friends. When he composed a lay he had not the slightest notion of piping it on Parnassus or selling it in Paternoster-row; nor should we omit to remark that some superior judges have spoken favorably of his poetical powers, and even treated him as a born Arcadian. One of his pieces, entitled "Poland," is said to have been highly eulogized by Thomas Campbell, though perhaps as much from sympathy with the subject as from admiration of the effort. And Walter Savage Landor addressed him as one dear to the Muses, and likely to draw tears from their eyes in case he should cease to cultivate their companionship.

"Although with earth and heaven you deal
As equal, and without appeal,
And bring beneath your ancient roof
Records of all they do, and proof,
No right have you, sequestered Crosse,
To make the Muses weep your loss.
A poet were you long before
Gems from the struggling air you tore,
And bade the far-off flashes play
About your woods, and light your way.
Suppose you warm these chilly days
With samples from your fervid lays?"

Such, then, was Andrew Crosse. Truly he was a right genuine and estimable man, full of noble sentiment, and alive with honorable emotion. Greatness and gentleness, knowledge and simplicity, wisdom and worth—the fine sparkling elements which constitute the charm of a lofty and lovable character — all met in him, and brought out the happiest of marriages between the philosopher's head and the Christian's heart. Here was no dry pedantic professor of science with a mind reduced to mummy by long vigils amongst his crucibles and batteries—a man from whose nature all the ordinary viscera of humanity had been extracted—but a being susceptible of every shade of feeling from boyish glee to deathless attachment, and as capable of winning your regard by the fireside as he was of extorting your admiration in the lecture-room and laboratory. Few men have toiled more honestly, and at the same time more modestly, towards the hill of truth, and few have exhibited more indifference to the "proud steep," on which the temple of fame displays its dazzling front. There can be no doubt that he was perfectly sincere when he wrote to a friend: "You often talk of me as a philosopher. In the Greek sense of the term—a lover of wisdom—I am so, but a very humble and imperfect one, knowing well that little is to be gleaned here, but praying devoutly that I may at some time be permitted to snatch a glance at what true knowledge is. My soul would roam from sun to sun, from planet to planet—inhaling every successive instant fresh portions of the Omniscient."

He died 6th July, 1855, aged 71.

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From the London Quarterly.

# LORD DUFFERIN'S YACHT VOYAGE TO ICELAND AND SPITZBERGEN.*

[A Pyramid of Eternal Snow—Subterranean Fires—Hecla—Whirlwinds—Volcanic Eruptions—Prince Napoleon—The Geysir Boiling Springs—Boat-loads of Ladies—Grandeur of Perpetual Day—Mount Beerenberg—Its Mighty Glaciers—Mountains of Spitzbergen—The Return.]

A YACHT voyage is beyond comparison the most perfect mode of traveling. The sense of independence, the novelty, the ease, the luxury of an escape from the strait customs of society, are such as can be obtained in no other way, and are enjoyed from the first moment of stepping on deck, even if the owner be but an amateur—that is to say, a privileged passenger on board his own boat. If he be a sailor, and the *bonâ-fide* captain, there is the sense of power, and occupation, and responsibility, and the excite-

* *Letters from High Latitudes: being some Account of a Voyage in the Schooner Yacht Foam, to Iceland, Jan Meyen, and Spitzbergen, in* 1856. By LORD DUFFERIN. London: John Murray. 1857.



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ment of adventure, still to be added. This latter item may now be indefinitely extended. The cruise of the Pet—a nut-shell of eight tons' burden—in the Baltic two years ago, and the successful voyage across the Atlantic of the Charter Oak, prove that small vessels are not necessarily unsafe, and that a good build rather than large size is the qualification of a good sea-boat. In fact, the lightness of these little craft is their safety; for they float on the very summit of the long, rolling waves, and are rarely struck. The Pet rode out a gale in the Baltic, which did serious damage to larger ships, driving several of them back to port with loss of spars and bulwarks, while no less than five foundered outright. Still, for a long cruise, a vessel of seventy or eighty tons is quite small enough, and, for greater safety, should be schooner-rigged, though the stiff square sails show to disadvantage by the side of the smart cutter. These latter are certainly the prettiest things afloat, skimming the mere surface of the water, under a cloud of sail—in fact, all wing—the very butterflies of the ocean. Somebody has said that a ship is an embodied poem. We can not say much for a Dutch lugger, or a coasting brig, or some of the big tubs occasionally to be seen in the neighborhood of Devonport or Chatham; but a well-appointed yacht is something like it. Her form a line of beauty, her motion not less graceful, the water at her bows thrown off in all fantastic shapes, in flakes, and folds, and wreaths, and clouds of spray, sparkling like snow-crystals, which the slanting sunlight paints with a mimic rainbow; while on the calm surface of the sea the broad, bright, shiny track behind her lies like a fairy spell.

Such was the schooner yacht Foam, eighty-five tons O. M., as perfect in every respect as hands could make her, well found for her intended voyage, and well manned. She had a crew of twelve, each man a follower of several callings, and able to turn his various knowledge to account; besides which the three chiefs of the expedition were not a whit behind their subordinates in miscellaneous skill. Lord Dufferin himself was not only a skillful seaman and a bold navigator, but an artist of no contemptible order, and a historian *sui generis*. His intimate friend Fitzgerald was by profession a surgeon, and by practice a botanist and photographer; while Sigurdr, an Icelander by birth, and studying law at Copenhagen, fulfilled the duties of guide and interpreter. We have omitted one of the principal characters—Wilson, the valet—troubled with a disordered liver, and a distressing melancholy, with his face perpetually "upside down," the antipodes of Mark Tapley, who contributed unconsciously his full quota to the general gayety. There is yet one other, the tutelary deity; for Lord Dufferin is an idolater, and glories in the object of his idolatry; and, seeing that her effigy, as figure-head, was sufficient to "charm all malice from the elements," and that sundry strange phenomena were traceable to her beneficent agency, no wonder that he should avow himself her grateful worshiper.

Early in June, then, Lord Dufferin set sail from Oban for Stornaway in the Hebrides, and thence for—Iceland! A miserable, dreary, weary country—frost-bound, snow-clad, inhospitable, and half-savage. Such, we take it, is the popular idea of Iceland. And yet the reverse of this is the truth. The people are the most hospitable in the world, the climate in summer is delightful, whatever may be the case in winter, and the scenery is grand in the extreme. Here is the first view of land:

"The panorama of the bay of Faxa Fiord is magnificent, with a width of fifty miles from horn to horn, the one running down into a rocky ridge of pumice, the other towering to the height of five thousand feet in a pyramid of eternal snow, while round the intervening semicircle crowd the peaks of a hundred noble mountains. As you approach the shore, you are very much reminded of the west coast of Scotland, except that every thing is more intense, the atmosphere clearer, the light more vivid, the air more bracing, the hills steeper, loftier, more tormented, as the French say, and more gaunt. The effects of light and shadow are the purest I ever saw, the contrasts of color most astonishing—one square front of a mountain jutting out in a blaze of gold against the flank of another dyed in the darkest purple, while up against the azure sky beyond rise peaks of glittering snow and ice. The snow, however, beyond, serving as an ornamental fringe to the distance, plays but a very poor part at this season of the year. While I write, the thermometer is above 70°."—Pp. 32, 33.

Reykjavik, the capital, which lies in the south-east corner of this bay, contains barely eight hundred inhabitants, and is by no

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means an imposing place, with its narrow streets, and one-storied houses. It has no background of foliage; for no tree worthy the name exists in these latitudes; the timber is all imported. Lava, in one form or other, is the main feature here. What we should call the country is a lava plain, and the town is a lava town: the pier is of lava, the foundations of the houses are blocks of lava, "the shingle is lava, the sea-sand is pounded lava, and the mud on the roads is lava paste." The dwellings of the poorer classes are wretched enough, and certainly accord well with the popular idea. They are built of the universal material, the interstices between the blocks being merely filled up with moss; there is no attempt at plastering; the ribs of whales serve for rafters; and a hole in the roof for a chimney; the beds are boxes filled with sea-weed; a log of timber serves for the table; and chairs in any form are not found in the inventory. This, of course, is not the west-end of the town; and the condition of the poor people who inhabit these hovels can be paralleled in our own metropolis. The dwellings of the merchants and traders are comfortable enough.

The natives are not savage, but are really civilized, and some of them are persons of refined manners. Latin, English, and French are spoken; Shakspeare, Milton, and Pope are popular authors; and the general standard of education is more than respectable. The state of public morals may serve as a rebuke to our own. There is neither crime, theft, cruelty, nor debauchery, (if drunkenness be excepted,) and consequently neither prison, gallows, soldiers, nor police. But the strongest proof of civilization that can be offered, is the fact that the Paris fashions are adopted in polite society; which is unfortunate, as the native costume is rather picturesque. The law of divorce is worthy of a primitive people, and would undoubtedly scandalize the honorable member for the University of Oxford. In case of an unfortunate incompatibility of temper, or other source of mutual disagreement, the man and wife make application to the Governor for a divorce. If in three years' time they are still of the same opinion, the divorce is granted, with permission for each to marry again.

In all that relates to house and home, Icelandic notions differ a good deal from ours; but the furniture, so far as it goes, is substantial and good. There are few elegancies, but engravings and photographs may occasionally be met with, and a well-filled bookcase is no rarity. Strangers may always count upon a hearty welcome to whatever the house contains: indeed, the northern ideas of hospitality are rather extreme. The best of every thing is almost forced upon the guest, and hesitation on his part, to say nothing of refusal, would be considered unpardonable rudeness. The ladies of the house themselves wait upon their guests—a custom in which Lord Dufferin could not at first acquiesce, but, in the end, he rather got to like it, especially when they were pretty! Whether gratitude or poetry mainly enters into his descriptions we do not know, but all the young ladies, and indeed the old ones too, appear to be most enchanting. Their smiles are perpetual, their kisses frequent, (for this ceremony also enters into the Icelandic ritual,) and their beauty is transcendent. It does not follow that because a maiden is pale, she is also "lily-like," or if she have flaxen hair, she is "sunshiny," though it may be so. But if the maidens of Reykjavik are only half as pretty as the epithets applied to them, we can forgive much on the score of enthusiasm. Besides, what can a man do who is fêted by his friends to such a degree, that he not only sees every thing *couleur de rose*, but likewise sees double?

Strange to say, this Danish island has been more accurately surveyed and mapped than any other country in Europe. So large is the scale, that every little stream and hollow, and jutting rock, and line of lava, is marked with scrupulous care. This is an unaccountable freak of the Danish Government, since the island is altogether a losing concern. The revenue is about £3000, and the expenditure is £6000, so that the Chancellorship of such an Exchequer must be rather an anxious post. The chief items in the exports are, 1,200,000 lbs. of wool, and 500,000 pairs of mitts and stockings. The produce of the fisheries varies considerably, and as many as 3500 boats have sometimes been engaged in the business. The entire area is 38,000 square miles, or one fifth larger than that of Ireland, and the population is 60,000, or nine tenths less. But 33,000 miles out of the 38,000 consist of barren mountains or equally

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barren lava, and the inhabitants are confined to a comparatively narrow strip which separates the central desert from the sea.

Lord Dufferin and his two friends resolved to penetrate into this volcanic region, and prepared for an expedition to the Geysirs, to be afterwards extended in another direction. After buying twenty-six ponies, with pack-saddles, and hiring three guides, they set off without loss of time. A day's journey over a desolate plateau brought them to the first halting-place. "Judge of my astonishment when I was arrested in full career by a tremendous precipice, or rather chasm, which suddenly gaped beneath my feet, and completely separated the barren plateau we had been so painfully traversing, from a lovely, gay, sunlit flat, ten miles broad, that lay—sunk at a level lower by a hundred feet—between us and the opposite mountains." This chasm was the famous Almanna Gja, the sunk plain was Thingvalla; and beyond that again a corresponding chasm, Hrafna Gja, was visible, continuing the lava plateau at the same level as that on which they stood. To complete the picture, a small river falls over the precipice into the plain, and there spreads into a noble lake, stretching across the entire flat to the north-east, a glorious expanse of water, fifteen miles long, by eight miles broad. Upon the plain is an irregular oval, surrounded, save at one point, by an impassable crevice. This is the Althing, where, in the time of the ancient Republic, the Parliament held its sessions, though school histories generally indicate that from the tenth to the thirteenth centuries feudalism was universal. Singularly enough, trial by jury was then one of the institutions of the country. The memory of these times is still cherished by the nation, when its mariners, and astronomers, and poets, and scholars were famed throughout Europe. While here, the travelers fell in with a German naturalist, who is thus beautifully sketched:

"The truth is, my guest was an entomologist, and in the pursuit of the objects of his study was evidently prepared to approach hardships and danger with a serenity that would not have been unworthy of the apostle of a new religion. It was almost touching to hear him describe the intensity of his joy when perhaps days and nights of fruitless labors were at last rewarded by the discovery of some hitherto unknown little fly; and it was with my whole heart that, at parting, I wished him success in his career, and the fame that so much conscientious labor merited. From my allusion to this last reward, however, he seemed almost to shrink; and, with a sincerity it was impossible to doubt, disclaimed as ignoble so poor a motive as a thirst for fame. His was one of those calm, laborious minds seldom found but among the Teutonic race, that—pursuing day by day with single-minded energy some special object—live in a noble obscurity, and die at last content with the consciousness of having added one other stone to that tower of knowledge men are building up toward heaven, even though the world should never learn what strong and patient hands have placed it there."—Page 104.

The next day's journey lay through scenery not less strange. At one time hills of singular colors, red, black, or yellow; all peaked and pinnacled, twisted into most fantastic shapes; with smooth, glistening sides, that showed no trace of vegetation. At another, a chain of hills green to their summit rose on the left, the intervals between them opening up into wild glens worthy of Scotland; a smooth, well-watered plain, rich with verdure, spread itself in the opposite direction as far as the eye could reach, while here and there volumes of white vapor rose heavily from the ground, telling of subterranean fires. Smouldering Hecla, too, is in sight, though now inactive, its three snowy peaks standing out cold and clear against the sky. It is the only volcano in Iceland generally known; but its eruptions, terrible as they have been, are not to be compared with those of Skapta Jokul, a mountain in the south-west of the island—which is about as definite a position as can be assigned to it; for very little is known of the grim district in which it stands. Ice and lava are its chief features, and deluges of molten stone and boiling mud, or whirlwinds of sand and ashes, are the occasional phenomena; it is, in fact, "an unfinished corner of the universe, where the elements of chaos still rage uncontrolled." The most noted eruption of this volcano took place in June of the year 1783. Successive shocks of earthquake were followed by clouds of smoke from some unknown source, and so dense as to envelop the whole district in darkness. After the smoke came a whirlwind of ashes, and then innumerable fire-spouts, leaping from out the mountain, "while the river Skapta, one of the largest in the island, having first rolled down

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to the plain a vast volume of fetid waters mixed with mud, suddenly disappeared." These were only the preliminaries.

"Two days afterwards a stream of lava, issuing from sources to which no one has ever been able to penetrate, came sliding down the bed of the dried-up river; and in a little time—though the channel was six hundred feet deep and two hundred broad—the glowing deluge overflowed its banks, crossed the low country of Medalland, ripping the turf up before it like a table-cloth, and poured into a great lake, whose affrighted waters flew hissing and screaming into the air. Within a few more days the basin of the lake was completely filled, and, having separated into two streams, the unexhausted torrent again recommenced its march; in one direction overflowing some ancient lava field—in the other, reëntering the channel of the Skapta, and leaping down the lofty cataract of Stapafoss. But this was not all. While one lava flood had chosen the Skapta for its bed, another descending in a different direction, was working like ruin within and on either side the banks of the Hverfisfliot, rushing into the plain, by all accounts, with even greater fury and velocity. Whether the two issued from the same crater, it is impossible to say, as the sources of both were far away within the heart of the unapproachable desert; and even the extent of the lava flow can only be measured from the spot where it entered the inhabited districts. The stream which flowed down Skapta is calculated to be about fifty miles in length by twelve or fifteen at its greatest breadth; that which flowed down the Hverfisfliot, at forty miles in length, by seven in breadth. Where it was imprisoned between the high banks of Skapta, the lava is five or six hundred feet thick; but as soon as it spread out into the plain, its depth never exceeded one hundred feet. The eruption of sand, ashes, pumice, and lava continued till the end of August, when the Plutonic drama concluded with a violent earthquake.

"For a whole year a canopy of cinder-laden cloud hung over the island. Sand and ashes irretrievably overwhelmed thousands of acres of fertile pasturage. The Faroe islands, the Shetlands, and the Orkneys were deluged with volcanic dust, which perceptibly contaminated even the pure skies of England and Holland. Mephitic vapors tainted the atmosphere of the entire island; even the grass, which no cinder rain had stifled, completely withered up; the fish perished in the poisoned sea. A murrain broke out among the cattle, and a disease resembling scurvy attacked the inhabitants themselves. Stephenson has calculated that 9000 men, 28,000 horses, 11,000 cattle, 190,000 sheep, died from the effects of this one eruption. The most moderate calculation puts the number of human deaths at upwards of 1300, and of cattle, etc., at about 156,000."—Pp. 100–113.

The Geysir springs are described for the five hundredth time, but with much of interest nevertheless. The small Geysir called Strokr, has a funnel of some five feet in diameter, but no basin, which is so far an advantage as to allow of close approach, so that, failing other amusement, a "rise" can be got out of him at any time. An emetic in the shape of turf sods is all that is necessary; and in the course of half an hour, after much rumbling, and retching, and sputtering, and the usual symptoms of incipient sickness, the irritant is ejected with a spout of water some forty feet high, after obtaining which relief Strokr subsides into repose. At the end of three days' patient waiting for an eruption of the great Geysir, a succession of subterranean noises, like the report of cannon, indicated that the event was at hand.

"A violent agitation was disturbing the center of the pool. Suddenly a dome of water lifted itself up to the height of eight or ten feet, then burst and fell; immediately after which a shining liquid column, or rather a sheaf of columns wreathed in robes of vapor, sprung into the air, and in a succession of jerking leaps, each higher than the last, flung their silver crests against the sky. For a few minutes the fountain held its own, then all at once appeared to lose its ascending energy. The unstable waters faltered, drooped, fell, 'like a broken purpose,' back upon themselves, and were immediately sucked down into the recesses of their pipe.

"The spectacle was certainly magnificent; but no description can give any idea of its most striking features. The enormous wealth of water, its vitality, its hidden power, the illimitable breadth of sunlit vapor, rolling out in exhaustless profusion, all combined to make one feel the stupendous energy of nature's slightest movements."—Pp. 125, 126.

The column of water had scarcely subsided, when a horseman approached at full gallop: he had seen from a distance the masses of vapor, but, in spite of every effort, failed to reach the spot in time. Immediately after him followed two more—the vanguard of a French force (culinary) attached to the person of H.I.H. Prince Napoleon, who was now on a voyage of discovery. Two days after our friends left Reykjavik, the Prince arrived there in the Reine Hortense, with two steam tenders in company, and a large frigate as a guard of honor. He was now following with a large retinue of servants, and the scientific members of his

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expedition. He accepted Lord Dufferin's proffered hospitality, and a very cordial alliance was cemented over French brandy and an English plum-pudding. During the night, which was as bright as day, the camp was disturbed by subterranean explosions, and the *savans* turned out, mostly in bare legs, expecting a second eruption. But the water works did not play, and the *savans* turned in again in disgust. Early next morning, however, the whole encampment was astir with preparations for departure, the very slight performance of the previous night being considered sufficient for all scientific purposes by the imperial philosopher. Nay, in such haste was the Prince to be gone, that, after placing Strokr under surgical treatment, he could only afford to wait twenty minutes to see the result of the operation; and as this was protracted ten minutes beyond the expected time, the whole party had ridden away, and had disappeared behind the hill, when the explosion took place!

Lord Dufferin's plan was to return leisurely to the capital, and from thence journey across the island to the northward; the scenery in this direction being pronounced magnificent, with the further merit of being almost unknown. The schooner was to be sent round to one of the northern harbors, and wait there, so that the party might start at once for Jan Meyen. Prince Napoleon was resolved on exploring the coast of Greenland, and gave Lord Dufferin a pressing invitation to join him. This proposal, which promised many advantages, was reluctantly declined at the springs; but on the subsequent return of the English to Reykjavik, they found that the Prince had changed his purpose, and that he was bound for Jan Meyen the very next morning. As this intimation was accompanied with a most friendly offer to take the yacht in tow, the proposed inland journey was abandoned, and it was agreed that after a ball to be held on board the Artemise frigate, the two vessels should get under way. The ball, attended by all the rank, fashion, and beauty of the place, was a perfect success. Boat-loads of ladies, in the gayest of dresses, pulled across the harbor, "looking like flower-beds that had put to sea," to find a ship of war so strangely metamorphosed as to be scarcely recognizable. Dancing over, the voyagers, French and English, make their way to their respective vessels, and up anchor at once; Wilson informing the doctor during the process, that a brig that has just come from the "hicy regions," has seven feet of solid timber in her bow, while the Foam has just two inches.

It seems that our author had been enchanted some years ago by a sketch of a huge mountain which forms the northern extremity of Jan Meyen, taken by a whaling captain as he sailed past; and the more he heard of it, the stronger grew his determination to see so great a marvel. It is a spike of igneous rock, needle-shaped, shooting straight up out of the sea to the height of 6870 feet. The island, which is only sixteen miles long by four wide, was accidentally discovered by Captain Fotherby in 1814. About twenty years afterwards the Dutch Government, wishing to make it a fishing station, induced seven seamen to winter there as an experiment. Huts were built for them, they were amply provided with stores, and then they were left. Poor fellows! From the 26th of August to the 22d of March, they bore up stoutly; but scurvy then set in, and, predisposed as they already were to its attacks, it made short work with the whole party. On Easter Day, the first dies. On the 23d of April only one man is able to move about, and he keeps the journal. On the 30th he also fails, and a sentence left unfinished tells the story without a word. A month later help arrived, but it was only needed for their burial. Each lay dead in his own hut—one with an open prayer-book by his side; another with his hand stretched out towards the ointment he had used for his stiffened joints; and the last survivor with the unfinished journal by his side. It is impossible to escape the conviction, that a like fate has overtaken Franklin and his crew. It is terrible to think of their deferred hopes, and heart-sickness—how each succeeding year the perpetual night of winter has slowly brightened into the perpetual day of summer, bringing with it restless longings for home, deceitful visions of approaching succor, possibly long journeys southwards, undertaken in the hope of sooner meeting with deliverance—and this until hope died out altogether, and they sank in despair. And it is scarcely less touching to think of Lady Franklin's unrequited efforts. With a devotion which is unsurpassed in song or

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story, and heroism little less than sublime, this true woman still clings to hope, and, when unexpectedly deserted, devotes her last private resources to the completion of the nation's duty. We fear the only possible result will be the exchange of suspense for certainty, and the proof that these intrepid men have found an undisturbed resting-place on those silent shores.

But to return to the Foam. The crossing of the Arctic circle was attended by ceremonies not unlike those customary on crossing the Line, and these were succeeded by a luxurious dinner on board the corvette. Lord Dufferin gives a most eloquent description of the last sunset, which, in fact, was only momentary, and of the grandeur of perpetual day. But, however beautiful in a poetical point of view, practically it was uncommonly inconvenient. Time was no longer frittered down into paltry divisions, but this rendered it all the more difficult to know whether it was eleven or twenty-two o'clock. And then it seemed such an absurd thing to go to bed before sunset, that for several days the trio got over the difficulty by not going to bed at all. The day of the fête opened with a cloudless sky, and the thermometer at 72°; but the afternoon brought one of those sudden atmospheric changes characteristic of these high latitudes. Within an hour the temperature fell forty degrees; a dense Arctic fog came on, snow began to fall, and a piercing wind set in steadily from the north-west, all which betokened the near approach of ice. On the following morning, writes Lord Dufferin—

"As I was standing in the main rigging, peering out on the smooth blue surface of the sea, a white twinkling point of light suddenly caught my eye about a couple of miles off on the port bow, which a telescope soon resolved into a solitary isle of ice, dancing and dipping in the sunlight. As you may suppose, the news brought every body upon deck; and when almost immediately afterwards a string of other pieces—glittering like a diamond necklace—hove in sight, the excitement was extreme.

"Here, at all events, was honest blue salt water frozen solid; and when, as we proceeded, the scattered fragments thickened, and passed like silver argosies on either hand, until at last we found ourselves enveloped in an innumerable fleet of bergs, it seemed as if we could never be weary of admiring a sight so strange and beautiful. . . . . In quaintness of form, and in brilliancy of colors, these wonderful masses surpassed every thing I had imagined; and we found endless amusement in watching their fantastic procession.

"At one time it was a knight on horseback, clad in sapphire mail, a white plume above his casque. Or a cathedral window, with shafts of chrysopras, new powdered by a snow-storm. Or a smooth sheer cliff of lapis lazuli; or a banyan tree, with roots descending from its branches, and a foliage as delicate as the efflorescence of molten metal; or a fairy dragon, that breasted the water in scales of emerald; or any thing else that your fancy chose to conjure up."—Pp. 202–204.

But the "endless" amusement, as usual, proved to be very transient. A light curtain of mist soon vailed these beauties; and, what was a much more serious misfortune, the ice became so closely packed as to bar all progress to the northward; so that for hours together the course was southward and eastward, in the hope of getting into more open water. Instead of improving, however, matters began to look worse; and, in spite of every care, collisions with the ice became frequent. Wilson's happy reminiscence that the bows were of two-inch planking seemed nothing to laugh at, now that the great pieces came crushing and grinding past. Early on the fifth morning after leaving Iceland, Lord Dufferin was awakened by the announcement that "the Frenchman was a-saying summat on his blackboard;" and fearing misfortune, especially as a heavy sea had knocked up during the night, he was soon on deck, and by aid of a telescope made out, through the mist and spray, the words: "*Nous retournons à Reykjavik!*" Bad as things looked, the Englishman had more pluck than to give in all at once, especially after having come so far; and therefore communicated to the French Commander his intention of continuing the voyage alone. After a mutual exchange of compliments and kind wishes, the tow-ropes were cast off, and the yacht was left to follow her own course. "Down went the heavy hawsers into the sea, up fluttered the stay-sail—then, poising for a moment on the waves, with the startled hesitation of a bird suddenly set free, the little creature spread her wings, thrice dipped her ensign in token of adieu, receiving in return a hearty cheer from the French crew, and in a few minutes was alone on the misty sea." The situation was now an anxious one: the sun had been invisible for two days, and the course so irregular of late, that the dead reckon-

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ing was at fault. The only plan seemed to be to clear the ice, and run up into the latitude of Jan Meyen, and then make for its northern extremity, as in all probability the most accessible point of the coast. Thirty-six hours of steady progress ought to have brought them within sight of the island, but at the end of that time they were surrounded by formidable packs of ice; a fog came on so thick that it seemed to hang in solid festoons from the masts and spars; the wind had almost totally fallen, and they anxiously groped their way in silence, conscious, from the sound of breakers, that land was not far off. The following piece of word-painting would be worthy of Ruskin in his happiest mood:

"At last the hour of liberation came: a purer light seemed gradually to penetrate the atmosphere; brown turned to gray, and gray to white, and white to transparent blue, until the lost horizon entirely reappeared, except where in one direction an impenetrable vail of haze still hung suspended from the zenith to the sea. Behind that vail I knew must lie Jan Meyen.

"A few minutes more, and slowly, silently, in a manner you could take no count of, its dusky hem first deepened to a violet tinge, then, gradually lifting, displayed a long line of coast—in reality but the roots of Beerenberg—dyed of the darkest purple; while, obedient to a common impulse, the clouds that wrapt its summit gently disengaged themselves, and left the mountain standing in all the magnificence of his 6870 feet, girdled by a single zone of pearly vapor, from underneath whose floating folds seven enormous glaciers rolled down into the sea! Nature seemed to have turned scene-shifter, so artfully were the phases of this glorious spectacle successively developed.

"Although, by reason of our having hit upon its side instead of its narrow end, the outline of Mount Beerenberg appeared to us more like a sugar-loaf than a spire—broader at the base and rounder at the top than I had imagined—in size, color, and effect, it far surpassed any thing I had anticipated. The glaciers were quite an unexpected element of beauty. Imagine a mighty river of as great a volume as the Thames—started down the side of a mountain—bursting over every impediment, whirled into a thousand eddies, tumbling and raging on from ledge to ledge in quivering cataracts of foam, then suddenly struck rigid by a power so instantaneous in its action, that even the froth and fleeting wreaths of spray have stiffened to the immutability of sculpture. Unless you had seen it, it would be almost impossible to conceive the strangeness of the contrast between the actual tranquillity of these silent crystal rivers, and the violent descending energy impressed upon their exterior. You must remember, too, all this is upon a scale of such prodigious magnitude, that when we succeeded subsequently in approaching the spot, where with a leap like that of Niagara one of these glaciers plunges down into the sea, the eye, no longer able to take in its fluvial character, was content to rest in simple astonishment at what then appeared a lucent precipice of gray-green ice, rising to the height of several hundred feet above the masts of the vessel."—Pp. 213–215.

Notwithstanding the vivid distinctness with which every thing was visible, the shore was still six or seven miles distant; the interval crowded with ice-floes. After an unsuccessful attempt to round the northern extremity of the island in order to reach a safe anchorage known to exist on the western side; and one equally fruitless to reach an open roadstead to the east; it became necessary to return to the spot where the mountain was first seen, and attempt a landing whenever a favorable opening might present itself. This was no easy matter; for the wind had now changed, and was dead against them, while fresh masses of ice came drifting down, and the open spaces began to close in fast. All hands were summoned on deck, and the schooner, being well under control, wound in and out between the fragments, sometimes steering clear altogether, sometimes escaping with a slight graze; though once or twice the turnings were so sharp, that the succeeding obstacle could not be escaped; and the only thing left for it was, hastily to shift the stay-sail so as to deaden the ship's way as much as possible, and let her go right at it, while the crew with spars sought to fend off the shock as much as possible. In spite of danger it was determined to effect a landing somewhere, if only for an hour; and when a little clear of the ice, they launched the gig, put into it an old figure-head, a white ensign, and sundry records, and then pulled ashore. There seems to have been nothing to reward the risk. A strip of beach not more than fifteen yards wide, beyond which rose an inaccessible precipice, or wall, more than a thousand feet high, serving as a sort of plinth to the mountain; innumerable sea-birds, who showed no fear of the intruders, and might be caught by the hand: for a close inspection of these it was hardly worth while to run the risk of spending a winter on Jan Meyen. The ice had drifted down upon the island so rapidly,

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that it was with the utmost difficulty the boat could reach the ship, while the latter was in more serious peril than ever. Not a moment was to be lost in getting out to the open sea; but after some hours of slow and difficult progress, the prospect seemed worse and worse; for from the mast-head not a vestige of open water was visible in any direction. The only chance of liberation lay in a change of wind. Fortunately, on the 14th of July, it flew round into the south-east, the ice at once began to loosen, and the same night the schooner was going down a clear channel in racing style. Eight hundred miles in eight days is smart sailing; and the the 22d instant they succeeded in making the difficult harbor of Hammerfest, to the delight of all on board, save Wilson, who was disappointed.

It might be supposed that a mere love of adventure would have been satisfied with this unlooked-for success; but Lord Dufferin was resolved to accomplish another and more hazardous scheme, and would visit Spitzbergen. Accordingly, in spite of warning from whaling captains who had just returned from an unsuccessful attempt in that direction, he put to sea again. Bear Island was sighted on the third day, but a girdle of ice, six miles in width, prevented all access to it, and fully confirmed the truth of the reports. A barrier of the same kind stretched away to the westward as far as the eye could reach; and this had been explored by one of the informants, until he was satisfied that further progress northward was impossible. Nevertheless, with characteristic determination, Lord Dufferin put the schooner round, and ran along the edge of the ice for a hundred and forty miles, seeking an opening to the northward. He then got a few hours' sail in the right direction, but was brought up by a fresh barrier, to be skirted in the same manner as before, until, after successive disappointments, a long run to the eastward brought him within sight of land.

"I need not tell you with what greediness I feasted my eyes on that longed-for view, the only sight, as I then thought, we were ever destined to enjoy of the mountains of Spitzbergen! The whole heaven was overcast with a dark mantle of tempestuous clouds, that stretched down in umbrella-like points towards the horizon, leaving a clear space between their edge and the sea, illuminated by the sinister brilliancy of the iceblink. In an easterly direction, this belt of unclouded atmosphere was etherealized to an indescribable transparency; and up into it there gradually grew—above the dingy line of starboard ice—a forest of thin lilac peaks, so faint, so pale, that, had it not been for the gem-like distinctness of their outline, one could have deemed them as unsubstantial as the spires of fairy-land. The beautiful vision proved only too transient; in one short half-hour mist and cloud had blotted it all out, while a fresh barrier of ice compelled us to turn our backs on the very land we were striving to reach."—Pp. 286, 287.

This is only less exquisite than the actual vision. The keen eye of the look-out who shouted "Land!" took in the view without comprehending it; to his mind his own brief description seemed complete—it was land, and nothing more. The honest tar was not singular in his idea. Even among well-educated persons there are few who can realize the entire features of a landscape, and relish its delicate, and complicated, and evanescent beauties to the full; and fewer still who can describe intelligibly what they have seen. There are almost as many writers as travelers; but of artists in words, who can place before the mind of their readers a definite image, firm in outline, with gradations of light and shade, and a dash of color to give it warmth and life, there is only here and there one. As it is the imagination alone which is excited by the description of unknown material effect, the narrator must have something of the poetic faculty before he can successfully delineate that object, or reflect his ideas into the mind of another; and it is the possession of this quality which renders Lord Dufferin's pictures so vividly real.

Spitzbergen was fully sixty miles distant, and five days were wearily spent in struggling with the old difficulties, and a strong head-wind in addition; collisions, too, were frequent, and altogether things began to look very shady.

"This was the cheerful kind of report Wilson used invariably to bring me of a morning. Coming to the side of my cot with the air of a man announcing the stroke of doomsday, he used to say, or rather toll:

"'Seven o'clock, my Lord!'

"'Very well; how's the wind?'

"'Dead a-head, my Lord—*dead!*'

"'How many points is she off her course?'

"'Four points, my Lord—full four points!' (Four points being as much as she could be.)

"'Is it pretty clear? eh! Wilson?'

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"'Can't see your hand, my Lord! can't see your hand!'

"'Much ice in sight?'

"'Ice all round, my Lord — ice a-all round!' And so *exit*, sighing deeply over my trowsers."—Page 291.

Day after day this state of things continued, the ice occasionally giving way, and allowing a little progress, and then closing in relentlessly. Land was as far off as ever; the wind increased to a gale, the cold became intolerable, and billow upon billow of thick fog came rolling down upon them, black and heavy, like the waves of some upper sea. These and other anxieties were talked over, until even the dauntless skipper was fain to agree that if, after standing on for twelve hours more, there was no decided improvement, he would turn back. Ten hours had passed, and the case seemed almost hopeless, when the westernmost point of a long barrier was doubled; and lo! northward, westward, and eastward, lay an open sea! The excitement was intense, all hands were turned up, every reef was shaken out in spite of the gale, and away went the ship, fairly staggering under her canvas; and that same night was safely anchored in English Bay, Spitzbergen, within six hundred and thirty miles of the Pole, and within one hundred miles as far north as any ship has ever succeeded in getting.

We quote the description of the bay, without abridgment:

"And now, how shall I give you an idea of the wonderful panorama in the midst of which we found ourselves? I think, perhaps, its most striking feature was the stillness, and deadness, and impassability of this new world: ice, and rock, and water surrounded us; not a sound of any kind interrupted the silence; the sea did not break upon the shore; no bird nor any living thing was visible; the midnight sun—by this time muffled in a transparent mist—shed an awful, mysterious lustre on glacier and mountain; no atom of vegetation gave token of the earth's vitality; an universal numbness and dumbness seemed to pervade the solitude. I suppose in scarcely any other part of the world is this appearance of deadness so strikingly exhibited. On the stillest summer day in England, there is always perceptible an under-tone of life thrilling through the atmosphere; and though no breeze should stir a single leaf, yet —in default of motion—there is always a sense of growth; but here not so much as a blade of grass was to be seen on the sides of the bald, excoriated hills. Primeval rocks and eternal ice constitute the landscape.

"The anchorage where we had brought up is the best to be found, with the exception, perhaps, of Magdalena Bay, along the whole west coast of Spitzbergen; indeed, it is almost the only one where you are not liable to have the ice set in upon you at a moment's notice. It is completely landlocked, being protected on its open side by Prince Charles's Foreland, a long island lying parallel with the mainland. Down towards either horn run two ranges of schistose rocks about fifteen hundred feet high, their sides almost precipitous, and the topmost ridge as sharp as a knife, and jagged as a saw; the intervening space is entirely filled up by an enormous glacier, which—descending with one continuous incline from the head of a valley on the right, and sweeping like a torrent round the roots of an isolated clump of hill in the center —rolls at last into the sea. The length of the glacial river from the spot where it apparently first originated, could not have been less than thirty or thirty-five miles, or its greatest breadth less than nine or ten; but so completely did it fill up the higher end of the valley, that it was as much as you could do to distinguish the further mountains peeping up above its surface. The height of the precipice where it fell into the sea, I should judge to be about one hundred and twenty feet. On the left, a still more extraordinary sight presented itself. A kind of baby glacier actually hung suspended half-way on the hill-side, like a tear in the act of rolling down the furrowed cheek of the mountain."—Pp. 298–300.

The narrator doubts his own powers of language. Failing words, he tries the pencil, and, marvelous as the result is, he affirms that "it will never convey a correct notion of the enormous scale of the distances, and size of the various features of the scene." Even in the picture, the eye refuses to take in the whole view, and is bewildered by range on range of mountain, and peaks innumerable, and strange-looking rivers in unlikely places; and, without any relieving strip of beach, an immense expanse of water lying in unbroken stillness, with a minute dot in the center, showing the comparative dimensions of the schooner as she lay at anchor there. The scenery seems to be all of the same character; and five days spent in exploring that part of the coast, only revealed fresh mountains, and valleys, and glaciers, all on an equal scale of grandeur, and equally silent and motionless. During the whole time the sky was bright and cloudless, day and night—if night can be said to exist in sunshine: if so, sundry photographic views were taken by the light of a midnight sun. The cold does not appear to have been sensibly intense,

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notwithstanding that a thin veneer of ice covered the bay every evening, and only yielded to the sun's power as he again approached the meridian. It is generally supposed that reindeer exist in this region; but not a trace of them was found, though a supply of fresh meat would have been especially welcome. Our friend's sporting success was very limited: one or two ice-birds—"the most graceful winged creatures ever seen, with immensely long pinions, and plumage of spotless white," about a score of luckless ptarmigan, and a polar bear, make up the list. As deer were evidently not to be had, preparations were speedily made for departure; and after leaving sundry records of his visit, which are not likely to be disturbed, Lord Dufferin weighed anchor, and stood out to sea. In the hope of escaping many of the difficulties attending the outward voyage, he determined to shape a westerly course until the Greenland line of ice should be in sight, expecting to find an open channel somewhere between the two coasts, and to be able to sail southwards without any further hindrance. The result proved the truth of this conjecture, and the ice occasioned neither delay nor difficulty. A gale of wind set in, fortunately from the right quarter, carrying the ship, for several days together, two hundred and forty miles in the twenty-four hours, and quickly brought her into temperate latitudes and Christian company, and ultimately into the harbor of Throndhjem, the capital of the ancient sea-kings of Norway. There we may leave her, to resume at leisure her quiet homeward voyage.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

# A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

On Monday morning, the 11th of May last, there sat in one of the quiet rooms of Enton parsonage a young and pretty woman, playing with her baby. It was Mrs. Ordie. The incumbent of Enton was Dr. Ling, an honorary canon of the county cathedral, and rather given, of late years, to certain church innovations. He called himself a high churchman, his friends a Tractarian, and his enemies a Puseyite. However, Puseyite or not, he was the spiritual director of Enton, which brought him in a good round income, every farthing of which he lived up to, some people said to more. Mrs. Ling was from India; her family connections lived there; father, uncles, brothers, and cousins, had been, or were, in the civil or military service of Bengal. Consequently, as the daughters of Dr. Ling had grown towards womanhood, they were severally shipped off, with high matrimonial views, according to a fashion that extensively prevails among certain of our British families.

Miss Ling, Louisa, had gone out first, and had secured Captain Ordie. Constance had gone out next, and espoused Lieutenant Main, to the indignation of all her relatives, both at home and out, for she was a handsome girl, and had been set down for nothing less than a major. Lieutenant Main, who was attached to Captain Ordie's regiment, had been home on sick leave, and was unfortunately returning in the very ship that took Constance. Before they had come to the end of their voyage, they had agreed that Main was a prettier name for the young lady than Ling, and although every body assured her that he had no interest and would never get promoted, she married him. The third daughter, Sarah Ann, very young and pretty she was, went out the following year, with a stern injunction not to do as Constance had done. Sarah Ann, probably, would not have gone so soon, but that Mrs. Ordie had urged it. Her own health was not good; she was returning to Europe; let Sarah Ann come and be introduced under *her* auspices, before

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she left, otherwise she would be consigned to the charge and bad example of Mrs. Main. And Sarah Ann was dispatched at the age of fifteen: Dr. and Mrs. Ling had three other daughters yet.

It happened, however, before Sarah Ann could get there, that Mrs. Ordie's health grew worse, and she was ordered immediately to her native climate, so, after all, Sarah Ann had to be received by Mrs. Main. Mrs. Ordie, upon landing in England, proceeded to Enton. The voyage had been of much service to her, and her health was improved. And there we see her sitting, on the morning of the 11th of last May, nearly twelve months after her arrival, playing with her infant, who was nine months old. She was well now, and in August she and the child were going back to India.

Mrs. Ordie was much attached to this child, very anxious and fidgety over it; her first child had died in India, so perhaps that was the reason. She fancied, this morning, that it was not well, and had been sending in haste for Mrs. Beecher, who lived lived close by. The honorary canon, Mrs. Ling, and two of the remaining daughters, had gone, the previous Saturday, to spend a week in the county town, where he had some "honorary" duty to perform in the cathedral.

Mrs. Beecher came running in without her bonnet. She had been governess to Louisa and Constance when they were young, had married the curate, and remained the deeply-attached friend and adviser of the Ling family. In any emergency Mrs. Beecher was appealed to, and she proved herself equal to all.

"I am sure baby's ill," was Mrs. Ordie's salutation. "I have been playing with her, and doing all I can to excite her notice, but she will keep her head down. See how hot her cheeks are."

"I think she is sleepy," said Mrs. Beecher. "And perhaps a very little feverish."

"*Do* you think her feverish? Whatever shall I do? Good mercy, if she should die as the other did!"

"Louisa," remonstrated Mrs. Beecher, "do not excite yourself causelessly. I thought you had left that off before you went out: you promised me you had."

"Oh! but you don't know what it is to lose a child, you never had one," returned Mrs. Ordie, giving way to her excitement.

"If she dies, I can tell you I shall die with her."

"Hush," interrupted Mrs. Beecher. "In the first place, I believe there is little, if any thing, the matter with the child, except cutting her teeth, which renders all children somewhat feverish. In the second, if she were dangerously ill, you have no right to say what you have just said."

"Oh! yes, I have a right, for it is truth. I would rather lose every thing I possess in the world, than my baby."

"Not every thing, I hope, Louisa," quietly remarked Mrs. Beecher.

"Yes, every thing. I would. I like nothing half so well. What a while Mr. Percival is!" she added, walking to the window and looking out.

"You surely have not sent for Mr. Percival?"

"I surely have. And if he does not soon make his appearance, I shall send again."

Mrs. Beecher sighed. "I am sorry to see this, Louisa. You will get into your old nervous state again."

Mrs. Ordie would not hear reason. She had taken up the idea that the child *was* ill, and at length told Mrs. Beecher that as she had never had any chidren herself, she could not feel for her. She had always been of most excitable temperament. As a girl, her imagination was so vivid, so prone to the marvelous, that story books and fairy tales were obliged to be kept from her. She would seek to get them unknown to her parents, and, when successful, would wake up in the night, shrieking with terror at what she had read. Hers was indeed a peculiarly active brain. It is necessary to mention this, as it may account, in some degree, for what follows.

There was really nothing the matter with the child, but Mrs. Ordie insisted that there was, and made herself miserable all the day. The surgeon, Mr. Percival, came; he saw little the matter with it, either, but he ordered it a warm bath, and sent in some medicine—probably distilled water and sugar: mothers and nurses must be humored.

Mrs. Beecher called in, in the evening. Mrs. Ordie hinted that she might as well remain for the night, to be on the spot should baby be taken worse.

Mrs. Beecher laughed. "I think I can

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promise you that there will be no danger, Louisa. You may cease to torment yourself; if she was not quite well this morning, I can see that she is perfectly so to-night. You may go to sleep in peace."

"You might as well stay. However, if any thing does happen, I shall send to your house, and call you up."

The Lings kept four servants. Of these, two, a man and maid, were with their master and mistress, the other two were at home. And there was the child's nurse. After Mrs Beecher left, Mrs. Ordie crept along the corridor to the nurse's room, where the baby slept, and found the nurse undressing herself.

"What are you doing that for?" she indignantly exclaimed. "Of course you will sit up to-night, and watch by baby."

"Sit up for what, ma'am?" returned the nurse.

"I would not leave the child unwatched to-night for any thing. My other baby died of convulsions, and the same thing may attack this. They come on in a moment. I have ordered Martha to sit up in the kitchen and keep hot water in readiness."

"Why, ma'am, there's no cause in the world for it. The baby is as well as you or I, and has never woke up since I laid her down at eight o'clock."

"She shall be watched this night," persisted Mrs. Ordie. "So dress yourself again."

"I must say it's a shame," grumbled the nurse, who had grown tired of her mistress's capricious ways, and had privately told the other servants that she did not care how soon she left the situation. "I'd sit up for a week, if there was a call for it, but to be deprived of one's natural rest, for nothing, is too bad. I'll sit myself in the old rocking-chair, if I must sit up," added the servant, half to herself, half to her mistress, "and get asleep that way."

Mrs. Ordie's eyes flashed anger. The fact was, the slavery of Eastern servants had a little spoiled her for the independence of European ones. She accused the girl of every crime that was unfeeling, short of child-murder, and concluded by having the infant's crib carried down to her own room. She would sit up herself and watch it.

The child still slept calmly and quietly, and Mrs. Ordie sat quietly by it. But she began to find it rather dull, and she went to the book-shelves and got a book. It was then striking eleven. Setting the lamp on a small table at her elbow, she began to read.

She had pitched upon the "Vicar of Wakefield." She had not opened the book for years, and she read on with interest, all her old pleasure in the tale revived. Suddenly she heard footsteps on the gravel path outside, advancing down it, and she looked off and listened. The first thought that struck her was, that one of the servants had been out without permission, and was coming in at that late hour, which, as her hanging watch, opposite, told her, was twenty-five minutes past eleven. It must be explained that Enton parsonage stood a little back from the high road, and was surrounded by trees. Two iron gates gave ingress from the road, by a broad, half-circular carriage path, which swept round close by the house, between it and the thick trees. A lawn and garden were at the back of the house, but there was no ingress there, or to any part of the premises, save through the iron gates. A narrow gravel path, branching off from the portico, led to the small house of the curate, not a hundred yards off, and *that* house was connected with the high road by one iron gate, and a straight walk. Broad enough for carriages also, but none ever went down it, for they could not turn. These iron gates—the rector's two and the curate's one—were invariably locked at sunset, all the year round: did any visitors approach either house, after that, they had to ring for admittance.

Mrs. Ordie heard footsteps in the stillness of the night, and her eyes glanced to her watch. Twenty-five minutes after eleven. But immediately an expression of astonishment rose to her face, and her eyes dilated and her lips opened, and her ears were strained to the sound. If ever she heard the footsteps of her husband, she was sure she heard them then.

She drew in her breath and listened still. They were coming nearer, close upon the house, his own sharp, quick, firm step, which she had never heard since she left him in Calcutta: they were right underneath her window now, on their way to the door. With a cry of joy she rose, and softly opened the window.

"George! dear George! I knew your step. Whatever brings you home?"

There was no answer, except the sound of the footsteps, but she leaned out, and

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by the rays, cast outside from the kitchen window, which was well lighted within, and stood far back, at right angles with the house door, she saw the form of the visitor. Rather dimly to be sure, but there was no mistaking it for any other than Captain Ordie, and he wore his regimentals. She watched him leave the broad path, and halt at the entrance to the portico, which was situated on the side of the house. She spoke again:

"George, you did not hear me. Don't knock—baby's ill. Wait a moment, and I will let you in."

She sprang to the door. Her lamp was not one suitable for carrying, and she would not stay to light a taper: she knew every stair well, and sped down them. But she was awkward at the fastenings of the front door, and could not undo them in the dark. She ran into the kitchen for a light. The servant, sitting up in obedience to her orders, was lying back in a chair, her feet stretched out upon another. She was fast asleep and snoring. A large fire burnt in the grate, and two candles were alight on the ironing-board underneath the window, one of them guttering down. Servants will be wasteful.

"Martha! Martha!" she exclaimed, "rouse up. My husband's come."

"What!" cried the woman, starting up in affright, and evidently forgetting where she was, "who's come?"

"Come and open the hall-door. Captain Ordie is there."

She snatched one of the candles from the table, and bore to the door again. The servant followed, rubbing her eyes.

The door was unlocked and thrown open, and Mrs. Ordie drew a little back to give space for him to enter. No one came in. Mrs. Ordie looked out then, holding the candle above her head. She could not see him anywhere.

"Take the light," she said to the maid, and she stepped outside beyond the portico, and looked about. "George!" she called out, "where are you? The door is open." But Captain Ordie neither appeared nor answered.

"Well, I never knew such an extraordinary thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Ordie. "Where can he have gone?"

"Ma'am," said the servant, who began now to be pretty well awake, "I don't understand. Did you say any body was come?"

"My husband is come. Captain Ordie."

"From Mrs. Beecher's?" asked the woman.

"Mrs. Beecher's, no! What should bring him at Mrs. Beecher's? He must have come direct from Portsmouth."

"But he must have come to the door here from the Beecher's," continued the servant. "He couldn't have come any other how. The gates are locked."

In her wonder at his appearance, this fact had not struck Mrs. Ordie. "One of them must have been left unfastened," she said, after thinking. "That was very careless, Martha. It is your place to see to it when Richard's out. Papa once turned a servant away for leaving the gates open at night."

"I locked both the gates at sundown," was the woman's reply. "And the key's hanging up in its place in the kitchen."

"Impossible," repeated Mrs. Ordie. "The Captain came in by the upper one, the furthest from here. I heard him the minute he put his foot on the gravel, and knew his step. You must have thought you locked it. George!" added Mrs. Ordie, in a louder tone. "George!"

There was no answer. No sound whatever broke the stillness of the night.

"Captain Ordie!" she repeated, "Captain Ordie!"

The servant was laughing to herself, taking care that her young mistress did not see her. She believed that Mrs. Ordie had been doing what she did — dropping asleep; and had *dreamt* she heard somebody on the gravel.

"I know what it is," cried Mrs. Ordie, briskly. "He has never been here before, and finding the door was not immediately opened to him, has gone on to the Beechers, thinking this the wrong house."

She ran down the narrow path as she spoke, which branched off from the portico, round by the kitchen window; and the maid followed her, first stopping to put the candle inside the hall. It was light, now they were out.

But nothing was to be seen of George Ordie. The curate's house, a small one, was closed, and presented the appearance of a dwelling whose inmates were at rest; the blinds were drawn before the windows, and all was still. Mrs. Ordie ran over probabilities in her mind, and came to the conclusion that he could not have gone there. The Beechers were early people, and had no doubt been in bed an hour ago; and had her husband knocked there,

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he would be waiting at the door still, for they had not had time to come down and let him in.

"It could only have been fancy, ma'am," cried Martha.

"Silence," said Mrs. Ordie; "how can it have been fancy? I heard my husband, and saw him."

"Well, ma'am, I argue so from the gates being fast. He couldn't have got over 'em because of the spikes."

"The gates can not be fast," returned Mrs. Ordie, "and it is foolish in you to persist in the falsehood—only to screen your own carelessness."

"I wish you'd just please to come and look at the gates," retorted Martha.

"I will," said Mrs. Ordie, starting off with alacrity, anxious to convict Martha to her face. "It is an utter impossibility that Captain Ordie could have come in at a high, locked gate, with spikes on the top; he would not atttempt to do so."

"That's just what I say," answered Martha. "I dreamt t'other night," she muttered to herself, as she followed her mistress, "that a man came down that there path with lovely gownd pieces to sell: I might just as well have riz up the house, and had *him* routed for."

They gained the broad walk, and proceeded round towards the gate. Mrs. Ordie put out her hand and tried it. It was locked. Martha sniffed.

"Why, it is like magic!" uttered Mrs. Ordie.

"I was positive and certain about its being locked, ma'am. And that's why I said it must be fancy. I think it couldn't have been nothing else."

Mrs. Ordie was indignant. "Is this gate fancy?" she said, shaking it, in her anger.

"No, that's a real gate."

"Then don't tell me again that my husband is fancy. How could I have seen and heard him if he were not come? Captain Ordie!" she called out, once more. "George! where can you have gone to?"

"If he is on the premises, he must *be* on 'em," logically argued the servant. "Because there's no outlet out of 'em, but by these gates."

"Come to the other gate," said Mrs. Ordie.

They retraced their steps round the circular path, Mrs. Ordie looking in all directions for a gleam of scarlet, and reached the other gate. It was also locked. Then she went and tried Mr. Beecher's gate; it was likewise fast; and then she went to their own garden, at the back of the house, and looked and called. She even went into the summer-house, but there was no trace of Captain Ordie. The servant walked with her, half-amused, half-provoked.

"Can he have slipped in-doors," murmured Mrs. Ordie, "that first time when we had gone down to the Beechers?" And she went in, looked in the sitting-rooms, ascended the stairs to her own room, where the light was, taking the opportunity to glance at her child, and then looked in the kitchen. But Captain Ordie was nowhere to be seen, and she had never been so much perplexed and puzzled in all her life.

"Then he must have gone on, as I thought, to Mr. Beecher's," was her last solution of the enigma. "They were possibly up, and let him in directly. And they are keeping him there till morning, that he may not disturb us, knowing that baby is ill."

"But about the gate," interrupted the servant, returning to her stumbling-block, "how could he have got through it?"

"I know he did get through it, and that's enough," responded Mrs. Ordie. "He may have managed to climb over it, not finding the bell. Soldiers have venturesome spirits. I will go and fetch him. You stop here, Martha, and listen to baby."

Once more Mrs. Ordie sped to the curate's. She knocked at the door, and stood back to look up at the house. "They have put him into their spare bed," she soliloquized; "Mrs. Beecher has kept it made up this fortnight past, expecting their invalid from India. My goodness! I never thought of it! they have no doubt come together, in the same ship. George may have gone up to Calcutta, and finding James Beecher was coming, have got leave, all in a hurry, and accompanied him."

But there was still no sign of light or life in the house, and Mrs. Ordie picked up some bits of gravel, and threw them at Mrs. Beecher's bed-room window. This brought forth the curate, in his nightcap, peeping through the curtains.

"It is I, Mr. Beecher," she called out. "Have you got Captain Ordie here?"

"Make haste, Anne," cried the curate, turning his head round to speak to his

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wife. "It's Mrs. Ordie. Perhaps the child is in a fit."

"My husband is come," repeated Mrs. Ordie. "He is here, is he not?"

"Yes, directly," answered the curate, imperfectly understanding, but opening the casement about an inch, to speak.

"Is she really worse, Louisa?" exclaimed Mrs. Beecher, who now appeared at the window. "I will just throw on a few things, and be with you."

The curate, believing the matter to be settled, drew in his nightcap, and closed the casement. But Mrs. Ordie's voice was again heard. "Mr. Beecher! Mr. Beecher! I want you."

"Dress yourself, my dear," cried Mrs. Beecher to him, in a flurry. "I dare say they want you to go for Mr. Percival. If the baby is really worse, and it is not Louisa's fancy, I shall never boast of knowing children again. It looked as cool and well in the evening as it need look. She is calling again."

Mr. Beecher reöpened the casement. "I am putting on my clothes, Mrs. Ordie. I am coming."

"But you need not do that. Has your brother come?"

"Who?"

"Your brother: James Beecher."

"No. Not yet."

"There's a ship in, as my husband has arrived. Tell him I am here."

"We'll be down in a minute," called out Mr. Beecher, retiring from the window, and making desperate haste. "Anne, Captain Ordie's come."

"Captain Ordie!" exclaimed Mrs. Beecher.

"Mrs. Ordie says so."

"Then we shall have James here to-morrow. How very unexpected Captain Ordie's arrival must have been to his wife! And to find his child ill!"

Mrs. Ordie waited. Mrs. Beecher came down first, in a large shawl, and her bonnet tied over her nightcap. They began to speak at cross purposes.

"Is he coming? Have you told him?" impatiently asked Mrs. Ordie.

"My dear, yes. But he had gone upstairs in slippers, and his shoes were in the back kitchen. Louisa, you should not have come out yourself, you should have sent. Has not Captain Ordie's arrival taken you by surprise?"

"I never was so much suprised," answered Mrs. Ordie, standing still, and not offering to stir. "I heard his footstep first, and knew it even in the distance. I am so glad! He must have come with James Beecher."

"Ay, we shall have James here to-morrow. But, my dear, let us not lose time. Is the child very ill?"

"She is not worse, there is no hurry," answered Mrs. Ordie, planting her back against a tree, as deliberately as if she meant to make it her station for the night, and gazing up at the casement which she knew belonged to their spare bedroom. Mrs. Beecher looked at her in surprise. "Will he be long?" she added. "There's no light."

"He will be here directly," said Mrs. Beecher; "he is finding his shoes. I suppose Kitty put them in some out-of-the-way place, ready for cleaning in the morning."

Another pause, and the curate appeared.

"O Mr. Beecher! you need not have got up," was Mrs. Ordie's greeting. "I am sorry to give you all this trouble."

"It is no trouble," he rejoined. "Do you want me to go for Mr. Percival?"

"You are very kind, but we shall not want the doctor to-night: at least I hope not. She has never woke up once since she was laid down. I have been watching her myself: I had her brought down to my own room. Nurse behaved shamefully over it, and I gave her warning. She shall leave to-morrow."

"Pray let us go on, and see how she is," said Mrs. Beecher, never supposing but they had been called up by the state of the child, and thinking Mrs. Ordie's words and delay very strange.

"When he comes. You say he will not be long. Had he undressed?"

"Had who undressed?"

"My husband."

Mrs. Beecher stared at her with amazement. "I do not understand you, Louisa. For whom are we waiting here?"

"For my husband, of course. You say he is finding his shoes."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Beecher thought her child's illness was turning her crazy. "Louisa, you are mystifying us. Is your husband coming out, here, into the garden? Are we to wait here for him?"

"Why, you know he is coming out, and of course I shall wait for him. Only think of his traveling in his regimentals! Just as if he were on duty."

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"Where is Captain Ordie?" interposed the curate.

"Well, that's a sensible question, from you," laughed Mrs. Ordie. "I suppose he is in your spare bedroom, though I see no light. Or else hunting for his shoes in your kitchen."

"Child," said Mrs. Beecher, taking hold of her tenderly, "you are not well. I told you to-day what it would be, if you excited yourself. Let us take you home."

"I will not go without my husband. There. And what makes him so long? I shall call to him." She advanced and turned the handle of the door, but it resisted her efforts.

"Why, you have locked it!" she exclaimed, turning to Mr. Beecher. "You have locked him in."

"Locked who in, child?" said Mrs. Beecher. "There's nobody in the house but Kitty."

"My husband is there. Did he not come to you, finding our house shut up?"

"No, certainly not. We have not seen him."

"Mr. Beecher," she impatiently uttered, "I asked you when you first came to the window, whether my husband had come here, and you said yes."

"My dear young lady, I must have misunderstood your question. You know I am a little deaf. All I heard, with reference to Captain Ordie, was, that he had come: I supposed to your house. He has certainly not been to ours."

"Then what were you talking of?" she reproachfully asked of Mrs. Beecher. "It was shameful to deceive me so! You said he had gone up-stairs in slippers, and was finding his shoes. You know you did."

"My dear child, I was speaking of Mr. Beecher. I did not know you thought your husband was here. Why did you think so?"

"If he is not here, where is he?" demanded Mrs. Ordie. "You need not look at me as though you thought I was out of my senses. Do you mean to say you have not seen Captain Ordie?"

"We have not, indeed. We went to bed at ten, and heard nothing, until you threw the gravel at the window."

"Where can he be? What can he have done with himself?" uttered Mrs. Ordie, in deep tribulation.

"Did he leave you to come to our house? What time did he arrive?"

"It was at twenty-five minutes after eleven. I had got baby in my room, as I told you, and I was sitting by her, reading the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' All at once I heard footsteps approaching from the upper gate, and I knew they were my husband's. He came close, and I looked out, and saw him, and called to him; he did not seem to hear me, but went in to the portico. I ran down to let him in, and to my surprise he was not there then, and I thought he must have come on to you."

"Then you have not yet spoken with him?" exclaimed Mr. Beecher.

"Not yet."

"Are you sure it was Captain Ordie? Who opened the gate to him?"

"No one. The gate is locked. There is the strange part of the business."

"My dear Mrs. Ordie! I fear it must be all a mistake. Captain Ordie would not arrive here on foot, even if he landed unexpectedly; and he could not have got through a locked gate. Perhaps you were asleep."

"Nonsense," peevishly replied Mrs. Ordie; "I was as wide awake as I am now. I was deep in the book, and had not felt sleepy. I had got to that part where the fine ladies from town had gone in to neighbor Flamborough's and caught them all at hunt-the-slipper, Olivia in the middle, bawling for fair play; where Mr. Burchell, afterwards, turns his back upon the company, and calls out 'fudge' at the ladies' high-lived conversation. The ballad 'Edwin and Angelina' came in, a few pages before, and that I skipped. I assure you I was perfectly awake."

"I do not think it possible to have been any thing but a delusion," persisted Mr. Beecher.

"How a delusion?" angrily asked the young lady; "I do not know what you mean. Delusions don't visit people who are wide awake, and in their sober senses. If my hearing had played me false, Mr. Beecher, my sight could not. I heard my husband, and saw him, and spoke to him: do you think I should speak to somebody I did not know? I am certain it was Captain Ordie. He was in his regimentals: were they a delusion?"

"This is very strange," said Mrs. Beecher.

"It is more than strange," was Louisa Ordie's answer, as she looked dreamily about. "He is in the grounds somewhere, and why he does not come forward, I don't know."



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The mystery was not cleared up that night. The next day Mrs. Ordie sent for her father, to impart to him the strange circumstance. He adopted his curate's view of the affair, and indeed the universal view. Mrs. Ordie was much annoyed at their disbelief, and she actually, in spite of her friends, had Captain Ordie advertised for, in the local papers: he *was* in England, she said, and it would be proved so.

When letters next arrived from India, there was one from Captain Ordie, which gave proof positive that he was not, and had not been, in Europe. Mrs. Ordie was perplexed, and refused to speak of it further, for she only got ridicule.

The weeks went on, and the time fixed for the departure of Mrs. Ordie and her child drew near, but meanwhile the disastrous news had arrived of the outbreak in India, and it was deemed advisable to postpone it.

She was sitting one day in a gloomy mood; not a sorrowful one; more one of anger. She had not heard from her husband for some time, (his last letter was dated April,) and now, as she found, another mail was in, and no news from him. The rising at Delhi, where he was quartered, was known to her, but not as yet the details of its more disastrous features. She did not fear his having fallen, for had any thing happened to him, Mr. Main, or one of her sisters, would have written. They were all at Delhi. Mrs. Beecher came in, looking very pale and sad. Dr. and Mrs. Ling had gone off, in their pony carriage, to the county town, to pick up news. They were extremely uneasy.

"There has been another mail in these two days!" she exclaimed to Mrs. Beecher. "News travels slower to Enton than anywhere. Have you heard from James Beecher? You don't look well."

"He is come. He came overland."

"And you have been worrying yourselves that he is dead! How are things going on over there?"

"Very badly. They can not be worse."

"Does he know any thing of George?" continued Mrs. Ordie. "I think he might spare a minute from his fighting to write to me. What *is* the matter with you? You have not bad news for me?" she added, her fears touched, and rising in excitement. "Oh! surely not! Not FOR ME!"

"James's news, altogether, is very dispiriting," returned Mrs. Beecher, at a loss how to proceed with her task. "My husband is gone to bring Dr. and Mrs. Ling back. We thought you might like them to be at home."

"Has George fallen in battle? Have those half-caste rebels shot him down? O——"

"Pray be calm, Louisa!" implored Mrs. Beecher; "if ever you had need of calmness in your life, you have need of it now. Affliction——"

"Is he wounded? Is he dead?" interrupted Mrs. Ordie, with a bitter shriek. "O George! dearest George! and I have been calling you hard names for not writing to me! What is it?"

"There is a great deal to be told, my child. James Beecher was at Delhi in the midst of it."

Mrs. Ordie suddenly rose from her seat and flew from the room. Mrs. Beecher supposed she had gone to her chamber, and followed her there. Not so. A thin man, looking fearfully ill, fair once, but browned by an Eastern sun, was lying on the sofa in the curate's parlor, when a young, excited woman came flying in.

"Mr. Beecher," she uttered, seizing his hands imploringly, "when did it happen? I am Mrs. Ordie."

"Has my sister-in-law told you—any thing?" he asked, hesitatingly.

"Yes, yes. I know the worst. I want particulars."

He had risen into an upright posture, though he could scarcely support himself, and she sat down beside him. He was a church missionary, a widower with children. "Are you sure that you can bear the details?" he asked, believing, from her words, that she knew the general facts.

"I am sure. Omit nothing. Mrs. Beecher says you were at Delhi."

"I went there in the spring, to say farewell to some friends, ere I came home. At Delhi I was taken worse, and lay ill there."

"But about the rising?"

"I am coming to it. On the second Monday in May, after breakfast, bad news came in. The 3d Light Cavalry had dashed in from Meerut, fully armed, and were slaughtering the Europeans. Eighty-five of this regiment had been tried by court-martial at Meerut, for refusing to handle the greased cartridges, and sentenced to imprisonment. Their sentences were read

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out to them on parade on the previous Saturday, the 9th, and they were sent to jail. On the 10th, Sunday, the regiment rose, released the prisoners, massacred the European officers, their wives and children, and on the 11th came to Delhi, in open revolt. I struggled up, dressed myself, joined my friends where I was staying, and we waited further news. It came in too soon. The mutineers had gone towards Deriowgunge, shooting all the officers they encountered. The brigadier ordered out the 54th Native Infantry and two guns; and, I believe, a detachment of another regiment, but accounts varied. They met the rebels just outside the Cashmere gate, and it was all up, for the Sepoys deserted their officers, and shook hands with the Sowars. Every officer was killed: treacherous, cowardly wretches! they did not spare one."

She was biting her lips, and striving for calmness, determined to hear all. "Did the officers not resist?"

"All in their power, but they were unarmed," he said. "The next account that came in was, that the natives had risen and joined the insurrection, were firing the bungalows at Deriowgunge, and ransacking the European residences. The troopers were raging about, destroying life, and when their work was done, the Goojurs,* who had collected in great numbers, as they were sure to do, followed in their wake, and pillaged every thing, even to the matting. The bank was rifled."

Mr. Beecher paused, wondering whether he ought to proceed, but her studied calmness deceived him.

"No one knew where to fly for refuge, or what to do: none knew where to put the officers' wives and children. Many were taken to the Flagstaff Tower, but it was thought unsafe, and had to be abandoned. Some escaped—many, I hope—in conveyances, or on horseback, or on foot. Some of the officers retreated to the cantonment, outside the gates, but the troopers got there when night came, killed them and their wives and children."

"Were any of *my* family with them?" she asked, still with unnatural composure.

"No. I will tell you. Before mid-day the ladies of our house, my host's wife and her cousin, escaped to a close hut, or outhouse, and I managed to hobble there with them. I don't know how: but it is astonishing the artificial strength that fear brings out. Others also took refuge there, about half a dozen ladies, your two sisters being amongst them, three or four children, and a poor little ensign, as ill and weak as I was. We hoped we were in safety; that the rebels would not think of looking for us there; and some old matting, well wetted, was hung up across the entrance, as if to dry. A Sepoy, who was really faithful, (and there were many such in the city,) sat before it to guard it: many a one, raging after prey, did he turn aside with a well-assumed story that his old mother was in there, dying—let her die in peace."

"Was my husband there?"

"Not then. No one came near us all day; they dared not, for our sakes; and we bore our suspense and apprehension as we best could, not knowing who was living or who dead, of those dearest to us. What a day that was! We had neither food nor drink; the heat of the weather was fearful; and so many of us stowed together, and closely shut up, rendered the air fetid. We thought it could not be less than 110 degrees. This was not the worst: there were the apprehensions of discovery. We men might brave it, at any rate to appearance, but the poor young women! I believe they would have been glad to die as they cowered there, rather than live to encounter an uncertain fate. I strove to speak comfort to them all, but it was difficult: one or two bore bravely up, and cheered the rest. Late at night, under cover of the darkness, Captain Ordie stole in."

She raised a faint cry at the name. "My husband!"

"He told us what he could of the progress of the day: it was horribly bad, yet I believed he softened it for their ears: and then began to talk of our own situation. It would be impossible, he said, to keep in the same place of concealment another day, and that we had better join a party who were about to make their escape towards Kurnaul. All seized at the idea eagerly, and wished to start without the delay of an instant. Just then, Mrs. Holt, my friend's wife, whom the idea of escape had aroused from leth-

* A race of a peculiar caste, who congregate round Meerut and Delhi. They have been compared to our gipsy tribes, and live by plunder, even in times of peace. Some years ago a regiment was obliged to be raised especially to keep them under.

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argy inquired after her husband, whom she had not seen since morning.

"'He is safe, and unharmed,' replied Captain Ordie.

"'On your honor?' she said, fearing he might be deceiving her.

"'On my honor. You will see him when we are fairly off; but it was not thought well for more than one of us to venture here.'

"'And my husband?' added Mrs. Main, who had done nothing but clasp her baby to her breast all day, and weep silently. 'Is he safe?'

"Captain Ordie answered evasively," continued Mr. Beecher, "and I knew, by his words and by the turn of his face, that poor Main was gone."

"Was he? Is he dead?" shuddered Mrs. Ordie.

"I found he had been dead since the afternoon. The troopers had hacked him to pieces."

"Go on," she groaned. "George's turn comes next."

Mr. Beecher hesitated. "I will finish later," he suggested.

"No: finish now. You can not leave me in this suspense. It would be cruel."

"Captain Ordie spoke of the plan of departure. The officers had but three horses amongst them, and the ladies and invalids were to take it in turn to ride, two, with a child, on each horse. And all the party were to keep together. At that moment arose a yell, a horrible yell, which we knew proceeded only from a Sowar, and one of them appeared at the entrance, tearing down the matting. All the light we had was a night-wick in some oil, but we saw his dark face. The children shrieked; the ladies also, and huddled themselves together in a corner; and Captain Ordie advanced to the entrance, and dealt the man a blow on the temple with the butt-end of his pistol."

"I hope it killed him!" she uttered, her eyes sparkling.

"I think it did, for he lay motionless. Captain Ordie kicked him out of the way, and, throwing himself on his hands and knees, crawled out cautiously to reconnoiter. Alas! we soon heard a struggle outside: two more were upon him."

"And he was struck down! I *know* you are going to tell it me," she uttered, in a low, passionate wail.

Mr. Beecher sat silent, his countenance full of distress.

"Louisa, my darling, be composed," interrupted Mrs. Beecher, who had stolen in, in search of her. "You know the worst now."

"Yes, I know the worst," she moaned. "They killed him there and then."

"They did," whispered Mr. Beecher.

"You are *sure* he was dead?"

"Quite sure. It was instantaneous."

"Where was he wounded? Let me know. I can bear it."

"My child, you know enough," said Mrs. Beecher. "Be content."

"I will know it," she frantically said. "George, George! Did they cut him to pieces!"

"They beheaded him."

She turned sick, and shook violently. But, by a strong effort of control, spoke again. "Finish the history. What became of you, inside?"

"It was all commotion in a moment, dreadful commotion. The poor terrified women attempted to fly; some succeeded, and I hope escaped. Providentially there were only these two troopers; had more been upon us, none would have been left. The first thing I saw distinctly was, that one of them had got Mrs. Main's infant, tossing it on the point of his bayonet. She stretched her arms up after it, and its blood trickled down on to her face: her cries for mercy for it ring in my ear yet. He next seized her."

"Constance?" panted Mrs. Ordie.

"Yes. And killed her—killed her instantly. Be thankful."

Mrs. Ordie pressed down her eyeballs, as if she would shut out some unwelcome sight. "Constance murdered," she moaned. "And you tell me to be thankful!"

"Be ever thankful," impressively spoke the missionary. "Others met with a worse fate."

"Sarah Ann?" she shivered. "What became of her!"

"I am unable to tell you. I trust she escaped. At the moment of Mrs. Main's death, I fainted on the floor where I was lying, and that must have saved my life. Had the troopers thought I possessed any still, they would not have spared me. When I recovered, not a creature—living—was to be seen. The children were lying about; they had been put out of their misery; two of the ladies, and the ensign. Poor young fellow! he had told us, in the day, that he had no parents or near friends to mourn him, so the loss

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of a little griff, if they did kill him, would not count for much."

"Dead? All?"

"All. The two ladies were Mrs. Holt and Mrs. Main. Of the other ladies I saw no trace. I trust," he added, clasping his hands fervently, "that they escaped. We shall hear of many miraculous escapes: I pray theirs may be of the number."

"Now, Louisa, let me take you home," urged Mrs. Beecher. "You do know the worst."

"I must hear all," was the answer, uttered in a tone of frenzy. "If I thought there was a word, a recital, left untold to me, I must get up in the middle of the night, and come and ask for it."

"You have heard all," said Mr. Beecher —"all that I know. My own escape I will not trouble you with. It was wonderful: and I lost no time in coming home overland."

She leaned back on the sofa and closed her eyes. Mrs. Beecher was thinking of her random words—that she would rather lose every thing in the world than her child. But her thoughts had not grasped the dreadful possibility of losing her husband.

"When did this happen?" Mrs. Ordie suddenly asked. "What date?"

"I mentioned it," said Mr. Beecher. "Late on the night of the 11th of May,"

She leaned forward breathless, her eyes staring. "How late? The exact hour? Speak?"

"It must have been near half-past eleven. When Captain Ordie came in, we asked him the time, (for, strange to say, in our hurried hiding, not one of us put a watch about us,) and his watch said a quarter past eleven; and we were talking, after that, perhaps ten minutes. It must have been about twenty-five minutes after eleven when he was killed."

"Listen to that!" shrieked Lousia Ordie, seizing Mrs. Beecher by the arm. "It was the very hour I saw and heard him. How was he dressed?" she rapidly asked.

"In full regimentals."

"There! There! Do you believe me now, Mrs. Beecher? Ah! you, and all, ridiculed me; but hear it! It was my husband that came down the path here—appearing to me in the moment of his death."

The reader must judge of this mystery according to his own opinion. It happened; at least, to the positive belief of the lady, here called Mrs. Ordie; as her friends can testify. They reason with her in vain. They point out that twenty-five minutes after eleven in Delhi would not be twenty-five minutes after eleven here: they believe that it was, and could have been, nothing but her own vivid imagination, that her thoughts were probably running on her husband through the "George" in the "Vicar of Wakefield:" and they ask—even allowing (for the argument of the moment) that such things are permitted, that the spirits of the departing may, in rare instances, appear to their relatives in a distant place, and that it was George Ordie's which appeared to her—they ask to what end it came: what purpose was it to answer? They can see none. Neither can she; but she nevertheless believes, and will believe to the end of her life, that it was her husband's spirit.

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# THE BRITISH SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.

[At the twenty-seventh meeting of the British Scientific Association at Dublin, August 26, 1857, the Rev. Humphrey Lloyd, D.D., was elected President. On taking the chair he delivered an address, some interesting portions of which, to indicate the train of thought, are as follows. We take from *Titan*. After some length of preliminary remark, he commences with—

## ASTRONOMY.

The career of planetary discovery, which began in the first years of the present century, and was resumed in 1845, has since continued with unabated ardor. Since 1846, not a single year has passed without some one or more additions to the number of the planetoids; and in one year alone, (1852,) no fewer than *eight* of these bodies were discovered. The last year has furnished its quota of *five*, and in the present *three* more have been found—one by Mr. Pogson, of Oxford, and the other two by M. Goldschmidt, of Paris. Their known number is now forty-five. Their total mass, however, is very small; the diameter of the largest being less than forty miles, while that of the smallest (Atalanta) is little more than four. These discoveries have been facilitated by star-maps and star-catalogues, the formation of which they have, on the other hand, stimulated. Two very extensive works of this kind are now in progress—the Star-Catalogue of M. Chacornac, made at the Observatory of Marseilles, in course of publication by the French Government; and that of Mr. Cooper, made at his observatory at Markree, in Ireland, which is now being published by the help of the parliamentary grant of the Royal Society. It is a remarkable result of the latter labor, that no fewer than seventy-seven stars, previously catalogued, are now missing. This no doubt is to be ascribed in part to the errors of former observations; but it seem reasonable to suppose that, to some extent at least, it is the result of changes actually in progress in the Sidereal Systems. The sudden appearance of a new fixed star in the heavens, its subsequent change of lustre, and its final disappearance, are phenomena which have at all times attracted the attention of astronomers. About twenty such have been observed. Arago has given the history of the most remarkable, and discussed the various hypotheses which have been proposed for their explanation. Of these, the most plausible is that which attributes the phenomena to unequal brightness of the faces of the star which are presented successively to the earth by the star's rotation round its axis. On this hypothesis the appearance should be *periodic*. M. Goldschmidt has recently given support to this explanation, by rendering it probable that the new star of 1609 is the same whose appearance was recorded in the years 393, 798, and 1203. Its period, in such case, is 405½ years.

## CELESTIAL PHENOMENA.

The greater part of the celestial phenomena are comprised in the movements of the heavenly bodies and the configurations depending on them; and they are for the most part reducible to the same law of gravity which governs the planetary motions. But there are appearances which indicate the operation of other forces, and which, therefore, demand the attention of the physicist—although from their nature, they must probably long remain subjects of speculation. Of these the spiriform nebulæ, discovered by Lord Rosse, have been already referred to from this chair, as indicating changes in the more distant regions of the universe, to which there is nothing entirely analogous in our own system. These appearances are accounted for, by an able anonymous writer, by the action of gravitating forces combined with the effects of a resisting medium—the resistance being supposed to bear a sensible proportion to the gravitating action.

## THE SUN.

The constitution of the central body of our own system presents a nearer and

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more interesting subject of speculation. Towards the close of the last century many hypotheses were advanced regarding the nature and constitution of the sun, all of which agreed in considering it to be an opaque body, surrounded at some distance by a luminous envelope. But the only certain fact which has been added to science in this department is the proof given by Arago that the light of the sun emanated (not from an incandescent solid, but) from a gaseous atmosphere, the light of incandescent solid bodies being *polarized by refraction*, while the light of the sun, and that emitted by gaseous bodies, is *unpolarized*. According the observations of Schwabe, which have been continued without intermission for more than thirty years, the magnitude of the solar surface obscured by spots increases and decreases *periodically*, the length of the period being 11 years and 40 days. This remarkable fact, and the relation which it appears to bear to certain phenomena of terrestrial magnetism, have attracted fresh interest to the study of the solar surface; and upon the suggestion of Sir John Herschel, a photoheliographic apparatus has lately been established at Kew, for the purpose of depicting the actual macular state of the sun's surface from time to time. It is well known that Sir William Herschel accounted for the solar spots by currents of an elastic fluid ascending from the body of the sun, and penetrating the exterior luminous envelope. A somewhat different speculation of the same kind has been recently advanced by Mosotti, who has endeavored to connect the phenomena of the solar spots with those of the *red protuberances* which appear to issue from the body of the sun in a total eclipse, and which so much interested astronomers in the remarkable eclipse of 1842.

### THE MOON.

Next to the sun, our own satellite has always claimed the attention of astronomers, while the comparative smallness of its distance inspired the hope that some knowledge of its physical structure could be attained with the large instrumental means now available. Accordingly, at the meeting of the Association held at Belfast, in 1852, it was proposed that the Earl of Rosse, Dr. Robinson, and Professor Phillips, be requested to draw up a report on the physical character of the moon's surface, as compared with that of the earth. That the attention of these eminent observers has been directed to the subject, may be inferred from the communication since made by Professor Phillips to the Royal Society on the lunar mountain, Gassendi, and the surrounding region. But I am not aware that the subject is yet ripe for a report.

I need not remind you that the moon possesses neither *sea* nor *atmosphere* of appreciable extent. Still, as a negative, in such case, is relative only to the capabilities of the instruments employed, the search for the indications of a lunar atmosphere has been renewed with every fresh augmentation of telescopic power. Of such indications, the most delicate, perhaps, are those afforded by the occultation of a planet by the moon. The occultation of Jupiter, which took place on the 2d of January last, was observed with this reference, and is said to have exhibited no *hesitation*, or change of form or brightness, such as would be produced by the refraction or absorption of an atmosphere. As respects the sea, the mode of examination long since suggested by Sir David Brewster is probably the most effective. If water existed on the moon's surface, the sun's light reflected from it should be completely polarized at a certain elongation of the moon from the sun. No traces of such light have been observed; but I am not aware that the observations have been repeated recently with any of the larger telescopes. It is now well understood that the path of astronomical discovery is obstructed much more by the earth's atmosphere than by the limitation of telescopic powers. Impressed with this conviction, the Association has, for some time past, urged upon Her Majesty's Government the scientific importance of establishing a large reflector at some elevated station in the Southern Hemisphere. In the mean time, and to gain (as it were) a sample of the results which might be expected from a more systematic search, Professor Piazzi Smyth undertook, last summer, the task of transporting a large collection of instruments —meteorological and magnetical, as well as astronomical—to a high point on the Peak of Teneriffe. His stations were two in number, at the altitudes above the sea of 8840 and 10,700 feet respectively; and

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the astronomical advantages gained may be inferred from the fact, that the heat radiated from the moon, which has been so often sought for in vain in a lower region, was distinctly perceptible, with the aid of the thermomultiplier.

### EARTH AND TIDES.

The researches relative to the *Figure of the Earth* and the *Tides* are intimately connected with Astronomy, and next claim our attention. The results of the Ordnance Survey of Britain, so far as they relate to the earth's figure and mean density, have been lately laid before the Royal Society by Colonel James, the Superintendent of the Survey. The ellipticity deduced is $\frac{1}{299} \cdot \frac{1}{33}$. The means pecific gravity of the earth, as obtained from the attraction of Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh, is 5.316 ; a result which accords satisfactorily with the mean of the results obtained by the torsion balance. Of the accuracy of this important work, it is sufficient to observe, than when the length of each of the measured bases (in Salisbury Plain and on the shores of Lough Foyle) was computed from the other, through the whole series of intermediate triangles, the difference from the measured length was only 5 inches in a length of from 5 to 7 miles. Our knowledge of the laws of the *Tides* has received an important accession in the results of the tidal observations made around the Irish coasts in 1851, under the direction of the Royal Irish Academy. The discussion of these observations was undertaken by Professor Haughton, and that portion of it which relates to the diurnal tides has been already completed and published. The most important result of this discussion is the separation of the effects of the sun and the moon in the diurnal tide—a problem which was proposed by the Academy as one of the objects to be attained by the contemplated observations, and which has been now for the first time solved. From the comparison of these effects, Professor Haughton has drawn some remarkable conclusions relative to the mean depth of the sea in the Atlantic. In the dynamical theory of the tides, the ratio of the solar to the lunar effect depends not only on the masses, distances, and periodic times, of the two luminaries, but also on the depth of the sea ; and this, accordingly, may be computed when the other quantities are known. In this manner Professor Haughton has deduced, from the solar and lunar coëfficients of the diurnal tide, a mean depth of 5.12 miles—a result which accords in a remarkable manner with that inferred from the ratio of the semi-diurnal coëfficients, as obtained by Laplace from the Brest observations. The subject, however, is far from being exhausted. The depth of the sea deduced from the solar and lunar *tidal intervals*, and from *the age* of the lunar diurnal tide, is somewhat more than double of the foregoing ; and the consistency of the individual results is such as to indicate that their wide difference from the former is not attributable to errors of observation. Professor Haughton throws out the conjecture that the depth, deduced from the tidal *intervals* and *ages*, corresponds to a different part of the ocean from that inferred from the *heights*.

### TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.

The phenomena of *terrestrial magnetism* present many close analogies with those of the tides ; and their study has been, in a peculiar manner, connected with the labors of this Association. To this body, and by the hands of its present general secretary, were presented those reports on the distribution of the terrestrial magnetic force which reawakened the attention of the scientific world to the subject. It was in the Committee Rooms of this Association that the first step was taken towards that great magnetic organization which has borne so much fruit ; it was here that the philosophical sagacity of Herschel guided its earlier career ; and it was here again that the cultivators of the science assembled, from every part of Europe, to deliberate about its further progress. It was natural, therefore, that the results obtained from such beginnings should form a prominent topic in the addresses which have been annually delivered from this chair ; and the same circumstances will plead my excuse if I now revert to some of them which been already touched upon by my predecessors. It has been long known that the elements of the earth's magnetic force were subject to certain regular and recurring changes, whose periods were, respectively, a day and a year, and which, therefore, were

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referred to the sun as their source. To these periodical changes Dr. Lamont, of Munich, added another of ten years, the diurnal range of the magnetic declination having been found to pass from a maximum to a minimum, and back again, in about that time.

### MAGNETIC STORMS.

But, besides these slow and regular changes, there are others of a different class, which occur at *irregular* intervals, and which are characterized by a large deviation of the magnetic elements from their normal state, and generally also by rapid fluctuation and change. These phenomena, called by Humboldt "magnetic storms," have been observed to occur *simultaneously* in the most distant parts of the earth, and therefore indicate the operation of causes affecting the entire globe. But, casual as they seem, they are found to be subject to laws of their own. Professor Kreil was the first to discover that, at a given place, they recurred more frequently at certain hours of the day than at others; and that, consequently, in their mean effects, they were subject to periodical laws depending upon the hour at each station. The laws of this periodicity have been ably worked out by General Sabine in his discussion of the results of the British Colonial Observatories; and he has added the important facts, that the same phenomena observe also the two other periods already noticed—namely, the *annual* and the *decennial* periods. He has further arrived at the very remarkable result, that the decennial magnetic period coïncides, both in its duration and in its epochs of maxima and minima, with the decennial period observed by Schwabe in the solar spots; from which it is to be inferred that the sun exercises a magnetic influence upon the earth, dependent on the condition of its luminous envelope.

We are thus in the presence of two facts, which appear at first sight opposed —namely, the *absolute simultaneity* of magnetic disturbances at all parts of the earth, and their *predominance at certain local hours* at each place. General Sabine accounts for this apparent discrepancy by the circumstance, that the hours of maximum disturbance are different for the different elements; so that there may be an abnormal condition of the magnetic force, operating at the same instant over the whole globe, but manifesting itself at one place chiefly in one element, and at another place in another. I would venture to suggest, as a subject of inquiry, whether the phenomena which have been hitherto grouped together as "occasional" effects, may not possibly include two distinct classes of changes, obeying separate laws —one of them being strictly *periodic*, and constituting a part of the regular diurnal change; while the other is strictly *abnormal* and *simultaneous*. If this be so, it would follow that we are not justified in separating the larger changes from the rest, merely on the ground of their magnitude; and that a different analysis of the phenomena will be required. The effects hitherto considered are all referable to the sun as their cause. Professor Kreil discovered, however, that another body of our system—namely, our own satellite —exerted an effect upon the magnetic needle; and that the magnetic declination underwent a small and very regular variation, whose amount was dependent on the lunar hour-angle, and whose period was therefore a lunar day. This singular result was subsequently confirmed by Mr. Broun, in his discussion of the Makerstown Observations; and its laws have since been fully traced, for all the magnetic elements, by General Sabine, in the results obtained at the Colonial Magnetic Observatories. The foregoing facts bear closely upon the debated question of the causes of the magnetic variations. It has been usual to ascribe the periodical changes of the earth's magnetic force to the thermic action of the sun, operating either *directly* upon the magnetism of the earth, or affecting it *indirectly*, by the induction of the thermo-electric currents. Here, however, we have a distinct case of magnetic action, unaccompanied by heat; and the question is naturally suggested, whether the solar diurnal change may not also be independent of temperature. The most important fact, in its bearing upon this question, is the existence of an *annual inequality* in the diurnal variation, dependent on the sun's declination, recently pointed out by General Sabine. If we deduct the ordinate of the curve, which represents the mean diurnal variation for the entire year, from those for the summer and winter half-yearly curves respectively, the differences are found to be equal and opposite; and the curves which represent

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them are consequently *similar*, but *oppositely placed* with respect to the axis of abscissæ. From this General Sabine draws the inference, that the diurnal variation is a *direct effect of solar action*, and not a result of its thermic agency.

At the present time 700 months of logs have been received, from nearly 100 merchant ships, and are in process of tabulation. Holland is taking similar steps; and the Meteorological Institute of that country, under the direction of Mr. Buys Bellot, has already published three volumes of nautical information, obtained from Dutch vessels in the Atlantic and Indian Ocean. For the purposes of Meteorological Science this system can not be considered as complete, until observations *on land* are included. Most of the greater atmospheric changes are due to the distribution of land and water, and to the different effects of the sun's rays on each. Observation alone can furnish the data from which the effects of these agencies may be calculated; and we can therefore probably make no great advance in the knowledge of the meteorology of the globe, without a *concurrent* investigation of its two leading departments.

The noblest of all the physical sciences —*Astronomy*—is little more than a science of *laws*—laws, too, of the *simplest kind of change;* and the knowledge of these laws is wholly independent of the physical constitution of the masses whose movements it studies.

### THEORY OF HEAT.

The dynamical theory of heat enables us to frame some conjectures to account for the continuance of its supply, and even to speculate as to its source. The heat of the sun is dissipated and lost by radiation; and must be progressively diminished unless its thermal energy be supplied. According to the measurements of M. Pouillet, the quantity of heat given out by the sun in a year is equal to that which would be produced by the combustion of a stratum of coal seventeen miles in thickness; and if the sun's capacity for heat be assumed equal to that of water, and the heat be supposed to be drawn uniformly from its entire mass, its temperature would thereby undergo a diminution of 2°.4 Fahr. annually. On the other hand, there is a vast store of force in our system capable of conversion into heat. If, as is indicated by the small density of the sun, and by other circumstances, that body has not yet reached the condition of incompressibility, we have, in the future approximation of its parts, a fund of heat probably quite large enough to supply the wants of the human family to the end of its sojourn here. It has been calculated that an amount of condensation, which would diminish the diameter of the sun by only the ten thousandth part, would suffice to restore the heat emitted in 2000 years. Again, on our own earth, *vis viva* is destroyed by the friction in the ebb and flow of every tide, and must therefore reappear *as heat*. The amount of this must be considerable, and should not be overlooked in any estimation of the physical changes of our globe. According to the computations of Bessel, 25,000 cubic miles of water flow, in every six hours, from one quarter of the earth to another. The store of mechanical force is thus diminished, and the temperature of our globe augmented, by every tide. We do not possess the data which would enable us to calculate the magnitude of these effects. All that we know with certainty is, that the *resultant effect* of all the thermal agencies to which the earth is exposed has undergone no perceptible change within the historic period. We owe this fine deduction to Arago. In order that the *date palm* should ripen its fruit, the mean temperature of the place must exceed 70° Fahr.; and, on the other hand, the *vine* can not be cultivated successfully when the temperature is 72° or upwards. Hence, the mean temperature of any place, at which these two plants flourished and bore fruit, must lie between these narrow limits; that is, could not differ from 71° Fahr. by more than a single degree. Now, from the Bible we learn that both plants were *simultaneously* cultivated in the central valleys of Palestine, in the time of Moses; and its then temperature is thus definitively determined. It is the same at the present time; so that the mean temperature of this portion of the globe has not sensibly altered in the course of thirty-three centuries.

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From the London Quarterly.

# SCENES AND EVENTS IN SEPOY REBELLION IN INDIA.*

[THE December number of this work contains several articles on this great historic chapter in the affairs of India, to which the reader is referred who has not read them.—EDITOR OF ECLECTIC.]

THE capture of Oude turned a wily and able minister from preying on his own country, to plotting for the overthrow of the power that had cast him and his master down. The King of Delhi was no inattentive listener to proposals emanating from this quarter. Agents were disseminated among the Sepoys; they were often sympathized with, often unsuccessful, but never betrayed. Doubtless they used every argument to persuade the Hindus that the English meant to treat them, as they would treat one another, or as Mussulmans had often treated them—to contaminate their caste by some violence or stratagem; a crime of which Sepoys might well believe us capable, because they knew so little of what we were. Yet it is doubtful whether all this would have ever succeeded in raising a general mutiny, had not that event occurred which, we have already said, was an act of such sheer madness, that it can only be set down to judicial blindness permitted by the great Ruler of all.

Every one knows that to Hindus and Mohammedans alike, the idea of tasting the flesh of a swine, in any form, is horribly disgusting; and that no English regiment would resent an order to diet them on snails or carrion, so much as would these an attempt to make them eat pig. Again, of all living things, the most sacred to the Hindu is the cow; she is one of the divinities most generally worshiped. Among the crimes on their catalogue, scarcely one ranks so high as "cow murder." In popular parlance, it is as great a crime to kill one woman as seven children, and to kill one cow as twenty women. Every thing that comes from the cow is so sacred, that one of the most meritorious acts of religion, one of the most effectual towards attaining sanctification, is taking a mixture composed of what are called "the five products of the cow"—the uncleanest of them not being rejected. Even the tamest people of a country village would be fired with rage at any attempt to make them taste the flesh of a cow. It may then be imagined what was the horror of a certain Brahmin Sepoy, when a Lascar, a man of low caste, asked him to give him a drink of water out of his pot. The Sepoy refused, on caste ground; the touch of the Lascar would have polluted his pot forever. The Lascar jeered, and told him that he was every day touching cartridges besmeared with cow's fat. The horror-struck Brahmin rushed to his comrades; and those who know the Hindu will estimate the startling effect of this intelligence, as it passed from man to man. Had the agents of the Oude conspirators produced a thousand affidavits, that the Government had bad designs, they would have weighed little with the Sepoys in comparison with this astounding discovery. The blame of issuing these cartridges is laid on Colonel Birch, the Military Secretary for India. To have been the author of such an enormous error, is a calamity that can not well be measured, and one which all must pity; but the man through whose hands such a blow has been dealt to an honorable Government and a prosperous empire, must be swept from public life, and may be well content if his name be never heard nor his form seen in public again.

The first act of insubordination shows that mysterious meanings were now instantly attached to our scientific preparations for the good of the country. As the Sepoys no longer doubted the designs of Government against them, the electric wires became to them an evil instrument of their ruin; and, consequently, within a week from the time when the cartridge abomination was brought to their know-

* 1. *Parliamentary Papers on the Indian Mutiny.*
2. *Crisis in India.*
3. *The Mutiny of the Bengal Army.*

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ledge, on the 24th of January, the first stroke was struck by burning down the Telegraph Office at Barrackpore, sixteen miles from Calcutta. That station was at this time occupied only by native troops, of whom there were four regiments; and it is almost incredible, that at the moment there was only one regiment of Europeans for a distance of four hundred miles—half of it in the fort at Calcutta, and half seven miles off, at Dumdum. Night after night acts of incendiarism occurred; at the same time, agents of disaffection were making the most of the opportunity which the Government had given them, and it was asleep. A whole month was allowed to pass before any explanation was given; and by that time the Sepoys were fully satisfied that the design of contamination had been abandoned only because it was discovered. The native post is said to have been filled with soldiers' letters, conveying from the Sepoys to their comrades, all over the country, the terrible tidings of the Government conspiracy against them; and at last, by the middle of February, General Hearsey found it necessary to muster the troops at Barrackpore, and harangue them. On the 24th of that month, a small guard from a regiment quartered there reached Berhampore, a hundred and twenty miles from Calcutta, and doubtless excited, with their tales of the cow's-fat conspiracy, the men of the 19th regiment. The next day the latter regiment was paraded, and blank cartridges served out to them. The men, excited by the tales they had heard from the capital, thought these were the contaminated cartridges, although they were perfectly innocent, and refused them, until threatened with courts-martial, when they took them in gloomy silence; and in the night they rose as one man, shouting defiance. Colonel Mitchell marched against them with the remaining forces, and called upon them to give up their arms; but they would not even return to their lines, until the artillery and cavalry which had been marched against them were moved away. The Colonel yielded; and thus in the first conflict the victory was with the mutineers. Some years before, Lord Dalhousie had first *requested* a regiment to go to Burmah, and, when it refused, quietly submitted to the affront! In mentioning the word "lines," it may be as well to explain that it means ten rows of huts, each row accommodating a company, and the whole a regiment.

At this point we may pause to say, that from the past history of Indian mutinies, nothing is easier than to deduce the conclusion, that Sepoys never break into resistance but when their superiors cross them on one of the following grounds: 1. Pay. 2. Changes of costume. 3. Caste customs. 4. Going abroad. With the certainty of a law you may always trace mutiny to one of these causes. Even one exception, to "establish the rule," or to give color to the outcry about missionaries, can not be found.

It was not until about the 4th of March that the news of this outbreak reached Calcutta; and, on the morning of the 6th, a steamer started for Rangoon. In the mean time, the regiments in the neighborhood of the metropolis at Barrackpore showed increasing symptoms of disaffection; and reports of ill-feeling manifested far away at Meerut and Lucknow also came to hand. After fourteen days' absence, the steamer that had been dispatched to Rangoon returned with Her Majesty's 84th Regiment, which was at once placed at Chinsurah, eight miles from Barrackpore; and the 19th Regiment, which had mutinied, was ordered to march to that station. In the mean time, the 34th, from which the men who excited them had come, committed the first act of violence against any Englishman. The Adjutant of the regiment, Lieutenant Baugh, heard that a Sepoy was traversing the lines, calling upon his comrades to rise. He rode immediately to the parade-ground. Mungul Pandy—for this was the Sepoy's name—hiding himself behind a cannon which was near, took deliberate aim, and fired at the officer. The horse was wounded, and came to the ground with his rider. The officer, snatching a pistol from his hostler, fired in return, but missed his man; and before he could draw his sword, the Sepoy brought him to the ground with a blow. A guard of the regiment was close by, but they did not interfere. The European Sergeant-Major called out to them, but their native Lieutenant forbade them to stir, and Mungul Pandy wounded a second Englishman, the Sergeant-Major, and then the guard struck the two wounded men with the butts of their muskets. But one Mohammedan was faithful, and seized

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Mungul Pandy just as he had re-loaded his piece. Lieutenant-Colonel Wheeler acted feebly and inefficiently; but General Hearsey was presently on the spot, with some other officers, and Mungul Pandy fired at and wounded himself. General Hearsey promoted the faithful Sepoy to the rank of Sergeant on the spot; and it is said, in India, that Colonel Birch, the same man to whom is attributed the order for the greased cartridges, had the hardy imbecility to give a "severe wigging" to the General for this departure from the sacred punctilios of routine promotion. The native guard and their officer were *left at large*, while the regiment which had previously mutinied at Berhampore were marched on this station to be disarmed. It is said that, on the last night of this march, a deputation, of Mungul Pandy's comrades, joined them, and proposed that they should that very night kill all their officers, march on to Barrackpore, where the two regiments were prepared to join them, then burn the bungalows, surprise and massacre the European force, then march on Calcutta, and sack it. But the 19th, having learned that they were about to be disbanded, were already in a penitent mood, and had sent a petition to the Governor-General, offering to proceed at once to China, or any other place, by land or sea, if they were only pardoned: thus they rejected the counsel of their bloody brethren of the 34th. They were marched into Barrackpore, and there disbanded; but the 34th, who had gone much further than they, were left untouched.

The Jemadar (native Lieutenant) of that corps, who had forbidden his men to rescue the wounded Adjutant, was left three days at large, and four weeks passed before he was brought to punishment. The men of his guard, who beat the wounded officer, were at liberty; their comrades, who refused to give them up, were not disturbed; and that for five weeks. Thus Lord Canning told every Sepoy in India, in what is the most emphatic language to say any thing in, *acts*, that it was a matter for long consideration whether native officers who helped in the murder of a European one should be hanged, and that it was worth while to house, clothe, feed, and pay Sepoys for beating wounded Englishmen.

The policy of conspirators is tremulous, and such steps looked not like English honesty, but native cunning. Every Sepoy would read fresh evidence of evil design in every token of fear. An oversight had irritated disaffection into suspicion; temporizing turned suspicion to certainty; and resistance broke out. From Lucknow, the capital of Oude, came the news that a doctor, who tasted a bottle of physic before giving it to a sick Sepoy, was set down as a conspirator against caste, and his house burned. At Umbullah, much farther away, the Commander-in-Chief was led, by the sullenness of the men, to address and attempt to reässure them. At Sealkote, in the heart of the Punjab, letters were found from the precious 34th at Barrackpore, urging their comrades at the former place to revolt. A Jemadar of the 70th regiment was found going through the lines, exciting the men to mutiny; and when a court-martial of his native brother officers sentenced him to the gentle pain of dismissal, the authorities complacently ratified the decision. In the midst of all this, orders were given that the British Regiment which had been brought up from Burmah to overawe the 19th while being disarmed, should be sent away again.

This crowning folly was hindered by the rush of events. On May 3d, a Sepoy at Lucknow received a letter from the 7th Oude Cavalry, which had belonged to the ex-King, and was lying seven miles off, to this effect: "We are ready to obey the directions of our brothers of the 48th in the matter of cartridges, and to resist either actively or passively." The Brahmin—for, be it said, he was a Brahmin—showed this to a Havildar, (Sergeant,) and he to a Subahdar, (Captain;) and the three carried it to Sir Henry Lawrence, whose great character thus elicited one of the very, very few gleams of light which have broken on the darkness of the plot. That same day he learned that four men of the regiment whence this letter came, had entered the room of their Adjutant, armed to the teeth, and told him that they did not dislike him, but he was a Feringhee, (European,) and must die. Lieutenant Mecham looked at them, and said: "I am unarmed, and you may kill me if you like; but that will do you no good, for you will not succeed in this mutiny, and another Adjutant will be appointed." The calm on his countenance and in his voice quelled the rage of the murderers, and they retired, leaving him unharmed.

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When night had just fallen on the lines of these mutineers, they were thunderstruck at being summoned to meet Sir Henry Lawrence, who was backed by eight guns manned by Europeans, with one English and four native regiments. They were ordered to form close in front of him, and to lay down their arms. As they silently obeyed, the port-fires of the artillery suddenly flashed in the dark. "Don't fire! don't fire!" screamed the mutineers, and rushed frantically away. That night all their ringleaders were secured by *native soldiers*.

This news reached Calcutta on the 4th; and, as if the electricity of the telegraph had galvanized the Government, the order to send off the English regiment to Burmah was recalled; and on the 6th, the 34th were ordered out for punishment, after more weeks of respite than their accomplices at Lucknow had hours. An order of the Governor-General was read, detailing their great offenses, and announcing their penalty—simple dismissal. This was to be read to every regiment in India. When it reached Oude, Sir Henry Lawrence had the courage to set it aside. Lord Canning had wisely attempted to imitate his energy: *he* wisely resolved not to imitate Lord Canning's feebleness. Nevertheless, it was made known to every Sepoy that, when the Governor-General did his worst, it was but dismissal; and it is confidently affirmed that, at the same time, the Sepoys had offers of better pay from the Kings of Delhi and Oude.

The clouds had long been growing black, and now the thunderbolt was coming. On the same day that the 34th received their tardy dismissal, a parade was ordered at Meerut, on purpose to test the troops by serving out unexceptionable cartridges. Out of the ranks of the 3d Cavalry, eight-five men boldly advanced, and refused to take them. They were tried by a native court-martial, and sentenced, eighty to ten years' imprisonment, with hard labor, and the remaining five to but six years. Three days after their mutinous act, in the presence of guns, and English rifles, and English horse, with their own and two other native regiments, they were stripped of the British uniform, and laden with fetters; imploring General Hewitt for mercy during the process, and at the close reproaching their comrades for permitting it. They were not put under a European guard, but lodged in the common jail, guarded only by natives.

The next day was a Sunday—Sunday, May 10th, 1857—henceforth in the calendar of many a family a blood-color day. When we think how peacefully we sat in our homes or our churches that day, and that thousands in India sat in theirs just as peacefully, we feel how short is human sight! "One who has served under Sir Charles Napier" thus tells the tale of that Sunday:

"The Havildars made the morning report to their officers; the men of the European regiment attended morning service as usual, and there was no sign of the coming storm. The day passed away as Sundays generally pass in India, and not even the Sergeants, who live in the native lines, had noticed any thing to call for report, or even for remark. Evening church-time was approaching: the 60th Rifles were turning out with their side-arms to proceed thither; officers, too, were dressing either for church or for an evening ride. Sepoys! restrain your impatience for half an hour longer, and Meerut is your own. Providentially they can not restrain it. Suddenly the alarm of fire is given; then there is loud shouting, as if the Sepoys were turning out to quench the flames. But then, that volley of musketry, followed by another and another! those discordant yells! that clattering of cavalry! the bugle sound of the alarm! It is not fire only that has caused this direful outcry; it is mutiny! insurrection! THE BENGAL ARMY HAS REVOLTED!

"It was nearing five o'clock on that memorable afternoon when, at a given signal, the 3d Light Cavalry and the 20th Native Infantry rushed out of their lines, armed and furious. A detachment of the former regiment at once galloped in the direction of the jail. On reaching it, its gates were opened to them without resistance and they at once liberated all its inmates, including their imprisoned comrades: a native smith was at hand to strike off their irons. These men, infuriated by their disgrace, ran with all possible speed to their lines, armed themselves, and mounted; they then rushed to the scene of action, yelling fearfully, and denouncing death to every European. Meanwhile the remaining portion of the 3d Cavalry and the 20th Native Infantry had proceeded to the lines of the 11th with all possible speed. Thither also the officers of that regiment, alarmed by the shouting and noise, had gone before them. They found Colonel Finnis haranguing his men, and endeavoring to keep them firm to their colors. The men were wavering when the 20th arrived. The men of this regiment, whose hands were already red with the blood of several of their own officers, seeing this hesitation and its cause, at once fired at Colonel Finnis. The first shot took effect on his horse only, but almost immediately afterwards he was riddled with

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balls. All discipline, all better feelings, now vanished. It is true that the Sepoys of the 11th permitted their officers to escape with their lives; but having done this, the greater portion of them followed the example of the 20th. And now ensued a scene of disorder, rapine, and murder, which pen can not describe. Every house and building near the lines, except the hospital, had been fired; and the smoking and blazing barracks and houses, the yells of the mutineers, and the shouts and shrieks of the multitude gathered there, numbers of whom fell from the shots of the mutineers, made on that dark night a scene than which one can not be imagined more horrible. Officers galloping about, carrying orders to the European troops, were fired at, not only by the mutineers, but by the native guards placed over the public buildings for security. Ladies driving in their carriages, gentlemen in their buggies, who had left their houses unsuspicious of evil, were assaulted, and, if not murdered, treated with a brutality to which death would have been a relief. Not only the Sepoys, but the released jail-birds, fifteen hundred in number, the population also, that 'vile rabble' which is always available for plunder or murder, had joined the movement, and spread terror and desolation all around them. Nor were houses or public offices safe places of refuge from these assaults. Most of the houses in Meerut—all of those in the military lines—are thatched with straw, and easily inflammable: the plan of the insurgents was to set fire to the roof and to murder the frighted residents as they quitted the burning dwelling. Many met their deaths in this way; more, providentially escaped; yet not one of those in the latter category owed their safety to the mercy of their assailants. In some instances outrages were perpetrated which the pen refuses to record. These men, whom we had pampered for a century, who had always professed the utmost devotion to us, seemed suddenly converted into demons. Nor was this a solitary example; other stations were destined to witness atrocities fouler, more brutal, and more treacherous than even those of Meerut."

Had the man who smothered the flame at Lucknow been at Meerut, with a regiment of English rifles, one of English horse, and a troop of English artillery, not a single company of the mutineers would have escaped. They were only three regiments. Yet they all got away, or nearly all. The British force was, after a long delay, brought out against them, but soon led back "to guard the station," while Delhi, India, England, were left at the mercy of the mutineers. The General who served his nation this turn was "superseded for supineness" *after some months had passed.*

The tiger had now tasted blood, and all the ferocity of his nature was awakened. The next morning, the English at Delhi received a hasty intimation to repair to a strong place outside the walls, called the Flagstaff Tower. (After all that has passed, in alluding to those British-built towers and bastions of Delhi, we have a painful recollection that they were executed by a valued friend, who does not live to lament the unforeseen use to which his engineering science has been turned.) To the Flagstaff Tower several hastened, others never received the message, others it reached too late. The Meerut murderers were at hand. To face them, Brigadier Graves had three regiments of infantry and a battery of artillery, all native! Not a company of English troops! "Plenty of mischief," wrote Sir Charles Napier, years before, to an officer of artillery,* "will be hatched within those walls, and no European forces!" "Meanwhile," says the writer whom we have quoted just above:

"Meanwhile the regiments were ordered out, the guns loaded, and every possible preparation made. The Brigadier harangued the troops in a manly style; told them that now was the opportunity to show their fidelity to the Company to whom they had sworn fidelity, and by whom they had never been deceived. His brief, pithy address was received with cheers. The 54th, especially, seemed eager to exterminate the mutineers, and loudly demanded to be led against them. The Brigadier, responding to their seeming enthusiasm, put himself at their head, and led them out of the Cashmere Gate to meet the rebels, whose near approach had been announced. As they marched out in gallant order, to all appearance proud and confident, a tumultuous array appeared advancing from the Hindun. In front, and in full uniform, with medals on their breasts gained in fighting for British supremacy, confidence in their manner, and fury in their gestures, galloped on about two hundred and fifty troopers of the 3d Cavalry: behind them, at no great distance, and almost running in their efforts to reach the golden minarets of Delhi, appeared a vast mass of Infantry, their red coats soiled with dust, and their bayonets glittering in the sun. No hesitation was visible in all that advancing mass; they came on, as if confident of the result. Now the Cavalry approach nearer and nearer! At this headlong pace they will soon be on the bayonets of the 54th. These latter are ordered to fire; the fate of India hangs on their reply. They do fire, but alas! into the air; not one saddle is emptied by that vain discharge. And now the Cavalry are amongst

* Private letter, published in the *Times*.

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them; they fraternize with them; they leave the officers to their fate; and these are remorselessly cut down wherever they can be found."

Some fled to the palace of the King of Delhi for refuge. It is said that when the Sepoys cried, "What shall we do with them?" the clement reply from the throne was: "What you like; I give them to you." And with our brothers, with our sisters, with our little girls, with our merry boys, those tigers and satyrs did "what they liked." That day the honor of England's daughters was outraged in the streets.

There was a young Lieutenant of artillery who thought of the most important thing in Delhi, the Arsenal, which the Commandant seems to have entirely forgotten, though, with that exception, his conduct was excellent; but, had he duly ordered the firing of the magazine in case of need, the mutineers would have been comparatively powerless. The young soldier laid a train; went into a subterranean passage; waited until he heard the raging of men within the building, until he heard them wrestling outside for entrance. "It is full," he said. The match is applied, the ground quakes, from fifteen hundred to three thousand poor wretches are blown into the air; and yet the hand that dealt the blow, though scorched and bruised, is not dead. Some of his noble comrades reached Meerut; and have heard, no doubt, many a man's and many a woman's warm word, "Well done;" but he has gone to the grave to which he devoted himself. Of all the names which the mention of Delhi will hereafter recall to the memories of Englishmen, none will ring upon the ear with a tone so solemn and so grand as that of Willoughby!

What he destroyed was the small-arms magazine; enough of stores remained to supply the rebels with the means of long-continued defense, which might all have been destroyed. From the Flagstaff Tower a puff of smoke was seen, then a "huge coronet of red dust," then came the noise of an explosion. The Sepoys in the Tower turned the two guns which were there upon the Europeans; Brigadier Graves told them to escape, and was himself the last man to leave. And that escape! What tales have been told, and what tales remain to tell!

Through General Hewitt's "supineness," the disaffected Sepoys throughout the country had now obtained the one thing necessary to give them courage—success. An English station *well manned by Europeans* had been burned; the perpetrators of the deed had marched off unhurt; and the former capital of India had become their easy prize. The men who issued the greased cartridges gave conspirators the means of turning Sepoys into mutineers; General Hewitt gave mutinous Sepoys courage to become rebels.

The King of Delhi, who owed us nothing but obligations; whose ancestors had been reduced to a mere pageant before we appeared on the field, tossed about from Mahratta to Rohilla, now with eyes put out, now with a little army; whose father, instead of this, had lived in peace, plenty, and respect, under our protection; who was himself rich, and at ease, by our bounty; he at once put himself at the head of the movement, called the regiments by the names of his sons, appointed Lall Khan, of the 3d Cavalry, the Meerut regiment, his General-in-Chief, and issued proclamations, promising double pay to Sepoys, and plenty of blessings to the people.

"Success," that magic word for the timid, sped through every Sepoy station; success, in the face of an equal, or nearly equal force of Europeans; success, so well used as to secure boundless stores, a fortress, and an Emperor to head the movement. No wonder that the Sepoy, who had so long hesitated between fear, hatred, and self-interest, should now think that the scale was turned as to the latter, and rush at once to vengeance and greatness by rebellion. The English had tried to rob him of his caste, dearer than life; and now their hour was come. The Bengal army revolted, murdering, violating, and burning wherever they could. All Oude soon raged around the calm, strong presence of Sir Henry Lawrence, who with five hundred men stood against a kingdom, until a shot brought him to the grave—one of the best and greatest men whom England ever sent to India. Blood is on the head of those who placed him in that newly-annexed kingdom with but one European regiment, and of those who delayed the formation of railways by which he might have received support in time. In the Punjab, the vigor of his brother, Sir John, backed by such men as Chamberlain and Edwardes, sufficed to extinguish the flames of rebellion in detail as they broke out;

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so that the mutinous army received no important accession thence and the loyal one did. The admirable management of the Punjab supplied us with a base of operations in the Plain of the Indus, west of the insurgents, in addition to that furnished by Bengal, on their east.

Although it is no exaggeration to say that the Bengal army revolted, the prevalent ideas, and even the representations, in the Press and in Parliament, of the extent of the rebellion are much exaggerated. From a tone of confidence approaching to levity, some of our journals passed at once to the position that we had to recommence the conquest of India. The confidence was excusable, for nearly all who knew India shared it; and it will prove well founded in the long run, resting, as it did, on the full persuasion that no native power existed capable of destroying the British empire in India. But we have never yet come near the position of having to reconquer India. First of all, out of *two hundred reigning Rajahs, not one of any importance has openly set himself against us;* for the King of Delhi had not one soldier, and Nena Sahib was a private person. Had the reigning Rajahs led out their four hundred thousand men to join the Sepoys, even then it had not been all India. But several of them promptly and energetically took our side. Again, the Madras and Bombay armies, one hundred thousand strong, remained our steady friends; and all the territory south of the central mountains, the whole of the great Table Land, of the Mountain Foot, were undisturbed. Scinde, Guzerat, Bengal, Orissa, never needed reconquest. The Punjab was ruffled, but was immediately pacified by its own garrisons. The rebellion never established itself west of Delhi, never (till the "eleventh hour") broke out east of Benares; the distance between these being little over four hundred miles. At Benares, however, it never had a day's ascendency. In fact, any one may define to himself, very easily and completely, the seat of real rebellion, the country needing to be reconquered, if he will trace the Ganges up to its junction with the Jumna, and, beginning at Allahabad, say, "There is the hostile frontier;" then let him ascend the line of both these great rivers, with Oude and Rohilcund skirting one, and Agra and Delhi lying on the other, and he will have before him the scene on which our soldiers have to triumph. Serious outbreaks have occurred south of this; but the mutinous troops have marched northward, from Neemuch and other stations, to Delhi, leaving the field open for reöccupation without the necessity of rëconquest. Most of it has been already reclaimed, and forces from the south are steadily approaching Delhi. Had all India to be reconquered, we should have against us, first, our own Sepoys, say 250,000; secondly, the armies of the Rajahs, 400,000; thirdly, the people, either in arms or passively hostile; fourthly, all the strong places occupied by the enemy. Instead of this, we have lost about 80,000 Sepoys, of whom perhaps 60,000 are in arms against us; with what amount of abetting rabble we do not at present know. They hold *only one strong place*, Delhi; and all the other great fortresses of India are in our hands. Neither the people nor the Princes have joined the mutineers, so that the work to be done, though serious, difficult, and costly, is no more a reconquest of India than the suppression of a French revolt, which had occurred at Paris, would be a conquest of Europe. They who speak of reconquering India have very imperfect ideas of what such words mean. What lies before us is much less than that, and yet it is far from being a trifle.

The movement towards repressing the rebellion began from three sides—Calcutta on the east, the Punjab and the Hills on the north-west, and the Bombay Presidency on the south. The Commander-in-Chief was hunting in the hills, though the army had long been in a state of the most alarming ferment. He moved towards Delhi, and, while pausing at Kurnaul for siege guns, was carried off by cholera. General Anson possessed all the qualities of a perfect gentleman, accomplishments unquestionably of great value in any sphere, and furnishing sufficient qualifications for an appointment about the Court; but every one knew that he had never commanded an army, every one believed he had never commanded a regiment, and many military men asserted that he had never commanded a company. It is a great crime to appoint any man to high command whose professional reputation does not insure the confidence of those below him. Every active Captain or Adjutant in India believed that he knew more of the art of war, practically, than his Commander-in-Chief. How far



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this feeling—for nothing is so contagious as a feeling of this kind—passed to the Sepoys, we can not tell.

The fallen Chief was succeeded by one who had seen service, General Barnard. He reached Delhi on the 8th of June, just four weeks after it had been seized, swept the rebels before him, took twenty-six guns, paused at the walls, and resolved not to risk an assault. He maintained himself outside the walls; bravely repulsed innumerable sorties, inflicting terrible loss on the enemy; and died at his post, of the same plague which had carried off General Anson. His policy has had one advantage—that of making Delhi a trap, to which the mutineers have been drawn from all points; but, had he carried forward his victorious men, they would have planted his standard on the walls, and the hearts of the mutineers would have sunk all over the country. In battle, or in policy, timidity with Hindus is folly; they bend before bravery, but spring up at the least sign of weakness. From the 8th of June up to this day, Delhi has continued to be the center of the struggle, receiving new hordes from stations which had mutinied, sending them out as they arrived to attack our forces, receiving back the defeated survivors, and again recruiting its numbers and its courage by new arrivals.

From the side of Calcutta, our movement consisted in sending reïnforcements up towards the seat of war. In this, at least—and, we fear we must say, in this only—the Government of Lord Canning showed itself equal to the requirements of the moment. From Burmah, from Madras, from Ceylon, from Mauritius, and from the Chinese expedition, it sought and found help. As the troops arrived, they produced a double effect: first, their appearance in Calcutta quenched the hope of mutiny among the conspirators there; and, secondly, as they moved on to the interior, they carried the return tide with them. Among the first effects were the disarming of the troops at Barrackpore, and the capture of the King of Oude; but, as if every thing done in Calcutta itself was to be defective, the Fakeer, whose revelations when under sentence of death led to the King's capture, was allowed to escape from prison; and whether he had told enough to be of much value, we do not know.

Among the arrivals was a regiment from Madras, and the first the English public knew of its Colonel was, that, when his men were leaving by the railway, some were not up in time, and the train was ordered to start. He remonstrated; the station-master insisted that, the time being up, the train must go; the Colonel put him under arrest, and, when the last of his men were in the carriage, set him free. This was Colonel Neill, and the regiment was the Madras Fusileers. He might have been in Benares in twenty-four hours, had the railway been finished; but at last he did reach that city, and the same night came the outbreak of rebellion: with more than ten to one against him, he ended it in half an hour or so. Had he been at Meerut, with two noble regiments and artillery, Delhi would never have passed into rebel hands. It was on the 4th of June that this collision at Benares occurred, and that point was the farthest down the Ganges at which real fighting took place, before the recent outburst at Dinapore. Here the two advancing waves, of the rebel and of the reconquering power, first met, and the former was rolled back; a tide was setting in against a stream.

From Benares, Neill and his force soon reached Allahabad. There the officers of the 6th had been murdered at mess by the men who assured them of their loyalty in the forenoon; and, though the authorities retained hold of the place, things were in fearful confusion, and were managed without decision. Colonel Neill, though junior to the officer in charge, had happily authority to take the command. "Things changed as if by magic." Rebels were punished, order was restored, and the surrounding district as well as the city overawed. One of the sufferers was a boy Cadet, from the smiling vale of Evesham, who, after being wounded, spent five miserable days and nights in a gully, blistered by the sun and chilled by the dews, until at last he was dragged dying to the presence of a fellow who had set up as a small Rajah. Here he saw a native Christian, a convert from Mohammedanism, and a Catechist of the American Mission, enduring torture and menaces to make him deny Christ. He glanced round in his anguish, as if for help or courage, and the dying English boy raised his feeble frame, and said: "O Padre! whatever you do, do not deny the Lord Jesus!" Just then a noise was heard outside, the

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noise of angry men: it was Colonel Neill's gallant band; the persecutors were soon punished, the native Christian was released, and the lad whose voice had strengthened him died among friends. Let his memory be cherished in every home of the peaceful, beautiful vale of his nativity!

At Allahabad a second important step was gained, the rebellion being rolled so much farther back from the metropolis. At the same time, the base of operations, on the opposite side of the rebel field, was being strengthened and made available. The whole of the regular Sepoy regiments in the Punjab, or nearly the whole, were disarmed; corps were raised from the people of the country itself, hostile to the Brahmins and Mussulmans; and some forces dispatched to Delhi. Colonel Herbert Edwardes, who gained much celebrity in the great Sikh war, was able, with other officers, to arouse emulation to be enlisted among the people under his government; not only did Chiefs on whom he called respond, but those whom he passed by remonstrated. At Sealkote the Sepoys broke fairly out, and, having murdered several officers, marched for Delhi; but, on their way, they were beaten into the Ravee by Brigadier Nicholson, and then, after having found temporary refuge in an island, were utterly routed; their victor marched for Delhi instead of them, and the miserable remainder of them were caught by native authorities, and delivered up. General Van Cortlandt, who had earlier performed similar feats, took the same road. Thus, from the west, as from the east, the return tide was setting in. At Neemuch and Nusseerabad successful and bloody risings had taken place; and also at Indore and Mhow, all south of Delhi. From these points ten thousand mutineers appeared before Agra, the seat of the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West provinces; five hundred British soldiers, instead of awaiting them in the fort, went out to attack them; and, though the proceeding was mismanaged, fought them for three hours, and made such an impression that, instead of being besieged, they saw the host move away. Holkar, the head of the second Mahratta nation in point of importance, stood firm when his troops at Indore rebelled; was reproached by them for not resembling his ancestor, who had been a foe not unworthy of the steel of Lake and Wellesley; but replied that the murder of women and children did not make part of any religion. A column under Colonel Steuart, advancing from Bombay, has taken possession of these regions, and thus the return tide has set in from the south.

We left the force advancing from Calcutta at Allahabad. There Neill fell ill; but, happily, not fatally. In the mean time, at the next important post, Cawnpore, on the banks of the Ganges, and on the frontier of Oude, one of the first soldiers in India was nobly playing his part. Sir Hugh Wheeler made a temporary but strong fort out of his barracks, and soon needed it; for his Sepoys rose, and at their head was placed a Mahratta of note living in the neighborhood. What could have induced our Government to make the most sacred and exciting lands of Hinduism the residence of conquered Monarchs, we can not tell; but, among others, the Peishwa, or great Mahratta Priest-King, when dethroned, was placed, with a royal pension, in the sacred land by the Ganges. Having no son, he adopted Nena Sahib, who very naturally wished for a royal pension, in addition to all the property of the ex-Peishwa. He obtained the latter, was denied the former, lived in state, kept troops and artillery, talked English, visited the officers, and seemed very friendly. No sooner did the disturbance offer a hope of revenge for the refusal of the pension, than he took part with the mutineers; and of his atrocities all the world has heard. In Europe, they are new and horrible. In India, such things were beginning to be strange, because of British supremacy; but they formed the ordinary appendages of native war, and every year had its wars. To us the horror is, that noble British men and delicate British women were the victims over whom this wild beast gloated. We say British, rather than English; for in the streams that have reddened the Ganges the blood of the three kingdoms has flowed indiscriminately. But no one who knew the Hindus, or had even an idea of their history, would expect much better or much worse than what has occurred. The organ of Tipu Sahib is preserved in the East-India House, and may be seen by any visitor in the instructive museum of that establishment. It is an instrument expressive of any native hero's feeling towards an enemy, and one after Nena Sahib's own heart. Its form is that of a British offi-

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cer prostrate, with a tiger standing upon him; its music is the alternate cry of the Briton and growl of the brute.

Nena Sahib and Sir Hugh Wheeler! One burns to write two such names in the same line! Yet the latter was the prey of the former. With some three hundred men, Wheeler maintained himself against a host, in a mere barrack, riddled with cannon shot and crowded with women and children. At last he fell, and his hapless followers, trusting to the word of Nena, took boat for Allahabad. They were fired on from the banks of the river, and most of them thus destroyed; but many women were reserved for the gratification of our enemies, until the avenger drew nigh.

Brigadier Havelock had left Allahabad, at the head of 1800 Britons. In the terrible heats of July, this brigade in eight days marched a hundred and twenty-six miles, won four battles, took twenty-four guns, and recaptured Cawnpore. On the 12th of July, (a day memorable as the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne,) they reached Futteypore, found the rebels in force, were attacked, and the result is best told in General Havelock's words to his men, which show that he can write as well as fight:

"Movable Column.

"*Morning Order, July 13th*, 1857.

"Brigadier-General Havelock, C.B., thanks his soldiers for their arduous exertions of yesterday, which produced, in four hours, the strange result of a whole army driven from a strong position, eleven guns captured, and their whole force scattered to the winds, without the loss of a single British soldier!

"To what is this astonishing effect to be attributed? To the fire of the British artillery, exceeding in rapidity and precision all that the Brigadier-General has ever witnessed in his not short career; to the power of the Enfield Rifle in British hands; to British pluck—that good quality that has survived the revolution of the hour; and to the blessing of Almighty God on a most righteous cause—the cause of justice, humanity, truth, and good government in India."

Three days afterwards, they defeated the enemy in two separate engagements, again capturing several guns; but here Major Renaud, who, in the absence of Colonel Neill, commanded the Madras Fusileers, received a wound from which he has died. The next day they encountered the whole body of the rebels under Nena Sahib in person, in an intrenched position, which was skillfully turned, and bravely carried in the face of a determined opposition which cost us one man in every fifteen of those engaged, but ended in the complete rout of the enemy and the surrender of Cawnpore. Nena Sahib however, in retiring, had more caution than the Commandant of Delhi; for he took care to have the magazine blown up. A number of our country-women, who had been preserved up to the day of battle—or the day previous, for the accounts vary—were now not to be found; a well was choked with their bodies; and all that remained of these women above ground was "long tresses of hair, dresses covered with blood, here and there a workbox or a bonnet."

After a day or two's rest, General Havelock passed on for Bithoor, the seat of Nena. The wretch had abandoned it, and our force burned it to the ground; and whether its savage master is drowned in the Ganges, or still lives, we are at present left in uncertainty, the report being that, in crossing the stream, he had drowned himself and his family. Hence General Havelock proceeded direct towards Lucknow, and on the 29th of July came upon 10,000 mutineers, strongly posted, with fifteen guns, whom he routed, capturing all their ordnance; and, after a halt of four hours, he assaulted a second strong position, caried it, and captured all its guns. After another victory, he fell back to place his sick, wounded, and captured guns in safety, received a small reinforcement, and set forward anew. We leave General Havelock almost within sight of the noble little band who have held their ground around the grave of Sir Henry Lawrence; and the hope that, ere this, they have met above that great man's ashes, has already made many a heart in England say: "God bless General Havelock!"

The present position of affairs, then, is, first, symptoms of the mutiny beginning to appear in the Bombay army, at Kolapore; secondly, great anxiety in parts of the Madras Presidency lest the approaching Mohurrum should witness an outbreak; thirdly, government restored in Central India and confirmed in the Punjab; fourthly, in Bengal, the rebellion driven up the Ganges from Benares to Allahabad, from Allahabad to Cawnpore,

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and from Cawnpore to Oude; our besieging force at Delhi triumphant in twenty-two engagements, but kept small by constant losses, yet expecting powerful reïnforcements in the columns of Van Cortlandt, Nicholson, and Havelock, all of which will come as victors; and all this before reinforcements have arrived either from the Cape or from England.

Yet by the folly of the Government in refusing to disarm three regiments at Dinapore, and keeping an imbecile old man in command, disturbance has been gratuitously imported to Behar; and the heroism of the little garrison of Arrah, where a dozen English and forty-five Sikhs repulsed and held at bay two thousand or three thousand Sepoys, has been deprived of its legitimate effect; for a detachment was driven at night into the jaws of an ambuscade, when half of them fell.

If we turn for a moment to look at the effects of this mutiny, one of the first and most obvious will be, a better knowledge in Europe of Hindu character. It was the fashion of a certain school to paint that character as so gentle, that the atrocities of this rebellion took the public by surprise. But no one familiar with the best writers upon India—with such writers as Orme or Mill—ever expected that Hindus in warfare would act otherwise than they have acted. Feebleness and ferociousness can easily unite in the same person. Any one who had read the accounts of Bengal decoity, or gang robbery, would know that even the most cringing of all the Hindu nations habitually indulge in incredible atrocities, when once engaged in conflict. The authentic memoirs of any native Court, whether Hindu or Mussulman, would be too horrible for belief in England. It is impossible to calculate the saving of human life which has resulted from the British conquest of that country, if it was only through the stopping of murders by authority. We know a case of one Rajah, now deposed, of whom his former subjects say that he killed only five thousand persons while he was on the throne; whereas his father had killed about ten thousand; and his uncle, a much greater and abler man than either, who in his day rendered services to the Government of the Marquis of Wellesley, had killed at least fifteen thousand. A case was well known, in which the Queen of the Nairs, in whose country it was not fashionable for women to cover the breast, on learning that one who had been abroad did so since her return to her own country, ordered her breasts to be cut off. But the narratives with which our papers have teemed have settled for ever the question in the mind of the British public, whether the character of the natives is, or is not, that which a religion full of blood, and lust, and murder, in its most sacred tales of its gods, is calculated to foster. The Hindus are heathens, with all the cruelty which heathenism continually nourishes.

Another effect will be, a clearer apprehension on the subject of native institutions, especially that of caste. This has been hitherto regarded rather as an oriental curiosity than as a bad institution, a practical curse to mankind. By the horrors of this rebellion, many will be taught that caste is the most unnatural barrier ever interposed between man and man, the greatest source of estrangement between neighbors of the same race and language, and the most dangerous obstacle in the intercourse between different nations. It must henceforth be looked at gravely as one of the worst things existing under the sun; not to be rudely assailed, because that would rouse fanaticism in its defense, but to be calmly and strongly passed by, in every arrangement let alone, all ordinances and regulations proceeding upon the basis given us by our own constitution, and leaving, in the enjoyment of their rights, those who prefer the pride of caste to the advantages we offer them: and these will be very few; for when the Hindus are not forced, they easily slide into practices irreconcilable with caste, if any advantage is to be gained thereby. In fact, the scrupulous Brahmins of the south of India would not acknowledge the pure Brahminical caste of a single man of the Bengal Army, in so many ways have they departed from the strict regimen of their systems to secure secular advantages, although they have resented with violence, of which we all are aware, the supposed attempt to pollute them by fraud.

Another effect of the rebellion is, to scatter forever the confident belief which nearly all the English residents in India entertained, that the Hindus and the Mussulmans could never combine. On this point no one can reproach his neighbor; for all were agreed, and all have been equally disappointed. We put it the

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other day to a Hindu of rank and note, how it was that his people could unite with the Mussulmans. His reply was: "All the men in India who remember the miseries of the Mussulman days, have now white beards. The present generation know nothing about it; the pains that we have gone through are all forgotten, and the people have joined, thinking they would clear the English out of the way, and have the country to themselves." Henceforth our policy can never take, as the basis of any one proceeding, the assumption that the Hindu and the Mussulman can not make common cause against us. That hitherto all-pervading element in the calculation of Indian policy must wholly disappear.

Another effect, closely allied with this one, is the proof, terribly perfect now, that the policy of our Government in matters of religion has been a total failure. That policy has been, in its public principles, purely atheistical. As a Government, to have no religion at all, and to support Hinduism for the Hindus, Mohammedanism for the Mohammedans, and Christianity for the English, with a view to please all, has been the way of our Government. Our whole Indian policy has been tinged with the original character of commerce. We have traded in every thing, from crowns down to cowry-shells, and from opium up to conscience. Which would cost least, or which would pay most, has always been the ruling consideration. Meaner than any conquerors in any country before, we have been ashamed and afraid to avow and encourage our own creed. Our authorities did all that in them lay to keep Hindus and Mussulmans in complete ignorance of Christianity. They did more; they did all that in them lay to excite the jealousy of the natives against Christian efforts to enlighten them. They sowed fear and discontent, by manifesting disfavor to their own religion to obtain the confidence of the Hindus. Even with an honest and straightforward people, such conduct could not obtain respect; but to those who can never believe in the integrity of any one, so deeply is their own character imbued with dissimulation, all these evidences of tremor or anxiety could have but one meaning—they were meant to conceal a conspiracy. Had the Government been as honest as the Mussulmans when they were in power, or as Runjeet Singh, or as any kind of rulers that the Hindus have ever had to do with before—that is, had they avowed, and acted on, and encouraged their own religion—the whole body of Hindus would by this time have known what that religion and its principles are, and been persuaded that to it the idea of obtaining crowds of nominal adherents, by fraud or force, would be utterly abhorrent. The Mussulmans, acting upon their principles, and Runjeet Singh on his, not only encouraged but compelled conversion, not only discountenanced but persecuted other religions; and yet there are no traces in the history of India that this course was the cause of any material weakness to their governments. We, with other principles and another creed, which would have led us never to coërce any man's conscience, never to interfere with any man's rights, but frankly displaying a purer belief and a more elevating worship, should have held out to all mild invitations to become wiser and holier, with the strong assurance of acts, not of words, of habitual acts, that their conversion by other means than that of sincere conviction was not only undesired by us, but would be dreaded, as the introduction of vices and superstitions within the pale of our religion. They who, by their un-English cowardice in all matters of morals; who, by their steady bartering of the name and form of Christianity for supposed favor with Brahmins and Moollahs; who, by abetting heathen ceremonies and administering persecuting heathen laws, by shutting up the Sepoy from all Christian enlightenment, and making the army a hotbed of anti-Christian prejudices, kept a perpetual magazine of disaffection in the country, and then applied to it the match of the greased cartridges, now turn round upon those against whom their policy has been all along directed, and untruly say: "The mischief is your doing." *When Ahab saw Elijah, Ahab said unto him, Art thou he that troubleth Israel? And he answered, I have not troubled Israel; but thou, and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baalim.*

Again, one of the most immediate results will be, the revival in the native mind of the old dread of British valor. For years we have ceased to meet native hosts with small bands; our armies, from the days of Lord Hastings down, have assum-

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ed proportions which complimented every enemy with the show of meeting him on equal terms; and besides, European and Sepoy qualities have been confounded, the fire of the British regiment inspiring its neighbor, the soul of the British officer animating his men. In this state of things, the deeds done by handfuls of English in the heroic days of Clive and Lawrence, Wellesley and Lake, had faded from the native memory; and many Sepoy regiments probably thought themselves quite a match for British ones. Their first trial at Meerut seemed to justify such an idea. But since that day, how often has the brow of the rebel darkened and furrowed with terror, as he heard the tale of what tens and twenties of Britons have done! Five hundred attacking ten thousand, and frightening them away, as at Agra; a handful holding Lucknow against all the forces of the kingdom; another handful holding Cawnpore; less than three hundred scattering three thousand at Benares; and the fearful charges of the Rifles at Delhi, when, ten against a hundred, they dashed forward with the cry, "Remember the Ladies—Remember the Babies," and every thing flies before them: these are feats which heroes can appreciate and which cowards will feel to the depth of their soul. They will tell, too, of that officer at Agra who killed five-and-twenty men; of poor Skene, who, after cutting down six or seven, saw his wife seized, and then, drawing the pistol he had reserved, sent one ball through her heart, and the other through his own head; and of Miss Wheeler, the daughter of the gallant Sir Hugh, who shot five with a revolver before they secured her. Against such tales they can set those of women ripped, mutilated, stripped naked, sold by auction, burned alive; babies hacked and cast into the flames; husbands mutilated, and compelled to witness the dishonor of their wives; but none of heroism or prowess. They have never gained an action in the field, no matter what their odds; never carried a position against British arms, no matter how few. Their success has been only by murder, not once by victory. In the history of the world there never was a rebellion with such means and advantages, which effected so little. The old heroic fame of British prowess rises up anew from the annals of every encounter, except the first at Meerut; from Lucknow, from Cawnpore, from the banks of the Ravee, and the field of Futteypore; and for at least another generation the records of great deeds will be alive in the memory of the people; the deeds no longer of the first conquerors, but of the modern British troops, fighting not against undisciplined hordes, but trained and picked battalions. Nothing is so forcible an instrument of command over the Hindus as a sense of personal prowess; for this goes deeper into their hearts than either admiration of military science, or a sense of the benefits of good government. This grand element of our national ascendency has received, and is now receiving, wonderful illustration.

Nor will the display of our military resources be less signal than that of individual heroism. Before this outbreak all the world have agreed in saying, that the total defection of the Bengal army must overthrow our power in that Presidency. Yet this has occurred, and that at a time when the British force was extremely weak; but after three months have elapsed, the revolted army has not secured a single Province; Oude, its home and stronghold, being at the last date swept by a British army, while its capital had never been without a garrison. And not in a single place, where a British force was stationed, had they maintained themselves for a day, not even at Dinapore, before poor General Lloyd. At the same time Ceylon sends men and guns; the Mauritius, men and guns; the Chinese expedition becomes an army of reserve, and by this time the Cape of Good Hope has probably sent its men and guns; and by the time these have ceased to arrive, will begin to appear noble hosts from England, in steamers and sailing ships, which will swell our forces to eighty-seven thousand Britons—enough to sweep India, were it all in arms, from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas, and from the Himalayas back again to Cape Comorin. We exaggerate to ourselves the smallness of the military resources of England, and we teach others to do the same; but this Indian rebellion will show us, and show the natives, what neither of us knew before, that by British bayonets alone we could conquer again and again the length and breadth of immense India. Time never saw an army so far distant from its own country, equal to that which we shall have in India in three months. Our steamers, well placed on the rivers, could alone command half of the great cities.

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# THE MAMMOTH STEAM-SHIP.

It is now more than three years since the lofty walls of iron forming the sides of the Leviathan began to excite the wonder of voyagers up and down the Thames, and as she approaches completion the public interest increases. Enormous size, which is naturally the distinctive feature that first strikes the observer, is, however, one of the least of the marvels that belong to the joint production of Mr. Scott Russell and Mr. Brunel. We have the assurance of the former that the Leviathan is built upon precisely the same model as every vessel he has constructed since his discovery of the wave line, twenty-two years ago. In the wonderful ship that now towers some seventy feet above the level of the Isle of Dogs, dwarfing every passing vessel by her enormous proportions, we have only an extension of the lines upon which Mr. Russell built the little Wave, of 7½ tons.

Granting, then, that the mammoth ship is merely an extended copy of all other iron steamers built on the wave-line principle, let us see what are the "one or two exceptions," so modestly alluded to by Mr. Russell, last week, before the British Association at Dublin. The most prominent, in reality, though a feature which escapes unprofessional visitors, is the cellular construction of the upper deck and the lower part of the hull, up to the water line, or about thirty feet from her bottom, which is as flat as the floor of a room. This system, while it gives great buoyancy to the hull, increases her strength enormously, and thus enables her to resist almost any amount of outward pressure. Two walls of iron, about sixty feet high, divide the vessel longitudinally into three parts—the inner containing the boilers, the engine-rooms, and the saloons, rising one above the other, and the lateral divisions the coal bunkers, and, above them, the side cabins and berths. The saloons are sixty feet in length, the principal one nearly half the width of the vessel, and lighted by skylights from the upper deck. On either hand are the cabins and berths, those of first-class passengers being commodious rooms, large enough to contain every requirement of the most fastidious of landsmen. The thickness of the lower deck will prevent any sound from the engine-rooms reaching the passengers, and the vibration from being at all felt by them. On each side of engine-rooms is a tunnel through which the steam and water-pipes will be carried, and also rails for economizing labor in the conveyance of coal. The berths of the crew are forward, below the forecastle, which it is intended to appropriate to the officers, whose apartments are at present only marked by a few uprights, rising ten or twelve feet above the main deck. Below the berths of the seamen are two enormous cavities for cargo, of which 5000 tons can be carried, besides coals for the voyage to Australia, making about as many tons more.

The weight of this huge ship being 12,000 tons, and her coal and cargo about 18,000 tons more, the motive power required to propel her twenty miles per hour must be proportionate. If the visitor walks aft, and looks down a deep chasm near the stern, he will perceive an enormous metal shaft, 160 feet in length, and weighing 60 tons; this extends from the engine-room nearest the stern to the extremity of the ship, and is destined to move the screw, the four fans of which are of proportionate weight and dimensions. If he walk forward, and look over the side, he will see a paddle-wheel considerably larger than the circle at Astley's; and when he learns that this wheel and its fellow will be driven by four engines having a nominal power of 1000 horses, and the screw by a nominal power of 1600 horses, he will have no difficulty in conceiving a voyage to America being performed in seven days, and to Australia in thirty-five days. The screw-engines, designed and manufactured by Messrs. James Watt & Co., are by far the largest ever constructed, and, when making fifty revolutions per minute, will exert an effective force of not less than 8000 horses. It is difficult to realize the work which this gigantic force would perform if applied to the ordinary operations of commerce. It would raise

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132,000 gallons of water to the top of the Monument in one minute, or drive the machinery of forty of the largest cotton mills in Manchester, giving employment to from 30,000 to 40,000 operatives. The four cylinders weigh about 25 tons each, and are 84 inches in diameter. The crank shaft, to which the connecting rods are applied, is a forging, and weighs about 30 tons. The boilers are six in number, having seventy-two furnaces, and an absorbent heating surface nearly equal in extent to an acre of ground. The total weight exceeds 1200 tons, and yet they are so admirably contrived that they can be set in motion or stopped by a single hand.

Sails will not be much needed, for in careering over the Atlantic twenty miles per hour, with a moderate wind, they would impede rather than aid progression; but in the event of a strong wind arising, going twenty-five miles per hour in the course of the vessel, sails may be used with advantage, and the Great Eastern is provided, accordingly, with seven masts, two square-rigged, the others carrying fore and aft sails only. The larger masts will be iron tubes, the smaller of wood. The funnels, of which there will be five, are constructed with double casings, and the space between the outer and inner casings will be filled with water, which will answer the double purpose of preventing the radiation of heat to the decks, and economizing coal by causing the water to enter the boilers in a warm state. Her rigging will probably cause most disturbance of ideas to nautical observers, for, beside the unusual number of masts, she will want two of the most striking features of all other vessels, namely, bowsprit and figure-head. Another peculiarity is the absence of a poop. The captain's apartment is placed amidships, immediately below the bridge, whence the electric telegraph will flash the commander's orders to the engineer below, helmsman at the wheel, and look-out man at the bows. In iron vessels great precautions are necessary to prevent the compass from being influenced by the mass of metal in such attractive proximity, and various experiments have been made with the view of discovering the best mode of overcoming this difficulty. It was originally intended to locate the compass upon a stage forty feet high, but this plan has been abandoned, and a standard compass will be affixed to the mizzenmast, at an elevation beyond the magnetic influence of the ship.—*London Paper.*

From Titan.

## IN HEAVEN LAST NIGHT.

Last night there was a festival in heaven:
The sky burned with a most majestic light;
Orion, Aqua, and the mighty Seven,
Flamed like the banners of some awful fight.
The stars hung clustering like white ivy round
The oriel window of the curtained sky,
As though God had with festoons gayly bound
The cloud-draped arch through which his Angels fly.

Perchance, the Master in some distant place,
Had hung mid-sky a new-created world
Or with another sun had garnished space,
Streaming below like a gay flag unfurled.
Or it might be some great returning day,
When an Archangel, by a holy feat,
Gained for his mighty crown another ray,
By mastery at the games where Angels meet.

The winds at sunset had an organ's sound,
And softly played a low religious tune.
It may be at that hour some saint was crowned,
Who died when through his window looked the moon.
Whatever was the cause, there was in heaven
A display rare and grand of pomp last night:
Perhaps the Saviour and the great Eleven
Revealed themselves unto angelic sight.

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From the London Quarterly.

# PHYSICAL FEATURES AND INHABITANTS OF INDIA.

From an early period of our connection with the East-Indies, we have sustained periodical disasters in those countries. The first of these, popularly called "the Amboyna massacre," was, comparatively speaking, upon so small a scale, that we can hardly conceive how it should have excited so great a commotion in this country as it did. In the year 1623, the Dutch, who were the most vigorous of our early rivals in the East, seized upon one Captain Towerson, and nine other Englishmen, and, after a trial by torture, hanged them. So greatly were the public enraged, that the Dutch merchants resident in London had to appeal to the Privy Council for protection; and a picture, commemorating the horrors of the scene, was exposed publicly by the East-India Company. More than a century later, the city of Madras was wrested from us by the French, a treaty which provided for its restoration violated, the Governor and other authorities carried to Pondicherry, and marched bareheaded through the French capital of the East. Just a hundred and one years ago was perpetrated that outrage which, above all others, has made a deep impression upon the popular memory of England. One hundred and forty-six Englishmen were thrust, by a revengeful Nabob, into a dungeon eighteen feet square, at Calcutta, and the next morning only twenty-three remained alive.

These last two events together exercised an influence on our history in the East which can never be computed. Among those enraged by the capture and disgrace of Madras was a young clerk, Robert Clive, who in his fury turned soldier; and gained so much fame that, when the Black Hole tragedy occurred, he was appointed avenger; in executing which office he made himself the founder of a great empire. Several years later, Hyder Ali suddenly appeared at the gates of Madras at the head of an army, and dictated terms of peace; and shortly after occurred the entire destruction of a detachment of our army under Colonel Baillie, by Tipu Sahib, Hyder's son. In 1806, the Sepoys in the fort of Vellore, taking advantage of the ceremonies connected with the marriage of a Princess—one of the daughters of Tipu, whose family were then imprisoned in the Fort—rose in the night, and poured a murderous fire through the windows into the quarters of our European troops, of whom two Colonels, thirteen other officers, and eighty-two men fell, beside ninety-one wounded. In 1824, a regiment at Barrackpore, being ordered to Chittagong, turned the Major General off parade, and rushed to arms. Two European regiments were on the spot; some guns opened upon them at once, and seventy fell. About the year 1834, a plot was discovered in Bangalore for the murder of the whole of the European officers and their families: the leading conspirators were blown from the cannon's mouth. In 1842 occurred the greatest disaster of all—a sudden insurrection in the recently captured capital of Affghanistan. The British Envoy was treacherously murdered, thirteen thousand troops destroyed, and the small remnant of the British force driven beyond the mountains.

Important as each of these occurrences was in its time, and serious as they are when collectively viewed, it must be admitted that, in proportion to the ordinary reverses of warfare, they can not be considered as forming a dark page in history; especially when we remember that they spread over so great a length of time, and over a series of conquests and occupations seldom equaled.

In the future history of India, the crisis through which it is now passing will undoubtedly occupy a much more prominent place than any of the preceding; not because the actual loss of life has hitherto been as great as in the Affghan war, or the military reverses in the field borne any comparison with what was sustained at the hands of Hyder and others; but because that which had always been looked to as the greatest calamity that could oc-

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cur has come to pass, and the material foundation, on which our power in India seemed to rest, has been blown from under it. Besides, this outburst has been laid before the world with more details of personal suffering and domestic calamity than even wars on a grand scale usually expose to view.

Before proceeding to consider at length the mutiny, its sources, and its consequences, we will ask our readers to follow us in a cursory survey of the great country which it disturbs. We stipulate that a map be laid down before the eye. Take your stand at the southern extremity, on Cape Comorin, and look northward. You are now only eight degrees from the equator. On your right hand lies the district of Tinnivelly, inhabited by a Tamul-speaking population, British subjects, among whom exists a larger number of Protestant Christians than in any other province of India. On your left is the little state of Travancore, with a population of a million, under a native Prince, among whose subjects also are a large number of Christians, many thousands of them Protestants, many others Syrians, the language being Malayalim. Proceeding northward, you pass by the ancient and renowned city of Trichinopoly, one of the hottest, but not unhealthiest, in the world, and presently arrive at the Neilgherry Hills, rising to a height of nearly nine thousand feet, covered at the top with plants of the temperate zone, and inhabited by a large English community. This noble chain stands across a considerable breadth of the peninsula, from west to east, and then stretches two immense and widely diverging arms away towards the north: the western arm, running for hundreds of miles within a comparatively short distance of the Indian Ocean, is called the Western Ghauts; the eastern, keeping not so close to the Bay of Bengal, is called the Eastern Ghauts, which are on an average only half the height of the Western. Inclosed between these two great mountain chains lies an elevated region of table-land, some eight hundred miles long, varying from five to one hundred in breadth, with a mild climate, undulating surface, fertile soil, and vigorous population, who produce silk, sugar, coffee, and cotton, besides all the common crops of the country. On reaching this upland region, you find the Canarese language, and are in the territory of Mysore; whence the armies of Hyder and Tipu so long menaced our rising power. The city of Seringapatam is decaying on the banks of the Cauvery, wisely left to itself, instead of having its traditional importance maintained, like Delhi. This country is nominally the possession of a native Rajah, but really administered by our own Government, and contains a population of at least three and a half millions. Beyond this, still upon the table-lands, lie immense tracts of British territory, taken from the Mahrattas; then follow the dominions of the Nizam of Hydrabad, with ten millions of population, whose language is Tloogoo; they are frightfully misgoverned by their Mohammedan master; but we are pledged to keep him on the throne, and do. West of his territories lie those of Sattara, and east of them Nagpore, both Mahratta states, lately absorbed into our own, through our refusal to allow the adoption of heirs by the Kings. Along the table-lands the whole of the waters flow from west to east, forming innumerable streams, and some grand rivers, such as the Cauvery, the Krishna, and the Godavery. These, on passing from the table-land, rush down the Ghauts, and water the strip of territory lying between them and the sea, called the Payeen Ghaut, or Mountain Foot. This includes Tanjore, which, with its Rajah receiving £118,000 a year from our Government, lies by the mouths of the Cauvery. North of this comes Pondicherry, still French; then the Carnatic, with its capital, Madras, the head of an army of seventy thousand men; then the Northern Circars, a hot and rich region, through which the Krishna and Godavery, coming down from the Hydrabad and Nagpore territories, reach the sea. Beyond, Orissa, where stands Juggernaut, leads to Bengal.

At the foot of the Eastern Ghauts runs another strip of territory but not nearly so wide; for there the mountains, like the chain of Lebanon on the Phœnician coast, generally come close to the sea, sometimes right into it. On this tract lies the province of Canara, the Portuguese possession of Goa, and Bombay. This division of the peninsula, into two distinct kinds of territory, running along side by side, lowland and upland, forming a country on two levels, the one from a thousand to three thousand feet above the other, greatly enriches the otherwise profuse variety of natural products, and delightfully va-

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ries the climate. In the Mountain Foot country the sheep have hides like a calf, with no sign of wool; within a morning's walk, above the Ghauts, they have fleeces. You sleep to-night where nothing can be grown but what is tropical; you breakfast after a morning's ride where Englishmen can rear strawberries, apples, and potatoes.

At the northern limit of the table-land, you are in the Bombay Presidency, in the midst of the ancient Mahratta territory, and of the Mahratta language; and now, passing from the great plateau, on which you have been for seven or eight hundred miles, you come upon a central region of mountains, the rivers of which run in the opposite direction from those of the plateau, making, not for the Bay of Bengal, but for the Indian Ocean. In this district lie many of the native states, of which a considerable number still retain their identity, their Rajahs supporting armies of their own, and administering their governments, but acknowledging the supreme authority of the British, and unable to declare war or maintain diplomatic relations with their neighboring states. Of these the most powerful is Sindia, King of Gwalior, and of three and a half millions; whose contingent, eight thousand four hundred strong, has joined the mutineers, though he is himself reputed loyal, and promptly sent aid to Delhi. The next in point of consideration is Holkar, King of Indore, with perhaps a million subjects. He, too, is loyal; but his troops have played the traitor. He maintains a contingent of fourteen hundred men. A contingent means a number of troops whom a native Rajah is, by treaty, bound to maintain for the service of the supreme Government whenever called for, in return for an engagement on his part to protect his territories from all invaders. These states just named are Mahratta; and west of them lie those of the Rajpoots, a nobler race, not fiercer, but prouder, and on the whole the finest of the Hindu types. Round the chief states of these two divisions are dozens of little ones, as numerous as in Germany, and as insignificant.

Pursuing our northward course, as we emerge from the central mountains, and arrive within about six hundred miles of the Himalayas, all the streams begin to follow the direction of the Ganges, and eventually join that great river. The system of drainage of which it is the trunk, extends over the greatest of all the natural divisions of India, covering a length of at least twelve hundred miles, by a breadth of six hundred, called the Plain of the Ganges, and including Bengal, Behar, Orissa, Oude, Delhi, and minor countries; with a population greater than that of France, Austria, and Prussia united, speaking several distinct languages, the chief of which are the Bengalee in the east, and the Hindui in the west. Bengal Proper is as large as France, and as populous; flat, watery, steaming with heat; inexhaustibly rich; and peopled by a cowardly, cringing race, who speak the Bengalee, and never attempt soldiering. Behar, further up the plain, lies on higher ground, with a finer population; and here you leave the tropics, entering on the temperate zone. Next comes Allahabad, a district, the capital of which lies on a most sacred site, the junction of the two great rivers, the Jumna and the Ganges. Before you reach the junction is the holiest of all Hindu sacred places, Benares, to reach which a pilgrimage from any distance is cheerfully undertaken. This is the lowest point at which a massacre has occurred, and is about three hundred and seventy miles from Calcutta. Oh! had even that space been pierced by a railway!

Now we come into the thick of the disturbed districts. At the junction, about seventy miles further on, lies the *city* of Allahabad, where the treacherous 6th caressed their officers in the forenoon, and slaughtered them at dinner-time. Following the Ganges, to the right you come upon Oude, the most famous land of India in their old poems, one of its richest now; the chief source whence our Sepoys for the Bengal army were recruited, our latest annexation, and the bitter fountain of our present troubles. On its frontier, watered by the Ganges, lies Cawnpore, where the heroic Sir Hugh Wheeler fell; the victim of Nena Sahib and Leadenhall Street, which would not forward railways, of which one hundred miles more would have brought Neill and Havelock in time, on the jackals that tore up our noble countrymen. A little to the right lies the capital, Lucknow, a center of indescribable depravity, where Sir Henry Lawrence first taught the feeble folk at Calcutta how to deal with the mutiny; where he maintained the glory

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of English valor; and where he, the greatest man in India, worth ten thousand men, fell, sacrificed for want of roads to reach and support him. Turning from Oude to the left, you are in the Doab, that is, the Delta formed by the two rivers Jumna and Ganges, where Havelock has burned Bithoor, the den of Nena Sahib. Proceeding upwards, you come upon Agra, the seat of Government for the North-west Provinces, before which five hundred English troops attacked ten thousand well armed and disciplined mutineers. Ninety miles further to the north-west lies Delhi, where the splendors of the Mogul formerly dazzled eyes, accustomed only to the paler pomp of Europe; where now a new Emperor is in deadly struggle with the power which spared and protected his fathers, and liberally pensioned him.

Above the district of Delhi lies Sirhind, or Head-of-India, in which the waters begin to turn, leaving the Plain of the Ganges, on which lie all the great countries we have just traversed, and running for the Indus. The system of drainage whereof that river is the trunk, forms the last of the great natural divisions of India, the Plain of the Indus. It includes the celebrated countries of the Punjab, Cachmere, and Scinde; and between it and the central region of mountains spreads out a great sandy desert. Any one who will clearly fix in his mind the three leading physical features of India—in the south the table-land, with its two fringes of mountain-foot territory; on the north and north-east the great Plain of the Ganges, skirting the Himalayas, and bending downward to the Bay of Bengal; on the west the Plain of the Indus, with its border of sandy desert—will easily carry in his memory the outline of the country, and can insert the central mountain tract without trouble.

From the flats of Bengal, a constant progress of vigor in the population attends your advance, west and north. In Oude and its surrounding countries you are among a soldierly race, who do not, as the Hindus of the seaboard, live alone on rice, but eat a great deal of wheat. Here also is the Holy Land of the Brahmin where that caste forms not a small class of the Hindu community, as elsewhere, but an immense proportion of it. According to Lord Metcalfe, all these tribes "detest" Bengal, and have horrid ideas of all to the east of it. Yet here almost exclusively our Bengal authorities sought for Sepoys. Beyond this, through Delhi and Sirhind, you advance amid a progressively improving climate and race, till you reach the Punjab, and thence to Cachmere, where you are in the latitude not of the Indian Ocean, but of the Mediterranean. Since Oude was annexed, it may be said that no native states remain, either in the Plain of the Indus or that of the Ganges, except on the southern borders of the latter, where lie Gwalior and Budlecund, etc. The native Rajahs still reigning, great and little, number in all two hundred; and their armies are four hundred thousand men. Among those who are deposed and pensioned, and who have no armies, the King of Delhi, at present set up against us, had from the East-India Company, £150,000 a year; the Nawab of Calcutta, £160,000; of Madras, £116,000; the families of Hyder and Tipu, £63,000; the Peishwa, or hereditary head of the Mahrattas, £80,000; and smaller Princes proportionate sums, amounting in all to about £1,500,000 a year.

As to the population inhabiting Hindustan, it is only now that the English mind is beginning to open to any conception of its magnitude. The ease with which we have attained supreme dominion in India, and the smallness of the armies which sufficed for its military occupation, together with the slowness of any people to conceive of masses of mankind greater than those with which they are familiar, have combined to maintain a popular impression respecting India far below the truth. It is only of recent years that our best writers and statesmen have spoken of it as containing any thing like the amount of population now ascertained to exist; but by degrees the public estimate has been rising, and also that of careful and inquiring writers. At the time that the first number of this journal appeared, (four years ago,) the public returns had brought up the population to a hundred and fifty millions; and we then stated our belief that it was very little short of two hundred millions. The papers lately laid before Parliament make it a hundred and eighty millions; and we have no doubt that the further researches of a few years will as easily discover the additional twenty, as those of a few past ones have discovered the thirty now added. It is easy

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to write of a population of two hundred millions, but extremely difficult to bring any mind to support the weight of the fact that, when we speak of India, we are speaking of one in every six human beings on the face of the earth. Yet unless this be kept in sight, confusion of ideas is constantly arising from the notion that all Hindus are one people, with one set of characteristics; whereas they are one to us only in the same way as all Europeans are one to them. The Mahratta and the Bengalee are more distinguished, by opposite traits of character, and by language, than the Englishman and the Frenchman. The Rohilla and the Tamulian are as different from each other as Swede and Neapolitan. One man in India lives as far north as our European fellow-subjects at Malta, and another as far south as Sierra Leone; one is within eight degrees of the equator, another seven hundred miles inside the temperate zone. Nova Scotia is not further west of Ireland than is Scinde of Assam; only the way between the latter two lies not over a waste of water, but through a world of population.

It may be taken as a general rule, that on the seaboard the population answer to the prevalent idea in this country, of Hindoo feebleness and effeminacy, these characteristics reaching their highest degree in damp, hot, featureless Bengal. It is from the coast population that nearly all the specimens of Hindus who appear in England, sweeping crossings, or speckling the neighborhood of our docks, are drawn; but these differ widely from the natives of the higher lands, whether of the southern plateau, the central mountains, or the North-west Provinces. The Mahrattas of the table-land are a small, ungainly, but vigorous and enterprising race, who, before they were crushed by our arms, swept the country terribly, sparing no human interest, and rejoicing chiefly in plunder. In the central district and the hills are tribes called Bheels, Ghonds, and others, who are small, ill-favored, and savage. The Rajpoots, who inhabit the sandy desert and tracts lying immediately to the east of it, are a tall, grave, soldierly, and romantic people, capable of all the crimes and virtues of semi-barbarous highland clans, tracing the line of their Chiefs to the sun and moon, maintaining much feudal and heraldic state, and murdering their female children, when not afraid of our authorities. The tract called the Doab, that is, the district between the Jumna and the Ganges, is inhabited chiefly by the Jats, another warlike race; and to the west of this lie the Sikhs, who are men of noble physical proportions and great military capabilities.

In the romantic vale of Cachmere, the people approach again more to the feeble type of the Bengalee than the bolder races on which they border. Throughout every region of India, the Mohammedans are to be found as a distinct people, everywhere speaking the Hindustani, which is therefore the only language useful in all parts of the country. Not that every one understands it, but that in every important village some Mohammedans will be found whose domestic tongue it is. The proportion they bear to the whole population is variously estimated at from one in seven to one in fifteen, and sixty millions, or nearly twice the population of France, is not an unusual guess—for, after all, it is but a guess—as to the total number of Mohammedans in India. While they retained supremaacy in the country, the Court language was Persian, which continued to be used by our authorities until the day of Lord William Bentinck, who had the sense to replace it by English. It was as much a foreign language as our own, the language of fiercer conquerors, and more severe masters; therefore it was odious to the Hindoo, and the use of it a homage to the power of the Mohammedans.

The two greatest Mohammedan states remaining in India are Oude, which has scarcely yet disappeared, and Hydrabad, which holds together by British support alone.

It may be taken for granted that all the Mohammedans in India are incurably disaffected to the British Government. They look upon the country as the spoil of their fathers' valor, upon themselves as wronged by a hateful infidel force; and when they are not plotting towards our overthrow, it is simply because no feasible movement can then be undertaken. Their habitual state of feeling is, that they will

> "Spoil the spoiler as they may,
> And from the robber rend the prey."

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From the London Times.

# LORD BROUGHAM A WORKING MAN.

It is like old times again to have Lord Brougham addressing a Mechanics' Institute. He is on his own ground there, and is monarch of all he surveys. What he says of himself, too, is perfectly true—"I am myself, and have been all my life, a working man;" and, therefore, on that ground as well, no man has a greater right to address the operatives of Manchester. There is perhaps no man living of whom more feats of labor and triumphs over the frail *physique* of humanity are recorded than of Lord Brougham. Legends of this sort have gathered round him like a Hercules. There is a legend that he once worked six continuous days, that is, 144 hours, without sleep, that he then rushed down to his country lodgings, slept all Saturday night, all Sunday, all Sunday night, and was waked by his valet on Monday morning to resume the responsibilities of life, and commence the work of the next week. A man must, of course, have a superhuman constitution who can do, we will not say this particular feat, which is perhaps mythical, but feats of this class, and probably the greatness of our great men is quite as much a bodily affair as a mental one. Nature has presented them not only with extraordinary minds, but—what has quite as much to do with the matter—with wonderful bodies. What can a man do without a constitution—a working constitution? He is laid on the shelf from the day he is born. For him no munificent destiny reserves the Great Seal, or the Rolls, or the Chief Justiceship, or the leadership of the House of Commons, the Treasury, or the Admiralty, or the Horse Guards, the Home Office, or the Colonies. The Church may promote him, for it does not signify to the Church whether a man does his work or not, but the State will have nothing to do with the poor constitutionless wretch. He will not rise higher than a Recordership or a Poor Law Board. "But," some body will ask, "has that pale, lean man, with a face like parchment, and nothing on his bones, a constitution?" Yes, he has—he has a working constitution, and a ten times better one than you, my good friend, with your ruddy face and your strong, muscular frame. You look, indeed, the very picture of health, but you have, in reality, only a sporting constitution, not a working one. You do very well for the open air, and get on tolerably well with fine, healthy exercise, and no strain on your brain. But try close air for a week—try confinement, with heaps of confused papers and books of reference, blue-books, law-books, or dispatches to get through, and therefrom extract liquid and transparent results, and you will find yourself knocked up and fainting, when the pale lean man is—if not "as fresh as a daisy," which he never is, being of the perpetually cadaverous type—at least as unaffected as a bit of leather, and not showing the smallest sign of giving way. There are two sorts of good constitutions—good idle constitutions, and good working ones. When Nature makes a great man, she presents him with the latter gift. Not that we wish to deprive our great men of their merit. A man must make one or two experiments before he finds out his constitution. A man of spirit and mettle makes the experiment, tries himself, and runs the risk as a soldier does on the field. The battle of life and death is often fought as really in chambers or in an office as it is on the field. A soul is required to make use of the body, but a great man must have a body as well as a soul to work with. Charles Buller, Sir William Molesworth, and others, are instances of men whose bodies refused to support their souls, and were, therefore, obliged to give up the prize when they had just reached it. And how many hundreds and thousands—if one but did know them—perish in an earlier stage, before they have made any way at all, simply because, though they had splendid minds, they had very poor bodies! Let our lean, cadaverous friend, then, when the laurel surmounts his knotty parchment face, thank Heaven for his body, which, he may depend upon it, is almost as great a treasure as his soul. Nature may not have made him a handsome man, but what does that signify? She has made him a strong one.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

# SCENES, MUTINIES, AND EXECUTIONS IN INDIA.

## A FEW WORDS FROM THE KHYBER.

DEAR E.: Perhaps it would interest you and some of your readers to know how we have fared at Peshawur during the mutinies. Peshawur, as you are aware, is our extreme north-west frontier station. The celebrated Khyber, once so fatal to our arms, is distant about fifteen miles; and all around us are beautiful ranges of hills inhabited by various tribes.

About a mile and a half from cantonments is the city, containing about 100,000 inhabitants; and between the two, and so situated as entirely to command the latter, is a small fort, which was originally built by the Sikhs, and has since been improved by us; it has now twelve guns mounted for its defense. Within a circuit of twenty-five miles from Peshawur are six other small forts, situated at important points, at the foot of the nearest ranges of hills; these are garrisoned partly by an irregular native infantry regiment, divided amongst them, and partly by detachments of regiments from Peshawur. About half way between Peshawur and the Indus is the station of Nowshera; here were stationed a native mountain-train battery, one native irregular cavalry regiment, one regiment of European, and one regiment of native infantry. Now it is evident, from the position of Peshawur and from the number of native troops in it and its environs, that any mistake here would have been fatal; in fact, the loss of Peshawur would have entailed the loss of the Punjaub, and the loss of the Punjaub that of India. Had the native troops here been allowed to rise *en masse*, and taken us by surprise, they would have been joined by all the city people, and by all the hill tribes in thousands; they would have massacred every European in the place, seized the guns and treasure, and marched triumphantly southwards. At every station they would have stained their hands deeper in English blood; every magazine and treasury would have been sacked; and of course every regiment, company, and detachment of the native army, would have joined them; so that by the time they reached Delhi, they would have formed a force which would have been strong enough (denuded as the country then was of European troops) to carry every thing before them, even up to the walls of the City of Palaces. That all this did not happen is owing, under Providence, to the electric telegraph, and to the fact that the chief military and civil authorities at Peshawur were men—real men—instead of being the elderly females who unfortunately occupied those posts in some stations down the country. The men I mean are Brigadier Sydney Cotton, Colonel H. Edwards, and Colonel Nicholson — men wise in council and daring in action, with heads to plan and hands to do. No fear, no indecision, no weakness or vacillation for a moment was perceptible here; the safety of India was committed to their charge, and well did they acquit themselves of the trust. The electric telegraph was a great point in our favor, and though of course the rebels tried to destroy it as much as they could, still, to the credit of the authorities, and of the telegraph department, be it said, the communication between Delhi and Peshawur has never once been entirely cut off. On the 11th and 12th May we received our first intimation of the disturbances, by getting telegraphic accounts of the mutinies at Meerut and Delhi on the 10th and 11th respectively; and very much startled we were—quite incredulous, in fact, when the first message arrived: for though aware, from the Barrackpore proceedings, of the existence of a disaffected spirit in portions of the native army, still it had never entered into the heart of any one of us to conceive that this spirit would ever show itself in the shape of open mutiny, accompanied by actual vio-

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lence to the European officers; least of all could it be supposed possible that such an outbreak would take place at a station so full of European troops as Meerut then was. However, anticipated or not, there it was; and the only inference to be drawn by any sensible man was, *ex uno disce omnes;* that as all these regiments, some of which were generally supposed to be the best in the service, had broken out, no confidence was to be placed in any body of natives; that the whole army was tainted; and that there was no reason to suppose that the regiments at Peshawur would prove more loyal than the others. Such is the inference, I say, that any *sensible* man would draw from what had occurred, in contradistinction to that drawn by certain men to whom that epithet could not with strict justice be applied. There were two or three of this class here, chiefly colonels of native regiments, and the only conclusion they could come to was, that, though every other regiment in the service might mutiny, still their own particular corps would remain faithful and loyal to the end; that they placed implicit confidence in their men, and were ready and willing to prove it by placing themselves and their families entirely in the power of the Sepoys. While regretting the infatuation of these old gentlemen, it is impossible not to feel for them. There is no better feeling in a soldier than *esprit de corps;* and their delusion was entirely caused by this feeling. It was hard, certainly, that they should be told to look with distrust and suspicion on men with whom they had been in constant association for the last thirty years of their lives—men with whom they had marched, with whom they had fought, with whom they had conquered from one end of India to the other; it was hard to hear these men branded as traitors and mutineers; they at least would not doubt them until they actually did mutiny; through good report and through bad report their regiments were their regiments still, until, by their own overt acts, they should forfeit their title to this confidence. Such was the feeling among the old Sepoy officers, and, as I said before, they are hardly to be blamed for it. Our chiefs, however, were not of this stamp; a council of war was immediately held, and active precautionary measures resolved on. The treasure and military stores were placed in the fort under charge of an experienced officer; the European portion of the garrison was increased, and part of the natives withdrawn. In cantonments, precautions were taken against a sudden rush at the artillery park; divisions of guns were placed at points commanding the lines of the native infantry regiments; the brigadier and his staff were assembled at a central spot, from which orders could at once be issued; a place of rendezvous was appointed for the women and children in case of an alarm; certain liberties were taken with the Sepoys' letters in the post-office; and last, though not least, levies of the hill tribes were raised—a bold and hazardous experiment this! But it was eminently successful, the hill-men hating the Hindoostanee Sepoys considerably worse than they hate us; and though, in the event of a *successful* rise on the part of the Sepoys, these levies might, and most probably would, have joined them against us, still, as things have turned out, they have been very useful, and the Sepoys have a most religious dread of them. Every precaution, in fact, which could suggest itself to three intelligent and experienced officers was taken. Then day by day came in rumors and reports of station after station, regiment after regiment, having joined the rebels—of gross and culpable mismanagement on the part of men high in the service; then came news of murders treacherous and cowardly; day by day one name after another would be mentioned, and day by day had friend after friend to be deplored; and soon were heard darker whispers of darker and more loathsome deeds—of deeds that can not be described—of deeds we shudder now to think of—whispers that raging lust and hate had spared neither sex nor age in its fury—that indignities and mutilations that none but devils could conceive, and none but double devils could execute, had been perpetrated on helpless women and children; and then burst forth the cry for vengeance—then arose that thirst for blood, that actual longing for slaughter, which now fills the heart of every European in the country, from the Governor-General himself to the smallest drummer-boy. And who shall blame us?

"We are not wood—we are not stones, but men;
And being men, and hearing of such deeds,
It doth inflame us—it doth make us mad."



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The slaughter of a man is comparatively nothing; we are made for it—are paid for it, and all we have to do is to see that we take it like men when it does come; but it is too sickening to think of delicate, refined women—women we have known, have laughed with, danced with, flirted with, perhaps wept with—to think of their dying such deaths by such hands is too much. But patience! the day of reckoning is at hand!

Well, the days wore on in this way until the 21st, when it was reported that the native infantry regiment at Nowshera (twenty-five miles from Peshawur) had mutinied; and it was also discovered, by the Grahamish proceedings in the post-office, that the 22d was the day fixed on by our faithful and loyal Sepoys for the massacre of every European man, woman, and child in the station. Accordingly, on the morning of the 22d, every native regiment was ordered to parade simultaneously on its own private parade-ground; and by a judicious division of the European artillery and infantry and the hill levies, each regiment found itself confronted by a force quite sufficient to crush it in case of resistance. They were then ordered to surrender their arms. Being taken entirely by surprise, having no time to communicate with other regiments, and not relishing the close approximation of the guns to their wretched carcasses, they had no choice; so gave up their arms with a growl of baffled impotent rage. On this occasion four native infantry regiments, and one cavalry, were disarmed. There being no evidence against the 21st N. I. and 7th and 18th Irregular Cavalry, they were allowed to retain their arms; and all these have remained stanch up to the present day. That there had been a regular conspiracy to murder us all on the 22d there is, I believe, no doubt; it was fully proved by the intercepted correspondence. One fact is very significant: the Sepoys had sent away all their women and children into the city, and on the morning of the 22d the most perfect, deathlike stillness pervaded the lines of all the disaffected regiments. The arms taken from them were safely lodged in the fort. During the night, seeing that the great game was lost, that their conspiracy was detected, and themselves disarmed, distrusted, and disgraced, a number of Sepoys deserted in hopes of making their way down to Delhi, and joining the rebels congregated there. All were, however, captured, brought back, and placed in irons to await trial. The greatest praise is due to the authorities for the manner in which this disarming was carried out: the project was kept a profound secret until the very moment for action arrived; and so the Sepoys had not the least inkling of what was going to take place. The distribution of the European troops was first-rate; had there been any attempt at resistance, it must have been crushed and subdued at once: in fact, the whole proceeding affords a most pleasing contrast to similar affairs in other stations. In two stations in the Punjaub, the two officers in command, with ample means at their disposal, could not disarm a single regiment without bungling. In one case they nearly failed altogether; and in the other did fail altogether, and that not without the loss of several valuable European lives. Now, I have to relate a melancholy instance of the implicit confidence and delusion to which I have formerly alluded. The 55th Regiment, Native Infantry, was, at the commencement of the outbreak, stationed at Nowshera; but although reported by the colonel as perfectly stanch, loyal, etc., etc., it was considered expedient, about the 15th, for good and sufficient reasons, to send them to a fort called Murdan, which is situated in the Eusuffzai valley, and is about thirty-seven miles from Peshawur. Two companies were, however, left at Nowshera till the 22d, on which day there is no doubt that these two companies were in, what would be called by most unprejudiced men, a state of open mutiny. However, the colonel sent for these companies, and managed to induce them to join the rest of the regiment at Murdan, and still reported them all stanch and loyal. That very evening intelligence is brought to us at Peshawur that the 55th is in a mutinous state—that the colonel, poor fellow, had died from sheer anxiety—and that the lives of the officers with the regiment were in great jeopardy. A force under Colonel Nicholson was immediately dispatched from here, and arrived at Murdan on the following day. On hearing of its approach, the 55th broke open and plundered the regimental treasure-chest and magazine, armed themselves, and, taking as much balled ammunition as they could carry, left the fort, and

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made off towards the hills. About one hundred remained stanch, rallied round their officers, and saved their lives. The fugitives were pursued, and about two hundred killed, a hundred and twenty taken prisoners, and the rest escaped into the hills. Of the prisoners, seven, who were known to be ringleaders, were shot on the spot by sentence of a drum-head court-martial; the remainder were brought into Peshawur to await trial. It was discovered afterwards that this regiment had been in correspondence with the Archoond of Swat (the biggest blackguard in these parts) for the last *six* months; and yet, during all that time, no doubts of their loyalty were entertained by any one of their officers; and the regiment, to all outward appearance, was well-conducted and respectful in the extreme. Large rewards were offered for every Sepoy brought in from the hills, and as any one who captured them was also allowed to appropriate all he could find on the person of the mutineer, several of them were thus recovered. The remainder, after wandering about in the hills from one chief to another, (all possibility of their escaping down country across the Indus being carefully guarded against,) have lately been captured, half-starved, in Hazara, and duly executed.

And now commenced the work of retribution at Peshawur. Courts-martial were sitting all day, and after all that occurred here and down country, you may be sure that the officers composing them were in no very merciful mood. The first for trial were the Sepoys who deserted during the night after the disarming. They were let off rather easily, only one native officer and twelve non-commissioned officers and men being sentenced to death. These were accordingly hung in presence of the whole force. The remainder were sentenced to various terms of transportation and imprisonment. The next for trial were the mutineers of the 55th, who had been taken in the very act, with arms in their hands: of course no court-martial could arrive at any but one decision regarding them; they were all sentenced to be blown away from guns. A very proper sentence, and one that in my humble opinion, should have been at once confirmed and carried out. Remember these men were soldiers—had all solemnly sworn fidelity, loyalty, and obedience to their officers—and now they had been guilty of rank, open mutiny, the worst crime a soldier can commit. Guilty, too, of robbery—and of what further atrocities they would have been guilty, had they been successful, we can only judge too surely by the acts of their brethren down country. Remember, too, that there were 5000 men in Peshawur ready and willing to break out in the same way the moment they could get a chance, and to whom it was, of course, a subject of some interest to see how we were going to treat the crime of open mutiny. These men required an example—a terrible example—that would have struck fear into their souls, and effectually suppressing all ideas of committing the same crime and incurring the same penalty. One would have thought that taking these points into consideration, the just sentence passed on these men would have been carried out on all of them, without a single exception. But no—Exeter Hall ideas, and a dread of public opinion in England, were powerful even up here at the Khyber, and it was decided that two out of three of these justly forfeited lives should be spared, and that only one in three should be executed. I gladly acquit the Peshawur authorities of this grand mistake: this squeamishness in inflicting due punishment on murderous mutineers emanated from a higher authority than any here. Well, then, forty men were to be blown away. I presume, E., that this is a sight which, in your manifold experience of the world, you have never witnessed. It was an awfully imposing scene! All the troops, European and native, armed and disarmed, loyal and disaffected, were drawn up on parade, forming three sides of a square; and drawn up very carefully, you may be sure, so that any attempt on the part of the disaffected to rescue the doomed prisoners would have been easily checked. Forming the fourth side of the square, were drawn up the guns, (9-pounders,) ten in number, which were to be used for the execution. The prisoners under a strong European guard, were then marched into the square —their crimes and sentences read aloud to them, and at the head of each regiment; they were then marched around the square, and up to the guns. The first ten were picked out — their eyes were bandaged, and they were bound to the guns, their backs leaning against the muzzles, and their arms fastened to the wheels.

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The port-fires were lighted, and at a signal from the Artillery-Major, the guns were fired. It was a horrid sight that then met the eye: a regular shower of human fragments of heads, of arms, of legs, appeared in the air through the smoke, and when that cleared away, these fragments lying on the ground—fragments of Hindoos, and fragments of Mussulmans, all mixed together, were all that remained of those ten mutineers. Three times more was this scene repeated; but so great is the disgust we all feel for the atrocities committed by the rebels, that we had no room in our hearts for any feeling of pity; perfect callousness was depicted on every European's face; a look of grim satisfaction could even be seen in the countenances of the gunners serving the guns. But far different was the effect on the native portion of the spectators; their black faces grew ghastly pale as they gazed breathlessly at the awful spectacle. You must know that this is nearly the only form in which death has any terrors for a native. If he is hung, or shot by musketry, he knows that his friends or relatives will be allowed to claim his body, and will give him the funeral rites required by his religion: if a Hindoo, that his body will be burned with all due ceremonies; and if a Mussulman, that his remains will be decently interred, as directed in the Koran. But if sentenced to death in this form, he knows that his body will be blown into a thousand pieces, and that it will be altogether impossible for his relatives, however devoted to him, to be sure of picking up all the fragments of his own particular body; and the thought that perhaps a limb of some one of a different religion to himself might possibly be burned or buried with the remainder of his own body, is agony to him. But notwithstanding this, it was impossible for the mutineers' direst hater not to feel some degree of admiration for the way in which they met their deaths.

Nothing in their lives became them like the leaving of them. Of the whole forty, only two showed any signs of fear, and they were bitterly reproached by the others for so disgracing their race. They certainly died like men. After the first ten had been disposed of, the next batch, who had been looking on all the time, walked up to the guns quite calmly and unfalteringly, and allowed themselves to be blindfolded and tied up without moving a muscle, or showing the slightest signs of fear, or even concern. Whence had these men this strength? Their religion, bad as it may be and is, in all other points, at least befriends them well at the hour of death; it teaches them well that great and useful lesson, how to die. It *is* their religion that supports them, for there is no native, however low in the scale of society—however deeply sunk in vice, in debauchery, and in crime—but acknowledges and practices the form of some sort of religion. Even in the midst of his crimes he acknowledges a God, and calls on that God to sustain him at the hour of his death. We had several execution parades after this, but all on a smaller scale. At one of these, a havildar, (native sergeant,) who had been convicted of seditious correspondence with one of the hill tribes, and sentenced to be blown away, was tied up to the gun, and then offered his life if he would turn Queen's evidence, and give up the names of the other traitors in his regiment. With his back leaning against the cold muzzle of the gun which he knew was loaded for his death, and with the smell of the lighted port-fire in his nostrils, he hesitated for a short time, and was almost giving in; but no—the feeling of honor, of loyalty to his comrades, to his fellow-traitors, was stronger in him than fear of death. Faithless as he had been to us, he was faithful to them; he refused to reveal any thing, and met his doom with a firmness worthy of a better cause.

But while punishing the disloyal and faithless, we have not forgotten to reward and encourage the faithful and loyal. Promotion and honors have been bestowed on several native officers and men of the regiments I have before mentioned as having remained stanch. These rewards were of course bestowed on them publicly, in presence of all the troops; and doubly valuable and precious must these rewards have been to their fortunate recipients, from the fact that the ladies of Peshawur generally graced these rewarding parades with their presence. The ladies of Peshawur! Yes, E., we have a show of ladies here which would do credit to any town in England. Up here, at the mouth of the Khyber, we have no lack of bright eyes, red lips, and rosy cheeks, to inspire each and all of us to do his best with head, and heart, and hand, to preserve them from any suspicion of harm; and incom-

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plete indeed would be any narrative of our doings, were due meed of praise withheld from the ladies of Peshawur, for the firmness and courage they have displayed, throughout the disturbances. True daughters of the Rose, the Shamrock, and the Thistle, have they proved themselves, and higher praise than that I know not. A pleasant cheering contrast it was, to turn from the anxious careworn faces of the men, and from their incessant wearing demand for news—more news—to look at a party of the Peshawur ladies out riding on a bright summer morning, with the rising sun, not much brighter, in all his Indian glory, than their own beaming eyes, shining gladly on them—and to hear them laughing, as they canter along, as merrily and cheerily as if no such animal as a mutineer was in existence. Alas! alas! these mutinies will do us no good as far as female society is concerned. Many ladies will now be sent home by prudent husbands and fathers, never to come out again; and there will be no new importations from England for the next half-dozen years or so. Indian officers used to be rather at a premium in the matrimonial market at home—they will now be at a sad discount; and there will thus be a perceptible decrease in the number of ladies in every station in India an event much to be deplored; for softening and refining as female society is, always and everywhere, nowhere is it more required than in India to keep men up to the proper mark of true courtesy and gentlemanly feeling. God forbid that we should ever revert to the state of society prevalent out here fifty years ago!

But to return to Peshawur and the mutinies. Since the righteous distribution of rewards and punishments, we have not had much to excite us, beyond the daily telegraphic messages from the camp before Delhi; and as they almost invariably begin and end with "Nothing new—slight skirmishing," the excitement caused by them is not very intense. These public messages, in fact, always undergo a culinary process before they are published, any bad news being carefully suppressed. Private letters from the camp are much more interesting; but the supply of them does not nearly equal the demand. We indulge in vague surmises as to what is going on at Lucknow, Cawnpore, Allahabad, and hundreds of other places, all communication with which is entirely cut off. Our disarmed native regiments have been further deprived of every description of private weapon that could be found in their lines; they are kept under the strictest surveillance, and are so disposed about the station as to be entirely under the control of the European force.

A strange feature in these mutinies is, that the Punjaub, instead of being, as at first sight would appear most probable, an element of weakness, has been to us a tower of strength. It would have been the opinion of most men that a newly conquered country, whose inhabitants, once our bitterest enemies, are hardly yet thoroughly broken in to our rule, would have added considerably to our embarrassments upon such an occasion as the mutiny of the native army; and the fact that this was not the case, but that without the Punjaub we should have been in great danger of losing India altogether, speaks volumes in favor of the much-abused annexation policy, and is an undeniable proof of the administrative skill of those to whom the government of the province has been intrusted since the annexation. Yes, the two great brothers, Henry and John Lawrence, whenever assailed by the tongue of envy and detraction, may well point with pride to the attitude of the Punjaub during these disturbances—no other vindication of their policy would be necessary.

Alas! alas! even while the above lines were being penned, came, flashing up by the telegraph, tidings which not one English heart in India can hear unmoved. Sir Henry Lawrence is dead—dead of a wound received in action with the mutineers. After such a life to die by such hands—the soldier's friend to meet his death at the hands of a soldier—horrible, most horrible! You in England can not estimate all that Sir Henry Lawrence was. He was one of our own Indian heroes, one whom the whole of India delighted to honor; and not to honor only, but to love and respect and venerate also. He was the skilled governor, the gallant soldier, and above all, the great and good man combined in one. He it was who was held out as a bright example for all young politicals to imitate; his name was mentioned most often when there was talk of brave and daring deeds: he was the true Christian, the true philanthropist, the true father of the fatherless. He is dead. The

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same Providence which has permitted the slaughter of helpless women and children, has also allowed the rebels even this triumph. The gallant soldier has been called to his rest; the faithful Christian has been called to receive his reward. He is gone, but his works remain. In that noble institution, the Lawrence Asylum, he has left to posterity a true record of himself.

I said that the Punjaub had been to us an element of strength rather than weakness. To prove this, I have merely to mention that the only reïnforcements the army before Delhi has as yet received have been from the Punjaub. We have sent them down four European regiments, five or six trustworthy regiments of the Punjaub Irregular Force, a regiment of Goorkhas, and our incomparable corps of Guides, whose march of six hundred miles in twenty-two days will bear comparison with any thing of the kind recorded in history, and who have done as good service before Delhi as any of their white-faced comrades. To replace these regiments, we are raising new ones all over the Punjaub; recruits of all classes—Sikhs, Pathans, Punjaubee, Mussulmans, Affreedees, etc., are pouring in plenteously. They require less pay and make much better soldiers than the Hindoostanees, whom, moreover, they hate with a strong and bitter hatred—a most excellent quality in these times. It is hard to say in what condition India would have been at this moment if we had not been in possession of the Punjaub. My own opinion is, that the Punjaub has saved India; and that the successful holding of Peshawur has alone enabled us to retain the Punjaub. Too much praise, then, can not be lavished on those whose skill and courage have brought us safely through the crisis. They have nobly persevered in the right course, although discouraged by opposition, and weak, wavering, timid counsel, from those who ought to have been foremost in supporting and encouraging them to uphold the honor and prestige of their country. However, such counsel was disregarded, and India is now safe; and that she is so, is, I again repeat it, due, under Providence, to the courage and skill of the civil and military authorities at Peshawur.

We have just heard authentic accounts of the Cawnpore massacre—two hundred and sixteen women and children butchered in cold blood. Oh! for the day of retribution! It appears a long time coming, but come it must; and when it does come—when the rebellious city is taken, I fancy that even the most rabid Exeter Hall maniac will hardly counsel the showing any mercy to one of the accursed butchers. Every man who had a wife, a sister, or a child, has an absolute right to demand vengeance on these murderers of women and infants; and vengeance will most assuredly be taken on them. It will not be in the power of man to restrain the European soldiery when once they get inside the city; quarter will be neither asked nor given; we have no wish to embarrass ourselves with prisoners, and fire and steel must do their deadliest, for nothing but the actual extermination of the mutineers will satisfy us. Not one stone should be left on another to tell posterity that this was Delhi; but in its room should be built a new city with a new name—a city, not full of Hindoo temples, and Mohammedan mosques, but beautiful with Christian churches, chapels, and schools; a city dedicated, not to Krishnu, to Seeva, or to Mohammed, but to the God of the Christians, the only true God—the God who has delivered his people from the power of their enemies, and from the hands of those that rose up against them. Fit retribution, indeed! that the city which has been for centuries the stronghold of Islamism in India, and in which was hatched this last great conspiracy against the Christian religion, should be utterly destroyed; and that on its site should be built another city, to be the center from which victorious Christianity should radiate to every point from north to south, from east to west, from Bombay to Calcutta, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin.

Until the appearance of the blue books, which will of course contain the results of the investigations which have been going on in every district as to the real origin of the mutinies, it is not much use speculatting on the subject; but there is no doubt whatever that the conspiracy is entirely of Mussulman origin, and that the Hindoos have regularly been befooled into joining it; and to this last fact they are now beginning to open their eyes, and dimly to perceive that they have recklessly thrown away their fortunes and their lives merely to advance the cause and the religion of the Mussulmans. The Moham-

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medans have always been true to the spirit inculcated by their religion—namely, deep and bitter hatred against all unbelievers; and it now appears that, for the last fifty years, prophecies have been current amongst them, to the effect that the Christian rule in India was only destined by Allah to last for one hundred years; that it would cease and determine on 23d June, 1857, the centenary of Plassey; and that in its room the Mohammedan empire and religion would once more be established throughout the country, and the Mogul emperors sit once more on the throne of their ancestors in Delhi. These visions were quite enough to excite to mutiny the Mohammedan portion of the army, ignorant, credulous, and fanatic as they are; but to stir up the Hindoos it was necessary to invent some other fable. The Enfield rifle was just being introduced: what could be easier than to spread a report among the Hindoos that the new-fashioned cartridges were greased with cows' fat? that not only had innumerable numbers of the sacred animals to be slaughtered for the preparation of the cartridges, but that they, the high-caste Brahmins and Rajpoots, would have to put these cartridges to their mouths, and thus be actual accessories to the death of the animal sacred to Brahma? They were also told that, before the new Governor-General came out, he had pledged himself to the English Government that the whole army should be converted to Christianity before the expiration of his rule; and that when their caste had once been broken by the use of the cartridges, they would all be made Christians by force, (by what mysterious process this was to be accomplished, deponent saith not.) By such stories as these the Hindoos, more ignorant and credulous, if possible, than the Mohammedans, were induced to join in the conspiracy, altogether forgetting that, in the old days of the Mohammedan empire, all kinds of indignities had been forced on them and their religion, and that thousands, *nolentes volentes*, had been violently made Mussulmans, (that religion allowing of forcible conversions;) forgetting also that, under the English rule, their religious prejudices had never once been interfered with—that they had ever been allowed to worship their idols in their own way, without let or hindrance, and that no attempt to convert them had ever been supported by Government. The religious feelings of both sects being thus deeply excited, no reader of history can be astonished at the zeal, spirit, and vindictiveness with which they have entered into and carried out the insurrection. The atrocities, however, that they have committed, are, I believe, without a parallel in the history of the world. This is not the place to enter into any detail of them—it is bad enough to read them; to write an account of them would be impossible to me. Bad news always travels fast, and I have no doubt they will find their way into the English papers, and stir up every English heart to the same desire for vengeance which we feel out here.

The rebels have fought much better than was expected: they certainly never fought in any of our battles half so well or so stoutly as they are fighting now for themselves. This, though only natural, is still aggravating, and serves to show how little we have made ourselves acquainted with the real character of the people over whom we have ruled for the last century. They have already made some twenty-five sorties from Delhi, and, though repulsed on every occasion, still they have faced Europeans with a certain degree of pluck for which no one ever gave them credit. By the last accounts, however, they are beginning to show less and less inclination to come out, as they feel and know that the time is drawing near for us to go in; and when we do go in, they know well enough what the consequences will be. Native accounts say that the Hindoos and Mussulmans are already quarreling among themselves; that they are full of remorse for their conduct, and acknowledge the folly of ever hoping to succeed in overthrowing our Government. Too late—too late! The present generation of Sepoys is doomed; no penitence, no remorse can avail them now. It will not be possible, for a long time, to find out what the actual loss of life has been since the first outbreak; but I fear it will double that of any recent campaign. Of the extent of the mutiny it is not so difficult to form an opinion, as I believe that the 21st N. I. at this station is the only regiment of the *regular* native army that has remained stanch. There may be portions of others, but I don't think that there is another entire regiment still true to its colors. As soon as the last mutineer has been executed, and quiet has been restor-

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ed to the land, will commence the task of reörganizing the native army—a task which will demand the ablest men in India, for any mistake will most probably only eventuate in another mutiny fifty years hence. There are men in India equal to the task—let us hope that Government will have the good sense to select them: above all, save us from any Horse-Guards appointments!

While believing that the insurrection was meant as a lesson to us, I also believe that by it a great blow has been struck at the Mohammedan religion—a blow from which it will never recover in India. Tens of thousands of its most bigoted supporters will lose their lives; the king of Delhi, the head of the religion, will infallibly be hung; and the city itself, the great stronghold of the faith, will be utterly destroyed. This mutiny, I believe, will be the death-blow of Islamism; and from its ashes will spring up and flourish that only true religion which is destined to overshadow the whole earth. But why, say some, could not these ends have been brought about without such a fearful sacrifice of life? There is a remarkable passage in Kingsley's last work, "Two Years Ago," which bears upon this: "Verily, however important the mere animal lives of men may be, and ought to be, at times in our eyes, they never have been so, to judge from floods and earthquakes, pestilence and storm, in the eyes of Him who made and loves us all. It is a strange fact; better for us, instead of shutting our eyes to it, because it interferes with our modern tenderness of pain, to ask honestly what it means." True enough, but who shall answer that question? Better for us—for those of us at least who are old-fashioned enough to believe in an overruling Providence—better for us, I say, to trust humbly in that Providence, and not vainly attempt to pry into the ways and thoughts of Him who has said: "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

## THE CELESTIAL ARMY.

[The following little poem in the *London Critic*, from the pen of Mr. Read, possesses exceeding vividness of fancy, set off and balanced by simplicity of expression:]

I stood by the open casement,
And looked upon the night,
And saw the westward-going stars
Pass slowly out of sight.

Slowly the bright procession
Went down the gleaming arch,
And my soul discerned the music
Of the long triumphal march;

Till the great celestial army,
Stretching far beyond the poles,
Became the eternal symbol
Of the mighty march of souls.

Onward, forever onward,
Red Mars led down his clan;
And the Moon, like a mailéd maiden,
Was riding in the van.

And some were bright in beauty,
And some were faint and small,
But these might be in their great heights
The noblest of them all.

Downward, forever downward,
Behind earth's dusky shore,
They passed into the unknown night,
They passed and were no more.

No more! oh! say not so!
And downward is not just;
For the sight is weak and the sense is dim
That looks through heated dust.

The stars and the mailéd moon,
Though they seem to fall and die,
Still sweep with their embattled lines
An endless reach of sky.

And though the hills of Death
May hide the bright array,
The marshaled brotherhood of souls
Still keeps its onward way.

Upward, forever upward,
I see their march sublime,
And hear the glorious music
Of the conquerors of Time.

And long let me remember,
That the palest fainting one
May to diviner vision be
A bright and blazing sun.

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From Bentley's Miscellany.

# MOAT-GRANGE.

## I.

They had brought down the pheasants in plenty; never had a First of October afforded better spoil; and they had lingered long at the sport, for evening was drawing on. Mr. Dalrymple, the owner of Moat-Grange—which was a desolate Grange enough, to look at, with the remains of a moat round it, long since filled in—aimed at the last bird he meant to hit that day, and missed it. He handed his gun to his gamekeeper.

"Shall I load again, sir?"

"No. We have had enough for one day, Hardy; and it is getting late. Come along, Charles. Oscar, are you satisfied?"

"He must be greedy if he is not," broke in the hearty voice of Mr. Cleveland, a neighbor, who had joined their sport. "He ought to leave some."

"You'll come home and dine with us, Cleveland," interposed Mr. Dalrymple, as they turned towards the Grange.

"What, in this trim? Mrs. Dalrymple would say I made myself free and easy."

"Nonsense! You know we don't stand upon ceremony. James will give your boots a brush. And, if you insist on being smart, I will lend you a coat."

"As you have, before now. Thank you. Then I don't care if I do. Look out, Charles; out of the way." And, turning round, Mr. Cleveland fired his gun in the air.

"What is that for?" demanded Oscar Dalrymple, a relative of the family, who was visiting at the Grange. "You have wasted the charge."

"I never carry home a piece loaded," was the answer. "I have too many young ones to risk it; they are in all parts of the house at once, and putting their hands to every thing. Neither do I think it fair to carry it into the house of a friend."

Oscar Dalrymple drew down the corners of his mouth, rendering his cold, unpleasing face, more unpleasing. At that moment, a bird rose within range, Oscar raised his gun, fired, and brought it down. "That is how I like to waste good shot and powder," said he.

"All right, Mr. Oscar," merrily answered Mr. Cleveland. "To use it is better than to waste it, but to waste it is better than to run risks. All the accidents that happen with guns, happen from want of precaution."

"Shall I draw your charge, Mr. Charles?" asked Hardy, who had a reverence for Mr. Cleveland and all he said, having once served his father.

"Draw the charge from *my* gun!" returned Charles Dalrymple. "No. I can take care of my playthings, if others can't," he added, in a lower tone to Hardy, with all the self-surety of a young and vain man.

Presently Farmer Lee came up, winding across the stubble towards his home. They were on the farmer's grounds then, who rented under Mr. Dalrymple.

"Famous good sport to-day, hasn't it been, squire?" cried he, touching his hat to his landlord.

"Famous. Never better. Will you accept a pair, Lee?" continued Mr. Dalrymple. "We have bagged plenty."

The farmer gladly took the pheasants. He had no time to go shooting, himself, or did not choose to make it: work, with Farmer Lee, was all in all. "I shall tell my daughters you shot them on purpose, squire," said he, jestingly.

"Do," laughed Charles Dalrymple. "Tell Miss Judith I shot them for her: in return for her sewing up that rent in my coat, the other day, and making me decent to go home. Is the fence, where I fell, mended yet, farmer?"

"Mended yet!" echoed Mr. Lee. "It was up again in an hour after you left, Mr. Charles."

"Ah! I know you are the essence of order and punctuality," returned Charles. "You must let me have the cost."

"Time enough for that," said the farmer.

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"'Twasn't much. Good afternoon, gentlemen; your servant, squire."

"O—I say—Lee!" called out Charles, as the farmer was turning homewards, whilst the rest of the party pursued their way, "about the mud in that weir? Hardy says it will hurt the fish to do it now."

"That's just what I told you, Mr. Charles."

"Well, then —— But I'll come down to-morrow and talk it over with you: I can't stop now."

"As you please, sir. I shall be somewhere about."

Charles Dalrymple turned too hastily. His foot caught against something rising from the stubble, and in saving himself he nearly dropped his gun. He recovered the gun, with a jerk, but the trigger was touched, he never knew how, or with what, and the piece went off. A cry in front, a confusion, one down, and the others gathered round him, was all Charles Dalrymple saw, as through a mist. He dropped the gun, started forward, and gave vent to a cry of anguish. For it was his father who had fallen.

The most collected was Oscar Dalrymple. He always was collected: his nature was too cold ever to be put out. He held up his relative's head and shoulders, and strove to ascertain the injury. Mr. Dalrymple, though very pale, had not fainted, and he opened his eyes.

"O father!" cried Charles, with a wail of grief, as he threw himself beside him, "I did not do it purposely—I don't know how it happened."

"Purposely! no, boy," answered his father, in a kind tone. "Cheer up. I do not believe there's much harm done. Cleveland, I think the damage is in my left leg."

Mr. Dalrymple was right. The charge had entered the calf of the left leg. Oscar cut the leg of the trowser round at the knee with a penknife, and drew it off, and the boot. The blood was running freely. As a matter of course, not a soul present knew what ought to be done, whether any thing or nothing, all being profoundly ignorant of the simple principles of surgery, but they stumbled to the conclusion that tying it up might stop the blood.

"Not that handkerchief," interrupted Mr. Cleveland, as Oscar introduced a silk one for the purpose; "take mine; it is white and linen. The first thing will be to get him home."

"The first thing must be to get a doctor," said Oscar.

"Of course. But we can move him home while advice is coming."

"My house is nearer than the Grange," said Farmer Lee. "Better take him there."

"No; get me home," interposed Mr. Dalrymple.

"My house is not a stone's throw off, and the best room shall be at your service, sir. You know that."

"Yes, Lee. But—this may be a long job. I would rather be taken home."

"The squire thinks that home's home," cried the gamekeeper. "And so it is; 'specially in illness."

The difficulty was, how to get him there. But necessity, as we all know, is the true mother of invention; and by help of a mattress, procured from Farmer Lee's, with impromptu bearings to it, made of "webbing," as Miss Judith Lee called some particularly strong tape she happened to have by her, the gamekeeper, two laborers, and Mr. Lee started with their load. Oscar walked by Mr. Dalrymple's side; Charles, in a state of distraction, had flown off to the town for medical assistance; and Mr. Cleveland volunteered to go forward and prepare Mrs. Dalrymple.

Mrs. Dalrymple was in one of the old-fashioned sitting-rooms of the Grange, with her daughters. Old-fashioned as regarded its construction, and its carved oak paneling, dark as mahogany; handsome and modern as regarded its furniture and fittings up. Mrs. Dalrymple, an agreeable woman of three or four-and-forty, had risen, and was bending over the tambour-work of their visitor, Miss Lynn, telling her it was too dusk to do more then; Selina Dalrymple was trying a piece of new music, talking and laughing at the same time; and Alice Dalrymple, lame and an invalid, was on her reclining sofa, near the window.

"Here is Mr. Cleveland by himself," exclaimed Alice, seeing him pass. "I wonder where the others are."

Mrs. Dalrymple raised her head, and went, in her simple, hospitable fashion, to open the hall door. Putting it back for Mr. Cleveland's approach, she retreated, and stood just inside the oak parlor.

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"What a long day you have had!" she exclaimed, as he came in after her. "I think you must all be tired. Where are the others?"

"They are behind," replied Mr. Cleveland. He had been thinking, as he came long, that he would make light of the accident, at the first telling; quite a joke of it; so as to prepare them without alarm. "We have bagged such a quantity, Mrs. Dalrymple: and your husband has asked me to dinner; and is going to accommodate me with a coat, as well. Oh! but talking of bagging, and dinner, and coats, I hope you have plenty of hot water in the house; baths, and all the rest of it. One of us has hurt his leg, and we may want no end of hot water to wash it."

"That is Charles, I know," said Selina. "He is always getting into some scrape. Look at what he did at Lee's last week."

"No; it is not Charles, for once. Guess again."

"Is it Oscar?"

"Oscar!" interposed Alice, from her sofa. "Oscar is too cautious to get into hurt."

"Then who is it?" cried Mrs. Dalrymple, looking up. "Is it much?"

"What should you say to its being me?" said Mr. Cleveland, sitting down and stretching out one leg, as if it were stiff and he could not bend it.

"O dear!" uttered Mrs. Dalrymple, running forward with a footstool, "how did it happen? You ought not to have walked home."

"No," said he, "my leg is all right. It is Dalrymple: he has hurt his a little."

"How did he do it? Is it the knee? Did he fall?" was reiterated around.

"It is nothing," interrupted Mr. Cleveland. "But we would not let him walk home. And I came on to tell you, lest you should be alarmed at seeing him brought."

"Brought!" said Mrs. Dalrymple. "How do you mean? Who is bringing him?"

"Hardy and Farmer Lee. I suppose, left to himself, he would have been for running all the way here, and leaping the ditches over the shortest cut, so we just made him lie down on a mattress, and they are carrying it. Miss Judith supplied us."

"Has he sprained his leg?"

"No," carelessly returned Mr. Cleveland. "He has managed to get a little shot into it; but——"

"Shot!" interrupted Mrs. Dalrymple, in a frightened tone. "*Shot?*"

"It is nothing, I assure you," said Mr. Cleveland. "A very slight wound. He will be out with us in a week again."

"O Mr. Cleveland!" she faintly uttered, "you have quite upset me. Is it serious?"

"Serious! Don't you see how merry I am? The most serious part is the trowsers. Oscar, in his alarm, like you, as to seriousness, decapitated their leg at the knee. They will never be fit to wear again," added Mr. Cleveland, with a grave face.

"We will turn them over to Charles's stock," said Selina. "I am sure, what with one random action or another, half his clothes are in ribbons."

"How was it done?" inquired Alice.

"An accident," replied Mr Cleveland. "One never does know too well how such occur."

"We must send for a doctor," observed Mrs. Dalrymple, rising hastily. "However slight it may be, I shall not know how to treat it."

"Do not trouble yourself. We thought of that, and Charles is gone for Forth. I suppose his bed is ready, Mrs. Dalrymple? He should be laid there at once. Better be on the safe side."

Mrs. Dalrymple quitted the room. Mr. Cleveland also quitted it, and went to the hall-door, and stood there, looking out, his hands in the pocket of his velveteen coat. Some one came quietly up, and stood by him: it was Selina Dalrymple, trembling.

"Mr. Cleveland," she whispered, "is it not worse than you have said? I think you have been making light of it to us. Pray tell me the truth: you know I am not excitable, like Alice."

"My dear, I made light of it, in one sense, because I wished to prevent unnecessary alarm. But I assure you, I do not think there is any serious hurt."

"Was it his own gun went off?"

"No."

"Whose?"

"Charles's."

"Oh! But I might have told it," she added, her shocked tone giving place to one of anger. "Charles is guilty of carelessness every day of his life—wanton carelessness."

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"He is careless," replied Mr. Cleveland, "but he has a good heart, and is always so sorry for his faults."

"Yes. His life is made up of careless actions and repentance. How dreadful to reflect that he should have shot papa!"

"Do not speak of it in that aspect, my dear. I believe it will prove but a trifling hurt. But to see him borne here on a mattress, like a dead man, a leg of his pantaloons cut off, and his own leg bandaged up, might have frightened some of you into illness, so I came to prepare you. Selina, were I you, I would draw the curtains before the window. They will soon be here, and a little thing flurries Alice. And do not let her run out here, when they come."

Selina went in to act upon this advice: Mr. Cleveland remained at the door. Soon he heard feet coming round the house, and at the same time he saw, to his surprise, the gig of the surgeon, turning off from the road. How quick Charles had been! He could not have been to the town.

No; it proved that he had met them, Mr. Forth and Dr. Tyler, who had been to a country consultation. All three were crammed into the gig. Charles jumped out first, and began rushing about like a mad creature. Mr. Cleveland went out, and laid hands upon him.

"You will do more harm than you have already done, young sir, unless you can control yourself. Here have I been impressing your mother and sisters with the conviction that it is nothing more than a few flea-bites, and you are going to upset all I have done. Be calm before them, at any rate."

"O Mr. Cleveland! You talk of calmness! Perhaps I have killed my father."

"I hope not. But I dare say a great deal depends upon his being kept quiet and tranquil. Remember that. If you can not," added Mr. Cleveland, walking him forward a few paces, "I will just march you over to my house, and you shall stop there till all fear of danger is over."

"I will be calm," said Charles: "I promise you. Repentance," he continued bitterly, "whether controlled or not, will do *him* no good, so I had better keep it to myself. I wish I had shot my own head off first."

"There you begin again! *Will* you be quiet?"

"Yes, I will. I'll go and pace about where they can't see me, and get rid of myself that way."

He wrenched himself from the Honorable Mr. Cleveland, went to the back of the house, and began striding amongst some cabbages in the kitchen-garden. Poor Charles Dalrymple felt then as if it would be a mercy, for which he should be ever thankful, if his head were off. He was generous, affectionate, but thoughtless, and most impulsive.

As the gamekeeper was departing, after helping with his master up-stairs, he detected Charles's restless movements, and went to him.

"Ah! Mr. Charles, it's bad enough, but tearing about won't do no good. If you had but let me draw that there charge! Mr. Cleveland's ideas is sure to be right: the earl's always was, afore him."

Charles "tore" about worse than before, clearing six-and-twenty cabbages at a stride. "How did my father bear the transport home, Hardy?"

"Pretty well. A bit faintish he was."

"Hardy, I will *never* touch a gun again."

"Not till the next time, I don't suppose you will, Mr. Charles. You may touch 'em, sir, but you must be more careful of 'em."

Charles groaned.

"This is the second accident of just the same sort that I have been in," continued Hardy. "The other was at the earl's, when I was a youngster. Two redcoat blades had come down there with the young lord, him as is now the earl, for a week's sport, and one of 'em (he seemed to us keepers as if he had never handled a gun in all his born days) got the shot into the other's calf—just as it has been got this evening into the squire's. That was a worse accident, though, than this will be, I hope. He was laid up at the inn, close by where it happened, for six weeks, and then——"

"And then——did it terminate fatally?" interrupted Charles, scarcely above his breath.

"Law! no, sir. At the end of the six weeks he was on his legs, as strong as ever, and went back to Lunnon—or wherever it was he came from."

Charles Dalrymple drew a relieved breath. "I shall go in and hear what the surgeons say," said he, restlessly.

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The medical men were still with Mr. Dalrymple, and Charles entered the oak parlor. Miss Lynn was standing before the fire. No one else was there.

"Charles," she said, "I wanted to see you. Do you fear this will be very bad?"

"I don't know," was the desponding answer.

"Whose gun was it, that did the mischief?"

"Whose gun! Have you not heard?" he broke forth, in a tone of fierce self-reproach.

"No," said she, looking at him.

"MINE, of course. And if he dies, I shall have murdered him."

Miss Lynn's countenance faded to sorrow with the words, but she did not speak.

"I see what you think, Isabel," he said, in the mood to view all things in a gloomy light: "that you will be better without me than with me. Cancel our engagement, if you will. I can not say I do not deserve it."

"No, Charles, I was not thinking that," she answered, the tears, which had risen to her eyes, glistening in the glow of the fire. "I was thinking whether I could say or do any thing that would induce you to become more thoughtful—more like a rational being."

"And less like a fool. Say it out, Isabel."

"You are any thing but that, and you know it. Only you will act from impulse. You think, speak, move, without the slightest deliberation: it is all impulse."

"Impulse could hardly have been at fault here. It was a horrible accident, and I shall deplore it to the last hour of my life. But it was an accident that might have happened to any one else: to Oscar, cautious as he is."

"How was it?"

"I can not tell. I had been speaking to Lee, and was turning sharp round to catch up the others, and the gun went off. Perhaps the trigger caught my coat-sleeve. Yes, that part was pure accident, Isabel, but there is something worse connected with it."

"What do you mean?"

"Not five minutes previously, Cleveland had fired off his gun, because he would not bring it in, loaded. Hardy asked if he should draw the charge from mine, and I haughtily answered that I could take good care of it. Why did I not let him do it?" added Charles, striding the room in his vexation, as he had previously strode the cabbages. "What an idiot I was! You had better give me up, Isabel!"

She turned and glanced at him, and he came towards her and laid his hands on her shoulders and looked into her eyes by the light of the fire. "It may be to your interest," he whispered. "Some day I may be shooting you, in one of my careless moods. What do you say, Isabel?"

She said nothing. She only leaned a little forward, and Charles threw his arms round her and strained her to him, in all the fervency of a first affection. "My darling! you are too good for me."

The report of the medical men was favorable. The bleeding had been stopped, the shots extracted, and there was no appearance of danger. A little confinement, quiet, and proper treatment they hoped would set all to rights again.

No one had thought about dinner, and an hour, at least, after it ought to have been served, when Mr. Dalrymple had dropped into a calm sleep, and they were all gathered in the oak parlor, a servant came in, and said it was on the table.

"Then I will be gone," spoke Mr. Cleveland, "and wish you all a good appetite."

"Indeed you will not go without some dinner," returned Mrs. Dalrymple.

"I am in a pretty state for dinner," said he. "And I can't worry Dalrymple over coats, now. Look at me."

"O Mr. Cleveland! do you think we shall regard your dress? Is this a time to be fastidious? We have not thought of it, ourselves."

"No?" said Mr. Cleveland, looking at them. "I am sure you all look well. You are not in shooting-jackets and muddy boots."

"I am going to sit down as I am," interrupted Charles, who had not changed a thing since he came in.

Mrs. Dalrymple ended the matter by taking Mr. Cleveland's arm, and bearing him off towards the dining-room. Charles laid hold of Isabel Lynn, and the rest followed. Oscar was the only one who had dressed. In all emergencies he retained propriety and cool self-possession, even to the putting on of a coat.

It was a lively dinner-table, made so by the efforts of Mr. Cleveland: in fact, that was why he had remained. He had great

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faith in cheerful looks round a sick-bed; and did not want desponding ones shown to his friend Dalrymple.

## II.

The seventh day after the accident was a day of rejoicing, for Mr. Dalrymple was so far recovered as to be up for some hours. A sofa was drawn before the fire, and he lay on it. The symptoms had all along been favorable, and he now merrily told them that if any body had written to order him a cork leg, he thought it might be countermanded. They all made merry with him, paying him visits by turns. Alice and Miss Lynn had been in togegether: when they were leaving, he beckoned the latter back, but Alice did not notice, and went limping from the room.

"Do you want me to do any thing for you?" asked Isabel, returning and bending over the sofa.

"Yes," said Mr. Dalrymple, taking possession of both her hands, and looking up with an arch smile, "I want you to tell me what the secret is between you and that spooney, Charles."

"Isabel Lynn's eyes dropped, and her face grew scarlet. She was unable to speak.

"*Won't* you tell me?" repeated Mr. Dalrymple.

"Has he been——saying any thing to you, sir?" she faltered.

"Not he. Not a word. Somebody else told me they saw he and Miss Lynn had a secret between them, which might possibly bear results some day."

She burst into tears, got one of her hands free, and held it before her face.

"Nay, my dear," he kindly said, "I did not wish to make you uncomfortable. I only meant to joke; and just to say one thing, Isabel—that if you and Charlie should be talking secrets to each other, I and his mother will not say nay to it. Dry up your tears, child; it is a laughing matter, not a crying one. I invite you and Charles to drink tea with me this evening. There."

Isabel escaped, half smiles, half tears. And she and Charles had tea with Mr. Dalrymple that evening. He took it early since his illness; six o'clock. Isabel made the tea, and Charles waited on his father, who was then in bed. When the tea was cleared away, Isabel went with it, and Charles sat by the bedside alone.

"This might have been an unlucky shot, Charles," Mr. Dalrymple suddenly observed.

"O father! do not talk about it. I am so thankful!"

"But I am going to talk about it—to tell you why it would have been so unlucky, had it turned out differently. This accident has made me remember the uncertainty of life, if I never remembered it before. Put the candles off the table, Charles: I don't like them right in my eyes. And just get the lotion before you sit down."

Charles Dalrymple rose, did what was required, and resumed his seat.

"When I married, Charles, I was only the second brother, and no settlement was made on your mother. I had a post in London, as I believe you have heard, which brought me in six hundred a year, and we married on that, to rub on as we best could. And I dare say we should have rubbed on very well," added Mr. Dalrymple, in a sort of parenthesis, "for our desires were simple, and we were not likely to go beyond our income. However, when you were about two years old, Moat-Grange fell to me, through the death of my brother."

"He was my godfather, was he not?" interrupted Charles.

"Yes. He ——"

"What was the cause of his death? He must have been a young man."

"Eight-and-twenty only. It was young. I gave up my post in London, and we came to Moat-Grange——"

"But what did my uncle Charles die of?" asked Charles again.

"Never mind what. It was an unhappy death, and we do not care to speak of it. Moat-Grange is worth about £2000 a year; and, in one respect, we have done wrong since we came to it; we have put nothing by."

"Why should you have put by?" interrupted Charles.

"There. There is an exemplification of your random way of speaking and thinking. Moat-Grange is entailed upon you, every shilling of it."

"Well?" said Charles. "It will be enough for me."

"I hope it will. But it would have been any thing but 'well' had I died; for in that case, your mother and sisters would have been beggars."

"O father!"

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"Yes. You would have had £2000 a year, and they nothing. Let me go on. Charles Dalrymple left many debts behind him, some of them cruel ones: we will not enter into that. I (in a chivalrous feeling, perhaps, but which I and your mother have never repented of) took those debts upon me, to pay off by degrees. And I paid them."

"Gothicly chivalrous, that was," thought Charles to himself.

"And the estate had also to be kept up, for I would not have it said that Moat-Grange suffered by its change of owners, and your mother thought with me; so that, altogether, we had a struggle for it, and were positively less at our ease for ready money here, than we had been in our little household in London. In about twelve years, I think it was, the debts were cleared off, and we had breathing time. Then we began to think about saving: but I am sorry to say it was only thought of; not done. The cost of educating you children had increased as you grew older: Alice's illness came on about that period, and was a great and continued expense: and, what with one thing or other, we never did, or have, put by. Your expenses at college were enormous."

"Were they?" returned Charles, somewhat indifferently.

"Were they!" echoed Mr. Dalrymple, almost in a sharp tone. "Do you forget that you also ran into debt, like your uncle Charles?"

"Not much, was it, sir?" cried Charles, deprecatingly, who remembered very little of the matter, beyond the fact, that "the bills" had gone in to Moat-Grange.

"Pretty well," returned Mr. Dalrymple, with a cough. "The sum total averaged between six and seven hundred a year, for every year that you were there."

"Surely not!" uttered Charles, startled to contrition.

"It seems to have made but little impression on you; you knew it at the time. But I am not recalling this, to cast reproach to you now, Charles. You promised then that you would not get into debt again, and I believe you have kept your word."

"I have," he readily spoke up, the fearless look of truth on his countenance. "I have not exceeded the income you allow me."

"My boy, I believe you. And I only wanted to explain how it is that we have been unable to put by. Not a day after I am well, will I delay beginning it. We will curtail our expenses, even in things hitherto considered necessary, no matter what the neighborhood may think; and I shall probably insure my life. Your mother and I were talking this over all day yesterday."

"I can do with less than you allow me, father; I will make the half of it do," said Charles, in one of his fits of impulse.

"We shall see that," said Mr. Dalrymple, with another cough. "But you do not know the trouble this has been to me since the accident, Charles. I have lain here, and dwelt incessantly upon the helpless condition of your mother and sisters—should I be called away."

"My dear father—though grateful I am that the fear has passed—you might have set your mind at rest. Do you suppose that I should ever have thought of disturbing my mother and sisters in their possession of their home? No: it should have been theirs just as much as it is now."

"Ah! Charles,—those generous resolves are easier formed than kept. You will soon be wanting a home of your own. A wife, too, eh, Charles?"

"Time enough for that, sir," returned Charles, with a very conscious look.

"If you could only think so. But you are three-and-twenty, and I was married at your age."

Charles Dalrymple fidgeted on his chair—as if he would say something, but did not know how. Mr. Dalrymple relieved him.

"You have got your thoughts turned to Isabel Lynn: have you not?"

"Should you object to her, sir?" asked Charles, in hesitation.

"Quite the contrary. I like her much; and I believe your mother does. I have told Isabel so."

"Have you?" said Charles, opening his eyes.

"I told her so this afternoon. There is one thing against it, Charles."

"What is that?" asked he, in alarm.

"That she is too good for you."

Charles laughed. "I told her that myself, and asked her to give me up. It was the night the accident happened, when I was so truly miserable."

"And I suppose she would not listen to the advice?"

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"Not exactly."

"Well, Charles, you could scarcely have chosen better, and might have chosen very much worse. So you shall have our good-will. Isabel has money, and——"

"I am sure I have not thought whether she has or not," interrupted Charles, quite indignantly. "I don't care about that part of the affair."

"Of course not," said Mr. Dalrymple, in a tone his son very much disliked, for he knew it betrayed no veneration for his own wisdom—"I should be surprised if you did. Common-place ways and means, pounds, shillings, and pence, are beneath the exalted consideration of Mr. Charles Dalrymple. I should not wonder but you would set up to live upon air to-morrow, if you had nothing else to set up upon."

"Well, father, you know what I meant—that I am not mercenary."

"I should not wish you to be. Neither was I, when I spoke of Isabel's having money, nor has her possessing it influenced us, in approving of her. We like her for herself: but you will both, no doubt, find her fortune useful. There must be an additional allowance to you, instead of the subtraction you spoke of just now. Well—we must manage it. I would ten thousand times over rather you married, than ran wild and fell into folly, as did poor Charles Dalrymple. Have you talked of when it is to be, Charles?"

"O sir!—not this year."

"This year will soon be out. Next, I suppose?"

"I suppose so."

"And this brings us round to our argument. Do you not see—were I gone, and you married—that the Grange would be your home? And that your mother and sisters would be thrust out upon the world?"

"Never, father. If—if Isabel were here, would there not be room for all?"

"No, Charles," answered Mr. Dalrymple, gravely, "there would not be room. Isabel would wish and require to be mistress in her own house. And your mother could scarcely remain in this house, if it owned another mistress."

"They—they could both act as mistress," said Charles, dubiously.

Mr. Dalrymple shook his head. "Two mistresses never answered yet," he said. "And there is another thing, Charles, that I have never found answer: a wife and mother-in-law living together; especially in the house where the latter has ruled as mistress. It would not do in this."

"Well, sir, let us be thankful that there will be no cause to try it."

"Ay, Charles, I am thankful—and for my own sake—that my life is yet spared to me. But the future of your mother and sisters has been as a thorn in my side, now that I have been brought face to face with death."

"Hear me, father!" exclaimed Charles, rising, "had the worst happened, they should have been my first care: I declare it to you. First and foremost, even before Isabel."

"Are you going down, Charles? Bring a light here first. My leg is very uneasy."

"Does it pain you?" inquired Charles, who had noticed that his father was restless. "How tight the bandage is! But the leg appears swollen."

"The effect of the bandage being tight," remarked Mr. Dalrymple. "Loosen it, and put plenty of lotion on."

"It feels very hot," were Charles's last words.

They were sitting round the fire just before bedtime, Selina, Alice, Miss Lynn, Charles, and Oscar. So certain were they of the good result of the accident, that they had got to speak lightly of it—not of the accident, none would have been capable of that, but of the circumstances attending it. They had just been recommending Charles never in future to touch any weapon stronger than a popgun.

"I don't mean to," said Charles.

"What a long closeting you had with papa to-night, after Isabel came down," remarked Selina. "What was the conference about, Charles? Was he reading you a lecture how to carry loaded guns?"

"Not that," broke in Oscar. "He was charging him how to reign at Moat-Grange, when he comes into it—as he was so near doing lately."

Charles glanced up quickly, almost believing Oscar must have been hid in the bed-chamber wall. "You have nearly hit it, Oscar," said he. "Moat-Grange was the chief subject of our conversation."

"Only to think of it!" uttered Alice—"that we have been so close to losing the Grange. For if dear papa had died, it would be Charlie's."

"Ay, all Charlie's; and you no longer

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would have had any right here, even Mrs. Dalrymple," cried Oscar, in a musing tone, as if speaking for his own benefit. "I dare say that has worried Mr. Dalrymple."

"I know it has," spoke up Charles, in his hasty way: "that was what he was telling me. But there was no occasion for it."

"No, thank Heaven! as things have turned out," exclaimed Selina.

"Nor if they had turned out differently," added Charles. "My father might have made himself easy on that score."

"Should you have sent us adrift, Charles?" asked Alice.

"To be sure I should, in double-quick time," answered Charles, advancing behind Alice and tilting her chair back to kiss her, and keeping her in that position. "Sharp the word, and quick the motion, it would have been with me then. I should have paid a premium with you both, and shipped you off by some emigrant ship, that you might never trouble me and the Grange again."

"And mamma, Charlie?"

"Oh! mamma——I *might*, perhaps, have allowed her to stop," returned Charles, with a mock serious face. "On condition that she would have acted as my housekeeper."

They all laughed: they were secure in the love of Charles: in the midst of which, Charles felt somebody touch his shoulder. It was Mrs. Dalrymple.

"Dearest mamma," said he, letting Alice and her chair go forward to their natural position, and stepping backwards, laughing still. "Did you hear what we were saying?"

"Yes, Charles," she sighed, "I heard i t. Have you a mind for a ride to-night?"

"A ride!" exclaimed Charles. "To find the emigrant ship?"

"I have told James to get the gig ready. He can go, if you do not, but I t hought you might be the quicker driver. It is to bring Mr. Forth. Some change has taken place in your father's leg. It is worse."

All their mirth was forgotten instantly. They sat speechless.

"He complained, just now, of the bandage being too tight, and said Charles had pretended to loosen it, but must have only fancied that he did so. I looked at it, and it is so much inflamed and swollen, and he can not bear the pain. "I fear," she added, sitting down on a chair and bursting into tears, "that we have reckoned on his recovery too soon—that it is far off yet."

Charles flew to the coach-house, and helped to harness in the horse, not that he apprehended danger. He soon brought back Mr. Forth.

Mrs. Dalrymple, Charles, and Oscar went with Mr. Forth to the chamber. He uncovered the leg, took off the bandage and linen, and held the wax-light close. He gave but one look, and then glanced up with a too expressive face. *Erysipelas had set in.*

Nobody understood, or was alarmed. Mrs. Dalrymple asked the cause of the change, the sudden heat and pain.

"It is a change—that—does—sometimes come on," drawled Mr. Forth, who of course, as a medical man, would have protested against danger, had he known his patient was going to drop off the next moment but one.

"That redness about it," said Mr. Dalrymple, "that's new."

"A touch of erysipelas," remarked the surgeon.

But all were hopeful at the Grange. Even though Mr. Forth came repeatedly, not only the succeeding day, but the next, and the next, and always brought the physician with him. They were naturally anxious, but they had been imbued with the notion that the danger was over, and none of them looked to the worst side.

One day the medical men were driving out of the stable-yard—they generally came and went that way, for it was more convenient to the high road than the front entrance—when they met Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Forth pulled up, and Mr. Cleveland leaned on the gig while he talked to them, one hand on the wing, the other on the dash-board.

"How is he this morning?"

"We were speaking of you, sir," cried Mr. Forth; "saying that you, as Mr. Dalrymple's chief friend, would be the best to break the news at the Grange. There is no hope."

"No hope of his life?"

"None. A day or two must terminate it."



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Mr. Cleveland was inexpressibly shocked. He could not at first speak. "This is very sudden, gentlemen."

"Not particularly so. You knew that erysipelas had come on."

"Yes, I knew that," answered Mr. Cleveland.

"There has been little hope since. And what there was, has gone now. We have done all in our power, but it has mastered us. Will you break it to Mr. Dalrymple?"

"Yes," he answered, quitting them. "It is a hard task; but somebody must do it."

He went straight to Mr. Dalrymple's bed-room, and remained with him some time. Charles, who had been dispatched to the town on a matter of business, did not get home till evening. He also went there. His mother left the chamber as he went in. She had her handkerchief to her face: Charles supposed she was afraid of the draught. He approached the bed.

"How are you by this time, sir?"

Mr. Dalrymple, who was looking flushed and restless, laid hold of Charles's hand and held it between both of his. "Have they told you the news, my boy?" he whispered.

"No," answered Charles, whose thoughts did not point to the true meaning of the words. "Is there any?"

Mr. Dalrymple gazed up at him, a yearning gaze. And an uneasy sensation stole over his son.

"I am going to leave you, Charles."

Charles sank down by the side of the bed. It was as if a thunderbolt had struck him: and one that was to leave its trace throughout his life. "Father! it can not be!"

"In a day or two, Charles. That is all they allow me now of life."

He cried out, with a loud, wailing cry, and let his head drop on the counterpane beside his father.

"You must not take it too much to heart, my son. Remember: that is one of my dying injunctions."

"I wish I could die for you, father!" he passionately uttered. "I shall never forgive myself."

"I forgive you heartily and freely, Charles. Let that suffice. It was a lamentable accident, but it must have been permitted for some wise end. I forgive and bless you. I could die in peace, but for the thought of your mother and sisters. I can but leave them to you: will you cherish and provide for them?"

He lifted up his head, speaking eagerly. "I will, I will. They shall be my only care. Father! I will never marry. Here I swear——"

"Be silent, Charles!" interrupted Mr. Dalrymple, his voice raised to hoarseness. "How dare you? *Never take a rash oath.*"

"I mean to perform it, father."

"Hush! Act always according to the best of your abilities and conscience, but never bind yourself to what you may prove unable to perform. Future affairs, which may look to us dark and perplexing, sometimes clear up wonderfully in the working. Perhaps you may be able to provide for them without marring your own prospects. A way may be found."

"Yes, yes," sighed Charles; "be at ease respecting them; they shall be my care, as I told you, even before Isabel. But oh! to lose you thus! My father! say once more that you do forgive me!"

"From my very heart and soul. Do not grieve, Charles. Take counsel of your mother in all things, when I am gone. Bless you, my boy, bless you!"

"If Mr. Charles had but let me draw that there charge from his gun," bewailed the gamekeeper aloud, as mourners, friends, tenants, and servants were falling into order, after laying Mr. Dalrymple in his grave, "the squire would have been here now."

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From the British Quarterly.

# TREATMENT OF THE INSANE WITHOUT MECHANICAL RESTRAINTS.*

For many years Dr. Conolly was resident physician at the Hanwell Asylum. Having had ample opportunities for testing the efficacy of the new system of treatment—that of mildness as contrasted with the bad old rule and simple plan of controlling patients by physical force—he has thought it expedient to place the results before the public. He is entitled to many thanks for this resolution. Much as people may differ respecting the propriety of abolishing mechanical coërcion altogether, it must be admitted that the gentle system here described has been practiced with remarkable success. It was a terrible thing to be a lunatic, some half, or even quarter of a century ago; and if our own age should feel at all disposed to err on the side of benevolence in its management of maniacs, it will be a very natural reäction against the barbarities of previous times. In the opening portion of the work Dr. Conolly depicts the last days of the old lunatic *regime*. And an awful picture it certainly is! The bare thought of such a doom must have been enough to make nervous people mad. In France the insane were thrust into narrow cells, perhaps dark underground holes with dripping walls where there was neither chair nor bench, but a bed of rotten straw; and there, loaded with chains, the helpless creatures were placed under the guardianship of malefactors, or left alone to ward off the rats which frequently attacked and sometimes destroyed them. In Germany, physicians seemed to think that patients might be frightened *into* their senses, and with this view proposed methods which would probably have driven a sane sufferer quite out of them, for it was thought desirable, when a person arrived at an asylum, that he should be pulled with a horrible clatter across a metal bridge, spanning a moat, then swung up to the top of a tower, and immediately lowered into a dismal cavern, where, if he should find himself amongst a number of serpents and other reptiles, a salutary impression might possibly be made on his mind! In some continental asylums, the poor maniac was compelled to walk across a false floor, which gave way and plunged him into a "bath of surprise;" and in others he was fastened in a well or cistern, where the water gradually rose; these medical Claverhouses supposing that the prospect of death was good for his complaint.

In this country, too, we have been cruelly ingenious in our recipes for madness. The circulating swing attributed to Dr. Darwin, was a chair or couch, capable of being set in rapid rotation. The victim was bound to the apparatus, and made to revolve at a prescribed rate, sometimes amounting to a hundred gyrations in a minute. The effects were such that the bare mention of this clever piece of barbarity sufficed to scare the sufferer completely. The more ordinary means of constraint were vicious enough without these scientific sorts of torture. Chains, handcuffs, belts of iron, leather muffs, strait waistcoats, coercive chairs, whips to scourge the patients, sometimes dogs to frighten them, with many other expedients, have been freely employed, as if the object were to extinguish the last remnants of sanity in minds already prostrated by disease.

The new system described by the author in the second part of his work, dispenses with all these terrifying adjuncts. Its purpose is remedial. The patient is soothed, if possible. In cases of continued violence he is secluded in a padded apartment, the sides and floor of which are cased with cocoa-nut fiber, inclosed in "ticken," so that he can inflict no injury upon himself. Careful attention is paid to diet, clothing, cleanliness, and health. Means of recreation are provided. Evening parties are sometimes held, and lunatic *soirées* take place which would do no

* *The Treatment of the Insane without Mechanical Restraints.* By John Conolly, M.D. Pp 380. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

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discredit to the more rational world without. Picnics, too, have been got up in certain cases. "An entertainment room now constitutes a part of almost every asylum lately erected in England." The working of the new system is illustrated in Dr. Conolly's volume by extracts from his reports as physician to the Hanwell Asylum. Its influence in the other establishments, where it has been adopted, is shown to have been similarly beneficial. The author discusses the arguments urged by the advocates of the ancient plan, and meets them in a spirited way. The book is well written: it contains much material of interest for the philosopher as well as for the social reformer; and we may fairly say that it is one of the worthiest contributions to the cause of humanity which has lately issued from the press. Dr. Conolly could not select a better epitaph for himself—we hope it will be long before he requires one—than the following sentence from his book: "More tears began to be shed by the female patients on leaving the Asylum than on entering it."

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From the Eclectic Review.

## THE STOMACH AND ITS DIFFICULTIES.*.

THERE is a liberal amount of pleasant gossip in this little book, calculated in itself to promote good digestion. The style is that of a genial old gentleman chatting with his patient, and saying hard things in a soft manner. Like all the old pupils of Abernethy, the author is proud of his "dear master," repeats a few of his pet sayings, and, in imitation, says several very pertinent things himself about the management of "the kitchen" of the house we live in, that is, the stomach. As an ornamental passage, we quote an anecdote: Abernethy "was sent for to an innkeeper, who had had a quarrel with his wife, and who had scored his face with her nails, so that the poor man was bleeding and much disfigured. Mr. Abernethy admonished the offender: 'Are you not ashamed of yourself to treat your husband thus? The husband, who is the head of all—*your* head, in fact, madam.' 'Well, doctor,' fiercely retorted the virago, 'and may I not scratch my own head?' The friendly adviser confessed himself beaten for once." There is much that is old and useful, and something new and instructive, in "The Stomach and its Difficulties." Sir James rides a safe hobby, though he does make a little too much of his supposed discovery of the virtues of oxide of silver in certain painful affections. We know from evidence before our eyes that Paracelsus and his followers employed the same remedy, and vaunted their success with like confidence. The remarks on eating and drinking are pointed. "*Eating in excess* is the vice of the present day, and so well managed, that even religious persons will not see its sinfulness—*sinful*, as wasting so much more food than the body requires, and which so many absolutely need; and *unwise*, regarding it in the lowest point of view, as lessening enjoyment. These sensualists dig their graves with their teeth." "Though more disorders arise from eating than from drinking, still they do not destroy so quickly as those which arise from daily tippling up to the *verge* of intoxication, a point which habitual indulgence renders it most difficult to avoid." "I never knew an instance of a woman leaving off drunken habits. What a warning!" One word more: "I am decidedly of opinion that smoking *is a fertile source of ruin to the stomach.*" Our readers shall judge of the value of the doctor's evidence concerning homeopathy: "A lady, who was very ill, on being asked why she did not seek relief from homeopathy, wisely replied: 'That she could not wait.'" "It is an overwhelming fact, that of all the physicians of this great metropolis, men second to none in the world for judgment and honesty—men quite independent of their profession in their worldly circumstances—not one medical man of note has yet thought fit to adopt homeopathy." Moderation, and freedom from anxiety, and, in short, a well-regulated, useful life, are most preservative of the stomach; and should any difficulty therein arise, why, then—oxide of silver, and wisdom enough to seek the golden advice of Sir James, or some one equally skillful, if to be found!

* By Sir James Eyre, M.D. London: Churchill.

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From the British Quarterly.

# TRAVELS AND DISCOVERIES IN NORTH AND CENTRAL AFRICA.*

TIME was—nor was it a very remote time—when our maps of the world were divided between spaces duly filled with mountains and rivers, town and cities, and those even wider spaces inscribed *terra incognita*, where the geographer

"Placed elephants for want of towns,"

or some nondescript creature supposed to be sole inhabitant of the mysterious region. But little of *terra incognita* now remains, for within the last eighty years modern discovery has crowded our maps with new-found countries and kingdoms, has studded the southern hemisphere—so long a vast blank—with clustering island groups, and has even spread out a fifth continent. A far flight must the imagination nowadays dare to find those golden kingdoms in the midst of inaccessible deserts, those sunny isles, girded round by chafing seas, which our forefathers delighted to dream of, when they set forth to visit "the still vexed Bermoothes," or tracked the wilds of South-America to discover El Dorado. And yet, on one large portion of our maps, even in this latter half of the nineteenth century, *terra incognita* is still inscribed; and strange indeed, not upon a region of the New World, but upon the Old—upon that quarter of the globe which boasted a mighty empire and populous cities almost ere the deluge had become a tradition—Africa! Strange does it seem that while its Niger is referred to by Herodotus, two thousand two hundred years should have passed away and the entire course of that river still remain undetermined; that while flourishing cities arose on the northern coast—commercial cities, too—no adventurous trader should have penetrated to Central Africa; that even Rome, with her boasted world-wide dominion, should never have sought to cross that belt of scorching sand which has hitherto divided it from the rest of the world.

And our wonder increases when we remember how, during the middle ages, travelers set forth, undeterred by perils, amidst the vast steppes of Tartary, or even by the deadly mists and demon voices of the fearful "desert of Lop," like Marco Polo, to visit the great Khan, or like Mandeville to penetrate to utmost China, while Africa, Central Africa, from whence, in the belief of mediæval Europe, their purest red gold, their choicest spices were brought, still remained unvisited. True, it was believed to be the abode of fearful monsters—but then fable told the same tale of all other unknown regions—while there were myths of ancientest days that strangely pointed to it as a beautiful far-off land. There "the blameless Ethiopians" had their abode, and there were

"the gardens fair,
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
Who sing about the golden tree."

But no adventurous traveler ever set forth to discover them, and Central Africa still stretches out on our maps a vast *terra incognita*, on which the inscription of the ancient Isis may be written: "No man hath ever lifted my vail."

At length the time arrived when the attention of Europe was to be directed toward this important, but strangely neglected region, and the tide of modern discovery may be considered to have commenced with Bruce, who in 1769 set out to discover the source of the Nile, and on his return, though not until some years after, gave to the world that narrative of his travels in Abyssinia so long believed to be apocryphal. Towards the close of the century, Mungo Park landed on the western coast, and making his way eastward, determined the eastward course of the Niger; but still, as Dr. Baikie truly remarked in his paper on "African Discovery," read last year at the meeting of the British Association, "Let a map, con-

* *Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa:* being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the auspices of H. B. M.'s Government in the years 1849–1855. By HENRY BARTH, Ph. D., D.C.L. In 5 Volumes. Vols I., II., III. Longmans. 1857.

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structed about the commencement of the present century, be examined, and attention will be at once arrested by the immense tracts of country marked unexplored. The famous city of Timbuktu was known merely by name—the marshy lake Tsád was then a myth—the mighty Niger, or Kwára, historical even since the days of Herodotus, was inserted without beginning and without termination, save when some bold chartographer connected it with the Gambia, or led it to the Nile or the Congo. Even the numerous streams which enter the Bights of Benin and Biafra, were unknown save as breaks in the coast line, which were never visited but by slavers or pirates." Soon after the commencement of the present century, however, a strong spirit of inquiry was awakened, not improbably, we think, in consequence of the bitter contest waged by the opponents and advocates of the slave-trade, inquiry being naturally enough pointed towards those regions where it had its origin, and from whence its supply was derived. Certain is it that from that time we can trace an almost unbroken succession of discoverers. Burckhardt, in 1813, led the way, taking the eastern road; Ritchie and Lyon next, in 1818, took the direct southern course from Tripoli; but by far the most important discoveries were made by Denham and Clapperton, who followed in 1821, and who visited many unknown districts, rediscovered Bornu, and reached the shores of the Lake Tsád. In 1825, the unfortunate Major Laing first reached Timbuktu, that mysterious city about which as many marvels had been told as centuries before were related of Kambalu, or Prester John's kingdom. In 1828, M. Caillie followed in the same track, and gave, in his narrative on his return, the first authentic account of that strange and wondrous city. In 1830, the brothers Richard and John Lander began their adventurous journey, and having made their way from Badágaz on the coast, to the town of Yäiri, descended the Niger in a canoe, and, by discovering its embouchure, "settled a controversy which had commenced before the Christian era." From thenceforth attention was directed almost exclusively to this quarter; for to the merchant it seemed to offer a boundless field of enterprise, and to the manufacturer an almost unlimited mart for his produce.

The first expedition to the Niger was that of Macgregor Laird, Captain Allen, and Mr. Oldfield, who quitted Liverpool in 1832 with their crew of "picked men." Most unfortunate to those engaged in it was this expedition, for within a few short months, out of forty-nine young and hardy men, only Mr. Laird and three others remained alive. Still the expedition had not been wholly fruitless. Some hundreds of miles along the banks of the Kwára had been surveyed, and ample proof was obtained of the astonishing fertility of the country, its great capabilities of cultivation, and the favorable character of the people, who though uncivilized, were remarkably quick and intelligent, and comparatively gentle and peaceful in their habits. This expedition was followed by the one undertaken by the Government in 1841, but which was also attended by severe mortality, although considerably less than in the former case. The last expedition sent—that in 1854—it is gratifying to find, was perfectly successful. Although full four months in the river, not a single death occurred, and very little sickness, while "nearly seven hundred miles of river were explored, a chart compiled, the capabilities of the surrounding country examined, and friendly relations established with the various tribes." Meanwhile, in 1845, the late Mr. Richardson made another attempt to penetrate into Central Africa, by the old route across the Desert, and the result was narrated in his interesting "Travels in the Great Desert of Sahara." On his return to England in 1847 he made proposals to Government for an expedition on a larger scale, which, through the introduction of legitimate commerce, should strike a death-blow at the slave-trade; and at the close of 1848 he again set out, accompanied by Dr. Barth and Mr. Overweg. The latest details of African discovery in this quarter, are of a very melancholy character. Mr. Richardson died in Bórnu in 1851, Mr. Overweg followed a year and half after, and Dr. Vogel, the latest of our travelers, sent out in 1854, was, as we have just received intelligence, murdered at Wara, the capital of Wadai, having been beheaded by order of the Sultan. Dr. Barth is now the sole survivor, and to his very important work we shall shortly direct the reader's attention.

While so much was doing in Northern Africa, discovery was also extending in the South. Our earlier missionaries, es-

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pecially Moffat, did much to awaken attention toward the tribes of South-Africa, and the general character of the country; while Mr. Gordon Cumming, from 1843 to 1848, exercised his love of adventure among lions and elephants, and "such (large) deer," greatly extended our knowledge of the south-eastern regions. Mr. Galton and Mr. Andersson, pursuing a more westerly direction, have given us an interesting account of Lake Ngami and the surrounding district. But Dr. Livingstone, to whom the original discovery of Lake Ngami is due, has penetrated in his unrivaled journey far beyond the expectation of the most sanguine discoverer, and has traversed the whole continent from east to west. We hoped to have received Dr. Livingstone's work ere now, and we might then have devoted this article to the *two* great African discoverers, each of whom has approached within nine degrees of the equator, and each of whom has added so largely to our information concerning Central Africa. Before our next issue Dr. Livingstone's publication will be in every one's hands — our business now is with Dr. Barth.

The qualifications of the traveler for his task are very modestly stated in his preface, and bespeak our favorable anticipations as to the work before us. Devoted to traveling, and well acquainted with Eastern languages, Dr. Barth had already wandered round the Mediterranean, and in the course of his long journey had traveled through Barbary, spending nearly his whole time with the Arabs, and familiarizing himself "with that state of society where the camel is man's daily companion, and the culture of the date tree his chief occupation." During this time he traveled all round the Great Syrtis, and passing through Cyrenäica, traversed the whole country towards Egypt. Then after "wandering in the desert valleys between Aswán and Kosér," he pursued his journey by land through Syria and Asia Minor to Constantinople. Thus he had become already familiarized with Africa and its northern inhabitants, and, what was scarcely of less importance, inured to its trying climate. On his return to Berlin, Dr. Barth commenced lecturing, at the University, on Comparative Geography, and the Colonial Commerce of Antiquity, when he was informed that the British Government had offered to allow a German traveler to join Mr. Richardson on his mission to Central Africa. This offer was eagerly accepted by the traveler, who "had often cast a wistful look towards those unknown regions of the interior;" and although the offer was not made at Berlin until the 5th of October, 1849, Dr. Barth and the other gentleman who was allowed to accompany the mission, Mr. Overweg, were actually on their journey within a few weeks.

In December, 1849, Dr. Barth and Mr. Overweg arrived at Tunis, and from thence proceeded to Tripoli, from whence, after a short stay, pleasantly occupied by visits to numerous ancient remains in the neighborhood — among which some curious ruins, greatly resembling the cromlech, seem to point to an era far more remote than that of Roman dominion—they set forth on their long and perilous expedition. "It was late in the afternoon of the 24th of March, 1850, when Overweg and I, seated in solemn state upon our camels, left the town with our train, preceded by the Consul, Mr. Crow, by Mr. Reade, and Mr. Dickson and his family, of whom we took a hearty leave under the olive-trees near Kasr el Haeni," writes Dr. Barth in his journal, little thinking that more than five years would pass away ere he, the sole survivor of that expedition, should again clasp hands with his friends under the olive-trees. Having been joined by Mr. Richardson and his party a few days after, they proceeded on their journey along flourishing corn-fields and green pastures; but to these, stony valleys soon succeeded, the many Roman remains indicating that the conquerors of the world had occupied important stations there. The ruins of a massive stronghold, a gate with a noble arch of remarkably fine masonry, and several sepulchral monuments, one forty-eight feet high, and richly decorated, prove that these deserted regions were once inhabited by a wealthy and highly civilized population. But one of the most curious remains is a small building, which has evidently been used as a Christian church, and which, with its semi-circular apsis, and thick, short pillars with capitals of rude workmanship, representing human figures variously employed, startles us by its singular resemblance to the Norman style. Dr. Barth considers it to have belonged to a small monastery; but no information as to the date of its erection, or even the name of the Roman station, where it is found, could be obtained.

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The country now became very desolate —stony ravines, shut in by steep and gloomy-looking cliffs, their dullness only relieved at long intervals by a few palm-trees; but ere long they reached the first station on their journey, Múrzuk. From thence their route lay along mountain passes, where many curious sculptures on the sandstone blocks were discovered. Dr. Barth has given two or three copies of some of these, which there is little doubt are mythological; the largest representing two human figures, with heads of animals, engaged in combat. Although we can not agree with Dr. Barth as to the beauty of these sculptures, since, as represented here, they are of the rudest kind, we fully admit their very interesting character, as the remains of some extinct race—perhaps, as he suggests, the Carthaginians. The fact, too, that while the indigenous animals, especially oxen, are repeatedly sculptured on these, the camel has no place, proves the antiquity of these slabs, "for it is a known fact that the camel was introduced into the western part of Northern Africa at a much later period." In the neighborhood are circles, too, "laid out very regularly with large slabs, like the opening of a well—like the many circles seen in Cyrenäica, and in other parts of Northern Africa, evidently connected with the religious rites of the ancient inhabitants." After many delays and many annoyances, after being repeatedly threatened, and at length pillaged, Dr. Barth and his companions arrived at Tintéllust, where they staid some time, as the rainy season had now set in. "Yet," Dr. Barth naïvely says, "we liked the rain much better than the sandstorm;" nor is this surprising, for "in a few days all nature around assumed so fresh and luxuriant a character, that so long as we were left in repose we were cheered to the utmost, and enjoyed our pleasant encampment."

"It was very pleasant and interesting to observe every day the rapid growth of the little fresh leaves and young shoots, and the spreading of the shady foliage. Monkeys now and then descended into the little hollows beyond our tents to obtain a draught of water, while the trees swarmed with beautiful ringdoves, and hoopoos, and other smaller birds. The climate of Air has indeed been celebrated from the time of Leo, 'on account of the healthfulness and coolness of the atmosphere.'"

But the beautiful scenery was sadly counterbalanced by the predatory character of the half-barbarous tribes. While "the moon shed a splendid light over the interesting wilderness," and Dr. Barth was enjoying her brightness, some strong thieves, mounted on swift camels, adopting the ancient motto of the bold Buccleughs, "best riding by moonlight," attacked the little encampment, and plundered Mr. Richardson's tent. The loss, however, was but small; and as they received immediately after distinct assurance of protection both from the Sultan of Ágades—whither they were bound—and from his chief officer, the travelers set out with stronger feelings of confidence a few days after.

The route to Ágades was more pleasant and was enlivened, too, by pleasant companions; among these, Dr. Barth instances an amiable and very intelligent old man, a blacksmith; and he remarks in what high estimation all over the country the smith (the énhad) is held, an "énhad," being generally the prime minister of every little chief. Now, that the smith should hold high station among workmen is natural enough; but that he should be sought after as prime minister, seems to us to point to that widely-spread Eastern superstition of certain magical powers which are supposed to belong, in some mysterious way, to the workers in iron, and which from the earliest times have invested "the smith" with a character of indefinable dread. We wish Dr. Barth had entered into this subject more at length, as few inquiries are more interesting — ethnologically, indeed, few are more important—than those which seek to trace the peculiar superstitions or traditions of a far distant country, or remote age, to other lands and to supposed alien races. "An interesting testimony, indeed, to the connection of these people with the East, and with that great family or mankind we call the Semitic, is borne," as Dr. Barth remarks shortly after, "in the name of a grand and beautifully shaped mountain," near which they passed, "Mount Abila; for the name of this mountain, or rather of the moist and green vale at its foot, (for throughout the desert, even in its most favored parts, it is the valley which generally gives its name to the mountain,) is probably the same as that of the well-known spot in Syria, from

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whence the province of Abilene has been named."

On the arrival of the travelers at Ágades, Dr. Barth paid a visit to the Sultan, whose homely dwelling and appointments contrasted most unfavorably with a title which seems to bring a vision of "barbaric gold and pearl" before the mind. Instead of jeweled musnud and long ranks of gorgeous attendants, Abd el Kaderi was seated in solitary state on a platform of boards and clay, in dress that must have satisfied the most vehement abuser of royal magnificence, for it consisted solely of a large white shawl that half concealed his face, and a gray shirt. This regal personage had never heard of the English nation, although it appears he had made a satisfactory acquaintance with "English powder;" and well pleased was he to find himself placed in Dr. Barth's complimentary address among "all the chiefs and great men on the earth," with with whom the English wished to hold friendly intercourse. The presents were duly received, and the royal acknowledgment was sent soon after in the appetizing form of a large fat ram. But although occupying so low a place in the scale of regal grandeur, we find that Abd el Kaderi had a better claim to his minute kingdom and small authority than the gorgeous sultans of India, or even the Czar of all the Russias, for he received his dignity from the hands of the people. At the time of Dr. Barth's visit, although acting as ruler, he had not been solemnly appointed, and this ceremony took place soon after in the following curious manner: On the eve of the great day the various neighboring tribes, and among them the ten chiefs of the Kél-gerés in great state, drew near the town, and encamped outside. On the following morning, the great men of the town proceeded on their camels to these chiefs, and conducted them to the palace in solemn procession.

"Then, without much ceremony or delay, the installation of the new Sultan took place. The ceremonial was gone through inside the fáda, but this was the procedure. First of all, Abd el Kaderi was conducted from his private apartments to the public hall. Then the chiefs of the Itisan and Kél-gerés, who went in front, begged him to sit down upon the 'gadó,' a sort of couch, or divan, made of the leaves of the palm-tree, or of the branches of other trees, and covered with mats and a carpet. Upon this the new Sultan sat down, resting his feet on the ground, not being allowed to put them upon the gadó, and reclined in the Oriental style until the Kél-owi desired him to do so. Such is the ceremony, symbolical of the combined participation of these different tribes in the investiture of the Sultan. This ceremony being concluded, the whole holiday procession left the palace, taking its course through the most important part of the town, and through the market-places, turned round to the oldest quarter of the town, and then returned westward, till it reached the chapel of Sidi Hammáda'—where, according to an old custom, the prince was to say his prayers—and then, 'the prayers being finished, the procession returned by the southern part of the town, and about ten o'clock, the different parties which had composed the *cortége* separated.'"

On this occasion the Sultan made a more regal appearance. He was mounted on a very handsome horse, and wore a robe of colored silk and cotton, over which the costly blue bernous, which Dr. Barth had presented, was displayed, and at his side was a handsome scimitar with a gold handle. The procession was very long and imposing, from the number of armed men, each displaying his peculiar dress and weapons; and their picturesque attire, especially of the Tawárek horsemen, recalled to Dr. Barth's mind "the martial processions of the middle ages.' And the ceremony itself—the choice of the chief men, the religious sanction, and then the presentation of the monarch for *popular* recognition, indicated by the long procession through the chief streets and the market-places—might have awakened associations of an earlier day, of the choice of the "war-king" by the ancient Teutons in the pine forests of the distant north.

Ágades presents a very neat and clean appearance in the view which Dr. Barth has given, although built entirely of wood and clay. One very curious building, erected probably to serve the purpose of a watch-tower, rises from a base of thirty feet square to a height of above ninety feet, gradually tapering to about eight feet square at the top. "It is built entirely of clay; and in order to strengthen a building so lofty and of so soft a material, its four walls are united by thirteen layers of boards of the dum-tree, crossing the whole tower in its breadth and width, coming out on each side from three to four feet, while at the same time they afford the only means of getting to the top." Dr. Barth visited the interior,

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which seemed unfinished; but his request to be allowed to ascend it was met by a peremptory denial; indeed, the Mohammedan prejudices of the inhabitants were, in more than one instance, very unpleasantly displayed. This will not, however, excite much surprise, considering that Dr. Barth was the first Christian who had ever visited the town. During the first days of his residence they took him for a Pagan, "and cried after me the confessional words of Islám, laying all the stress upon the word "Allah," the one God; but soon after, when they learnt that I likewise worshiped the Deity, they began to emphasize the name of their Prophet."

After many delays, the travelers at length set out for the more important town of Káno, and in the course of their journey were greatly harassed by the many predatory tribes that infest the mountain passes, and levy contributions from the caravans, much after the manner of our borderers in the days of the strong hand. Here Dr. Barth made acquaintance with the North-African lion, which, "like those of all this border region of the desert, has no mane—that is to say, as compared with other lions." He also is considered less ferocious than his brethren of Central Africa, whose manes are very abundant and beautiful. The route of the caravan which Dr. Barth had joined, lay along fine mountain scenery, often well wooded; indeed, the little sketch he has given us of his encampment in a small valley, is remarkably European in character, and very picturesque. Here they staid until the arrival of the first portion of the salt caravan from Bilma, when, after having gone in procession with the chief to dig a well, which, when they had obtained from it a sufficient supply of water, they carefully walled in with branches and stones against their return, they set forth on the 12th of December.

"Late in the morning we began to move, but very slowly, halting every now and then. At length the old chief came up, walking like a young man before his meheri, (camel,) which he led by the nose-cord; and the varied groups composing the caravan began to march more steadily. It was a whole nation in motion; the men on camels or on foot, the women on bullocks or asses, with all the necessaries of the little household, as well as the houses themselves—a herd of cattle, another of milk goats, and numbers of young camels running playfully alongside, and sometimes getting between the regular lines of the laden animals. . . . . We started early, but encamped after a short march of about six miles, that the whole caravan might come up and join together. Our old chief here put on his official dress, (a yellow bernous of good quality,) to show his dignity as leader of such a host of people."

Salt is the only article conveyed by this caravan. It is formed into a pillar-like shape by being poured in a fluid state into a wooden mould. There is, however, a finer sort, which is in loose grains, but it is scarce and very dear. It is, however, the only palatable sort to be obtained, for the cake salt is so bitter as to be unendurable to European taste. There was great merriment in the evening—dancing, and most vehement drumming, and the various picturesque groups, "ranging over a wide district itself picturesque, and illuminated by large fires in the dusk of evening, presented a cheerful picture of animated native life."

The next morning "the general start of the united caravan took place with great spirit, and a wild enthusiastic cry raised over the whole extent of the encampment, answered to the beating of the drums." At length the long procession was marshaled in order, and took its course along the rocky defiles of the valley. They next entered the border region of the desert, and "we soon exchanged our too easy wandering for the rate of real traveling." The route, however, presented nothing of the barrenness of the desert; trees were frequent, the few villages they passed had corn-fields, and in some parts reeds, ten feet high, obstructed their progress. They had now "reached those fertile regions of Central Africa, which are not only able to sustain their own population, but are able to export to foreign countries." The inhabitants of the villages, though pagans, and mostly slaves, welcomed the strangers, and provided abundant food for the whole caravan. Here Dr. Barth observed the peculiar style of the roof of the huts which seems to be characteristic of the tribes of Central Africa. These huts are built with stalks of the Indian corn, without any other support except a few feeble branches of the *Asclepias gigantea;* but, while they are lower than those other parts, they are distinguished by the curved top of the thatched roof which sustains the whole.

"In examining these structures, one can not

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but feel surprised at the great similarity which they bear to the huts of the aboriginal inhabitants of Latium, such as they are described by Vitruvius and other authors, and represented occasionally on terra-cotta utensils, while the name in the Bórnu or Kanúri language, 'kosi,' bears a remarkable resemblance to the Latin name 'casa,' however accidental it may be."

When the resemblance of the form, as well as of the name, is borne in mind, we think it more likely that the similarity should be not accidental. In these huts the supply of corn was abundant; huge baskets made of reeds, placed on a scaffold of wood about two feet high to protect them against the mouse and the ant, being very numerous. On the 9th of January they reached Tágelel, and here Mr. Richardson parted from them, taking the road to Zinder, while Dr. Barth and Mr. Overweg proceeded with the caravan. As they journeyed onward, the numerous fine trees—among which Dr. Barth first remarked the tamárind and the splendid tulip-tree—the flocks of pigeons and guinea-fowl, the abundant corn-fields, which now alternated with the cotton-fields, all gave emphatic proof of the wonderful fertility of Central Africa, and its great commercial importance. Numerous herds of cattle were also roaming about, and the inhabitants of the villages seemed to enjoy peace and abundance. The picture, indeed, which Dr. Barth gives us of the first large town he visited in Negroland Proper, Tasáwa, is extremely pleasing. The huts were built partly of clay, and the roofs neatly thatched with reeds; the courtyard fenced in with the same; a cool outer building, composed of reeds and lattice-work, "for ordinary business and the reception of strangers; and the whole dwelling shaded by spreading trees, and enlivened with groups of children, goats, fowls, pigeons, and, where a little wealth has been obtained, a horse or a pack-ox."

The inhabitants of these comfortable dwellings, although, as Pagans, not distinguished by a high morality, are a kind and cheerful race, and willing to enjoy the good things around them; while a dyeing establishment, in which indigo is prepared and used for dyeing cloth, proves a higher degree of civilization than might have been expected in these remote lands. The next town to which they came, Gazáwa, has rude fortifications of clay, and gates of the same material; this town has also a dyeing-place. The alternations of temperature here are very striking, the thermometer one evening standing as low as 48° a little before sunset, and yet around them were palm and tamarind trees. It was here that Dr. Barth was first shown the tracks of the elephant.

After some stay at Kátsena, the next town, and some unpleasant disputes about that never-failing source of vexation, presents to the great man of the place, Dr. Barth again set forth with the salt caravan to the long-looked-for city of Káno. The country along which they traveled was exceedingly beautiful: herbage still retaining its greenness, trees in picturesque groups, "the kana, with its rich, dark-tinged foliage; the kadena, or butter-tree, exhibiting the freshest and most beautiful green; then the marké, more airy, and sending out its branches in more irregular shape, with light groups of foliage; and young tamarind-trees, rounding off their thick crown of foliage till it resembled an artificial canopy spread out for the traveler to repose in its shade," with many other species of trees hitherto unknown; "while above them all, tall and slender górebas unfolded their fan-like crowns." There were birds, too, in countless variety, flying about and singing; and conspicuous among them was the "Serdi," a large bird, of a brilliant blue color; while fine herds of milk-white cattle were dispersed over the rich pasture-grounds. The scattered population here appeared active and industrious. Women, carrying on their heads from six to ten enormous calabashes, filled with various articles, here joined the caravan; a troop of men, with loads of indigo-plants to prepare for dyeing, met them soon after as they passed over extensive tobacco-fields; while hives, formed of thick hollow logs, were fastened to the branches of the colossal kúka trees. At length, through cultivated fields, and past populous villages where the preparation of indigo was caried on on a comparatively large scale, they came in sight of the long-expected city, and on the evening of February 2d, 1851, "after nearly a year's exertion," Dr. Barth entered Káno.

The high expectations our traveler had formed of this city, so famed as the great emporium of Central Negroland, do not seem to have been disappointed. Káno is a remarkably large and flourishing town, "a little world in itself, so different in

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external form from all that is seen in European towns, yet so similar in its external principle."

"Here a row of shops, filled with articles of native and foreign produce, with buyers and sellers in every variety of figure, complexion, and dress, yet all intent upon their little gains, endeavoring to cheat each other; there a large shed like a hurdle, full of half-naked, half-starved slaves, torn from their native homes, arrayed like rows of cattle, and staring desperately upon the buyers, anxiously watching into whose hands it should be their destiny to fall. In another part were all the necessaries of life, the wealthy buying the more palatable things for his table, the poor stopping and looking greedily upon a handful of grain. Here a rich governor, in silk and gaudy clothes, mounted upon a spirited and richly-caparisoned horse, and followed by a host of idle and insolent slaves; there a poor blind man groping his way through the multitude, and fearing at every step to be trodden down. Here a yard neatly fenced with reeds, and a clean snug-looking cottage, the clay walls nicely polished, a shutter of reeds placed against the low well-rounded door, a cool shade for the daily household work, a fine spreading alleluba tree affording shade during the hottest hours of the day, or a beautiful génda or papaya unfolding its large feather-like leaves, or the tall date-tree waving over the whole; the matron, in a clean black cotton gown wound round her waist, her hair neatly dressed, busy preparing the meal for her absent husband, or spinning cotton, at the same time urging her female slaves to pound the corn; the children naked and merry, playing about in the sand, or chasing a stubborn goat; earthenware pots and wooden bowls, all cleanly washed, standing in order. Further on, a dashing Cyprian, homeless, childless, but affecting merriment, gaudily ornamented with numerous strings of beads round her neck, her hair bound with a diadem; near her a diseased wretch, covered with ulcers or with elephantiasis."

All the people, too, seemed to be employed.

"Now a busy 'marina,' (an open terrace of clay, with a number of dyeing pots,) and the people busily engaged in the various processes of their handicraft. Further on a blacksmith, busy with his rude tools making a dagger which will surprise by the sharpness of its blade those who feel disposed to laugh at the workman's instrument; in another place are men and women making use of an ill-frequented thoroughfare to hang up along the fences their cotton thread for weaving. Here is a caravan arrived from Genja with the desired kola-nut, chewed by all who have 'ten kurdi' to spare from their necessary wants; or a caravan laden with natron, starting for Núpe, or a troop of A'sbenáwa going off with their salt for the neighboring towns, or some Arabs leading their camels, heavily laden with the luxuries of the north and east; and there a troop of gaudy, warlike-looking horsemen galloping towards the palace of the governor, to bring him the news of a new inroad of Serki Ibram. Everywhere human life in its varied forms, the most cheerful and the most gloomy, seemed closely mixed together; every variety of national form and complexion—the olive-colored Arab, the dark Kanúri with his wide nostrils, the small-featured, light, and slender Ba-Fellanchi, the broad-faced Mandingo, the stout, large-boned, and masculine-looking Núpe female, the well-proportioned and comely Ba-Háushe woman."

The general profession of the people is Mohammedanism, "nevertheless, even at the present day, there is a great deal of Paganism cherished, and really Pagan performed in the province of Káno, as well as in that of Kátsena." Captain Clapperton estimated the population at between 30,000 and 40,000: Dr. Barth at about 30,000; this, however, only includes the stationary population, for during the most busy time of the year—from January to April—the influx of strangers is so great, that the whole number of residents may be fixed as high as 50,000. The commerce of such a place must of course be considerable, and Dr. Barth has given us very full details respecting it. The principal article is the cotton cloth which is woven and dyed there, and of which there are several varieties, some mixed with silk. They manufacture also silk goods, obtaining the silk from a species of silkworm which lives on the tamarind tree; their leather work, too, is excellent, and shoes, sandals, and pouches of remarkably neat workmanship are largely exported. Their chief imports are "the kola-nut, which has become to them as necessary as tea and coffee are to us," and slaves. The number of these annually imported Dr. Barth finds it difficult to estimate; he, however, calculates the number exported at more than 5000, but a considerably larger number must be imported, as the supply for the domestic use of the inhabitants of the province and those of the adjoining districts is not included in this estimate. Natron, salt, and European produce of various kinds, also find a ready mart at Káno; but "it is remarkable that so little English merchandise is seen in this great emporium of Negroland, calico and muslins being almost the only English articles." The precious metals appear remarkably scarce here, for

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although gold is considered as the general standard of value, it is not used as a currency, but shells, (kurdi,) and the kind of narrow cloth termed "tukerdi," supply the place of a coinage. The whole province Dr. Barth believes to contain more than half a million of inhabitants, about half of which are slaves; and the rule of the governor, and a kind of council associated with him, is, on the whole, not oppressive, although, as among more civilized communities, heavy taxation is not forgotten.

After rather more than a month's residence, Dr. Barth quitted Káno for Kúkawa, and proceeded along the frontier country, not without fear of the strong thieves that infested the border districts, passing first along an immense level tract of country, and then entering a more fertile region, where the villages exhibited "each a cheerful picture of a wealthy and industrious little community," until he entered "Bórnu Proper." It was here Dr. Barth heard of the death of Mr. Richardson, whom, within a week or two, he had expected to meet again. He now went on to Ngurútuwa, where his fellow-traveler died, to visit his grave, which was beneath a fig-tree, and well protected with thorn bushes, for the story of the white man's untimely end had awakened the sympathies of the kind-hearted people, and they did him all honor in his burial. Keeping on through a country, partly cultivated and partly covered with thick underwood, which was full of locusts, "the great Komádugu of Bórnu," here a fine expanse of water, came in sight, and here numerous footprints of the elephant were seen. In the midst of a wild country, along which Dr. Barth, attended only by his two young servants, passed, they fell in soon after with a company of wandering herdsmen, who seemed to be living in Arcadian simplicity and comfort, and who bade the wanderers a hearty welcome, bringing them immense bowls of milk, and "a little fresh butter, as cleanly prepared as in any English or Swiss dairy." These herdsmen are of the Fellata tribe, but allowed to pasture their flocks in the midst of a hostile race, without even paying any tribute to the sheik. These hospitable people assisted the travelers to ford the Komádugu, which was but three feet deep where they crossed, although much deeper on both sides; nor would they leave until they had conducted them through the dense covert of underwood which bordered the eastern bank of the river. The general kindness of the people is indeed remarkable. Thus, Dr. Barth having bargained soon after with a man to water his horses, the wife, who stood by, remonstrated with him for driving so hard a bargain with a stranger, and then, as though compassionating his friendless condition, she brought food and milk to the white man. It is impossible to read the many traits of kindness which Dr. Barth has recorded of these simple tribes, or his description of their intelligence, their industry, their domestic habits, without earnestly desiring that they may be speedily brought within the sphere of European civilization, and beneath the influences of the Gospel.

Arriving at Kúkawa, Dr. Barth met with a courteous reception from the authorities, and was, after some delay, put in possession of Mr. Richardson's papers and journals, together with the greater portion of his effects. The Sheik Omar, a veritable "black prince," of mild and indolent habits, was ruler only in name; the real power being in the hands of his Vizier, el Háj Beshir, an intelligent man, who in 1843 had gone on a pilgrimage to Mecca, like a devout follower of the Prophet, whose precepts respecting wine, and whose license as to his harém, he duly observed. This latter "institution" was on a royal scale, consisting of between three and four hundred beauties of the different tribes, not only of Negroland, but of more northern climes—a real live Circassian, as he exultingly told Dr. Barth, even having a place among them. Indeed this harém, as Dr. Barth humorously remarks, seemed to have been formed on scientific principles, and to have been "a sort of ethnological museum." As Oriental in his career as in his tastes, poor el Háj Beshir, after having been the Skeik's right-hand many years, and been often in consequence exposed to assassination, was put to death in 1853, leaving a most patriarchal family of seventy-three sons, and daughters without number.

With this intelligent, and on the whole upright, Vizier, Dr. Barth had many conversations on the importance of extending the commerce of Bórnu, and of suppressing the slave-trade. In the former he fully acquiesced, but his indolence prevented him from adopting vigorous measures; and he also acknowledged the

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great misery connected with the slave-trade, remarking, that on his pilgrimage to Mecca, in the mountainous region between Fezzan and Ben Ghazi, he had lost through the extreme cold forty of his slaves in one night. Strangely enough, although acknowledging the great cruelty of the slave-trade, "it was difficult to make him sensible of the horrors of slave-hunting." He expressed himself desirous to enter into commercial relations with England, but wished the sale of two things to be prohibited—spirituous liquors and Bibles. As he did not object to Bibles being brought into the country, or even given as presents, the prohibition of their sale is curious.

Being comfortably established with Mr. Overweg in a clay dwelling, consisting of several small but neatly-made rooms, together with yards and thatched huts, the whole bearing the designation of "the English house," Dr. Barth set out to make a general survey of the town, which is very inferior in population, and in commerce and its consequent luxuries, to Kano. But the Lake Tsád was the great attraction, and under the care of an escort provided by the Vizier he proceeded thither. As it was then the dry season, the large tracts usually covered with water were now fine grassy plains. Passing over these,

"After little more than half-an-hour's ride we reached swampy ground, and thus came to the margin of a fine open sheet of water, encompassed with papyrus and tall reeds, of from ten to fourteen feet in height, of two different kinds, the one called 'melé,' and the other 'beré,' or 'belé.' The thicket was interwoven by a climbing plant with yellow flowers, while on the surface was a floating plant, called very facetiously by the natives, 'fánna-billa-dágo,' (the homeless fanna.) This creek was called 'Ngiruwa.'"

Passing through deep water full of grass, they soon reached another creek, and here caught sight of two small boats belonging to the pirates of the Tsád, "small flat boats, made of the light and narrow wood of the 'fégo,' about twelve feet long, and managed by two men each." They proceeded onward, startling large herds of the "kelara"—a peculiar kind of antelope, very fond of water; and in their progress they became immersed so deeply, "that we might have drank with our mouth by stooping down a little, though on horseback." The draught, however, was not tempting, for "the water is exceedingly warm, and full of vegetable matter. It is perfectly fresh, as fresh as water can be. It seems to have been merely from prejudice that people in Europe have come to the conclusion that this Central African basin must either have an outlet, or must be salt; for I can positively assert that it has no outlet, and that its water is perfectly fresh." The view which Dr. Barth gives us here of the open water of the Tsàd is very suggestive. A huge inland sea, spreading out its placid waters, the banks fringed with gigantic reeds sheltering the hippopotami, and light barks floating across, one with its gleaming white sail, in the far distance. The inhabitants of the islands on the lake build tolerably large boats, mostly twenty feet long, though narrow; while one which accompanied Mr. Overweg on his voyage there, was almost fifty feet long, although but six and a half wide. Dr. Barth finally remarks: "I invariably understood from all the people with whom I spoke about this interesting lake, that the open water, with its islands of elevated sandy downs, stretches from the mouth of the Shary towards the western shore, and that all the rest of the lake consists of swampy meadow lands, occasionally inundated."

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

## A DRINKING CUP.

[THE following gem is from the pen of Richard Henry Stoddard:]

THE sky is a drinking-cup,
That was overturned of old,
And it pours in the eyes of men
Its wine of airy gold!

We drink that wine all day,
Till the last drop is drained up,
And are lighted off to bed
By the jewels in the cup!

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From the London Quarterly.

# PRINCIPLES OF NATURAL THEOLOGY.*

THE author of this treatise was the successful competitor for the Burnett Prize at the last distribution. In perusing his able and elaborate volumes on *Christian Theism*, we more than once felt a strong desire that the gifted writer would condense his argument into a more compact and positive form, and embody it in a cheap and portable manual for the benefit of junior theological students. That desire is partly realized in the volume now before us. We say, partly realized; for we confess that we had desiderated something more elementary and popular. Advanced scholars will betake themselves to the larger work. We hope that beginners may not be repelled and discouraged by the forest of scholastic technicalities which bristle in the pages of these *Principles*. As for ourselves, we have no objection to axioms, propositions, scholia, corollaries, antinomies, and the like; they are the favorite forms of severe thinkers and exact reasoners. Still such a method is apt to overstrain the attention, and overtax the patience, of the uninitiated. It is due, however, to Mr. Thompson to say, that it is not for this class of readers exclusively, or mainly, that he has written; but rather for earnest inquirers of all grades who are anxious to verify the principles of reason which underlie the teachings of Natural Theology, and which give firmness and consistency to our belief in the being and attributes of God.

"It is designed to show," says Mr. Thompson, "that man's knowledge of God is as natural and fundamental as his knowledge of other men and of the material world; that it is of the same character, and rests on a like foundation; that it is gained by means of the same faculties, and in similar spontaneous application of these faculties; and, consequently, that it has equal claims to be received as valid and unquestionable."—Page 3.

It is assumed, in this quotation, that God may be *known* by man. Such a deliverance at once separates the author alike from the school of those who hold that the Infinite is unrelated, and can not therefore be known by the finite; and from the school of those who hold that the Infinite is necessarily related, and therefore forms part of the finite. He does not adopt the creed either of Sir W. Hamilton, or of M. Cousin. Mr. Thompson's theory is, indeed, somewhat peculiar. He distinguishes between *a cognition of the being* and *a knowledge of the nature* of a thing. "Thus we may say of finite things, that we have a cognition of their existence beyond the reach of our knowledge, besides a knowledge of their properties and distinctive nature." He regards this distinction as of great importance to his method of inquiry; and thinks that "it will go far towards the solution of a very notable controversy in modern philosophy —that on the doctrine of the Infinite."

The celebrated argument from Final Causes is examined by Mr. Thompson in a thoroughly philosophical spirit; and is guarded against its reckless depreciators on the one hand, and against its undiscriminating advocates on the other. While the unity of design and the special adaptations of nature manifest the agency of a Mind which is recognized by man on precisely the same ground and in the same manner in which he recognizes every intelligence beyond himself, and while such indications of mind effectually annihilate Materialism, they do not, in themselves, establish the whole doctrine of Theism, the existence of a supreme Creator. In order, therefore, to supplement this argument, Mr. Thompson enters into a very rigorous and profound analysis of the conditions of all knowledge, and shows that those conditions run into contradiction on their limits, unless we assume the existence of a Being, eternal beyond duration, infinite beyond extension, unknown in his eternal and infinite nature, but known as the *Author of all the limitations* of the finite. Our space will not allow us to ex-

* *Principles of Natural Theology.* By Robert A. Thompson, M.A. London: Rivingtons. 1857.

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hibit in detail the original and ingenious processes of thought by which this valuable result is worked out; but verily the shallowness, the impotence, and absurdity of atheism were never more signally or remorselessly exposed, than in the chapter containing a discussion on "Antinomies." By the solution of the "Antinomies" it is shown that the universe is limited in diversity, in time, in space, and in casual dependence, by a Being who himself is One, Eternal, Infinite, and unchangeable. One example may suffice for illustration:

"First Antinomy. — A self-existent universe can neither be finite nor infinite in its diversities.

"Thesis.—It can not be finite, since there can be no cause of its limitation to any definite number of diversities, or of multiplicities, rather than to any other.

"Antithesis.—It can not be infinite; because an infinite number is impossible and absurd.

"Solution.—The universe is finite, and one Being, not conditioned in diversity, is the Author of the limitations of its diversities."

In the progress of his demonstration Mr. Thompson has proved that there is *mind* discoverable in universal nature, by precisely the same means, and precisely in the same way, as the mind of man is discoverable in the works of man. He has farther shown that the *mind* discoverable in universal nature is not merely that of a great *Architect*, but also and preëminently that of a Supreme *Creator*, possessing the attributes of Unity, Eternity, Infinity, and Immutability; and, in proceeding to examine how far the Supreme Creator may be known, Mr. Thompson compares the principles and processes of the mind of man in the attainment of its theological and other knowledges; and traces an exact parallelism as to their origin, character, and limits. It is a common and mischievous misconception to suppose that our knowledge of matter is more intimate and certain than that of mind; and that our knowledge of human minds is more intimate and certain than that of the mind of God. To expose and dissipate this misconception is the drift of the parallelism of knowledges. There is no part of the discussion which evinces more clearly the extensive research, the dialectical acumen, the philosophical power, and the scholarlike docility of the excellent author, than the elucidation of his parallels; and, although we can not subscribe to all the details of his reasoning, we do most heartily concur with him when he says: "It follows from these parallels, that our knowledge of God is not dependent upon proof; but is given us by the Author of our being, in the facts of nature and in the principles and conditions of our intellectual life. It is, therefore, rightly held by men, who can give no account of it. Like our other intuitions, it may be verified by reflection, but is not dependent on the verification; and *can not be doubted without the suicide of reason!*"—Page 97.

We have thus endeavored to sketch the structure and scope of a substantial book on a momentous subject; and we congratulate theological *thinkers* on being able, at such a trifling expense, to add such a valuable contribution to their libraries.

## WINTER.

[The following lines, by the agency and power of a figure, invest inanimate nature with all the poetry of life:]

Lo Winter comes, and all his heralds blow
Their gusty trumpets, and his tents of snow
Usurp the fields from whence sad Autumn flies—
Autumn, that finds a southern clime or dies.
The streams are dumb with woe—the forest grieves,
Wailing the loss of all its summer leaves;
As some fond Rachel on her childless breast
Clasps her thin hands where once her young were prest;
Then flings her empty arms into the air,
And swells the gale with her convulsed despair.

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# PORTRAIT EMBELLISHMENTS.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

As a fitting and appropriate beginning of the volumes for the new year, we have assembled a constellation of literary celebrities to head the procession and lead the van in the long train of choice articles which we propose to enlist from foreign sources, and direct their march each month to the homes and families of all our patrons and friends. We hope the head of each monthly battalion will reach its destination promptly, and meet with a welcome reception. But figure aside, we hope our readers will be more than pleased with the unusually beautiful plate, presenting in one assembled group the faces and portraits, life-like and accurate we believe, of so many personages well known to fame for their talents and attainments in the literary and scientific world. It has been done without much regard to cost, to keep this work warm in the affections of all its friends and patrons. Our arrangements for the year 1858 are such as we hope will prove abundantly satisfactory. We place in their proper order biographical sketches of the persons on the plates.

### Sir Walter Scott.

Sir Walter Scott had a pedigree, his sense of which affected materially both the spirit of his writings and the events of his life. From the great border family, now represented by the dukes of Buccleuch, there came in the fourteenth century, as an offshoot, the family of Harden, the heads of which are barons of Polwarth. The poet's great grandfather was a younger son of Scott of Harden; his grandfather, poorly provided for, became a farmer in Roxburghshire; and his father, Walter Scott, was a writer to the signet or attorney in Edinburgh, and married the daughter of a medical professor in the university. Walter, the fourth child of this couple, was born in the Old Town of Edinburgh, on the 15th of August, 1771. He was a sickly infant, and became incurably lame in his second year; and, after this, till he was about eight years of age, his childhood was principally spent at his grandfather's farm-house of Sandyknowe, where he became lovingly familiar with the scenery and traditions and ballads of the border. In this stage he was fond of reading; but, on being placed at the High School of Edinburgh, towards the end of 1779, he failed to distinguish himself in the regular studies of the class. He was, however, eminent for his historical and miscellaneous knowledge, for his skill in story-telling, and for his personal courage. In his twelfth year his love of ballad-poetry was ineradicably established, by the delight with which he perused Percy's "Reliques." In the winter of 1783 he entered the university of his native city, attending only one session, with little or no apparent profit. He never understood Greek beyond the elements, and had but a loose scholarship in Latin; and the acquaintance, which he obtained in early manhood, with French, Italian, Spanish, and German, was very superficial. In May, 1786, when he was nearly fifteen years old, he was articled to his father, and attended regularly in chambers for about four years. For literary avocations he was making, undesignedly, full preparation, by devouring romances, novels, histories, and old plays while he continued to distinguish himself by telling and inventing stories. His father's intention, as well as his own, was, that he should come to the bar; and his attendance in the debating-club, called the Speculative Society, was one of his steps of training, while it gave occasion for his writing of essays, exhibiting his turn for antiquarian and poetical studies. In 1792 he was admitted as a member of the Scottish Faculty of Advocates. In 1796 he published translations, in verse, of Bürger's German ballads, Lenora, and the Wild Huntsman; and he contributed to Lewis's Tales of Wonder. In 1798 appeared his translation of Goethe's prose drama, "Goetz Von Berlichingen;" and



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in 1799 he wrote, and made known to his friends, the earliest of his considerable efforts in original poetry, the ballads of "Glenfinlas," "The Eve of St. John," and "The Grey Brother." Still he had gained no high literary reputation; nor was literary composition more than an occasional employment for him. He paid an average amount of attention to his profession, and was desirous to secure an independent livelihood from some source other than literature. In the end of 1797 he married Miss Carpenter, the daughter of a French emigrant, whose small fortune added something to his income: his father's death next gave him a moderate patrimony: and, in 1799, the patronage of the Duke of Buccleuch and Lord Melville, to whose politics he steadily and warmly adhered, bestowed on him the sheriffship of Selkirkshire, an easy office, with a salary of three hundred pounds. In the same year, his poetical taste, both in rhyme and in diction, (if not in more important matters,) received a new impulse and direction from hearing unpublished poems of Wordsworth and Coleridge, especially "Christabel." Now, likewise, easy in circumstances and occupying a good position in society, Scott was sufficiently independent of professional labor to devote himself more and more to less uncongenial pursuits; and he gradually made authorship the main business of his life. The brilliant period of Scott's literary career extends from 1802, when he was in his thirty-first year, to 1825, when he was in his fifty-fourth. In the first of those years he published the first and second volumes, and in the next year the third volume, of "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." This publication gave him at once a distinguished reputation. The old ballads were excellently edited; the annotations showed great sagacity, good sense, and various knowledge; and there was undeniable promise in the few ballads of his own that were inserted in the collection. In 1802, likewise, he had begun to write what he called, in a letter to Ellis, "a kind of romance of border-chivalry, in a light-horseman sort of stanza." This piece, insensibly swelling in dimensions, soon became too bulky for the "Minstrelsy," and was reserved to be the foundation-stone of Scott's celebrity as an original poet. It was circulated among his friends, and warmly approved by Jeffrey, Wordsworth, and others; while the author was editing the ancient romance of "Sir Tristrem." It appeared at length, in 1805, under the title of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Its success was immediate and unexampled. Surprise, doubtless, aided the result: the poem appeared when genuine poetry had long been unheard by the public, unless in the earliest volumes of Crabbe and Campbell; and it was also the first vigorous poetical narrative that had been produced in England for more than a century. But, further, it was the earliest poem which was inspired by the animation and eagerness of the age that gave it birth. The "Lay" was not, any more than its successors, the effort of a poet aiming at the highest effects of his art: but it was a work of great genius and originality; and, if inferior to some of Scott's later poems in mechanism, and less rich in strikingly poetical passages, it was more faithful than any of them to his design, of reconstructing the chivalrous romance in a shape accommodating to modern sympathies. "Marmion," containing, in its description of the battle, one of the most spirited passages in the whole range of our poetry, appeared in 1808; the beautiful metrical romance of "The Lady of the Lake" in 1810; in 1811 came the "Vision of Don Roderick," indicating a decrease of strength, which showed itself next year also in "Rokeby;" in 1815 was published "The Lord of the Isles;" and the list of the metrical romances closes with "The Bridal of Triermain," and "Harold the Dauntless," published respectively in 1813 and 1817, and both of them anonymously. In the course of this period, also, the poet edited the works of Dryden and Swift, contributed for a time to the *Edinburgh Review*, and in 1808 assisted zealously in establishing its formidable rival, the *Quarterly*. He wrote also biographical and critical prefaces, and performed much of other miscellaneous labor. To such work he was led by those commercial engagements which he now formed, and which exercised in the end so disastrous an influence on his fortune. His school-fellow, James Ballantyne, having been the editor and printer of a newspaper in Roxburghshire, was assisted by Scott in setting up a printing-house in Edinburgh; and the poet, after having lent money to the firm, became really a partner of it in 1805. Not long afterwards, his connection with trade became yet closer. He quarreled with

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his bookseller, Constable; he desired to obtain facilities for giving to the world literature of a higher stamp than that on which publishers are likely to venture; and, not very consistently with his desire, he entertained sanguine hopes of profit from a publishing business guided by a man of knowledge and influence like himself. Accordingly, in 1808, John Ballantyne, a brother of James, was placed at the head of a new publishing firm; but here, as in the former case, Scott was a partner to the extent of a third. All these arrangements were kept profoundly secret; in the eyes of the public, and even of his most intimate associates, Scott was merely the patron and friend of the Messrs. Ballantyne.—A few years after the formation of these partnerships, Scott entered on the second stage of his literary progress. He was one of the first to discover the waning popularity of his poetry; and he cheerfully set himself at work to regain his laurels on a new field. He wished for fame; he wished also for gain. He had long cherished the ambition of territorial possession; and this ambition he could not hope to gratify speedily from his ordinary means, though his appointment as one of the principal clerks of the Court of Sessions in Scotland (an honorable and very easy post) added, from about 1812, thirteen hundred a year to his income. From this passion arose many of the rash adventures which finally ruined the publishing firm; hence also, in no small degree, arose the eager industry, with which, when his prose works proved so profitable, he poured forth volume after volume. In 1805, while he was engaged on Marmion, he had begun to write a novel; in three weeks during the summer of 1814 he added two volumes to it; and it was published anonymously in July of that year, bearing the name of "Waverley, or, 'Tis Sixty Years Since." For a dozen years afterwards, the Waverley Novels, popular beyond example, admired by critics as well as devoured by the public, were showered out in ceaseless succession; and, although a few of the earliest are decidedly the most vigorous and life-like, it was not till towards the close of the series that the falling off was steady or remarkable. The dates are, in themselves, enough to prove marvelous activity and fertility, and indomitable steadiness of working. From "Waverley" in 1815, to the "Tales of the Crusaders," in 1825, eighteen novels appeared within eleven years. This was the last year of Scott's prosperity, or rather the last year during which the world was allowed to believe him prosperous. The extraordinary success of the novels had enabled him to assume, more rapidly than he could have hoped, that place among the landed gentry, which it was his fatal weakness to overvalue so immensely. Purchasing, in 1811, a farm on the banks of the Tweed, naming it Abbotsford, and building a cottage on it, he acquired land around it till he possessed a considerable estate. He erected the baronial castle which we now behold, filled it with antiquarian nick-nacks and ornaments, planted and improved his grounds, and dispensed hospitalities which the most distinguished men in Europe were proud to partake. In 1820 he received a baronetcy; and in the following year he figured as the director of the whimsical pageantry which celebrated the visit of George IV. to Scotland. Even before this time both firms of Ballantyne were tottering; and they were brought to the ground in the beginning of 1826, by the failure of Constable's house, with which they were deeply involved. The mortifying disclosure of Sir Walter's concealed partnership followed of course; and his liabilities were found to amount to a sum not much short of £150,000. He acted like a man of courage and a high-minded gentleman. He refused to offer to the creditors any composition, or to accept from them any discharge; he pledged himself to devote the whole labor of his subsequent life to the payment of the debt; he fulfilled the pledge, and died before his time through the toil which it cost him. A great part of the debt was satisfied during his lifetime; and the balance of the principal was paid by his executors. One main aid in effecting the result was the collected edition of his works, with the personal notes which he condescended to furnish to it. But he produced likewise a new series of writings, which, although the later are distressingly indicative of decay, and the best of them are not of a very high order, must be looked on with the respect due to the motive which prompted them. In 1826 he published his novel of "Woodstock," written while his pecuniary anxieties and humiliation were at their height; afterwards appeared the "Life of Napoleon," (partly written before the bankruptcy,) the "Tales of a Grandfa-

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ther," the first and second series of the "Chronicles of the Canongate," "Anne of Geierstein," a "History of Scotland" for Lardner's Cyclopædia, two Dramas, and "Letters on Demonology." In 1831 the failure of the active intellect was shown unequivocally by "Count Robert of Paris," and "Castle Dangerous." In 1830 Sir Walter had been attacked by paralysis, which recurred acutely more than once; and, prevailed on at last to pause from labor, he set out, in September, 1831, for the continent, of which, in his better days, he had seen very little. Naples was the farthest point he reached; the mind gave way completely; he was hurried home, and reached Abbotsford in July, 1832. There, after some days of unconsciousness, he died on the 21st of September. He was buried in Dryburgh Abbey.

### Henry Mackenzie.

Next to Sir Walter, and partly behind his chair, at the table sits the aged and venerable Henry Mackenzie, who was born in 1745, and lived 86 years, dying in 1831. Though the writings which made his name popular were of a highly romantic and sentimental cast, his life was one of steady routine. He was the son of a physician in Edinburgh. Early in life he received the appointment as one of the attorneys in the Scottish Courts of Exchequer, a respectable, easy, and well-paid place. He held it till 1804, when the interests of his friends, and the value attached to pamphlets he had written in support of the government, gained for him the very lucrative office of comptroller of taxes for Scotland. His earliest novel, which was also his best, was "The Man of Feeling," published in 1771. "The Man of the World" appeared in 1783, and was succeeded by "Julia de Roubigné." He edited the periodical called *The Mirror* in 1779 and 1780, and *The Lounger* in 1785 and 1786. He furnished to each of these a large number of papers and pleasing stories. He wrote plays also, and translations from the German, and numerous essays.

### John Wilson.

Conspicuous in this literary gathering stands Professor Wilson, with his broad, good-humored face and profusion of hair. He was better known for many years of his life by the soubriquet of Christopher North, was born in the town of Paisley in 1785, or, as some accounts say, in 1788. His father was an eminent merchant there, and the paternal mansion in the High street of that ancient borough, still attests the wealth and dignity of the family by its stately urban magnificence. Wilson received the elements of his education, we believe, with the late Mr. Peddie of Paisley, and afterwards under the superintendence of the parish minister of Mearns; at the age of thirteen he entered the university of Glasgow, and afterwards that of Oxford, in Magdalen College. From the latter source he doubtless imbibed that familiar acquaintance with, and rich appreciation of, the classic writers, which in happy union with his other qualities, constituted him one of the most eminent writers and literary men of his day. The first poem he ever published obtained the Newdegate prize in his venerable Alma Mater. For some years afterwards he lived at his beautiful retreat of Elloray, on Windermere, when, as a matter of course, he became intimate with Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, the leading apostles of what was then called the Lake School of poetry; and the dreamy sweetness of whose style of composition tended to dilute and weaken the simplicity and vigor of his own. Pecuniary causes obliging him to leave Elloray, he joined his mother in Edinburgh, who was a woman of a high order of intellect, qualified to be the monitor and helper of so erratic a spirit. Here he began to study the law for the profession of a barrister, but never actually assumed the professional toga. In 1812 appeared the "Isle of Palms," and soon afterwards the "City of the Plague," and "Unimore," the principal contributions of his fanciful and capricious muse. There is a soft, liquid flow of musical expression in these poems, with a vague, dreamy wildness and pathos, in combination with an exuberant fancy; and in the "City of the Plague" an irregular vigor and richness of imagination, resembling the *outre* grandeur of some of our old English dramatists. It is as a prose writer, however, that Wilson takes rank among the literary Titans of his native land. His novels are not much read now, being overinformed with sentiment, and the characters pitched far above the average of

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Scottish rural and urban nature. The trials of Margaret Lindsay and the Foresters are, however, exquisite specimens of composition as poetic prose. In 1820 he succeeded the celebrated Dr. Brown as professor of moral philosophy in the university of Edinburgh, an appointment severely and justly commented upon at the time; and if we take Dr. Chalmers as an authority, whose dictum it was, that moral philosophy was the gate to theology, it reflected as little credit upon those who appointed, as upon him who accepted. At the same time began, and certainly oddly enough, his connection with *Blackwood's Magazine*, where appeared that famous series of political and literary pieces, which set all Edinburgh in a flame, so well known as the Noctes Ambrosianæ. Wilson was always considered as the presiding *genius loci*, and amongst his associates were John Gibson Lockhart and the Ettrick Shepherd, the latter chiefly as a butt. Rich in broad, coarse humor, and violating, not seldom, the conventional courtesies and even decencies of political and personal intercourse, their irresistible waggery, and biting sarcasm, raised the Edinburgh periodical to the high station it has always maintained. The genius of Wilson arose out of the rich overflow and exuberance of his animal spirits, themselves the result of a finely developed physical constitution—in fact, of a *physique* the most imposing and attractive that perhaps ever son of song was gifted with. We believe, that the stories of the excesses of his youth and manhood were much exaggerated, as his fertile fancy and rich classical resources, with his irresistible tendency towards the ridiculous, would elevate him, by their intense exercise, into a condition very like *ebrius*, if not *ebriosus*. In 1851, he resigned the situation of professor of moral philosophy in the university of Edinburgh, having been struck with paralysis, and expired on the 4th of April, 1854. With great propriety, a Whig government granted him a pension of £300 a year, and having lived down in himself, and in the minds of many others, the political acerbities of his youth and manhood, this eminent Scotsman has passed away, to occupy no mean niche in the Scottish Temple of Fame.

### George Crabbe.

With mild, benevolent face and folded hands, leaning on the table, sits George Crabbe. He was born in 1754. His father was collector of salt duties. He was a poet whose truth to nature, and strength of homely pathos, atone for some deficiency of ideal elevation. He studied and commenced the practice of medicine, but, more attached to literature than medicine, he had little success. He went to London in 1780, to seek his fortune. His first poem, *The Candidate*, was a failure, and he was reduced to great distress. He presented his case to Edmund Burke. This great man read his manuscripts, received him into his house at Beaconsfield, and introduced him to his friends; and the poem of *The Library* published on his recommendation, was received with great applause. His reputation was increased by *The Village*, which appeared in 1783. In the mean time, he became chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, married happily, and received several preferments. He afterwards published several poems. His "Tales of the Hall" were published in 1819. He spent the remainder of his quiet and honorable life at Trowbridge, and died in 1832.

### Lockhart.

Opposite the center of the table, with benign expression of face, sits Lockhart, so well known in the literary history of Scotland. His father was a Scotch clergyman, settled in Glasgow, where his son was born in 1794. Young Lockhart received as an award for his progress an exhibition to Oxford, where he entered at the age of fifteen, and received the first-class honors of that institution. He graduated as B.C.L. in 1817, and D.C.L. 1834. After a residence of some time in Germany, during which he was able to obtain a competent knowledge of its language and literature, he returned to Scotland, and was called to the Scotch bar in 1816. He, however, neglected the law for the more congenial pursuits of literature, and became historical editor of the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, and subsequently one of the ablest contributors to *Blackwood's Magazine*. In 1819, Lockhart published, "Peter's

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Letters to his Kinsfolk," a personal and satiric description of the men and society of Edinburgh. In 1820, Lockhart married Sophia, the eldest daughter of Sir Walter Scott. In the same year he published his first novel, "Valerius, a Roman Story," and in a short time afterwards, "Reginald Dalton" and "Adam Blair." In 1825, he wrote a life of Burns for "Constable's Miscellany," and subsequently a life of Napoleon for the same series. In 1826, he succeeded Gifford as editor of the *Quarterly Review*, which post he held till 1853, when he resigned it in consequence of ill-health. On the death of Sir Walter Scott, Lockhart naturally became the writer of his biography. Lockhart died in 1854, leaving an only daughter, who has also a daughter, these two being the only descendants of Sir Walter Scott.

### William Wordsworth.

Next in order appears William Wordsworth, deeply absorbed in thought, with his massive brain and down-cast eyes.

William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth in Cumberland, on the 7th of April, 1770. His father was an attorney there, and he was the second of five children. Dorothy, the only daughter, was his most cherished friend and confident during his life. The mother of the family died in William's ninth year; and the father died five years afterwards, leaving to his children little fortune beyond a claim for law-agency, on Sir James Lowther, afterwards Earl of Lonsdale. This debt remained unsatisfied till 1802, when, on the accession of the next earl, £8500 was paid in satisfaction of it. In 1787, after having been educated chiefly at the endowed school of Hawkshead, near Esthwaite Lake, William was sent by his uncles to St. John's College, Cambridge. He had read much in boyhood, especially poetry, and had written English verses, in imitation (as he says himself) of Pope's versification, "and a little in his style." One of these compositions presaged two of the most prominent features in the character of his mind. It was, says he, "a long poem, running upon my own adventures, and the scenery of the country in which I was brought up." The only considerable poem which he wrote while at the university, was "The Evening Walk." His vacations were devoted to wanderings in the country; and in the autumn of 1790 he spent nearly three months in a tour on the continent, visiting France, Switzerland, some of the Italian lakes, and the Rhine. He disliked the system of the university, and attended little to the studies of the place. Indeed, it is to be observed that, through life, Wordsworth was as little of a student as any literary man ever was. Except in poetical literature, his knowledge of books seems to have always been very slight. And if he was disinclined to read, he was quite as much disinclined to writing; he had weak eyes, and great indolence. In his mature years, he composed most frequently in the course of his walks, without setting down a word; and many of his poems would certainly have bsen lost, had not the ladies of his family been at hand to record them. He has himself said, that, if he had been free to choose his course of life, he would have spent his days in traveling. To the adoption of a profession he was never able to make up his mind. The Church was proposed to him, but speedily rejected. His religious belief never was such as to prevent his taking orders; but his opinions on the state of society, during his early manhood, would not easily have been reconcilable with the position of a clergyman in the Church of England. For several years after the outbreak of the French revolution, he was an ardent republican. In 1791 he took his degree of B.A., and quitted Cambridge. In the close of the same year he went to France, where he spent nearly twelve months: and there he wrote the poem called "Descriptive Sketches," which betrays, yet more than "The Evening Walk," the poetic strength with which he was endowed. These pieces were published in 1793. In that year, also, "The Female Vagrant" was written. For some years he wandered about, gradually satisfying himself that he was justified in regarding peotry as his true vocation. He planned a monthly miscellany, which was to have been "republican but not revolutionary;" and he attempted to find employment in writing for the London newspapers on the opposition side. In 1795 he received a legacy of £900 from his friend and contemporary, Raisley Calvert. This generous and seasonable bequest fully answered the intention of the donor; it enabled the poet to devote himself to study till

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the settlement of his father's affairs. In the autumn of 1795 Wordsworth began to live with his sister, their first residence being at Racedown in Dorsetshire. He commenced, but abandoned, a poetical imitation of Juvenal; and in this year and the following he made his first and last attempt in a kind of poetry very uncongenial to the cast of his genius, by writing the Tragedy of "The Borderers." Refused at Covent Garden, this piece remained in manuscript for nearly half a century. About this time, likewise, were written a good many of the earliest of those fine passages, which were afterwords dovetailed into "The Excursion." This is a fact particularly deserving attention. The poet's blank-verse compositions, with their solemn tone of meditation, their purely dignified diction, and their sweep of rotund melody, were made known to the world only when he had passed middle age; and they were treated by his critics as the fruits of improved skill and enlarged experience and purified taste. But he actually had at his command, and was continually expressing, this his highest mood of poetry, from his twenty-fifth year. Coleridge, with whom Wordsworth made acquaintance while in Dorsetshire, always insisted that his friend's first business ought to be, the completion of the philosophical and Autobiographical Poem, of which these fragments were designed as parts. But Wordsworth was never at all disposed to pay deference to the opinion either of affectionate friends or of hostile critics. With him, as with most of us, "the boy was father of the man." He had always been quietly self-willed; and his character in manhood possessed the feature which he attributes to his early boyhood when he says: "Possibly from some want of judgment in punishments inflicted, I had become perverse and obstinate in defying chastisement, and rather proud of it than otherwise." At this time, indeed, as it has been remarked by his nephew, the whole tenor of his opinions led him to dissatisfaction with things existing; and his political creed (perhaps in part through the shock which events on the continent were beginning to give to it) affected his creed in literature. He perceived, with great clearness, two or three deep-rooted faults in the recent poets of England: the artificial stamp of their diction; their general inattention to external nature; their want of sympathy with ordinary events and with the feelings of mankind at large. He felt that he possessed the power of producing poetry, in which these faults should be avoided. But, in the mean time, tempted, partly by deliberate error in theory, partly by incidental eccentricities of taste and judgment natural to a self-trained and uncommunicative muser, he rebelled, not only against the false canons of literature, but against several that are really true. In the poems with which he chose to make his first effort towards the reformation of the public taste, there are many points of thought, of sentiment, and of expression, which, as the most judicious of his admirers allow, would not have appeared if those poems had been written even a few years afterwards. Some things, indeed, especially the oddest and boldest of the colloquial words and idioms, were silently altered in the later editions. But the eccentricity of judgment lingered, in a great degree, to the last, fostered by the self-brooding solitude to which he devoted himself. The "Lyrical ballads," to which chiefly these observations are applicable, made rapid progress in Wordsworth's next place of abode. This was Nether-Stoway in Somersetshire, where he lived for a year, removing to the place in August, 1797, in order to be near Coleridge. In the next year he wrote "Peter Bell;" and in autumn he published, in one volume, the twenty poems which (with three by Coleridge) make up the first edition of the "Lyrical Ballads." The poet was now in his twenty-ninth year. Immediately afterwards he went to Germany with his sister and Coleridge; and, the party separating, Miss Wordsworth and her brother spent the winter of 1798–99, very uncomfortably, and seemingly with little advantage of any kind, at Goslar in Hanover. Here were written several beautiful pieces, among which were "Lucy Gray," and the fragments of blank verse beginning "There was a Boy" and "Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe." A beginning was also made with that first part of the great Poem, which Wordsworth's friends entitled "The Prelude." Wordsworth's long residence among the lakes of his native district began soon after his return to England. In the end of 1799 he settled with his sister in a small house at Grasmere, which he continued to occupy for eight years.

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In 1800 were written "The Brothers," "The Pet Lamb," "Ruth," "Michael," and "Hart-Leap Well;" and, in the close of the year, these and other poems made up a second volume of the "Lyrical Ballads," which appeared with a reprint of the first. To 1802 belong, among other pieces, "The Rainbow," "The Leech-gatherer," "Alice Fell," "Intimations of Immortality," and the two Sonnets on Bonaparte. Then, also, Wordsworth was working on "The Excursion," which at that time bore the name of "The Peddler." In that year, he married Mary Hutchinson of Penrith, to whose amiability his poems pay warm and beautiful tributes. In 1803 he made a tour of some weeks in Scotland, being guided at Melrose by Walter Scott; and he now became acquainted with Sir George Beaumont, whose name appears often in his writings. In 1805 he suffered the grief of losing his brother, Captain Wordsworth, who perished by shipwreck. In this year were written "The Wagoner" and the "Ode to Duty;" and "The Prelude" was finished, and consigned to the poet's desk for forty-five years. In 1807 were printed two volumes of poems, composed since 1800. They contain, besides several very fine ballads, and many other small poems, "Sonnets dedicated to Liberty," and the "Memorials of a Tour in Scotland." These volumes were the objects of some of those critical censures, (severe but very far from being groundless,) under which, with all his outward apathy and real self-esteem, the poet, as his letters show, smarted very severely. In 1808 he removed to Allan Bank at the head of Grasmere Lake, where he lived for three years. In 1809 he contributed to the "Friend" of Coleridge, who was then living with him; and published his indignant and very eloquent pamphlet on the Convention of Cintra. His political opinions had now settled pretty much into the form they ever afterwards held, a kind of speculative Toryism, heightened by his church opinions, but balanced by many notions really democratic. In 1810 he printed, as an introduction to a set of Views of the district, his Observations on the Scenery of the Lakes, the most interesting of all things of the sort. In this year was born the last of his five children, two of whom died two years afterwards. In the spring of 1813, after one temporary change of dwelling, he took up his abode at Rydal Mount, two miles from Grasmere, which was his home for thirty-seven years, and the scene of his death. Then, too, by the interest of Lord Lonsdale, he was appointed distributor of stamps for Westmoreland; an office which was executed by a clerk, and yielded about £500 a year. A second tour in Scotland, early in 1814, gave birth to a few poems; and in summer was published "The Excursion," the greater part of which had been written at Allan Bank. This edition, consisting of five hundred copies, was not exhausted for six years. "Let the age," wrote the poet to Southey, "continue to love its own darkness; I shall continue to write, with, I trust, the light of Heaven upon me." In the design of this remarkable poem, it is difficult to discover any thing that can justify commendation, whether we look to it as an independent work, or regard it as forming a part in that gigantic poem, which the author so long contemplated executing in whole. But if "The Excursion" is to be judged by its best passages, hardly any poem in our language is equal to it. Some of its scenes, extending through hundreds of lines; many passages of smaller extent, but yet considerable; and innumerable verses, and phrases, and words; are among the most exquisite things to which any poetic mind ever gave expression. In 1815 appeared "The White Doe of Rylstone," a work instinct with a dreamy loveliness, and estimated by its author very highly. But it evinces more plainly than any of his preceding works, his incapacity to plan or conduct a sustained narrative; and it is characterized, even more than the "Lyrical Ballads," by that which Coleridge had publicly pronounced to be one of his friend's besetting sins; namely, the prevalence of "an intensity of feeling disproportionate to such knowledge and value of the objects described, as can be fairly anticipated of men in general, even of the most cultivated classes." Within a year or two before and after the publication of this work, the poet, in his usual fashion, proved his power of poetizing in a different key, by composing several of those small pieces, whose elaborate refinement both of sentiment and of diction, has drawn forth the lively admiration of readers the most adverse to the peculiarities of his system. Such were "Laodamia," "Dion," the "Ode to Lycoris," and "Ar

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tegal and Elidure." In 1816 was composed the "Thanksgiving Ode," and a rhymed translation of Three Books of the Æneid. In 1819 appeared "Peter Bell," which was rather popular, and the "Waggoner," which was much the reverse. To that year belong the series of Sonnets on the River Duddon. In 1820 Wordsworth, with his wife and sister, made a tour of four months on the continent, of which "Memorials" were published some time afterwards. In that year, too, a visit to Sir George Beaumont gave occasion to the very fine series of Sonnets called "Ecclesiastical Sketches." Wordsworth was now fifty years old, had written all his best works, and had laid most of them before the world. But, though the thirty years during which his life was still prolonged were unprolific of great performances, they witnessed very extraordinary changes in the reputation of the author. Poets were already familiar with his works, and acknowledged him as the chief in a new development of the art; but ordinary readers, taking what they found of him in the periodicals, knew as yet only a few of his best passages and a great many of his worst. The *Edinburgh Review*, supported afterwards by the *Quarterly*, had hitherto guided the public opinion as to his writings; a turn was now given to the tide, by the eloquently vehement panegyrics which began to be showered on him in *Blackwood's Magazine*, about the year 1820. Without taking account of minor points, we may correctly consider Wordsworth's principal critics as looking at the functions and duties of poetry from two opposite points of view. Jeffrey paid regard mainly to the perfection or imperfection of the result; Wilson and his friends were content with examining the state of mind out of which the result is generated. The former, severely pure in taste, demanded an elaborate work of art, symmetrically designed, and executed with care and dignity; the latter sought for nothing beyond such proof of genius as might be furnished in a few striking passages, and held native endowment as more than sufficient to atone for imperfect execution. Scrutinized in the first of these aspects, all the brilliant poetry which arose in England during the first generation of our century was seriously defective; and that of Wordsworth, with all his deliberation and slowness of performance, was, through the natural character of his mind, still more open to exception than the effusions of Scott and Byron had been made by carelessness and haste. Even those who, having formed a competent acquaintance with Wordsworth's works, felt themselves compelled to adopt this view, could not be and were not, blind to the admirable beauties of detail, which, when blazoned forth by the pen of Christopher North, speedily made the poet's name to be a word of honor, even with those who knew none of his poems but in fragments, or who were wearied or repelled by the inanimateness and the disproportionate design of "The Excursion." The fame of the Poet of the Lakes grew yet wider, when his influence had shown itself decisively in that new school of poetry, which had its beginnings with Keats and Shelley. For a good many years before his death, Wordsworth was not only acknowledged, and justly, to be really the greatest English poet of his time, but was regarded with a reverence allowing no possibility of faults. Symptoms of a wiser and more discriminating judgment have shown themselves of late; and, in no long time, the world will estimate justly and correctly the works of one of the greatest as well as purest and most blameless, of the poets who have enriched and enlarged the domain of English literature. The period extending from Wordsworth's fiftieth year to his eightieth requires no minute notice. He lived among his beloved mountains, traveled much, suffered a good deal, and wrote little. Two visits to Scotland, in the former of which (in 1831) he saw Scott just before he left Abbotsford for the last time, provided many of the materials for a volume, published in 1835, "Yarrow Revisited, and other poems." The finest of these are the meditative pieces entitled "Evening Voluntaries." About this time the poet was deeply affected by political events; and he felt yet more keenly the declining health of his sister, who became a confirmed invalid. In 1837 he made, for nearly six months, a tour in Italy, which suggested several pieces, printed in 1842, in a volume called "Poems, chiefly of Early and Late Years." In it was inserted the Tragedy of "The Borderers." In that year, being now seventy-two years of age, he resigned his distributorship in favor of one of his two sons, and received from Sir Robert Peel a pension of three

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hundred a year. In 1843, on the death of Southey, the same ministry appointed Wordsworth to be Poet-Laureate; an office which he accepted only on the assurance, that it was to be entirely nominal and honorary. In 1847 he had to witness the death of his accomplished daughter, Mrs. Quillinan. He died on the 23d of April, 1850, being exactly the day of the month which closed the life of Shakspeare. His remains rest in the churchyard of Grasmere.

### Francis Jeffrey.

Looking the observer full in the eye, next sits Lord Jeffrey, the renowned writer and critic of Scotland. Lord Francis Jeffrey, was one of the most masterly critics and eloquent writers in the English language, and a very remarkable instance of the combination of different and dissimilar faculties, as well as of indefatigable energy and rapid versatility in the employment of mental powers. During the twenty-five years when his literary labors would have seemed to be incessant, he was practicing the legal profession with activity and increasing success; he was the leading barrister in the Scottish courts, while he continued to vindicate his place as the first literary critic of his time; and in his declining years, when literature had ceased to be for him any thing more than an amusement, he gained by his knowledge and acuteness and industry on the bench, an eminent reputation among the best judges that have administered the law of Scotland. He, too, the good lawyer and celebrated writer, was a singularly eloquent and effective speaker; fluent, refined, and masterly in public oratory, and in private society one of the most brilliant of talkers. In his writings, again, to say nothing of the variety of information involved in the diversified fields over which he expatiated, there is an admirable union and an harmonious balancing of vigorous thought with impressive representation; gay and graceful wit, sometimes luxuriating too keenly to be good-natured, alternates with the natural expression of serious feelings which are always refined and not infrequently profound; and an imagination almost fertile and original enough to have made him a poet, throws over all his writings a wealth of felicitously illustrative imagery hardly ever employed to garnish so much of active and sagacious thinking.—Francis Jeffrey was born at Edinburgh in October, 1773. His father, a lawyer by profession, was one of the deputy-clerks or registrars of the Court of Session, the supreme law-court of Scotland. After having passed six years at the high school of Edinburgh, he studied at the university at Glasgow for two sessions of six months each, and afterwards, in his eighteenth year, resided for a few months at Oxford. His youth was spent in industrious reading, which embraced classics, history, ethics, criticism, and the *Belles-Lettres:* he was indefatigable in practicing composition, and in early manhood wrote many verses. At the age of twenty-one, he was admitted to the Scottish bar, where, for not a few years, he was so little employed as to have full leisure for literary purposes. The first number of the *Edinburgh Review*, which contained five papers of Jeffrey's, appeared in October, 1802, when he was just twenty-nine years old; and he became its editor after the first two or three numbers. The celebrity which the *Review* at once attained was owing more, in an incalculable degree, to him than to any other of the contributors; the papers which he furnished to it were for many years very numerous, and were those on which its critical authority rested; and his skill and industry in editing were very valuable. At first considerably open in its politics, the *Review* soon became decidedly Whiggish; and the *Quarterly* was established as a rival. But for a good many years after this, its energy suffered no perceptible diminution; and the exertions of its editor were unrelaxed, in spite of the claims of a professional practice, which was now becoming very great. In the mean time, in 1802, he had married a relation of his own, whom he soon lost, to the deep grief of a heart keenly awake to the domestic and friendly affections. In 1813 he married a grand-niece of John Wilkes, crossing to the United States to bring her home. In 1815 he became the occupant of the beautiful villa of Craigcrook, near Edinburgh, which, improved by his fine taste, became a place of meeting for many of the most distinguished persons in Europe. In 1816 Jeffrey's eloquence as a public speaker found for the first time an adequate field; trial by jury, which had hitherto been confined in Scotland to

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criminal causes, being then extended to civil questions. From this time till he ceased to practice, he was the acknowledged leader of the Scottish bar. In 1820, and again in 1821, he was elected Lord Rector of the university of Glasgow by the students, an honor which has since been cordially accepted by some of our most eminent literary men and statesmen. In 1829 his professional brethren authoritatively acknowledged his standing, by appointing him Dean or President of the Faculty of Advocates. He immediately resigned the editorship of the *Review*, which had long been burdensome and undesirable. At this point his literary life may be said to close. During the twenty-seven years he had contributed to the *Review* about two hundred articles. A new stage in his history opened with the accession of the Whigs to political power. In December, 1830, he was appointed Lord Advocate, an office which, besides many other duties, involves those of a secretary of state for Scotland. He necessarily entered Parliament, but too late for eminent success, being now in his fifty-eighth year, without adequate training for the peculiar arena, and with a voice already broken so far as to deprive him in a great measure of the advantages which had belonged to his powers of oratory. His chief speeches in the House of Commons were made in support of those measures of reform in parliamentary representation and civic government, which it was his official duty to introduce. In May, 1834, he was raised to the bench as one of the judges in the Court of Session, assuming, according to the Scottish fashion, the honorary title of Lord Jeffrey. He delighted in his judicial duties; and no man ever performed them better. The remaining years of his life were spent in peace and honor. Never was old age more kindly or more placid; and, when the last scene arrived, the regrets of a whole community were poured on his grave. In 1841, an attack of bronchitis, the disease which had often distressed and at length destroyed him, compelled him to seek repose for some months. In 1843 he published, with unfeigned reluctance, three volumes containing selections from his "Contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*." He died at Edinburgh on the 26th of January, 1850, leaving a widow who survived him but for a very short time, and a daughter, whose husband, Mr. Empson, (also since dead,) became the third editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

### Robert Ferguson.

In the foreground of the print, in front of the table, with hand to his face, and eye intently fixed on Sir Walter Scott, we next have Robert Ferguson, the Scotch poet, whose compositions in the lowland Scotch dialect entitle him to rank with Burns in descriptive power, though nothing that he has written can be compared with the lyrics of the bard of Ayr for tenderness, and intense love of nature. He was born at Edinburgh, where his father was accountant to the British Linen Company, 17th October, 1750. His parents intended him for the ministry, but he wanted the power of steady application to the necessary studies, and his father dying when he was seventeen years of age, he went to reside with an uncle near Aberdeen, who was at length tired of his poor relative, and allowed him to take the situation of copying-clerk at the office of the commissary-clerk, and afterwards in that of the sheriff's clerk, in his native city. His love of poetry, and his conversational powers, not only unfitted him for this drudgery, but the latter, by a natural reäction against his daily toils, involved him in habits of dissipation, which predisposed him to disease; and it is melancholy to relate that the last penalty which the violated laws of nature exacted from him was nothing less than his mental derangement. In 1774, when in the twenty-fourth year of his age, he was sent to a poor asylum for lunatics, where he was subject to rules which in all human probability hastened his death, which took place in about two months afterwards, on the 16th of October. Burns always acknowledged with affecting tenderness his obligations to Ferguson, whom he styles his "elder brother in misfortune," and to whose memory, in the year 1789, he erected a handsome monument in the Canongate churchyard, the place of his interment. It is impossible to read the Scottish poems of Ferguson without acknowledging how closely Burns has followed his model in some of his most admired descriptive pieces. We may instance in particular, "The Daft Days," "The Rising of the Session," "Leith Races," "Elegy on John Hogg," and

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"Cauler Oysters," in which the most striking parallels may be traced. Ferguson could sing his native melodies with effect, and was a little too fond perhaps of practical jests. It is said that he never made an enemy, but it is only too likely that he lost a friend in his rich uncle for lack of that ordinary "prudence" which men of genius too often pride themselves in holding cheap.

### Thomas Moore

Was born in 1780, in Dublin, where his father carried on business with no great success as a wine merchant. He showed from boyhood an imaginative and musical turn; and various circumstances concurred in impressing him early with that indignant and melancholy sense of the wrongs and sufferings of Ireland to which his poetry owes so many of its most powerful touches. His family professed the Roman Catholic creed, as he himself always continued to do; and among his father's friends were several of the United Irishmen, with others who were ardently bent on extorting redress from the government. The political disturbances broke out into rebellion while Moore was a student in Trinity College; he wrote anonymously for a seditious newspaper, and was only saved from implicating himself deeply by faithfully keeping a promise which his mother prevailed on him to give. He took his degree in 1798, and went to London to keep his terms for the bar. Poetry, however, had taken possession of his mind; and the amatory cast which always prevailed in his poems, was allowed in some of the earliest of them to degenerate into reprehensible looseness. His gay translation of Anacreon, published in 1800, was followed by the notorious "Poems of Thomas Little," and the just severity with which these and another miscellaneous volume of his were treated in the *Edinburgh Review*, produced the abortive duel between Moore and Jeffrey. At this period the poet's means were very slender, and his prospects discouragingly uncertain. But his rising reputation as a song-writer, his musical accomplishments, and his pleasing manners, facilitated his introduction into aristocratic society. In 1804, having obtained a registrarship in Bermuda, through the patronage of Lord Moira, he went out to discharge the duties of the office. It proved to be much less lucrative than he had expected; and in a very few months he returned home, being allowed to leave a deputy, whose defalcation soon plunged Moore into embarrassments from which he was long in being able to extricate himself. He refused all aid from his friends, Jeffrey, now cordially intimate with him, offering generous help. In the end, the claims being favorably adjusted, he paid the whole sum from his literary earnings, while he continued to contribute liberally to the comfort of his parents. From the time of his return to England his course of life was very uneventful. He was thenceforth wholly the man of letters, supporting himself by his pen, and courted in society, especially that of the higher Whig circles of London. In 1811 he married Miss Dyke, who had been for a short time on the Dublin stage, an amiable, attractive, and domestic lady. Soon afterwards he took up his residence in a cottage near Ashbourne in Derbyshire, whence he removed to Sloperton near Devizes. There he continued to live ever afterwards, visiting London, however, frequently, and making other excursions, and being obliged soon after his removal to the place to take refuge on the continent from his Bermuda creditors. In 1835 he received from Lord Melbourne's government a pension of three hundred a year; and in 1850, when his health was completely broken, and all his four children were dead, Mrs. Moore obtained a pension of a hundred pounds. He died in the beginning of 1852. Moore's writers fall into three groups; the serious poems; the comic and satiric rhymes; and the biographies and other works in prose. In the first of these classes, the compositions that support his fame are the "Irish Melodies," (the series of which began in 1813,) and other lyrics. Many of these are exquisite for grace of diction, for beauty, not without sameness of imagery, and for a refined and ideal kind of pathos. They are poems for the drawing-room, and admirable as such. In "Lalla Rookh," published in 1817, the poet tried a more ambitious flight; and, while there is here very great skill and care of execution, with a marvelous richness of fancy, and singular correctness of costume, it can not be said that he has

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vindicated his claim to be ranked with Scott or Byron, among the great painters of romantic narrative. The second group of Moore's works, perhaps, shows his genius in a more brilliant light than any of the others. Unsparingly severe in his attacks on those public persons who were obnoxious to the Whig party, he has made satire as gayly witty, and as irresistibly amusing, as it ever can be. His chief political satires, besides many fugitive contributions to newspapers, were "The Two-penny Post Bag," "Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress," and the "Fables for the Holy Alliance." A lighter vein was opened in "The Fudge Family in Paris." Moore's prose works were really tasks performed for the sake of the gain they brought; and the best of them can only be asserted to be performed with good taste and care. If any of them was a labor of love, it was the gorgeous romance of "The Epicurean," which appeared in 1827. The only others that require to be named are the "Life of Sheridan," (1825;) and the "Notices of the Life of Lord Byron," (1830.)

### Dr. John Allen.

A distinguished historian and political writer, a frequenter of Holland House, friend of Mackintosh, Romilly, Horner, and Sidney Smith; an early contributor to the *Edinburgh Review;* was born in 1771, and died in 1843.

### Thomas Campbell

Was born at Glasgow in July, 1777. His father, descended of a good family in Argyleshire, was a Virginia merchant; but before the birth of the poet, the youngest of his eleven children, he was in decayed circumstances, and subsisted on small annuities from mercantile societies, and by receiving young men into his house as boarders. Thomas, after distinguishing himself at school, passed through the university of Glasgow with high reputation, which, however, was gained less by steady industry or exact learning, than by the precocious brilliancy of his essays in prose and his versified translations from the classics. Till the end of his life, Greek was his favorite study; and he was vainer of his proficiency in it than of his poetry or the fame it brought him. One of his first printed efforts was "The Wounded Hussar," which appeared when he was about twenty years of age. The poem, "Pleasures of Hope," published in 1799, in its author's twenty-second year, became immediately and deservedly famous; and, though, in spite of advice, he sold the copyright absolutely for sixty pounds, the publishers, on its success, were for some time very liberal to him; and the reversion of the copy-right became profitable in his declining years. Being now determined on making literature his profession, he spent upwards of a year in Germany. A great poem, "The Queen of the North," ardently projected, was soon dropped; but he transmitted from abroad to the *Morning Chronicle*, several of his finest lyrics, among which were, "Ye Mariners of England," and "The Exile of Erin." He had intended settling in Edinburgh, where he had long been intimate with Jeffrey, Brown, Scott, and Stewart, and most of all with Alison; and with this design he set down his parents in that city. In 1803, however, he found it advisable to remove to London; and in the same year, uncertain though his prospects were, he married his cousin, Miss Sinclair. Next year he obtained an engagement with the *Star* newspaper, from which he received about four guineas a week, chiefly earned by translating foreign gazettes. About the same time appeared "The Battle of the Baltic." For seventeen years from this date he inhabited a house at Sydenham, near London. In 1809, appeared "Gertrude of Wyoming," to which, the year after, "O'Connor's Child" was annexed. The place which Campbell justly holds as one of the classics of English poetry was now securely gained, when he had only reached his thirty-third year; and, though his life was but half spent, it may safely be said that nothing which he afterwards wrote was worthy to be ranked with his earlier achievements. In 1812 he delivered, with great popularity, six lectures on poetry at the Royal Institution. In 1819 appeared his well-selected "Specimens of the British Poets," accompanied with criticisms, which, written with very fine judgment and fair knowledge, are the only prose compositions of Campbell that are likely to be remembered. In 1825 he was chiefly occupied in organizing the London university, visit-

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ing Berlin to obtain information for the purpose. In November, 1826, he was elected rector of the university, of Glasgow; and, exerting himself actively in promoting and suggesting reforms, he was reelected twice afterwards. "The Pilgrim of Glencoe," the last of his considerable poems, published in 1842, was not successful even in his own estimation. His health, long uncertain, was now irretrievably shattered; and fond of society, and often tempted to convivial excesses, he had taken but too little pains to preserve health, especially since domestic distresses had fallen so heavily on him. His affairs, too, became much embarrassed; and in July 1843, giving up the last of several houses he had successively occupied in London, he retired with his niece to Boulogne. There, after a winter of suffering, he died in June, 1844.

### Sir David Wilkie.

The readers of the *Eclectic* will look with interest on the portrait of the artist whose engraved works have so richly embellished this journal in years past.

Sir David Wilkie, a painter of distinguished merit, was born near Cupar in Fifeshire, in 1785, his father being a minister of the Scotch Church. In 1805 he came to London, and soon attracted notice by the excellence of his earliest efforts; his career of fame commencing with his "Village Politician," "Blind Fiddler," "Rent Day," etc. His reputation was now established, and in 1811 he was made a royal academician, from which period he regularly produced, and as regularly sold at increasing prices, his most celebrated pictures, of which we shall merely mention a few: as "Distraining for Rent," "The Penny Wedding," "Blind Man's Buff," "The Village Festival," (now in the National Gallery,) "The Reading of the Will," and "Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo," (painted for the Duke of Wellington, in 1823, for £1200.) In consequence of ill-health, brought on by close application and some serious pecuniary losses, a continental tour was recommended by his physicians; and he accordingly visited Italy and Spain, where he remained till 1828. But his love of art and his habitual industry could neither be restrained by the injunctions of physicians nor the entreaties of friends; and, accordingly, several finished pictures, altogether different from his former style of execution, soon appeared. Upon this "total change" of style and choice of subjects it has been remarked, that, in departing from the principle of the Flemish and Dutch schools, and adopting that of the Spanish, "he determined on the hazardous experiment of resting his future fame on a style utterly opposite to that in which he then stood unrivaled amidst European artists." In January, 1830, on the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, he was appointed principal painter in ordinary to George IV., whose portrait in the Highland costume, and "His Majesty's Reception at Holyrood House," he was at that time occupied in painting. On the accession of William IV., the royal favor was continued to him, and he was knighted in 1836. Queen Victoria, honored him with sittings for his splendid picture of her majesty's "First Council;" and by the queen's command he went to the Turkish capital to paint the portrait of the Sultan. This was his last and fatal mission. On his return on board the Oriental steamer, after having touched at Malta and Gibraltar, he was taken suddenly ill, and died in Gibraltar Bay, aged 56, June 1, 1841; the last sad offices of committing his body to the deep being rendered necessary by the strict orders of the governor, who could not allow it to be brought on shore. Among the principal pictures painted by Sir David, in his second or Spanish style, may be named "The Maid of Saragossa," "The Guerilla's Departure" and "Return," "John Knox preaching," "Columbus," "Peep-o'-day-Boy's Cabin," "Mary Queen of Scots escaping from Lochleven Castle," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "The Empress Josephine and the Fortune-teller," and "The Discovery of the Body of Tippoo Saib," (painted for the widow of Sir David Baird.) He also produced many celebrated portraits. As a man, Sir David Wilkie had the character of being mild and unassuming; as an artist no difficulties could daunt him, nor could any labor be too great for him to undertake with a view to the attainment of excellence.

### Archibald Constable.

Archibald Constable, a Scotch bookseller, well known for his enterprise and literary taste, commenced the *Edinburgh Review*. He was born in 1775, and died in 1827.

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# MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THIS very gifted and talented lady, whose literary fame is world-wide, and whose beautiful and life-like portrait embellishes our present number, is one of the most distinguished poets of the age. She is still young, and with her habits of study, will probably enrich the world with many precious gems of thought, in addition to her works already produced. Her maiden name was Barrett, under which she achieved her poetical reputation. In 1846, she was married to Robert Browning, a poet and dramatic writer of much celebrity, author of "Paracelsus" and several tragedies. This gifted couple, whose tastes as well as talents are congenial, seem destined to ascend together the Hill of Fame. Mrs. Browning is probably more versed in classical learning, and a more complete scholar, than any of her sex now living. Her mind is also well stored with general literature: with an energy and force of character truly rare, she brought out the powers of her mind, and cultivated its faculties, during a wearying illness, which confined her for many years to her apartment. Shut out from the influences of external nature, she surrounded herself with the flowers of poetry, and created tints of the imagination to give unfading radiance to a room the sun's rays never entered. Mrs. Browning enjoys the friendship and correspondence of many of the most eminent men and women of the day, by whom she is justly valued for her abilities and excellence.

She has written in prose some treatises on "The Greek Christian Poets," which are said to be admirable, and among her friends her talents as a letter-writer are quite celebrated. Whether she is destined to go down to posterity as a great *poet*, is a point that will bear discussion; energy, learning, a romantic melancholy chastened by faith, and sincere piety, are found everywhere through her works; she also possesses an exuberance of fancy, and her memory is stored with expressions of the poets of the highest stamp. Do these gifts constitute poetry?

"Mrs. Browning," says a distinguished scholar, (Rev. George W. Bethune,) when commenting on her poems, "is singularly bold and adventurous. Her wing carries her, without faltering at their obscurity, into the cloud and the mist, where not seldom we fail to follow her, but are tempted, while we admire the honesty of her enthusiasm, to believe that she utters what she herself has but dimly perceived. Much of this, however, arises from her disdain of carefulness. Her lines are often rude, her rhymes forced, from impatience rather than affectation; and for the same reason, she falls into the kindred fault of verboseness, which is always obscure. She forgets the advice which Aspasia gave a young poet, 'to sow with the hand, and not with the bag.' Her Greek studies should have taught her more sculptor-like finish and dignity; but the glowing, generous impulses of her woman's heart are too much for the discipline of the classics. Hence it is that we like her less as a scholar than as a woman; for then she compels our sympathy with her high religious faith, her love of children, her delight in the graceful and beautiful, her revelations of feminine feeling, her sorrow over the suffering, and her indignation against the oppressor. It is easy to see, from the melody of rhythm in 'Cowper's Grave,' and a few shorter pieces, that her faults spring not from inability to avoid them, if she would. Her ear, like that of Tennyson, (whom she resembles more than any other poet,) thirsts for a *refrain;* and like him, she indulges it to the weariness of her reader. Her sonnets, though complete in measure, are more like fragments, or unfinished outlines; but not a few of them are full of vigor. Her verses must be recited; none of them could be sung."

But if the melody of rhythm is sometimes wanting in her lines, the sweet grace of patience, the divine harmony of faith and love, seem ever abiding in her soul. She is among those women who do honor to their sex, and uplift the heart of humanity. Many of her shorter poems are exquisite in their touches of tenderness and devotional pathos. The power of passion is rarely exhibited, in its lava-like flood, on her pure pages; but deep affection and true piety of feeling meet us

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everywhere, and the sweet, holy emotions of woman's love are truthfully depicted; and thus her great abilities, guided by purity of thought, and hallowed by religious faith, are made blessings to the world.

The published works of Mrs. Browning are: "The Seraphim," "Prometheus Bound," "A Drama of Exile," "The Romaunt of Margaret," "Isobel's Child," "Sonnets," and "Miscellaneous Poems."

Her own appreciation of the holy office of the true poet, is thus glowingly expressed in the Preface to her poems: "'An irreligious poet,' said Burns, meaning an undevotional one, 'is a monster.' An irreligious poet, he might have said, is no poet at all. The gravitation of poetry is upwards. The poetic wing, if it move, ascends. What did even the heathen Greeks—Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Pindar? Sublimely, because born poets; darkly, because born of Adam and unrenewed in Christ, their spirits wandered like the rushing chariots and winged horses, black and white, of their brother-poet, Plato, through the universe of Deity, seeking if haply they might find him; and as that universe closed around the seekers, not with the transparency in which it flowed first from his hand, but opaquely, as double-dyed with the transgression of its sons, they felt though they could not discern the God beyond, and used the gesture though ignorant of the language of worshiping. The blind eagle missed the sun, but soared towards its sphere. Shall the blind eagle soar—and the seeing eagle peck chaff? Surely it should be the gladness and the gratitude of such as are poets among us, that in turning towards the beautiful, they may behold the true face of God."

# DEATH OF GENERAL CAVAIGNAC.

The sudden death of General Cavaignac has removed from the scene one of the most conspicuous actors in the great revolution of 1848. Eugene Cavaignac was born in Paris the 15th December, 1802, and was consequently in his 55th year at the time of his decease. His father was as old member of the National Convention, and the future Dictator of 1848 was reared in the uncompromising republicanism of 1792. The young Cavaignac adopted the military career, and early evinced the influence of those principles to which through his whole life he adhered with Spartan tenacity. His openly avowed republicanism led to his employment with other hot and ardent spirits, in the wars of Africa in the early days of Louis Philippe. His military career in Algiers was one of high distinction. Indomitable energy, complete self-mastery, a calculating head, and a stoical integrity of character, singled him out as a man eminently fitted for a high command. In 1847 he succeeded Lamoriciere in the command of the Province of Oran, and in February, 1848, by one of the first acts of the Provisional Government, he was raised to the Governor-Generalship of Algiers. He remained in command of the province, until, having been elected in his absence a delegate to the National Assembly, he returned to Paris about the middle of May. Shortly after his arrival he was nominated Minister of War. The times required the iron hand of a determined soldier, and the party of the Moderate Republicans believed they had found in Cavaignac the sole shield of France against the horrors of anarchy. The terrible insurrection of June burst forth. On the second day of that tremendous struggle, the Provisional Government resigned, and Cavaignac was named Dictator.

On the evening of the fourth day's fighting, after a frightful carnage, Cavaignac remained master of the city—and of France. At that moment the successful soldier who had rescued society from anarchy might, sword in hand, have converted a temporary dictatorship into a permanent rule. But Cavaignac had no sinister aims. He had saved his country, and he required no more. Then came the

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election for the President, and the return of Louis Napoleon by a vast majority. Cavaignac played his part with the dignity of true greatness; holding aloof from all that scene of factious littleness which wearied out the patience of France; serving his country as he could; holding fast by his principles without compromise and without compliance. When Bonaparte struck the decisive blow in December, 1851, Cavaignac was seized and imprisoned with the rest of the known opponents of the usurpation. He was, however, soon released, and has since continued to reside principally in France. The elections of last summer, in which he was twice returned by a decisive majority as a member of the Corps Legislatif for the third circumscription of Paris, threatened again to force him from his dignified retirement into the arena of public life. It was generally understood that Cavaignac had determined not to take the oath to the new dynasty necessary to enable him to act in his legislative capacity; still the arrival of the period at which his resolve must have been finally made known, was looked for by the whole Republican party in France with no little anxiety. Death has released him from the necessity of making this election, and the Emperor from the embarrassment which would have been created by either his consent or his refusal to serve. The esteem of men of all parties will follow this brave and sincere soldier to his tomb. France has not produced a character of more massive heroism, of so stern a self-denial, of so elevated a sense of duty.

The funeral obsequies of the General took place on Saturday, the 31st of October, in the church of St. Louis d'Autin. All was conducted with order and regularity, although the streets through which the procession to the Cemetery of Montmatre passed were crowded, and about 15,000 people followed the hearse to the gates of the cemetery.

Quite a large body of troops took part in the proceedings, and many prominent Republicans and literary and political celebrities were present. The procession contained far less of the democratic element than was expected. An Imperial carriage was looked for in the train, but none was there.

As the hearse passed along, every hat was raised, and the spectators often remained bare-headed until it was out of sight. No address was spoken over the tomb, but the soldiers paid the usual military honors.

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

# ALEXANDER SMITH'S CITY POEMS.*

[We think the following review must have been written with a pen dipped in the colors of the rainbow—so beautiful—so just—so graphic—so full of the spirit of poetry.]

For people who enjoy the character of matter-of-fact sobriety of judgment, the gentle English public is given to the excitement of hero-worship in an extraordinary degree. Every season produces "*the* most remarkable" man in the country as artist or orator, preacher or poet. Mr. Alexander Smith may be termed, without offense, the very Spurgeon of poets. Not without days of intense labor and thought; not without "ticklers" from "crusty Christopher," and "slashers" from

> "the Quarterly,
> So savage and Tartarly,
> Which killed John Keats,"

did Alfred Tennyson win and wear the laurel which so worthily encompasses his brow. His *In Memoriam* is white and firm as marble, and beautiful as a gallery of sculptures; but a keen eye can see, as it were, stains from the artist's sweat of

* City Poems. By Alexander Smith. Cambridge: MacMillan & Co. 1857.



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anguish, dropped down upon the stone. A comparison of his earlier volumes in their present state with the first edition will show how the minutest stroke of the chisel has been retraced; how, to vary the figure, the honey has been strained and restrained, until it has lost all its coarser particles. The blue ribbons of the elegant scholarship of Trinity College, Cambridge; the English medal for "Timbuctoo," and the Greek medal for some wonderful ode, we dare say of ultra-Æschylean majesty and darkness, hung about the poet, and gave him at the outset the right to be heard among his contemporaries. Such a man could not sing unnoticed by "the great silent crowd of thorough-bred Grecians" who wind through every path of English society. But the young drawer of muslin-patterns began his literary career from no fine seclusion of academic bowers. We suspect that his quick youth had little Latin and less Greek. From the midst of a warehouse he flung out his Life Drama like a comet, and found himself glorified in its blaze.

But if the English public be the readiest of idol makers, they are also, we apprehend, in many cases, the sternest of iconoclasts. They first spoil their favorite, and then disinherit him. The extent of their contempt is proportionate to the exorbitance of their earlier admiration. It fares with them as in Juvenal's terrific representation of the fall of Sejanus. The head and face of the statue of the popular hero are made into vessels of inodorous name. The countenance, once all but adored by the people, is dragged along by a hook, with abundance of personal observation on the blubber lip and the unhandsome features.

Mr. Alexander Smith seems to be devoted to a similar fate. His Life Drama sold by tens of thousands. The ingenuity of criticism exhausted itself in hyperboles of praise. Yet his present volume is pooh-poohed. Like the used-up man in the farce, criticism votes that his volcanoes are bores, and his eclipses "shady" affairs. It seems to be assumed by many writers that his poems are unworthy of serious attention. In especial, he has once and again been accused of plagiarism—continuous, deliberate, unblushing—only to be paralleled by Sir A. Alison's appropriation of Kaye's Affghanistan; or by Dr. O'Connell's knitting together of Manning and Melville into a sermon on St. Aloysius; or by the *quondam* clergyman who published some of Mrs. Hemans' poems with his name appended.

In reference to Mr. Smith this line of criticism is as unjust as it is ungenerous. We propose, therefore, to pencil out a rapid sketch of the narrative portion of the City Poem, connecting the outline by such direct quotations as may serve to give a fair specimen of the author's characteristic beauties and defects. We shall then refer his poems to canons of criticism which seem to us indisputably sound. The imputed plagiarisms must in the last place claim a somewhat lengthened discussion.

The first poem in the volume bears the title of Horton. It opens with the writer in bed, listening to the ballad singer and the oyster-man:

> "An oyster-man came crying through the streets;
> And straight, as if I stood on dusky shores,
> I saw the tremulous silver of the sea
> Set to some coast beneath the mighty moon."

Pretty lines, unquestionably, but exhibiting one of the characteristic mistakes of the spasmodic school. It is, of course, impossible to say what substances may be crystallized in the amber of association. So in Hobbes' famous story, Charles I. may lead to a Roman penny. But it is unwise to connect the petty and the sublime. We submit that a more natural association connects oysters and silver, and our fancy flowers off into song:

> "An oyster-man came crying through the streets;
> And straight, as if I sate at supper-board,
> I saw a silver tankard, porter-foamed,
> A silver cruet, hearted like a shrew,
> Fiery with pepper, sharp with vinegar!"

Then follows an alarm of fire, introduced apparently for the purpose of bringing in some rather ultra-volcanic lines upon fire. The hubbub passes; and an exquisitely poetic dialogue ensues between "that angel, Sleep," and the poet. Morning comes, with no particular result that we can find from the oyster-man and the fire. The bard proceeds to his warehouse, where we have a description of his companions, bald enough, and in the case of him

> "Who strove most valiantly to be a man,
> Who smoked, and still got sick,"

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rather *gentish* to our taste. After various meanderings of dialogue, the hero of the poem is introduced in a picture of "the Crown." The picture, no doubt, has a certain rosy humor of its own, like one of Teniers' Dutch boors, or a piece of Flemish tapestry, in which the harvesters brawl round the hostelry, and spill the beer among the yellow sheaves. But we must grudge the two perfect lines, marked in italics, to such a neighborhood. They are like two rose-buds dangling into the window of a pot-house.

"*Can pensive Spring, a snow-drop in his hand,*
*A solitary lark above his head,*
Laugh like the jovial sinner in his cups?
I vote for winter! Why, you know the
'Crown,'
The rows of pewter winking in the light,
The mighty egg-flip at the sanded bar,
The nine-pins, skittles, silent dominoes,
The bellied landlord with his purple head,
Like a red cabbage on December morn,
Crusted with snow. His buxom daughter
Bess—
A dahlia, not a rose-bud.

This peg of the "Crown" gives James, one of the interlocutors in the dialogue, an opportunity of hanging thereto the memory of Horton, who seems to have been much too frequent an attendant at this place of strong drinks.

"Last week poor Horton died, who sat therein
As constant as a saint within his niche.
I saw him often, heard his glorious talk;
But ere the midnight grew into the morn,
He seemed a mighty angel sent from God
Standing before us—drunk: a sinful song
Staining his radiant lips."

Years ago this Horton had been engaged to a beautiful and gentle girl. His occupations had taken him to Kent—how well described let any man testify who from some gentle elevation above Tunbridge has looked over that land of wood and hop-gardens, stretching beyond Hadlow and Mereworth to the horizon line.

"One summer-day
He lay upon a tower in leafy Kent,
Watching a lazy river—
*A red-tiled town,*
*Set in a tender film of azure smoke,*
And here and there upon the little heights,
A windmill turning its preposterous arms
Within the silent noon."

Horton hurries to Glasgow to meet his affianced. On the night of his arrival, there was a dense and dreadful city fog. The intended bride leaves her house for a space. Meanwhile the father, mother, and Horton just arrived, sit in a happy knot. But the fair girl never returns. The catastrophe is told in lines so hoarse and white with terror, that it were a kind of profanation to turn them into prose.

"They madly called her name—
Night heard, and conscience-striken, held its
breath,
And listened wild. *At last, in the bleared morn*
*They saw a something white within the stream.*"

This unhappy Horton is a poet, and a song of his composition is given. There is something in the measure and in "the curled thought revolving upon itself," (as Voltaire somewhere says,) that reminds one too much of Edgar Allan Poe. But truly the voice of death "sings in its windows, and desolation is in its thresholds." We can but quote the last stanza—a thing to haunt the heart forever, so long as the sea tumbles upon the strand.

"In vain, in vain, in vain,
You will never come again,
There drops upon the dreary hills a mournful
fringe of rain.
The gloaming closes slowly round, loud winds
are in the tree,
*Round selfish shores forever moans the hurt and*
*wounded sea,*
There is no rest upon the earth, peace is with
Death and thee,
Barbara!"

The character of Horton is then canvassed. From the fire of afflictions there comes forth no vessel for the finer. His nature deteriorates. The finger of sorrow touches the heart of flesh into a mass of selfish sensuality. He becomes a boon companion, a sot; in our estimation, though we fear we shall offend Mr. Smith, something of a blackguard. In the language of English housemaids, "he took to beer." Morbid vanity, brooding grief, the ambition to be famous without the will to labor, the champagne and moselle of rich patrons, we fear "the mighty egg-flip" of the "Crown," accomplished the work which poets have generally attributed to a broken heart.

"Glasgow" is in our estimation so purely and almost perfectly beautiful, that we hardly know how to extract or to criticise, more especially as the poem contains

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no narrative. We copy out two stanzas, however, as specimens, one of description, the other of sentiment.

"When sunset bathes thee in his gold,
In wreaths of bronze thy sides are rolled,
Thy smoke is dusky fire;
And from the glory round thee poured
A sunbeam like an angel's sword
Shivers upon a spire.
Thus have I watched thee, Terror! Dream!
While the blue night crept up the stream.
All raptures of this mortal breath,
Solemnities of life and death,
Dwell in thy noise alone:
Of me thou hast become a part—
Some kindred with my human heart
Lives in thy heart of stone;
For we have been familiar more
Than galley-slave and weary oar."

In "Squire Maurice," the soliloquizer, a Glasgow lawyer, finds himself enjoying a few days of repose in the country. He goes to "a cosy hostelrie," a particular favorite of our author's; we fear that the poet-laureate has taught our younger muses to become tavern haunters, and dip their delicate robes in "pints of port." He contrasts his own lot with Maurice, (whose relation to him, by the way, we can not quite unriddle,) the link of connection in this case being a letter from the latter, which he carries in his pocket, and reads. In this epistle (which is in blank verse, the soliloquy being in curious and rather unmusical rhyme) Maurice confesses to a strange love-affair, although innocent as the attachment of Don Quixote to Dulcinea, or of Madame Guyon to her director.

"Yet I dare stand before my mother's face,
*Dare look into the heavenly eyes that yearn*
*Forever through a mist of golden hair*—
With no shame on my brow."

Maurice comes of an idle, morbid, passionate, dreamy race. He doubts whether after all he really loves the pretty, quiet village-maid; whether the Lady Florence be not more of a mate for him. He feels that he is wronging the poor girl. Of the horns of the dilemma, marriage and desertion, he has not moral courage to impale himself on one, or the other. The passage which describes his balancing between these alternatives—which brings out the consciousness of his weakness and selfishness, summed up in some bitter words of self-contempt—shows a genuine power of psychology, without morbid exaggeration.

"A very little goodness goes for much.
I'm kind, they say—
Give coals in winter, cordials for the sick;
They love me, those poor hinds, though I have ne'er
Resigned a pleasure, let a whim be crossed,
Pinched for an hour the stomach of desire,
For one of them."

True, doubtless, but somewhat unwholesome; the stern Calvinism even of the natural heart in some of its bitterer moods. Then comes a wild fancy of flying to Australia, which is so worded as to betray a lingering love to the haughty Lady Florence. The shrewd worldly sense of the lawyer at first insists upon the unwisdom of breaking down social barriers. The condescension of rank and fortune to poverty and low estate is not likely to lighten the gyves of marriage.

"'Tis an old tale—they wander to the grave,
With hot revolting hearts, yet lashed and tied
Like galley-slave to slave.
Love should not stoop to Love, like prince to lord;
While o'er their heads proud Cupid claps his wings,
Love should meet love upon the marriage sward,
And kiss, like crownéd kings."

At last the lawyer's heart is touched with old recollections. He determines to go to Ferney Chase, haunted by some memory of love in his gay and gallant youth, before he had grown as hard and dry as his own parchments—

"I know that my joy-emptied eyes shall see
A white ghost wandering where the lilies blow,
A sorrow sitting by the trysting-tree."

It is evident that his judgment has accepted a retaining fee for the low-born beauty.

The Night before the Wedding, or Ten Years After—a melo-dramatic title—is not much to our taste. It must be the sequel of the preceding poem. Whether it be Maurice's second *wedding* it is hard to gather. But it would seem as if the bridegroom had recollections which his noble lady might find disagreeable.

The Introduction to a "Boy's Poem" is addressed to a friend in India.

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"Shut from the blinding sunbath of the noon,
I see you stretched; the only living sound
Within the tingling silence of the heat,
The long waves' drowsy tumble on the bar."

The boy has made him a home near Glasgow, and forgotten the sorrows of his passionate boyhood; in his own exquisite words,

"Death weaves the subtle mystery of joy;
He gives a trembling preciousness to love,
Makes stern eyes due above a sleeping face,
Half-hidden in its cloud of golden curls.
Death is a greater poet far than Love;
The summer light is sweeter for his shade."

From his retreat he sends the fitful story of his boyhood to his friend.

"Now as the years wear on, I *hunger more* (?)
To see your face again before I die.
Last night, I dreamed. I saw a mighty ship
Through a great sea of moonlight bearing on,
Its vail of smoke dissolving into mist
Beyond its shining track; and in my dream
I felt you on your way.

"There are no children's voices in my house.
If I have never ventured from the strand.
Been spared the peril of the storm and rock,
I never have returned with merchandise.
I know that she has melted from your sight,
And that a colony of little graves
Makes that far earth as sacred as the sky.
Alone like me, your solitude is not
Empty like mine—*lost faces come and go;*
*I have but thoughts.*"

In the First Part, he introduces himself as an orphan stripling with a widowed mother. He is first at school, where he is unhappy, with experiences like Shelley's. He finds, however, that he has the tongue at once of a Thersites and of an Arabian story-teller—that he can alternately sting his tormentors with taunts, or almost madden them with tales of terror. On one occasion he has a fight, rushes off from the field under a heavy shower, and goes into a high fever. The delirium is described with awful power.

"This is the land of Death, and that is Hell,'
I cried, as I went on towards the glare.
I climbed a bank of gloom, and there I saw,
A burning sea upon a burning shore—
A lone man sitting black against the light,
His long black shadow stretching o'er the sands,
Long as earth's sunset-shades."

He is tended by his mother, a gentle, suffering, unselfish creature; and recovers. A hard year comes, and the widow is ruined. One summer morning the boy is led into a gloomy square of workhouses, and left among faces "merciless as engine-wheels." There, however, he is destined first to know love; some fair sempstress is his heroine. The boy obtains a week's holiday in May. He is going into the country to the sea; and she asks him to bring her back some flowers, which he may place in her hair.

The Second Part opens with the voyage down the river. The city, the Clyde, the sea, the sunset, the thunder-storm, the excursion to a loch in Argyleshire, the last afternoon in the country, are steeped in the affluent light of Mr. Smith's wonderful imagination. But before starting, the boy perpetrates a song, the first stanza of which, we are sorry to say, is rather profane, while the whole is decidedly spasmodic, and rather Cockney. He does not forget to "pluck his flower before the dawn." He rattles home by steamer and by train, which

"—flew through living rocks,
*Adown whose maimed and patient faces, tears*
*Trickle forever.*"

He steals to the warehouse, where he is stung to madness by overhearing two workers speaking together of his Mary. She is engaged, and just to be married to one Morris, a rich man, as yellow as a guinea; and her request for flowers was a piece of madcap giddiness,

"To use the roses, by one lover brought,
To turn the other's brain."

Going home in frenzy, his selfish rage is rebuked by his mother's beautiful, uncomplaining grief, and he knocks off the white heat of his wrath in a strange, bitter soliloquy.

The Third Part shows mother and son, poorer and poorer, the inmates of a wretched room in a wretched court. The son's heart is soured and cankered with grief. The very Sabbath bells suggest unwholesome reflections.

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"In every street
The brave streams of the proud and gaudy world
Flow to the house of God. My mother sits,
With vanished shapes, and faces of the dead,
And little pattering footsteps; why should she,
*A broken heart wrapt up in faded silk,*
Mix with the prosperous?"

Years pass. At last, once in the middle of the night, he overhears his poor mother holding communion with her Saviour, and pleading for her wayward boy.

"My heart swelled like a man's, who after years
Wasted in riot 'neath a tropic sky,
Returns, and wandering on a Sabbath-eve,
Bursts into tears beside a twilight church,
Filled with a psalm, which he knew long ago,
When his heart too was pure."

Then comes the conclusion of the Poem. The death-scene may rank with the first poetry of our tongue.

"I knelt down by the bed. 'Come Margery;
The sea is glittering in the sunny bay,
The fisher's nets are drying on the shore,
And let us gather silver purple shells
For necklaces. You have been in the woods;
Your lips are black with berries. Oh! the boats,
The bonny, bonny boats! List, the fishers sing!'
O Mother, Mother!
'They have left me here
Upon this dark and dreadful, dreadful road;
I can not hear a voice, or touch a hand;
O Father! take me home! she sobbed and wept,
As if she were a little wandered child.
Her Father took her home. I stooped to catch
Her feeble breath; a change came o'er her look,
A flutter in her throat, and all was peace.
Then slowly I grew conscious that the dawn
Filled the square window with his hateful face,
Staring into the chamber of the dead—
And with affrighted eyes I gazed on him."

We have fulfilled the first part of our task. We have given the outline of these poems, and endeavored to make a fair selection in the way of extracts—though one can no more judge of a good poem by these shreds, than he can construct a plan of Nineveh from a few painted tiles and winged bulls. Let us endeavor to draw them to a definite point.

Too much of the criticism of the present day is either based upon false principles, or reposes upon no principles at all. It is a capricious estimate of particular passages. It is a random stringing of sentences, more or less clever, but with no particular bearing upon the matter in hand. We were surprised the other day, for instance, to find the following singular criticism in an able paper in one our ablest contemporaries. The writer in question observes of Charlotte Brontë: "We have already had occasion to notice the absence of comparison or metaphor in her poetry: the same is true of her prose. The lava is at white heat; there are no bright bubbles. Its vigorous intellect seeks no trappings of pearl or gold. It is content to abide in its white vail of marble." Very pretty and very eloquent: but an instance is alleged—a description of winter and of summer. In these brief passages the following sentences occur: "The stripped hawthorn and hazel bushes were as still as the white worn stones in the middle of the path. The little brown birds which stirred occasionally in the hedge, looked like little single russet leaves that had forgotten to drop." * * "A splendid midsummer shone over England. It was as if a band of Italian days had come from the South, like a flock of glorious passenger birds." That is to say, the critic has some fine things to write upon the species of style which is destitute of comparison; and he is so secure of his assertions passing without examination, that he cites, in illustration of his position, sentences which actually shoot and coruscate with comparisons.

But to return. The criticism of the present day, we repeat, generally fritters itself away in details. It abuses or admires particular passages. It criticises a fold in the drapery, a figure in the landscape. Careless criticism has made feeble and defective writers. A poet, we think, ought to be estimated by broader and more philosophical principles.

The greatest thinkers on the philosophy of poetry, in all ages and countries, have insisted upon two points—the Action and the Unity of the Action. As to the Action: "This," says Professor Matthew Arnold, "the Greeks understood far more clearly than we do. With them the poetical character of the action in itself, and the conduct of it, was the first consideration; with us, attention is fixed

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mainly on the value of the separate thoughts and images which occur in the treatment of an action. They regarded the whole; we regard the parts. With them, the action predominated over the expression of it; with us, the expression predominates over the action." And as for Unity of Action, insisted upon by Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and English critics, it is but an expression for that good sense which belongs to all the nations of the world. Unity of Action is approved, because the human understanding is better satisfied when it reposes upon a single object adequate to our view, and which we can take in easily, than when it is lost in the hurry of confusion. "These and the like," writes Voltaire, "are a kind of eternal law, submitted to by all nations, because enacted by nature. But the machinery, the episodes, the style itself, and all that depends upon the instinct called Taste — here are too many opinions and no rules.

Tested by these rules, "Horton" and "Squire Maurice," at least, are lamentably defective. They are psychological sketches —morbid, monotonous, painful—in which there is nothing to be *done*. Mr. Smith may say that he is writing neither Epic nor Tragedy; that he cares not for these old rules. We can only reply that all experience proves that those poems only have in them the stuff for immortality which have conformed to these regulative principles of human nature. We would point him to the example of Mr. Arnold, who has gone so far as to act the part of Brutus by his own offspring—who has omitted his beautiful poem of Empedocles, because he considers it to belong to a class of situations which are poetically worthless.

But waiving these views—the views not only of Aristotle, but of Schiller and Goethe, who only justified his own Faust by considering it as exceptional — as exploded pieces of pedantry; conceding to Mr. Smith that his want of definite impression is redeemed by his affluent imagination, and limitless wealth of language, candor will compel us to indicate other deficiencies, and those in the more *architectoric* part of his works.

There is the want of delicate morality in the very choice of such a character as Horton. To choose it, indeed, is in some sense to become not simply its apologist, but its admirer; at least, without a mode of *handling* very different from that which Mr. Smith exhibits. When Shakspeare delineates *his* Horton; when he describes the end of the fallen Flastaff, he indulges in no rant about the compatibility of "goodness" with "passionate sins." Nowhere outside the Sacred Volume, to our thinking, is there such a lesson to be learned as in Mrs. Quickly's house in Eastcheap, though the interlocutors be "Pistol, Mrs. Quickly, Nym, Bardolph, and Boy." "Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet." What a comment on the text, "The carnal mind is *enmity* against God"! Even the boy's reminiscence—"'a said 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose; and 'a said *it was a black soul burning in hell-fire*"—may have excited a thoughtless laugh from the groundlings of the Globe Theater. But in it there is no laughing matter, no flippant profanity. There is an awful intermixture of the habitual thoughts and companionship of the degraded courtier, with others of a different complexion. The vulgar and brutal Bardolph grows sublime in that fiery shadow.

In Horton there is no skillful exhibition of the growth of character. Great artists do not make a character as a sculptor makes a statue; carving out now a head, now a hand; polishing the marble, finger-nail by finger-nail. They work in it, like nature in the growth of a flower, "from within outward," not passing upon a single petal, or fiddling with a single leaf, but developing every part harmoniously and at once, with a species of multi-presence. Horton is introduced as a passionate and unhappy lover; he falls at once, without any intermediate gradations to break the descent, from the marble steps of the altar to the reeking offal below; he slides, without any softening lines of transition, from the category of love to that of brutality. Contrast with this the creations of an artist, like Wordsworth. In the tale of Ruth—rightly classed as a poem of the imagination—the slighted child, wandering over dale and hill with her pipe of straw, selfish, wild, and willful, is the stuff out of which the woman is made who is lured by an agreeable scamp. The handsome wanderer from Georgia, with his dangerously delightful tales—the intermingling of baser passions with his purer hopes and

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nobler sentiments—the breathing-time, in which he dreams of a deliverance of his soul from darkness under the gentle light of Ruth—find their proper culmination in the abrupt and unprincipled desertion of the bride. "Fervet opus." The scenery, beautiful as it is, serves only to illustrate the manners. The Indian girls in their mazy dances, the magnolia, high as a cloud, the cypress and her spire, the scarlet flowers that set the hills ablaze, the green savannahs, the endless lakes, the fair trees and gorgeous blossoms, are not a set of detached pictures, beautiful but incoherent as the visions of an opium-eater. They are moral instruments; they melt with voluptuous thoughts into an ill-regulated mind; they impart to it a kindred impulse, and "justify the workings of his heart." The madness and woe of the sequel are not the galvanic contortions of a stimulated fancy. They are the *natural* result of elements to which the Master of our moral constitution has attached those penalties. Or take the Solitary in the Excursion. From the minister of religion and the affectionate husband he does not at once degenerate into the licentious infidel. Love of the freedom of military life, and relinquishment of a sacred office, under circumstances of peculiar temptation, are the preparatives. If sorrow imbrutes for a season a mind that was not destitute of good qualities, we see how he was compelled, by his wife's death, to hold unwilling communion with the regions of eternity; how he sank into apathy; how the French revolution burst upon his languor like the music of a glorified humanity, and led him

> "To break faith with those whom he had laid
> In earth's dark chambers with a Christian's hope—"

And the despondency of the Solitary is a despondency corrected; his licentiousness but a filthy and rugged walk on the way to the mountain-top.

It is one of the most dangerous features of the moral psychology of the spasmodic school that it is always splitting the moral character, one and indivisible, into two selves. There is the outward "I," given to folly and "flip," to reeking punch and indifferent company, possibly to borrowing money never to be repaid, and other questionable practices. But there is the inward "I," delighting in virtue, and able to draw fine pictures of it, which cost very little, as they were never intended to be more than pictures. Homely common-sense knows this to be a sorry figment. This doctrine of the two selves is, we apprehend, a sort of reflection of a current exegesis of the seventh chapter of Romans. But, in truth, there is but one moral self; that other and better, whose voice such men as Horton seem to hear, is but the ghost of perished virtue walking restlessly through the chambers of memory, or fancy maundering over the good that the will is too impotent to attain.

But it will be urged that the character of Horton is at least conceivable. Edgar Allan Poe, perhaps, sat for the portrait. He, too, possessed rare gifts and endowments; he, too, was a poet and a wit; he, too, a sot and a scamp. Our answer is that such a line of defense evinces a total unacquaintance with the end and nature of poetry. Natural or unnatural, the delineation of such a character is totally alien to the genius of poetic art. For the end of poetry is delight. Delight is consistent with sorrow. The death of Antigone or Lear; the desolation of Margaret; the anguish of Ophelia, affect us with an exquisite pleasure that refines and purifies. The fairest flowers of poetry are those which cast a delicate shadow of sorrow on the hot, hard stone of human life. In modern times, especially, when our minds have been so much driven back upon themselves, the hue of pensiveness has become native to the face of poetry. But Horton, as a whole, can simply inspire disgust.

The nature of poetry is a protest against such a selection. The historian, the orator, the philosopher, represent things as they are. They take a species of daguerreotype, or litho-crome, addressed to the ear. But it is the poet's prerogative to introduce, as it were, another nature and nobler features than those which exist. Other arts may be said to resemble actors, who content themselves with the parts which they find set down by the Divine Author in the drama of existence, with the thoughts, the passions, the characters which they have actually read. But poetic art not only transfigures the things which are into a new and unfamiliar beauty, but, in a certain sense, represents the things which are not as if they were, or as they possibly might be,

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or ought to be, under certain conditions. So that the poet seems to resemble not so much the player who narrates that which is written down for him, as the Creator who moulds a new world; "whence," says Scaliger, "a name common to him with Providence itself, that of *maker*, is given to the *poet*, not so much by consent of men as by the provision of nature." If grammar be the poor auxiliary which has been summoned in to fight against the confusion of tongues; if nearly all our vaunted arts be but so many remedies against our wretchedness; poetry is the sublime expression of our yearning after a fairer beauty and a more majestic order than we can find in the wrecks of the fall. Man is one great antithesis of glory and of degradation. His starry spirit burns in a lantern of perishable flesh. It alternately shines upwards to its golden kindred, and downward to the dunghill. We stand as it were upon a little strip of strand, wet and weary, where our business is to pick up a few shell-fish to fill our bellies, and our amusement to scrawl lines upon the shore; but we know that we stand there only for a season. We can see the ocean stretching far away in leagues of purple and violet, and the western heavens in a blaze of golden glory; and we have the assurance that we shall yet sail over that boundless tract. Man is a being of noble longings. The disinherited son of Adam gazes wistfully back upon the Paradise which he has forfeited. The heir of immortality, with faculties that share in the amplitude of his prospects, makes himself a grand and thoughtful play — a solemn and stately mask—a sweet, immortal mimicry of his hopes. History has nothing of sufficient greatness; he swells its tiny figures into proportions of heroic majesty. It has little of pure and perfect justice; he unfolds a history where all is sublimely right. Life satiates him with its monotony; he refreshes himself with a life full of beautiful variety, and sweet, unexpected vicissitude. This is the *genesis* of poetry. To fail then in affording delight in a given poem, on the ground that it is "true to nature," is to confess, *totidem verbis*, that one fails in that which constitutes the very essence of poetry.

We have spoken at such length of "Horton," because we think so well of Mr. Smith as to hope that he may be induced to abjure this vein at once. But the "Boy's Poem" is liable to none of these capital objections. It abounds, indeed, in isolated passages, passionate, descriptive, or reflective, almost unmatched in modern poetry. It can hiss with bitter, sententious brevity; or wail, like an immortal spirit in pain; or sing, like a bird in the heart of a green tree. Quite a galaxy of "bright particular stars" could be put together from it. But, what is far more important as an index of *power*, it has a unity and a purpose. The conception of the wild and stormy boy, educated through disappointment and poverty by an unselfish and holy mother, is beautiful in itself. The episode of the roses and Mary is justified by the sequel. Not less beautiful is the way in which all the darker umbrage of his character is gradually absorbed into that pale moonlight radiance of sanctity and maternal love. And in such a region as this Mr. Smith should walk in the security of his maturer powers. His strength is not in meteoric coruscations of passion; in miserable Edgar Poes; fallen angels staining their radiant wings in lees of wine; in moral monstrosities that may astonish but can never delight or improve. He inherits an ampler realm. He has been made free of the agonies through which the soul struggles to virtue and to God. He can extract from the brute mass of ordinary circumstances the more beautiful and touching aspects of poverty. He has a heart to feel and a hand to paint the imperishable affections, that are as beautiful in the festering alley as on the free mountains or by the eternal sea. He has laid his ear to the heart of a great city, and detected all its finer throbbings. More than this, if one might judge from indications in the latter portions of this volume, the poet seems to have reposed at last upon the human affections of Him, to know whom is to have the golden key that opens the secrets of our humanity; of whom he has said so well:

> "Our life is noble — Thou hast breathed its breath;
> Death sweet—for Thou hast died!"

On this ground let him walk, and we are not afraid of the result.

But before closing this notice we must refer to the charges of plagiarism which have lately been advanced against Mr. Smith. We can not enter upon this portion of our task satisfactorily without reprinting the chief of these notable discoveries.

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SMITH.

Joy, as he went laughing past,
Crushing a bunch of grapes against his lips.

This pantomime,
At which, mayhap, an angel audience sits.

Chanticleer, that struts
Among his dames, faint challenged, claps his wings,
And crows defiance to the distant farms.

This crumbling shoal of time.

A shallow river breaks o'er shallow falls.

———daylight streaming through
A rich cathedral window, dim with saints,
Falls on the clasped hands of a stony knight
In palpitating crimson.

—— gleamed on by the flying moon.
The torrent raging down the long ravine.

Some soft and soul-subduing air.

An ancient grange, half hid in harvest home.

Streaks of rain fall on the yellow woods.

O'er steaming autumn meads, touch lochs that spread
A hundred branching arms among the hills,
With leagues of throbbing silver.

And when the proud sun fired the dripping pines.

And by it lay a little green grave,
Still as a couching lamb.

Beds
Of restless silver shifted on the sea.

Checkered my page with shadows of the grass.

The firth was throbbing with glad flakes of light.

—— Wreaths, which in its swift retreat,
The army of the snow had left.

OTHER WRITERS.

KEATS.

Burst Joy's grape against his palate fine.

POE.

An angel throng * * *
Sits in a theater, to see
A play of hopes and fears.
The play is the tragedy, Man.

MILTON.

———Stoutly struts his dames before.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

A shrill defiance of all to arms.
Shrieked by the stable, ever received
An angry answer from these farms.

SHAKSPEARE.

This bank and shoal of time.

MARLOW.

Shallow rivers to whose falls.

KEATS.

A casement . . . .
——twilight saints, and dim emblazonings.
. . . . . .
Rose-bloom fell on her hands together prest.

TENNYSON.

——gleamed to the flying moon by fits.
The long brook falling down the dim ravine.

COLLINS.

Her soul-subduing voice applied.

TENNYSON.

The thousand waves of wheat
That ripple round the lonely grange.

——Yellow woods were waning,
Heavily the low sky raining.

——steaming floods
. . . . . .
And o'er the firths that branch and spread
Their sleeping silver through the hills.

SHAKSPEARE.

Which fires the proud top of those eastern pines.

WORDSWORTH.

As on a sunny bank a tender lamb
Screened by its parent, so that little mound.
Like beds of moonlight shifting on the brine.

ALLINGHAM.

Checkered with woven shadows as I lay
Among the grass.
The liquid thrills to one gold flake.

WORDSWORTH.

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated.

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| SMITH. | OTHER WRITERS. |
| --- | --- |
| Then slowly I grew conscious that the dawn<br>Filled the square window with his hateful face,<br>Staring into the chamber of the dead. | TENNYSON.<br>Unto dying eyes<br>The casement slowly grows a glimmering square. |
| Drew o'er the world a vail of dewy gray. | COLLINS.<br>Thy fingers draw dewy<br>The gradual, dusky vail. |
| Loose as the film that flutters on the grate. | COLERIDGE.<br>Only that film which fluttered on the grate. |
| The deep<br>Changed like a pigeon's neck. | TENNYSON.<br>Bays, the peacock's neck in hue. |
| —— A gloomy fleece of rain,<br>On it crept,<br>Drinking the sunlight from a hundred glens;<br>Blackening hill by hill; smiting the sea's<br>Bright face to deadly pallor; till at last<br>It drowned the world from verge to verge in gloom. | —— Sees a great black cloud<br>Drag inward from the deeps a well of night,<br>Blot out the slope of sea from verge to shore,<br>And suck the blinding splendor from the sand,<br>And quenching lake by lake, and tarn by tarn,<br>Expunge the world. |
| ——purple thunder-cloud. | When all the glens were drowned in azure gloom<br>Of thunder-shower. |
| His long black shadow, stretching o'er the sands,<br>Long as earth's sunset shades. | Tall as a figure lengthened on the sand<br>When the tide ebbs in sunshine. |
| My slumberous being closed its weary leaves<br>In drowsy bliss, and slowly sank in dreams<br>As sinks the water lily 'neath the wave. | Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,<br>And slips into the bosom of the lake;<br>So fold thyself, my dearest. |
| And far above the region of the wind. | That range above the region of the wind. |
| Bring me love's honeyed nightshade; fill it high;<br>I know its madness. | The cruel madness of love,<br>The honey of poison-flowers. |

Here are no less than *twenty-eight* distinct thefts attributed to poor Mr. Smith. Very awful they look; but let us inspect them more closely.

We immediately strike *four* off the list. Similarities to such writers as Milton and Shakspeare can never be justly set down as plagiarisms. They are elegant allusions, and he who takes them for more is a very spiteful or a very incompetent critic. We can see no valid reason for supposing that Mr. Smith is indebted to Mr. Patmore's amplification of Milton's line upon Chanticleer.

Between Keats' "grape of joy," and Mr. Smith's, the likeness is of the most superficial character. The former is speaking of the inexplicable connection between melancholy and delight which is found in finer spirits; the latter, of the rampant and bacchanal aspect of joy. Possibly both poets had in their minds a dim reminiscence of the Shakspearian image of "mar the vine for one sweet grape." The notion of man's life being an attractive exhibition, at which angels look on, is, we suspect, considerably older than Edgar Poe, or the City Poems; there is an old-fashioned preacher, one Paul of Tarsus, who has said, "We are made a *spectacle* unto the world, and to *angels*, and to men;" the marginal reference, no very recondite source of learning, puts *theater* for *spectacle*. A shallow river, breaking over shallow falls, is not so striking or unusual that it need be traced to Marlow's "Sporting Lines." There is, perhaps, a sort of generic likeness between all descriptions of the colored light of painted windows; we never met one that was not beautiful. But any two so unlike as the warm and living Madeline, kneeling at her prayers under the casement, and "the stony knight" by the cathedral window, we are unable to recall. "The torrent raging down the long ravine" and "the long brook falling down the dim ravine," remind one of the ingenious Fluellen in Henry V.: "There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Mon-

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mouth: 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both." The "soul-subduing air" comes after the "soul-subduing voice" of Collins, indifferent well; for there is figures in all things." The "grange *half hid in harvest home*" has a joyous, autumnal look that redeems it from the imputation of being a servile copy of Tennyson's summer picture. The *Athenæum* critic places Mr. Allingham like the slice of ham in a sandwich, between Wordsworth and Tennyson. That a boy, or man, musing over a book as he lay in a meadow on the summer-day, should have its pages checkered with shadows of the grass, is not so unusual a fact in natural history that Mr. Smith need have traveled from the Broomielaw to Ballyshannon for the purpose of borrowing the observation. Mr. Allingham's friend has done him no service by inviting comparison between his exaggerated and unintelligible "liquid thrilling to one gold flake," and that noble line which actually twinkles and scintillates with the ocean's mighty joy.

"The firth was throbbing with glad flakes of light.

It is rather unfortunate that Mr. Smith should have selected the particular epithet "square" to apply to the "window" in the closing lines of his Boy's Poem; there is otherwise no likeness whatever to Mr. Tennyson's celebrated passage. The accuser, in his anxiety to depreciate Mr. Smith, has, by the way, afforded ground for a charge against the laureate. We are informed that "the deep, changing like a pigeon's neck," is filched from "bays, the peacocks's neck in hue," in Tennyson's Daisy. Now any one but a short-sighted Cockney can see with half an eye that the pigeon's and the peacock's neck give an entirely different coloring; to follow Fluellen's rule of comparison, they are both birds, and both, like Macedon and Monmouth, begin with the same letter; but there it ends. But it does so happen in this case, that Laureate Tennyson has borrowed from Laureate Southey.

"How beautiful, beneath the light blue sky,
The billows heave! One glowing green expanse,
Save where along the bending line of shore
*Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck*
Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
Embathed in emerald glory."
—*Madoc in Wales*, xiii.

We do not see why two poets should not look at a summer thunder-storm over the hills and glens, and describe one "a *purple* thunder gloom," the other "an *azure* gloom of thunder-shower," without being suspected of copying from each other's note-books.

On the whole, we are of opinion that the *twenty-eight* charges collapse, upon examination, to *seven* or *eight*, and those of a kind which can be pardoned by any one who considers the nature of reminiscence. The critic in our contemporary, with his discoveries in scattered volumes of poetry, reminds one of Cornelius Scriblerus and his notable discoveries of the ten logical predicaments, in the battle of the sergeant and the butcher in the bear-garden. When Cornelius called up the coachman to tell what he had seen, he answered thus. Two men fighting, one a fair sergeant in red breeches; the other, a black butcher, in blue; they fought upon a stage, about four o'clock, and the sergeant wounded the butcher in the stomach. "Mark," quoth Cornelius, "how the fellow runs through the predicaments. Men, *substantia;* two, *quantitas;* fair and black, *qualitas;* sergeant and butcher, *relatio;* wounded the other, *actio et passio;* fighting, *situs;* stage, *ubi;* two o'clock, *quando;* blue and red breeches, *habitus.*" So Mr. Smith sings us his sweet story; but our Scriblerus will have it that he is "running through predicaments" of which he has never heard or dreamed.

In order to see how little poets—the most renowned for originality—can stand this sort of minute and spiteful criticism, let us be allowed to handle Wordsworth in the same fashion.

| Wordsworth.* | Other Writers.—Milton. |
| --- | --- |
| The child is father of the man. | The childhood shows the man,<br>As morning shows the day. |

* Some of these obvious passages, from Milton especially, we take from an able article in the *Edinburgh Weekly Review*. Many others, however, have never, that we know of, been noticed.

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SMITH.

That figure like a ship,
With snow-white sail.

A godhead like the universal Pan.

Her duty is to stand and wait.

Or through the groves
Gliding, like morning mist.

But, above all, that mixture of earth's mould,
Whom light, etc.

For this single cause,
That we have all of us one human heart.

If the wind do but stir, for his proper delight,
Each leaf—that and this—its neighbor will kiss;
Each wave—one and t'other—speeds after its brother.
They are happy, for that is their right.

Thy form was sleeping in the glassy sea.

. . . . . .

Whene'er I looked thy image still was there;
It trembled, but it never passed away.

If there be prophets on whose spirits rest
Past things, revealed like future.
The discerning intellect of man,
When wedded to this goodly universe,

. . . . .

I long before, etc., etc.
Would chant, in lonely thought,
The spousal verse,
Of this great consummation.

The pile
With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld
By naked rafters, intricately crossed,
Like leafless underboughs in some thick wood,
All withered by the depth of shade above.

The ghastly face of cold decay put on
A sunlike beauty.

We live by hope
And by desire: we see by the glad light,
And breathe the sweet air of futurity.

Here, thronged with primroses, the steep rock's breast
Glittered at evening like a starry sky.

The whole poem of Laodamia.

——Save the rugged road, we find
No appanage of humankind,
No hint of man; if stone or rock
Seem not his handiwork to mock,
Mockery, or model, etc., etc.

OTHER WRITERS.

Who is this
That so bedecked, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing like a stately ship.

Universal Pan,
Knit with the graces.

They also serve who only stand and wait.

The cherubim descended on the ground
Gliding meteorous as evening mist.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould—

SHELLEY.

Disguise it not, we have one human heart.

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another, etc., etc.
—*Love's Philosophy.*

Within the surface of the fleeting river,
The wrinkled image of the city lay;
Immovably, unquiet, and forever,
It trembles, but it never fades away.

*See Hobbes*, Of Man, part i., c. 3.

Existimamus nos thalamum mentis et universi stravisse et ornasse.—*Bacon*, Dict. Operis.

I went to bed, [in a Highland hut.] The light the bright fire sent up among the varnished rafters and beams, which *crossed each other* in almost as *intricate a manner* as I have seen *the underboughs* of a large beech-tree, *withered by the depth of shade above.*—*Miss Wordsworth's Journal.*

Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.
—*Byron.*

We scarcely think of the present. The future is our main object. We are never living, but hoping to live.—*Pascal.*

*S. Basil*, (we can not recover the passage just at present.)

Abraham Tucker's "Vision." Compare especially: "She is not a woman here; you must consider her as an intimate friend, not a wife. Let us have no kissings nor embracings, no raptures nor transports. Remember that your love must be pure, sedate, angelical."

The pointed and shattered summits of the rocks made a rude mimicry of human concerns.
—*Coleridge*—Wanderings of Cain.

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SMITH.

——Should *ye* depart,
*Ye superstitions of the heart*,
How poor were human life!

Trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home;
Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

The silent shore
Of memory—

OTHER WRITERS.

One who has so completely vanquished all *the mean superstitions of the heart.—Burke.*

In osculo infantis unusquisque, nostrûm ipsas adhuc recentes Dei manus debet cogitare.
*—Council of Carthage.*

ἡσύχῳ φρενῶν βάσει.
*—Æschyl. Choeph.* 445.

Let it be distinctly understood, that we are not so silly as to make any charge of plagiarism against the immortal memory of William Wordsworth. We are but illustrating, by an example, the unfairness of subjecting Mr. Smith to an ordeal from which no poet could well escape scatheless. So far as the charge has any substantive basis at all—so far as echoes of Wordsworth or Tennyson mingle with a strain that has abundant sweetness of its own—we hope that the author of City Poems may be induced by it to revise his works with scrupulous care. Let him learn that true greatness does not consist in bulk or volume, or mere profusion of imagery, but in a strong and chastened frugality. He can afford to throw away some pretty thoughts. As in the course of our lives, we are entangled every moment by myriad threads of circumstances, of which few produce pleasure, and fewer still admiration; so an infinity of thoughts and images insinuate themselves into the mind of every true poet, all of which are not entitled to admission. There is much truth in a saying of one of the first of critics in reference to one who was among the first of poets: "Virgil made himself greater by renouncing much. He who would follow his example will prefer to sacrifice something which might possibly please, rather than to leave any thing which will probably offend."

We should like to have said more, but our space warns us to conclude. On the whole, then, we conceive that in Mr. Smith we have the elements of a poet of a high order. He possesses something more than that faculty for rich and vivid description which is merely a department of rhetoric, but which the shallow criticism of the day identifies with poetry in the highest sense. He combines this with the power of hitting off generalizations at the point where philosophy is tinged with the many-colored light of poesy. He has strength and music. His "Boy's Poem" gives evidence of sustained power and moral unity. Above all, it should, in common justice, be remembered that he is no mere plagiarist. The question is not, whether eight or ten lines can be pointed out by a morose diligence, which might have been distinguished by inverted commas. The greatest poets would not stand this pedantic scrutiny. We do not mean to compare Alexander Smith to Horace or Virgil, to Milton or Shakspeare; but the labor and diligence which have traced so many threads of these immortal masters to other woofs, have not diminished the delight and the admiration with which we inspect the unfading tissue that they have woven. The late Professor Archer Butler remarked to a friend who spoke of Samuel Rogers, that there was scarcely a couplet in the Pleasures of Memory in which traces of other writers might not be discovered by those who could "without an hound fine footing trace;" but Rogers supplied the vivifying principle which made them his own. The suggestions which occur to Mr. Smith are not those of common-place *contiguity*, (to use the language of Brown;) they are the rarer and finer work of *analogy*. Images which have been imported by the memory may occasionally be mistaken for the native produce of the soil; but there are enough of indigenous flowers and fruits to justify that soil from the imputation of sterility. We hope that we have heard the last of these painful accusations, and that our able contemporary will exhibit no more of the singular ill-nature which has so generally led to the impression that his pen has been wielded at the dictation of some petty personal jealousy. No true poet, at all events, can never be written down. He was a greater critic than Mr. Smith's accuser who was told that he could "no more crush the Excursion than he could crush Skiddaw."

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# JOHN SARTAIN.

We must beg leave of our kind readers, to say a word in regard to our incomparable artist and friend, Mr. John Sartain, to whom in common, we are so much indebted for his rare artistic skill in the embellishment of this work. While the more than forty volumes of the Eclectic, are enriched and made a treasure-house of literary wealth, by many of the most gifted pens of England, Scotland, and Ireland, Mr. Sartain, almost alone, has been engaged, by his talents and skill, in enriching and adorning the work with the life-like and speaking portraits of eminent personages of Europe, and other historic specimens of the engraver's art. In the foreground of each of the one hundred and seventy monthly numbers of the Eclectic, with few exceptions, may be found a specimen of his skillful handiwork. The press and numerous private letters have expressed the pleasure and admiration, with which these works of art have been regarded. We hardly need refer to the unsurpassed and beautiful constellation of portraits at the head of our present number, as proof of Mr. Sartain's artistic ability. We have never seen it equaled. But we have another object in this brief sketch. Among the numerous readers and patrons of this work, are gentlemen of wealth, learning, talents—occupying high positions in public, and more private and commercial life, who are the centers of great circles of friends, made up of families, sons, daughters, relatives and their widening circles, who look upon their faces and listen to the music and eloquence of their speech in public or private life with pleasure. It would be a luxury and an invaluable treasure to preserve the face—the expression—the almost speaking countenance of the common center and friend of these concentric circles. The painter can make one or two, with taste and skill, to be hung up in the family parlor to be looked upon while living and after the original has vacated his home and disappeared from social scenes and circles to be seen no more. But Mr. Sartain can execute a life-like portrait, which can be mutiplied by thousands; so that every relative and friend can possess a copy of the loved and speaking face as a priceless souvenir. We hardly know how an investment of $100 could be made productive of so much pleasure in all its bearings to living friends, as a plate for portrait impressions from the hand of Mr. Sartain. We hope we are doing a favor to many large and wealthy families, of ample ability, by the suggestion to indulge in this personal luxury. Procure a good photograph likeness of the face, drapery, and position desired, and send it to Mr. Sartain, at Philadelphia, with a check for a hundred dollars, and the plate will be executed. After the plate is engraved, the expression and features should be perfected from life, by an hour's sitting to Mr. Sartain, at his office, or elsewhere. We only add that this notice is written without the knowledge of Mr. S.

# PHOTOGRAPHIC IMAGES OF MICROSCOPIC OBJECTS.

That a perfect photographic image of an object too minute to be seen by the naked eye can be produced, is a fact well known to all who have taken any interest in the photographic art. A page of the *Times* newspaper has been diminished by the photographic camera to the size of a lady's finger-nail, and when examined by the naked eye, looked like a small gray patch on the paper; but when placed under a powerful microscope, was found to present every word and letter of the original with perfect legibility.

It must be obvious to the most superficial observer, that when a microscopic image of any object is thrown upon any surface, the artist can copy only as much of that image as he sees. But by the aid of photography, not only that which is seen in such an image by the naked eye, but much that is altogether invisible, is faithfully depicted on the sensitive paper or plate, and permanently fixed; thus enabling the investigator to apply to this magnified image, at his leisure, still higher microscopic powers, which reveal a minuteness of structure and organism such as no othermethod of procedure has given him the power to detect.

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# LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

APPLETON'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF BIOGRAPHY, EMBRACING A SERIES OF ORIGINAL MEMOIRS OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED PERSONS OF ALL TIMES. The English Edition was greatly enriched in value by the contributions in the different departments of science, learning, and literature, by more than twenty of the most eminent men and savans of Scotland and England. The American Edition of the Appletons, is edited by Francis L. Hawks, D.D., LL.D., with great ability and care, who has added many thousand names and Biographic Sketches, with numerous illustrations, making an approximation toward the perfection of a universal Biography far in advance of any work of the kind extant. The work is executed in the best style of the Appletons, on fine paper and fair type, a large octavo of a thousand and fifty-eight pages. We question, if ever before, so many names renowned in the history of the world, from Adam downward—so much biography—so much personal history such a mass of valuable and useful information was ever printed and bound up between two lids of any book the world ever saw. Most of the biographical sketches of the Portrait Embellishments of this number are from this work, and prove their value. It is a desideratum in every public library, to every reader and student of history and biography. It is published by D. APPLETON & Co., Broadway, New-York. For sale by Booksellers.

CITY POEMS. By ALEXANDER SMITH. With a portrait. Author of "A Life Drama," and other poems. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. For sale by Stringer & Townsend, New-York.

ALONG the pages of this neat volume sparkle and coruscate the very gems and diamonds of poetry of the purest water. The author seems to have, and must have, to poetize thus, an exhaustless treasure-house of glowing imagery and poetic beauties, which, when he dips his pen therein, flows out gracefully as water from the crystal fountain. The London press is very lavish in its praise, and can hardly find words fully to express its admiration of its "most abundant beauties." The readers of the Eclectic will find on page 129 of this number a review of these poems, of surpassing richness and interest. If the lovers of genuine, living poetry discover in time that the Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have published these poems, their edition will be more than exhausted for holiday presentations.

WHITE LIES. A Novel in Four Parts. By CHARLES READE, author of "It is never too late to Mend," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. Stringer & Townsend, New-York.

WE were under the impression that Mrs. Opie claimed the monopoly of disposing of "white lies;" but are glad that Mr. Reade has come to her aid in this needful reformatory labor. We hope he will be successful. We recommend the reading of a novel which will cure the malady of white lies or black ones. Napoleon once said the design of language was to conceal one's thoughts, that is, to employ it in the construction of white lies or of some other color. Let your tongue say, Yea, yea, or Nay, nay, is the divine precept. The attribute of language is too priceless to be used otherwise. Mr. Reade's story thus far is well told, and we hope will develop an emphatic moral.

PROPRIA QUÆ MARIBUS, AND THE BOX TUNNEL. By CHARLES READE, author of "It is never too late to Mend," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. Price, 25 cents. For sale by Stringer & Townsend.

THIS book contains two new stories, gracefully and graphically told in gorgeous language. They are like two dishes of ice-cream which can be disposed of at a sitting by any one who has a taste for luxuries.

THE East-India Company, it is said by the *Moniteur*, has ordered the purchase of 17,000 camels and 9000 elephants.

GENERAL HAVELOCK'S RELIGIOUS HABITS.—At a late meeting of the Hibernian Bible Society in Belfast, the Rev. Mr. Graham, of Bonn, narrated the following anecdote regarding General Havelock, which he had heard from the lips of Lady Havelock: "When the General, as Colonel of his regiment, was traveling through India, he always took with him a Bethel tent, in which he preached the Gospel; and when Sunday came in India he usually hoisted the Bethel flag, and invited all men to come and hear the Gospel—in fact, he even baptized some. He was reported for this at head-quarters, for acting in a non-military and disorderly manner; and the Commander-in-Chief, General Lord Gough, entertained the charge, but with the true spirit of a generous military man he caused the state of Colonel Havelock's regiment to be examined. He caused the reports of the moral state of the various regiments to be read for some time back, and he found that Colonel Havelock's stood at the head of the list; there was less drunkenness, less flogging, less imprisonment in it than in any other. When that was done, the Commander-in-Chief said: 'Go and tell Colonel Havelock, with my compliments, to baptize the whole army.'"

A MARBLE statue of the Empress Josephine is on its way to Martinique, her birthplace.

ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS publish "Anna; or, Passages from the Life of a Daughter at Home," with illustrations.

THE meridian instrument for the Dudley Observatory, at Albany, has been completed by Pistor & Martins, at Berlin. It combines a number of valuable improvements.

THE GRAND ORATORIO OF CREATION

Will be performed under the superintendence of CARL FORMES, at the Academy of Music, on Thursday evening, Dec. 17, 1857, on a scale of imposing grandeur, by the New-York Harmonic Society of over 300 members.

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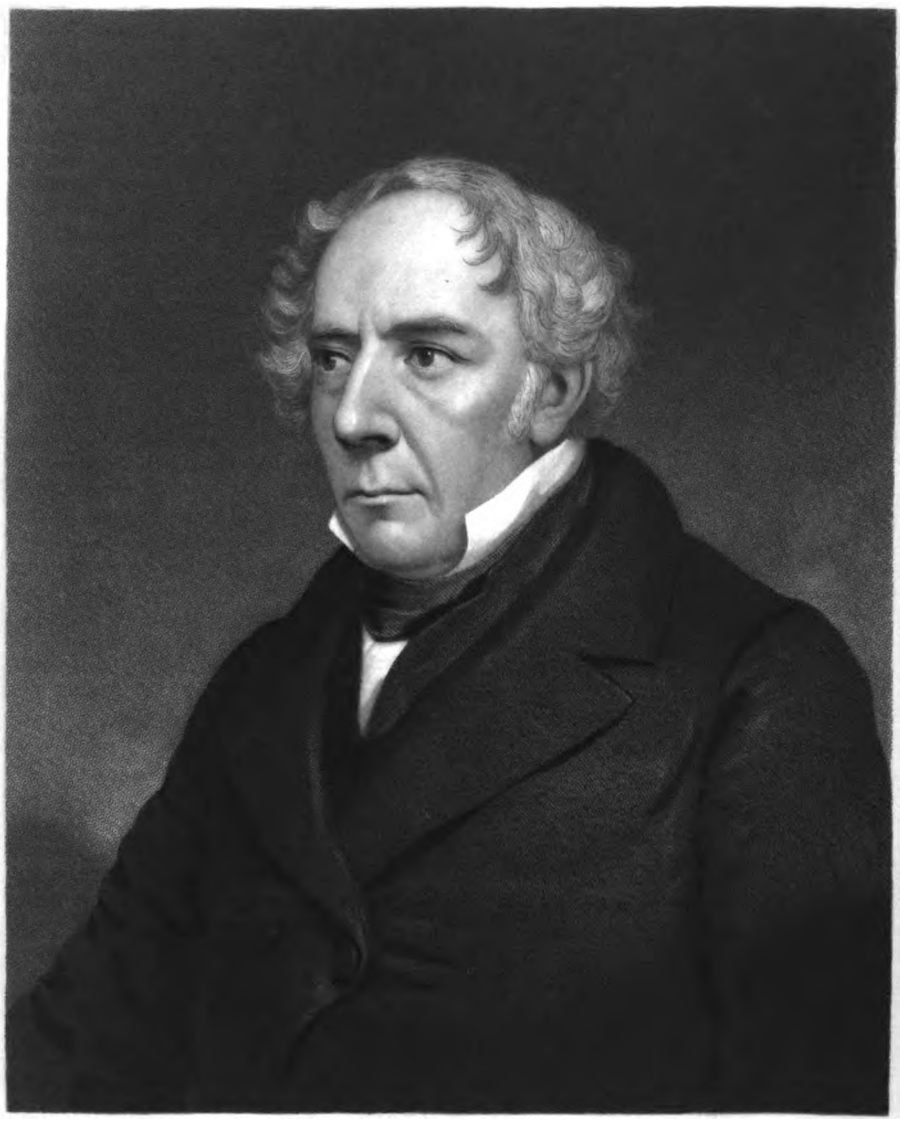

W. Hamilton

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

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# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

## FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

FEBRUARY, 1858.


From the North British Review.

## TRAVELS IN ARABIA AND PALESTINE, EARLY AND RECENT.*

Most annalists can identify the localities over which their story rests; so that the two things, story and scene, like soul and body, being honestly knit together and fitted into each other, make up a substantial whole, a genuine historical being—not only not lacking in any essential part or feature, but possessed of a sufficient amount of clothing and drapery to satisfy the reader that it really is the very piece of authenticity and life which it professes to be.

History has always sought to bring the two things together, at whatever cost or toil; and the annalist, who knows his office and mission, has invariably manifested an uneasiness, a sensitive consciousness of failure, when unable to achieve this union.

In many cases, however, the attempt at union has broken down or been at once abandoned as hopeless. The two parts have, in the run of ages, been so thoroughly severed, that with our present amount of information and research, reknitting is impossible. It is not that both parts have been found, but can not be brought together, so that

> "They stand aloof, the scars remaining,
> Like cliffs which have been rent asunder:"

it is, that *one* has totally perished. One indeed, is found—entire enough, it may

* *Biblical Researches in Palestine, and the adjacent Nations; a Journal of Travels in the years* 1838 *and* 1852. By Edward Robinson, D.D., LL.D. Second edition, in 3 vols. 8vo. London: John Murray. 1856.

*Tent Life in the Holy Land.* By William C. Prime. London: Sampson Low, Son and Co. 1857.

*Notes of a Spring Journey from Beersheba to Sidon.* By Horatius Bonar, D.D. London: J. Nisbet and Co. 1857.



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be, after its own kind; but its fellow is awanting. There is no "dreary sea," flowing between the sundered cliffs, but a stormy ocean, that has succeeded in wearing down and engulfing perhaps the mightier and more majestic of the two. Sometimes it is the *site*, sometimes it is *story*, that is amissing—the survivor ill at ease, if not disconsolate, without its mate. The story, when it outlives the site, seems to hover, like one of Ossian's ghosts, over cities and regions, uncertain where to alight, or, indeed, whether it be possible or wise to alight at all. That Homer was born, and that he was born somewhere upon the face of the broad earth, is admitted by all, save those whose vocation is, not to find truth in fable, as in Esop's manlier days, but fable in truth, as in Strauss' less upright age. But for the birth-place itself we search in vain; and the old name still hovers, as it has done for ages, over the seven cities of Greece, unable in any of them to fix its home. The site, when it survives the story, lies cold, inexpressive, soul-less, like some corpse cast ashore from wreck which has no friend to recognize it, or some skeleton discovered in an unnamed and unknown sarcophagus. Who that has explored the wonders of Elora—that magnificent Indian excavation that casts Petra into the shade—has not eagerly asked for its history; and, standing in the vast rock-hewn hall of Keylas, has not felt surprised, almost ashamed, that the annals of that wondrous memorial of ancient science, strength, and riches—city, palace, temple, all in one—should have perished from the earth! That which, on a smaller scale, we feel when gazing on Stonehenge, or the round towers of Ireland, or the rude stone-circles of Shetland, or the Jebel-Kheim of Malta, or the Obelisk of Heliopolis, or even the Pyramids of Ghizeh and Sakharah—we are made to feel, on a much larger scale, and in a more impressive manner, when looking at the marble blocks of Goura, the cave-temples of Kennery, or Carlee, or Mavalipuram, the ruins of Bejapûr, (the Palmyra of the Deccan,) or Petra the rock-city of Edom, or Yucatan with its constellation of forest-buried cities. From all these the history has perished. There they moulder—bodies out of which the soul has fled, harp-frames whose strings have been torn away.

The antiquarian or historical student—nay, even the general reader of history or antiquities, will be thoroughly conscious of the truth of these remarks. Of such students or readers we find two classes—the one the counterpart or converse of the other; both most important and reciprocally helpful.

One class is seeking sites for histories; the other is seeking histories for sites.

The former go forth, with their finger in the well-replenished volume, in quest of localities which they desire to look upon and examine, as well as name, and into which they would fain fit the hundred floating items of authentic narrative or semi-authentic tradition. The latter betake themselves to some old ruin, whose *name* reveals nothing beyond some local incident or shadowy legend, but which does itself, in its every nook, and tower, and pillar, bear the most living marks of having once had a story; a story in every stone; a story which, though long lost, must evidently have been no common one; a story which the traveler longs to resuscitate, and on the recovery of which he would gladly bestow a lifetime's research. These two classes, though often separate, sometimes unite in one individual, who, both as historian and antiquary, carries on the two lines conjunctly; at one time searching out localities for his narratives, and at another, naratives for his localities.

The exactest specimens of these classes are, perhaps, to be found in books of Eastern travel. The number of these works is very great, almost incredible. But they fall, with sufficient exactness, under the above twofold sub-division—needing only this further remark, that the Syrian traveler is generally, though not without exceptions, the man seeking sites for histories, and the Egyptian traveler the man seeking histories for sites.* Not with Egypt, however, do we mean at present to concern ourselves, save in passing, great as are the attractions of Abu-Sembel, Karnac, Luxor, and the Necropolis of Sakharah—of which last the discoverer Mariette has taken possession in the name of France, and which he would fain keep under lock and key as an antiquarian *preserve* of his own. We must not linger

* The old travelers in Palestine are mere retailers of ecclesiastical legends. Their sites and their histories are for the most part traditional, and often purely fictitious. Felix Fabri, (A.M. 1483,) whose travels fill three Latin octavos, is decidedly the best of them. His narrative is minute and lively.

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by the Nile, that most majestic of all noble streams, with its varied fringes of sand and verdure, of palm and tamarisk, of hut and palace, of pyramid, obelisk, temple and mountain. We must leave, on the right, its fair waters, enlivened and beautified with the gleam of a hundred sails, moving gayly through the sunshine that lies in such joyous tranquillity upon its burnished waves.

We might sail or steam up the river to feed our wonder upon the gigantic temple-ruins that strew its banks—from Ghizeh to Denderah, Edfû, and Eswân—with their white limestone or purple granite. But the travelers whose works head our article have not taken this route; so, leaving the Nile-boat or railway at Bulak, we strike eastward, tracking their footsteps. There is one advantage for this, at least to ourselves; we shall be saved the toil of seeking histories for sites, and shall have the easier and perhaps more lively occupation of finding sites for histories.

Long before the traveler reaches Bulak, whether by boat or train, he is struck with the increasing fertility of the region through which he is moving. Alexandria, in spite of its gardens and palm-plantations, would seem by all accounts to have a dreary, barren aspect; and for miles around, the country is said to look pale and scorched—a region of sandy flats or monotonous undulations. But, as he sweeps eastward and southward, the sand gives place to the black soil; verdure is becoming luxuriant; and he feels that he has entered on a territory whose superior fruitfulness is not of yesterday—a territory which, in spite of neglect and unskillfulness, still retains the evidence of having once been the garden, or at least the pasture-land of Egypt. The question immediately rises:

### IS NOT THIS GOSHEN?

Nor can there be much hesitation in answering the question affirmatively. This district of Lower Egypt must have formed part of the rich territory granted by Pharaoh to the sons of Jacob. It would be rash to attempt to mark the boundaries of the region. There are no relics of Israel any where to be found. Nor can the Egyptian cities, with which Israel's history stands connected in this quarter, be identified. Hence one can only speak generally, and say, some where on this most eastern branch of the Nile—some where between this and the "Wilderness of Shur,"—must Goshen have been; and though you can not mark off its outlines, nor map out its geographical details, you can say that this fruitful tract of Nile-watered soil was the very land on which Israel fed their flocks, and where they multiplied and grew. At the same time, it is to be remembered that this district has not been explored, and is perhaps less known than the more distant and inaccessible parts of Upper Egypt. Its interest is wholly Biblical, or, we might say, wholly Jewish. It has no stupendous ruins nor stately pyramids to attract the eye of the traveler or antiquarian. Hence it lies to this day unexplored. The traveler hastening southward to Upper Egypt, or eastward to the Desert, gives it a passing glance—says, "Yes, that must have been Goshen," and goes upon his way to more showy scenes and more imposing regions. Let the next Egyptian traveler take a reviewer's counsel, and pass more leisurely through this unknown territory. Let him not grudge to lay out a few weeks upon it. He may obtain a richer prize than he thinks. But the railway between Alexandria and Cairo, which whirls him past the ancient pasturage of Jacob's sons, is not likely to stimulate such efforts at discovery. Affording such facilities of transit to Upper Egypt, and abridging the distance between Alexandria and Cairo, from three days to seven hours, it tempts the traveler to hurry at once beyond the Delta, and to spend his weeks or months amid the ruins of Luxor or Karnak.

We note, then, this region between the Lower Nile and the Eastern Desert as one yet to be explored. It is Goshen most certainly; but no one has yet fully traversed and adequately searched it.

Dr. Robinson's statements as to the locality of this Biblical region are brief, but satisfactory, though little is added to the information already possessed.* He did not traverse this region, but made careful inquiry respecting it when at Cairo. The modern province of *esh-Shurkiyeh*, "extending from near *Abu Zábel* to the sea,

* "Biblical Researches," vol. i., pp. 52–54. See also Dr. Wilson's "Lands of the Bible," vol. i, pp. 98–101; Dr. Stewart's "Tent and Khan," pp. 29–33. Mr. Stanley refers very generally to Goshen, pp. xxviii. xxix.

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and from the Desert to the former Tanaitic branch of the Nile," is at this day reckoned the most fertile in Egypt, and it is here that the ancient Goshen must have lain. In the middle of the fourteenth century this district possessed 383 towns and villages, and was valued at a million and a half of dinars, showing that in that age it was one of the most valuable districts of the land. To the present day it retains its high value, and is said to yield the largest revenue of all the Pasha's provinces. Without determining how far north Goshen extended, and whether it took in Heliopolis or the district around Cairo, we must keep in mind its position relative to the Desert, into which it once sent, in such haste, its two millions and a half of alien population. Goshen lay alongside of the Desert,—say at least some sixty or seventy miles,—without intervening mountain, or stream, or sea, or frontier stronghold of the Pharaohs. A march into the Desert was to Israel a very easy and simple thing. Taking with them food and water, they could have started at once eastward, and been soon beyond the reach of "Busiris and his Memphian chivalry." Pharaoh might no doubt have pursued, probably dashed in among the unarmed rear with his chariots; but he could not have *intercepted* them. They would have been encamped in the Desert before he could have heard the news of their departure.

It is this that is the true key to the question of their passage over the Red Sea.

It is usually assumed, that from the position in which they were in Goshen, they could not help crossing that sea in order to reach the Desert. This would have been the case had Goshen lain somewhere between Cairo and Thebes. In that case, they would have pushed forward with all haste northward, in order to turn the flank of the Mukattem range, at Cairo, and get round the tongue of the Red Sea at Suez, into the wilderness. But Goshen was far *north* of Suez, and by its proximity to the Desert, furnished them with a way of immediate escape out of Egypt. Instead of availing themselves of this, however, they march *southward*, not *eastward*—that is, they marched in such a direction as *not to escape* either from the sea or from Pharaoh, which they might have done, but, to throw themselves between both. Before this southward march, escape was a simple enough process, merely demanding expedition and order; after this, escape became not only difficult but impossible, save by some supernatural interference to extricate them from the meshes of that net into which they had deliberately thrust themselves. A people ignorant of the country, and following a leader as ignorant as themselves, might have committed this tremendous and fatal blunder. But they had lived for generations on the borders of the Eastern Desert, and, therefore, knew it well; their leader was one who knew the southern as well as the eastern district of the peninsula, for he had been at Horeb before this; and, besides, the road between Egypt and the Desert was thoroughly well known in those days, when the mines of Magharah and Surabit-el-Khadem were worked by the Pharaohs; so that Israel's divergence from the natural road, which was one of comparative safety, and their selection of another, which was not only not the way to their destination, but one of hopeless and overwhelming peril, is something which has not yet been accounted for on any of those principles either of wisdom, or strategy, or daring, which the history of great emergencies does sometimes exhibit. It was this divergence from the proper track, and the apparent madness of that southward movement, which deliberately threw the Red Sea between them and the Desert, that led Pharaoh to plan and execute his attack. For such a divergent march as that of Israel there must have been secret reasons, and these reasons were not long of unfolding themselves. The God of Israel was here to fetch his last stroke of vengeance upon Egypt, and complete what the ten plagues had not yet effected. The peerage, or "chivalry" of the land, as Milton well calls it, was now to be laid prostrate. For this end was the strange southward march—a march which acted as a stratagem of war to draw out the whole remaining host of Egypt in pursuit, in order to complete the humiliation of the kingdom.

Here, then, there is what one may, with all reverence, call a supernatural *misleading* of the people, in order to accomplish an end the most triumphant, and to lay the foundation of results, whose permanent duration may be seen, centuries after, in the history of the delivered nation.

The attempt, then, to evade or dilute the miracle of the passage of the Red Sea

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is one which multiplies twofold the difficulties in the adjoining parts of the history. The dissolution of the miracle does not satisfy any demand of the narrative, nor afford any clue to the strange story. The expulsion of the supernatural leaves the Mosaic narrative in a most unsatisfactory state—a state to which its unaffected and simple sincerity does not entitle it.

Granting that the historian has exaggerated the event—that he has built up a mighty self-honoring fabric out of very paltry materials—that he has introduced the supernatural into events which, at the most, can only be called extraordinary—that he has taken advantage of a striking but fortuitous juncture of natural events, to raise a story of the miraculous—still we can hardly do less than admit that he believed what he was saying.

### HOMER, HERODOTUS, AND MOSES.

Homer, indeed, writes of the supernatural plentifully enough, but you do not feel under any strong necessity of crediting his marvels, nor even of supposing that he credited them himself. But with Herodotus it is different. He writes of what he saw and heard; he believed what he wrote; and he expects you to believe it also. You may say he was mistaken, or misinformed, or credulous, or ignorant; though every new discovery is telling us that the old father of history was as accurate as he was honest. But you give him at least the credit of not wishing to impose upon his readers, but writing what he himself believed. With Herodotus we may class Moses in this respect. Nor are we asking much when claiming this equality. Moses wrote what he believed, and that which he wrote and believed was what he saw and knew. Our concern is with the bare narrative itself, and our object is to ascertain what Moses himself believed.

This narrative Dr. Robinson deals with in his first volume. He begins and ends his statement with the assertion of his belief in the miraculous nature of the event; but his intermediate arguments and facts go to show that there was no real miracle in the matter. He brings Israel just to the northern extremity of the Sea, and then, by means of a strong east wind, and a low tide, and broad sand-banks, he takes them across dry-shod. If, however, they were at this point of the Gulf of Suez, there was no need even for wind, or ebb, or shoal; for by turning half a mile or less to the north, they would have rounded the point at once upon dry land. But this is, after all, not the exact point to be settled. The difficulty lies much deeper. Dr. Robinson has not touched it.

Assuming that the facts as to the shallows are precisely as he states them, the question still troubles us, *Did Moses mean this?* If he did, he has certainly not made use of language either the most apt or the most natural to express his meaning. If the non-miraculous or the semi-miraculous hypothesis be true, then his language is unaccountably inaccurate. It is not ambiguous, it is not awkward, it is not dark: it is simply inaccurate.

Dr. Robinson's statements are not new. They are to be found in the German commentators of the last century. But he was among the first that conjoined the non-miraculous argument with the profession of full and unqualified reverence for Scripture. Maintaining both the veracity and the inspiration of the Bible, he has advanced statements which it will be difficult to reconcile with either. In such a case, the evil is the greater, because the writer is one fitted to speak with authority, and therefore likely to be listened to by those who would suspect such reasonings were they found in Burckhardt, or Henniker, or Lepsius. Though the American traveler has attempted, not a denial, but merely a dilution of the miracle, he is not on that account to be let pass as if he had done something less than German commentators have ventured on. He has not by any means gone so far as they have done; but he has gone far enough to involve himself in the same consequences to which their irreverent and unguarded statements must, of necessity, conduct. His admission of the miraculous, to a certain extent, does not neutralize the tendency of the principle he advances; and his "dignified protest," as Lepsius has called it, against introducing too much of the miraculous into Scripture, is not fitted to win him the confidence of some, while it will barely save him from the imputation of fanatical credulity from others.

It is some years since Dr. Wilson called attention to Dr. Robinson's views, as expounded in the first edition of his work. In the second edition, recently published, we observe no modification or change; so

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that now, after sixteen years, we have his last and ripest sentiments. Not agreeing wholly with the route which Dr. W. assigns to the Israelites, we still think his arguments as to the miraculous passage unanswerable. Dr. Robinson takes no notice of them in his last edition; and here, perhaps, there comes out one of his peculiarities. He does not like to be corrected, nor to change an opinion, particularly in deference to a modern, and especially an English traveler. The elaborate attention given by him to the old travelers, and modern German authors, is rather a contrast to the slender and sometimes disparaging notice taken of recent English works. His volumes are, for research, accuracy, and fullness, beyond praise. They are a most valuable treasure-house of Eastern travel and discovery. But all this is no reason why faults should not be noted, whether in reasonings or in facts. The high reputation of the author makes it needful that his aberration should be distinctly pointed out. His logic sometimes grievously fails him; a topographical crotchet takes possession of him, and he writes, in one or two cases, more as the special pleader than the patient geographer.

The geographical part of the argument against Dr. Robinson's view is thus put by Dr. Stewart:

"There are three theories, each supported by respectable names, which pretty well exhaust the subject. The first of these, put forward by Niebuhr, and supported by Dr. Robinson, is, that the passage of the Israelites was across the narrow channel above the town of Suez, or across the narrowest part of the bay, immediately to the south and west of the town, where there are now shoals of considerable extent, perfectly dry at low water. Dr. Robinson prefers the latter; but in order to give some appearance of credibility to this theory, he is obliged to suppose that the Red Sea in those days was much deeper and broader in the vicinity of Suez than it now is—a hypothesis in support of which it would be difficult to bring forward either scriptural or geological evidence. None of the conditions requisite for the fulfillment of so great a miracle are to be found in the channel above the town. The passage is so narrow, even where he supposes their march to have been, that there could not have been space for both the host of Israel and the army of Egypt within low-water-mark at the same time, unless it were got in the breadth of land dried up, instead of its length; the depth of water, judging from its present condition, was not sufficient to have drowned all that host; and, with the head of the sea only four miles distant, the horsemen and chariots of Egypt might, with the utmost ease, have sped around by the shore in time to interrupt the landing of the Israelites, without exposing themselves to any risk of disaster."—Pp. 54, 55.

The scriptural part of the argument is thus stated by Dr. Bonar:

"Israel's passage of the sea has, by some, been considered a strictly natural event, with nothing more of the supernatural in it than might be ascribed to a providential concurrence of circumstances. It is affirmed that the passage was made at or above Suez, that the tide was at ebb, that the ebb was a very low one, that the east wind made it lower, that the shoals were left dry, and that upon the dry ground thus produced by this fortunate concourse of physical phenomena, the two millions marched across into the peninsular Desert.

"This, however, is hypothesis, not history. The above statements are assumptions, not deductions from the Mosaic narrative. However plausible, they are conjectural and gratuitous. Their object is to furnish such an explanation of the event as to render a miracle superfluous, or failing in that, to reduce it to its minimum of the supernatural. Assumptions such as the above amount to positive inventions of fact—inventions not at all suggested by the record, and liable to peculiar suspicion as having been got up for a special purpose—inventions whose tendency is to impeach the historian's truthfulness, and to impute to him language, not merely exaggerated in the extreme, but incorrect and insincere, nay, studiously meant to mislead. We take the narrative of Herodotus as we find it; we make no assumptions inconsistent with his strict veracity; we give him credit for telling us fairly what he saw and heard, in words not fitted to mislead or to leave us in doubt *as to his own belief*, and we are not warranted in treating Moses otherwise. That, by the acceptance of a literal interpretation of the narrative, we should be committed to the admission of the miraculous in the event, is no sufficient reason for resorting to such an exegesis or to such assumptions.

"Moses narrates the event in a way such as to make his readers suppose that he was relating a miracle, and not a providential concurrence of natural circumstances. If he meant no miracle, he misleads us entirely, both as to the event itself, and as to his own belief of its supernatural character. His narrative is fitted to deceive, and his descriptions are not merely overdrawn, but express the *reverse* of the actual fact, as when he speaks of the waters 'standing up' and forming 'a wall' on either side, whereas they must have sunk down and been much lower than usual, if Israel crossed at ebb-tide on the shoals."—Pp. 97, 98.

"Most assuredly Moses, and David, and Asaph, and Isaiah *believed the cleaving of the*

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*Red Sea to be one of the greatest miracles ever wrought on earth.* They had no idea of an ebb-tide and shoals. Dr. Robinson and others may say that they were mistaken. If that position be taken up, then I understand the state of the question—and certainly, *it is the only real question before us*—namely, whether the opinion of the sacred writers as to such a matter of fact *is to be depended on?* It is impossible to explain away their language, or to evade it by pronouncing it the exaggeration of poetry or the license of oriental figure.

"Not that this is a question as to *verbal* inspiration. I confess that I do not see how we can have the *thoughts* of God if we have not His *words;* but this is not after all the question. Grant that the words are not infallible—still they are words *which were evidently meant to express a miracle.* The *thought* or *opinion* of the writers in the above case was, that there had been a miracle. Attach what *value* you please to their words—still the *meaning* is as obvious as any meaning can be; and it is with the *meaning*, not with the *value* or *quality* of the words, that our argument has to do.

"The only answer to all this is, that the words are inaccurate and exaggerated. But what authority has any one to pronounce the language of another inaccurate? If a man is prepared to *prove* them inaccurate by personal observation, or by other history, or by their involving an impossibility, let the evidence be stated in full. The advocates of the non-miraculous have not attempted this line of proof.

"In the absence, then, of evidence to the contrary, we must recognize the accuracy of the language employed in the statements cited above. The sacred writers *believed* in a miraculous division of the Red Sea, and *they have said so.* Let Rationalism step in here, and show that Moses, and Joshua, and David, and Isaiah, and Paul, were wrong in their *belief;* for it is on this that the question really turns. And that question involves in it, not the fallibility of men, but the untruthfulness of God. For if God has spoken through them *in any sense*, then *He* certainly meant us to understand that the passage of the Red Sea was altogether supernatural. *He* would not himself speak, nor allow his servants to speak, in a way that would convey a totally false impression of the facts. *He* would not, as the God of truth, have told us that the *sea stood up on either side of Israel as a wall*, if he wished us to understand that the ebb-tide had swept away every drop of water on the right hand and on the left."

THE VERBAL ACCURACY OF SCRIPTURE.

"The denial of verbal inspiration to the Scriptures may seem a light thing; but let it be remembered that it is founded on the assumption of their *verbal inaccuracy;* and it is almost superfluous to say that inaccuracy of words involves inaccuracy of thought and of statement; so that, according to the deniers of verbal infallibility, the Bible, though its author is God, contains inaccurate language, deals in inaccurate statement and utters inaccurate thought. Other books are admitted to speak correctly the words and sentiments of their authors; but this alone does not convey either the words or thoughts of its author, but many things inconsistent with truth, and at variance with the author's mind! The denial of verbal inspiration may facilitate the Rationalist in evading all that he is not inclined to believe, and may free him from certain trammels which are felt to be irksome and oppressive; but, founded as it is upon the assumption of *inaccuracy in word and opinion*, it can only lead to an utter denial of the whole book itself, if not to a denial of Him whose relevation it professes to be.

"If the Korân does not contain Mohammed's words, and does not accurately represent his sentiments, of what value is it as an exposition of Mohammedanism? If the Bible does not utter the words of God, and if it does not accurately represent his mind, of what use is it as a revelation from God? And what becomes of his love and truth, if he could give to his poor blind creatures a volume professing to come from himself, yet awanting in that *most essential of all things, in authorship*—a true statement of facts, and an accurate representation of the author's mind?"—Pp. 103–106.

As, in regard to Goshen, the traveler in Lower Egypt is seeking a site for a history, so in respect to the passage over the Red Sea, it is the same. In seeking for Goshen, he takes the Biblical description as he finds it, and fixes on esh-Shurkiyeh, because it fulfills the conditions, both physical and geographical, which the history demands. So as to Israel's route. He takes the history, and he seeks a site for it—a site which will fulfill, not evade the history. Such a site he can not possibly find amid the pools, or ponds, or sand-banks, which the extreme point of the sea presents to this day; but some miles farther down, where the mountain-bluff, terminating a long rugged range, rises erect almost out of the waters, or leaves at least but some yards of beach, and where the supernatural stroke, that smote the waves in their blue depths, produced a wall of water on either side, through which the delivered myriads passed in safety.

The opposers of Dr. Robinson's view advance here a statement, which ought to have no inconsiderable weight. They maintain that it is the *accuracy* of Scripture language that is involved in this question. Were it the interpretation of

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the words that was needed, hermeneutics might be called in to adjust the difficulty, and settle the controversy. But no doubt has been suggested as to the meaning of the Mosaic language, and so no room afforded for criticism to step in. Whatever may be said of the *song* which celebrates the deliverance, the *narrative* itself is singularly plain, and free from mystery or exaggeration. Judging of the narrative as it stands, without gloss, the most rigid critic would at once say that a miracle was meant: and that, if it had not been meant, very different language must have been employed—just such language as would be used in reference to the transit of an army over a river, which a happy combination of wind and drought had rendered fordable.

The case so standing, it is obvious that it is the *accuracy* of the language that is called in question.

All who regard the Bible as a record of Divine announcements, must feel that this impeachment is of the most serious kind. The dispute shifts; and, from being a question of interpretation, becomes one of veracity. It is not upon the historian's style that the judgment is thus made to sit, but upon his personal good faith. He wants us to understand one thing, while he is secretly conscious that something else—something far less remarkable—is the authentic history.

This is at variance with the strict verity which we are entitled to count upon in simple narrative between man and man; much more is it at variance with the higher and more unimpeachable verity which we expect in Divine annals—God's narrative to man of his own proceedings—that is, in inspiration. It would not beseem Herodotus, much less Moses. It would be fiction, not history.

It might not be pure fiction; but it would be fiction upon a historical basis. It would be a novel, "founded upon fact." There are, no doubt, different degrees of fiction; but no degree of it is admissible in history, still less in historical inspiration or inspired history; call it either.

Nor is this a point into which the question of figurative language finds its way. We are speaking of simple history; and in that any figure that may occur, is introduced solely to give *greater accuracy* to language which, without it, would have been too feeble and inexpressive to be accurate. The difference between the figure, and the history which is meant to be illustrated by it, is, in all such cases, quite perceptible.

We take the Mosaic narrative as we find it. There is obviously a miracle contained in it, and a very stupendous one. We have neither the wish nor the right to displace it. And as to reducing it indefinitely, bringing it to a mere razor-edge, so that no one could say whether it were a miracle or not, we simply say, What is gained?

But we cross the Red Sea and encamp at *Ayûn Musa*, the wells of Moses, where verdure as well as water may still be found, and to which some of the citizens of Suez still resort for country quarters. The likelihood is, that this was Israel's first encampment after crossing the sea. The name says a good deal for this, and the distances between this and the after-localities noted in their desert-story confirm this. Comparing the statements of travelers, the geography of the region, and the Scripture narrative, we are led to believe that this is really a site found—that it was here that the song of deliverance went up from Moses and Miriam—leading, as they doubtless did, the voices of the mighty multitude. Dr. Robinson's description of this spot is brief but expressive. The place is noticed by almost all travelers who are setting out for Mount Sinai. Though not the actual site of a miracle, it is the termination of one and the commencement of another. For scarcely had Israel left these fountains than they began to feel the want of water, for the first time. Here one notices the exceeding accuracy of the narrative; for, according to the testimony of every traveler, the next two days of the Desert are most thoroughly bare and waterless. They reach Marah, where they murmur, and are supplied miraculously.

### DILUTION OF MIRACLES.

The miracle of the sweetened water has found small favor with many. We shall not undertake to say whether Mr. Stanley believes it, as, though mentioning the locality, he keeps silence as to the miracle. That Dr. Robinson believes it, we suppose may be admitted, though he does not say so, and though it is difficult to reconcile his belief of it with the following statement: "Burckhardt sug-

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gests that the Israelites may have rendered the water of Marah palatable by mingling with it the juice of the berries of the ghurkud. The process would be a very simple one, and *doubtless effectual;* and the presence of this shrub around all brackish fountains would cause the remedy to be always at hand."* Dr. R. thinks, however, that the ghurkud berries could hardly have been ripe at the season when Israel passed the Ain Howârah; but this is all the answer he gives to Burckhardt's denial of the miracle! One might admit that the proposed remedy is "simple," but that it is "doubtless effectual" would require proof. We should be inclined to write "doubtless *in*effectual;" for we have been told that even a copious infusion of brandy is ineffectual, and that such mixtures, instead of extracting or modifying the bitterness, only make it more nauseous. Our readers can try it by taking "a half-and-half" of sea-water and brandy or port wine. There is another thing which Dr. R. might have added—that the whole region round Ain Howârah is utterly destitute of verdure, not only ghurkuds and tarfas being awanting there, but the commonest and poorest of the desert shrubs. Allowing the potency of ghurkud berries to do then, what no amount of brandy can do now, we must still reckon it unaccountable, that this sweetening of the acrid waters should have taken place at that very part of the Desert where the sweetening herbs were not to be found. We read of the solitary palm still attracting the traveler's eye, and the well of turbid brine at its foot still repelling the lip of Arab or camel; but the ghurkuds—they have passed away, if indeed they ever existed here out of Burckhardt's fancy. The narrative itself by no means suggests either berries or peel, or any such natural sweeteners. It reads thus: "And Moses cried unto Jehovah; and Jehovah showed him *a tree, which, when he had cast into the waters*, the waters were made sweet." What follows has a simple sublimity about it, which the denial of the miracle quite destroys—"There He made for them a statute and an ordinance, and there He proved them, and said, If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of Jehovah thy God, and wilt do that which is right in his sight, and wilt give ear to his commandments, and keep all his statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee which I have brought upon the Egyptians: FOR I AM JEHOVAH THAT HEALETH THEE."—(Exod. 15: 25, 26.)

We pass from the miracle of the water to the miracle of the manna. But now we have a history wholly without a site. We can say, somewhere between Elim and Rephidim—somewhere between Wady Ghurundel and Wady esh-Sheikh — the manna must first have descended, but more than this we can not say. Its proper locality remains unfound, as Scripture has given us nothing by means of which we might identify it. It was in "the wilderness of Sin" that Israel first tasted the manna. More than this we can not determine. As to the miracle, Dr. Robinson speaks very decidedly;* and the following brief statement is quite satisfactory:

"In accordance with a former promise, the old man likewise put into our hands a small quantity of the manna of the Peninsula, famous at least as being the successor of the Israelitish manna, though not to be regarded as the same substance. According to his account, it is not produced every year—sometimes only after five or six years; and the quantity in general has greatly diminished. It is found in the form of shining drops, on the twigs and branches (not upon the leaves) of the turfa—*Tamarix Gallica manifera* of Ehrenberg—from which it exudes, in consequence of the puncture of an insect of the coccus kind—*Coccus manniparus* of the same naturalist. What falls upon the sand is said not to be gathered. It has the appearance of gum, is of a sweetish taste, and melts when exposed to the sun or to a fire. The Arabs consider it as a great delicacy, and the pilgrims prize it highly, especially those from Russia, who pay a high price for it. The superior had now but a small quantity, which he was keeping against an expected visit from the Russian Consul-General in Egypt. Indeed, so scarce had it become of late years, as to bear a price of twenty or twenty-five piastres the pound.

* Vol. i., p. 67.

* Mr. Stanley's brief notices of the miracles are, from first to last, so peculiarly adjusted, as to indicate nothing as to his belief. He is not committed to their denial: still less to their reception. To him they are apparently without importance or attraction. His dalliance with the Greek legends of the Desert, in preference to the Biblical history of miracle, reminds one of Schiller's admiration for "the gods of Greece," and his sighs for their disappearance. Bunsen's "God in History" has shown us that historical Pantheism can be grafted upon Scripture itself; and one can not but hesitate before accepting the philosophy which deals with the beauties rather than with the truths either of Scripture or tradition.

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"Of the manna of the Old Testament it is said, 'When the dew that lay was gone up, behold, upon the face of the Desert a small round thing, small as the hoar-frost on the ground; and it was like coriander seed, white; and the taste of it was like wafers with honey. And the people gathered it, and ground it in mills, and beat it in a mortar, or baked it in pans, and made cakes of it; and the taste of it was as the taste of fresh oil. And when the dew fell upon the camp in the night, the manna fell upon it.'

"Of all these characteristics not one is applicable to the present manna. And even could it be shown to be the same, still a supply of it in sufficient abundance for the daily consumption of two millions of people would have been no less a miracle."—ROBINSON, vol. i., p. 115.

INTEGRITY OF THE INSPIRED HISTORIANS.

These statements may suffice as to the miracles of Scripture. We do not mean to argue the question of miracles or inspiration. Our position is a humbler one, and subsidiary to the wider and more general one. It is simply a protest in behalf of the accuracy of the Bible, and the good faith of its writers. The weight or authority to which their statements are entitled is another matter. We are the more careful to keep this point before our readers, because of certain assaults recently made upon the correctness of Scripture.* In the last century, a band of able but unscrupulous writers appeared, whose object was to get rid of Scripture *in toto*, by exposing its inaccuracies. Bolingbroke, Toland, Chubb, Morgan, worked hard at their self-appointed task of overthrowing "superstition." Most laboriously did they gather together the supposed absurdities and inconsistencies of Scripture, in order to overwhelm the Bible beneath its own rubbish. But the book emerged from this deistical dust unharmed; and, for two generations, these objections had almost gone out of sight. They have, however, within these few years been reproduced; and not by men, like those of the last century, philosophers, belonging to no church; but by ministers of the orthodox churches of our land. These successors of the philosophical deists of a former age have gone over the same ground as their predecessors, and uttered the same accusations against Scripture, though in more reverent words, with this exception, that the old assailants spared the Gospels and the words of Christ, whereas their modern imitators have not scrupled to pronounce upon the inaccuracies and improprieties of "Him who spake as never man spake." In the nature, or rather the extent, of inference, the new differ from the old: the latter made use of the supposed inaccuracies to disprove entirely the claims of Scripture; the former merely employ these inconsistencies to set aside its inspiration. But which of the two classes has logic on its side? Clearly that of the old deists. If their premises were correct, their conclusion was irresistible; and to stop short of it, is to give up the whole case. If the Bible be as inaccurate, as Mr. Macnaught says it is, then it has no claim upon our confidence or respect; it is much less inspired than Herodotus, or Plato, or Milton, or David Hume, or Macaulay. We are very far indeed from accusing all the questioners of some of the Bible miracles with entertaining such views; but, by a theory of miracles which assumes the inaccuracy of the Mosaic narrative, they are playing into the hands of deists and semi-deists, and aiding them in discovering inaccuracies, where even they did not expect to find them.

But we resume the track of our Desert travelers—or, at least, we select some of their footsteps, not venturing to explore the whole region. The first oasis which the traveler meets with in this western margin of the Peninsula, along which Israel marched to Sinai, is *Wady Ghurundel*, which, from its position as well as its water and palms, has been long conjectured to be the Elim of Scripture. It would seem to be one of the richest tracts of this barren land—watered by a quiet stream, and adorned for two or three miles by palms and tarfas—the former of these trees being counted by hundreds, the latter being without number. Neither Dr. Robinson nor Mr. Stanley seem to have fully explored this valley, nor to have any adequate idea of its fruitfulness and beauty. From the descriptions given by numerous travelers, it must be a spot of no common beauty—a spot wanting but two things to complete its excellence, grass and flowers. In spite of tree and shrub, the Desert still proclaims itself the master, even there, by refusing to take on the slightest patch of verdant clothing for its undulating sands. Dr. Stewart's description is as follows:

* "The Doctrine of Inspiration," etc., by the Rev. John Macnaught, Liverpool.

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AN OASIS.

"After breakfast I walked up the Wadi Gherundel alone, with my Bible as my companion. A stream about twelve feet in breadth runs down from the spring, which the Arabs told me was six hours higher up, and though only a few inches deep, I am informed it never fails the whole year round. This wadi is by far the most fertile we have come to since leaving the Nile, if such an expression can be applied where not a blade of grass is to be found. A number of palm trees and thickets of tarfas, which really deserve the name of trees, grow in it, beside the shrubs to be met with in all the wadis of the Desert, among which is the *Ghurkudda*, a plant bearing berries of an acid taste, which some have thoughtlessly suggested might have been used by Moses for sweetening the waters of Marah, and the *Rahbol*, of which the camel is particularly fond. This wadi is of great length, forming an opening in the range of Ghebel et Tih, and taking its rise, as I afterwards found, close to the summit of Nakb el Rahkiney, one of the passes leading to Nukhl. If the Israelites marched along the sea-shore they would naturally turn up this fertile valley towards the well, as their progress southward after a few miles would be stopped by the Ghebel Hummam Faraoun, between which and the sea it is impossible to pass. I learned from a friend who visited the spring a month or two after I had passed this way, that water in abundance may be found in it, as in the Wadi Useit, by scraping up the sand to the depth of a foot or two. There is only one palm tree beside the fountain, but there are many to be found scattered up and down the valley. This wadi is generally supposed to be the Elim of Scripture; but Dr. Wilson prefers the Wadi Useit, as being farther from Ain Howára. Provided the Israelites marched by the plain near the sea-shore, there could be no objection on the score of distance between Ain Nichele and the spring in this wadi; but as those of Wadi Useit are only five or six miles distant from it, I am much inclined to believe that Elim, with its twelve wells, includes both valleys, and that the hosts of Israel, who had not yet any regular order of encampment, were scattered around where the most ample supplies of food and water could be found for their cattle. I am the more disposed to adopt this opinion from the consideration that the Israelites, instead of halting for a single night, probably passed some weeks in this oasis, as it deserves fully to be called. The mouth of this valley is evidently a place much frequented by Bedouins. On the northern headland there is a grave-yard, the first I had seen; and around my tent there were traces of many encampments, and a huge cliff beside it, hollowed out like an alcove, was black with the smoke of their camp-fires."—Pp. 72, 73.

Dr. Bonar's statement is similar:

"The birds were chirping in the tarfa trees, some of which might be fifteen or eighteen feet high, pleasantly though faintly fragrant. These birds were not the desert fowls called quails; though these we frequently met with in small flocks, not among trees, but in the more barren plains of the Desert. The palm trees were without number. I began to count them, but having reached the eightieth, I desisted. They extend for more than a mile and a half down the wady, and must amount to several hundreds at the lowest estimate, so that the place is quite a palm-jungle. Most of them have four or five stems shooting up from one root. They have been goodly trees, as the prostrate trunks showed, but have been cut down clean by the ground, and the present forest is made up of shoots, which gives a stunted and shaggy appearance to the whole. The palm, like the olive, seems, when cut over, to send up new shoots or suckers, so that we saw several stems coming up from one root."—Pp. 121, 122.

*Feirân* is another of these oases, which, though few in number, are still sufficient to remind the traveler that he is still upon the habitable earth. Though not so extensive as Ghurundel, nor watered by the cool streamlet, it seems to have attracted more eyes and won more hearts than any other circle of the Desert. Inhabited now only by the Nomad Bedouin, who pay it stated visits in order to cultivate its palms, it was, from the sixth century and onward for many ages, the abode of thousands of anchorites, whose memorials are still scattered over the mounds and mountain-steeps, in the shape of shattered pillars, broken conduits, ruined walls, deserted cells, and empty tombs. Feirân! How the poor Arabs love the very name! How proud they are of its richness and beauty! How their Sheikhs love to expatiate upon its perfections! And no wonder, if half of what travelers have written of it be true. Any where it would be beautiful, with its princely palms and noble peaks; how much more in such a grim, wild waste, as that with which it is girded on every side!

Towering above this bright garden, and only a few miles off, rises that five-peaked mountain, of whose magnificent ruggedness travelers have written so much, *Serbâl*. Dr. Stewart has revived the opinion, that this is the authentic Sinai: though, so far as we are competent to judge, without success. That it *might be* so, we do not dispute. But so might *Et-Tih;* so might *Taset-Sudr;* so might some of the fierce group of Feirân; so

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might many another mountain in this wild region. But there is nothing in its history to which we might fasten the slenderest thread of probability in its favor. As a hill of incomparable grandeur, and not very far from the locality where, according to the narrative, Sinai was, it might be the Mount of God. That is all we can say. Its difficulty of ascent is great, only to be overcome by resolute wills and iron muscles. A traveler, who had reached its summit, told us, that the labor and peril were such, that not only had he to scramble on all fours, or crawl like a serpent, or climb like a goat, but repeatedly he threw himself on the rock, resolved not to move a step farther. Arduous as are the ascents of the Sinaitic group, this goes beyond either Jebel Musa, or Safsafeh, or Katherin. But this settles nothing. There are other objections. Serbâl has no plain at its base, and no such remarkable hollow in its center, as its rival undoubtedly possesses; and Feirân is much too small, as well as too distant, to have been the encampment of Israel. In this opinion Mr. Stanley and Dr. Robinson concur; nor do the statements of Dr. Stewart appear to us to shake it.* Mr. Stanley's words are these: "It was impossible not to feel that for the *giving* of the law to Israel and the world, the scene was most truly fitted. I say, for the *giving* of the law; because the objections urged, from the absence of any plain immediately under the mountain for *receiving* the law, *are unanswerable*, or could only be answered if no such plain existed elsewhere in the Peninsula." As to the legend got up by some, that it was the seat of Arab worship and sacrifice, Mr. Stanley questioned his guide, and tells us the result:

"In reply to the question suggested by Rüppell's assertion of the estimation in which Serbâl was held by the Bedouins, as shown by sacrifices on its summit, he returned the following decisive answer: 'Arabs never pray or kill sheep on the top of Serbâl; *sometimes, however, travelers eat chickens there.* The ruined building on the top was built by the Franks, or by the Derkani, the original inhabitants of the country, for keeping treasures. The ruins in Wady Feirân are also by Franks. There used to be a Frank windmill on the northeast side of the valley, and corn was carried across from the convent by a rope.'"—P. 73.

* Dr. Robinson, vol. i., p. 590. Stanley, p. 72. Dr. Stewart, p. 116.

Perhaps it may be as well to add the following summing up of the argument by Dr. Robinson. It seems to us pretty conclusive:

"Serbal.—Since the first publication of this work, the idea has been brought forward by Lepsius, and strenuously urged, that Jebel Serbâl is to be regarded as the Sinai of Scripture. See his Reise nach der Halbinsel des Sinai, 1846; also, Breife aus Aegypten, 1852, p. 340 sq. 417 sq. See also the argument stated in Bartlett's Forty Days in the Desert, p. 55 sq.

"The main argument urged in behalf of Serbâl, is the fact, that the adjacent Wady Feirân is, and always was, well watered and fruitful; while the region around Jebel Mûsa is an inhospitable desert. Hence the former is the only fit spot in the Peninsula for the supply of the Israelites with water and sustenance; and as such must have been known to Moses, and selected by him. See Lepsius Reise, p. 20–22. Breife, p. 341 sq. Bartlett, l. c. p. 56.

"This argument leaves out of view two important points in the question; *first*, that there is around Serbâl no open spot or ground corresponding to the historical account of Israel before Sinai; and, *secondly*, that the supply of water for the host at Sinai was miraculous.

"Wady Feirân runs for a time parallel to Serbâl. In it for about four miles there is a constant succession of gardens and plantations of palm trees; there are fountains, and in almost every garden a well; but the water is hard; and the valley is not more than a hundred paces across, with high mountains on each side. (Burckhardt, Trav. in Syr., p. 603 sq.) From about the middle of Serbâl, the Wady 'Aleiyât comes down nearly at right angles to Wady Feirân, forming the direct and usual mode of access to Serbâl. These two valleys contain the only open ground, which can be taken into the account. It needs but a glance at the maps of Lepsius himself, (Reise,) and the sketch of Bartlett, (p. 57,) to perceive that they do not correspond to the circumstances of the scriptural narrative.

"It is admitted, that the main encampment of the host must have been in Wady Feirân itself; from which the summit of Serbâl is only here and there visible. The base of the mountain is reached by the Wady 'Aleiyât, after a walk of *about an hour;* Bartlett, p. 57. This latter valley, according to Bartlett, is an unfit, if not impracticable spot for the encampment of any great number of people; the ground is rugged and rocky, towards the base of the mountain exceedingly so; pp. 57, 58, comp. p. 62. Beyond the fountain all path soon ceases; and the course thence to the base of the mountain is over a wilderness of loose blocks, which it is no easy matter to cross without slipping; *ibid.* p. 62.

"I need not stop to show how utterly incompatible all this is with the narrative in Exodus;

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where it is said, the people *stood at the nether part of the mount*, Ex. 19 : 17 ; and Moses was directed to *set bounds round about*, lest the people should go up into the mount or *touch the border* of it ; Ex. 19 : 12.

"The testimony of Scripture, that the supply of water for the host was miraculous, removes the objection made against the present Sinai. At Rephidim the people having murmured for water, the Lord commanded Moses to smite the rock *in Horeb*, and water should flow out ; and Moses did so ; Ex. 17 : 5, 6. If Rephidim, as I have elsewhere supposed, (p. 120,) was near the entrance to the central granite region, then Horeb was near ; and it is easy to see how the miraculous fountain might supply water for the host during their sojourn at Sinai. But if their main encampment was in Wady Feirân, in which water was always plenty, where was the necessity for a miracle at all ? and especially in Serbâl, (the Sinai and Horeb of Lepsius,) which was but an hour distant from the well-watered encampment.

"I have elsewhere suggested, that the stations of the Israelites, as enumerated, refer perhaps rather to the head-quarters of Moses and the elders, with a portion of the people who kept near them ; while other portions preceded or followed them at various distances, as the convenience of water and pasturage might dictate ; pp. 72, 73. Thus, during the long sojourn at Sinai, it is not at all improbable, that a part of the people with their flocks may have been encamped in the fertile Wady Feirân. Yet, on the other hand, it seems no less obvious, on the great occasion, when the Lord descended on Sinai and gave the ten commandments, that the whole congregation, even all the people, were assembled before the mount. Ex. 19 : 9, 11, 16, etc.

"It is singular that Lepsius (Breife, p. 421 sq.) should quote the authority of Mr. Bartlett as an advocate of his views. Mr. B. presents the argument indeed, not however as his own, but expressly as that of those who 'adopt a rationalist interpretation, and consider the Bible account as a legendary or mythical amplification of a slender historical foundation.'"—P. 55.

Wady Mokatteb, or the Written Valley, is another of the peculiar spots of the Desert. It is no *oasis* certainly. Its rocks and slopes are utterly verdureless. No well is to be found in any of its recesses, and not a drop of water can be wrung out of its scorched and weary sands. It is no camping-ground for any who do not carry water as well as food along with them. Nor is there shade during the day from palm or rock ; for all the day long does it lie broadly exposed to every ray that pours down from Arabia's burning sun. Protected from the only rays that one can tolerate in the Desert, those of sunrise and sunset, it is swept ever by the whole burning strength of noon. And such a noon, when it flings its heat down upon the sands without a cloud or breeze !

The old rock-writings of this wady are full of interest ; nor have they as yet had full justice done to them. If unbiased scholarship would apply itself to their decipherment, something would be extracted which would at least end the controversy regarding them, even if it did not contain much of information or interest. That they are the work of Christian pilgrims, on their way to Feirân or Sinai, is mere absurdity. No pilgrims ever wrote these thousands of inscriptions, for no pilgrims could remain a day in this valley. Whoever might resort to it, pilgrims would not. Nor would they have left traces of their handiwork only in Wady Mokatteb, where they could not have staid, and not in Feirân, where they *did* stay. But to what nation could those Christian pilgrims belong, who wrote an alphabet belonging to no known Christian nation under the sun ?

But we are not going to settle the question. Whoever wrote these inscriptions, and drew these sketches of goats and camels must have *staid* here. There must have been some reason why this unattractive and unwatered neighborhood should have been fixed upon, to the almost entire neglect of all the other regions of the Desert. And no theory ought to be listened to that does not set out, or at least end, with accounting for this.

Instead, however, of taking up successive points or objects, let us try to give our readers some idea of this great and terrible wilderness in its more general features. For details, they must consult the works already referred to. But meanwhile let them accept the following sketch, for the accuracy of which the writers of the above volumes will be sufficient vouchers.

### DESERT OF SINAI.

The Desert of Sinai is commonly understood as embracing the triangle formed by the Gulf of Suez on the west, and the Gulf of Akabah on the east — the two limbs of the maritime fork, known in ancient as well as modern times by the name of the Red Sea. If the region between the Euphrates took the name of

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Mesopotamia from its position; if the sea between Europe and Africa is called the Mediterranean from its boundaries; the Sinaitic Desert, were it large enough to take so dignified a name, might be designated the *Mesoceanic* Highlands of Arabia. But, perhaps, "the Sinaitic Peninsula" is sufficient for it; unless, from its curious resemblance to the Pyramids of Egypt, it may be called the Desert or Arabian Pyramid, having as its apex the *Ras Mohammed*, and its base the mountains and desert of El-Tih. Though the vast tract between these two seas is properly one great region of barrenness and unpeopled desolation, extending from the promontory above named to the southern slopes of Palestine, yet it has, from the earliest times, been subdivided into smaller deserts, each with its own distinct name. From the south-western border of Palestine to the Gulf of Suez, and beyond it a little, it was called the wilderness of *Shur;* then came the wilderness of *Sin;* then the wilderness of *Sinai;* then, turning north by the Gulf of Akabah, came the different deserts of *Paran*, *Zin*, and *Kadesh*, while in the center lay the desert of *Beersheba*. All these names have perished; but others have come in their place, and in several cases the new names have not altered the old limits of the provinces. The *Terâbin*, the *Tûwarah*, the *Tiyâhah*, the *Haiwât*, the *Sawâlihah*, the *Aleikât*,—are the designations of the desert tribes, taken from the names of the districts which they specially haunt. For though they are thorough nomads, they have their own independent domains, ruled by separate Sheikhs. That domain may be small and barren,—the poorest that ever owned a ruler; yet it is their birth-place and their burying-place. Though wanderers over a hundred hills, they count this their home. Here they were born, here they have known what life's affections are; here they hope to die and be buried.

It is of some importance to get a correct general view of the Desert in some of its broader features; and it is worth while to correct one or two false, or at least one-sided ideas, in common currency regarding it. Few take the trouble to inquire what the Desert really is. They are content to think of it merely as a sand-waste, a region of waterless desolation. A slight study of one or two of the books of travel already quoted from will set them right, without the toil and heat of a desert-journey.

The Desert is not one vast level area, stretching over an immense region, like a yellow sea, in unrelieved, unbroken monotony of plain. It not merely swells and undulates, but it heaves into wide table-lands, nay, bursts up in all directions into the magnificence of cliff, and ridge, and mountain. Though none of its hills reach the nobility either of Libanus or Anti-Libanus, yet they have a fierce grandeur peculiarly their own; and the eight thousand feet of *Jebel Katherîn* fall but little short of the ten thousand feet of *Jebel-esh-Sheikh*. There is far more of the mountain than of the plain in the Desert; and for one broad plain or strath, such as *Debbet Ramleh*, there are at least a hundred hills—most of these truly Alpine. The hills of the African waste are low and rounded, but those of the Sinaitic highlands exhibit some of the grandest specimens of mountain scenery which earth contains.

### FEATURES OF THE DESERT.

The Desert is not a region of mere scorching calm, without a breeze or a tempest. Even at noon, and in the heart of some valley, there comes a quiet breeze,—not certainly "stealing and giving odors," as in the Shûbra gardens or the vale of Nâblus, but still bringing coolness to the hot air and the parched Arab, as it passes on its way. The storm, too, wakes up and tries its strength against the sharp peaks of *El-Benât*, or rushes through *Nukb-Howai*, "the pass of the winds," or loses itself in the mountain net-work of *Esh-Shubeikeh;* and while, in the plain below, the sand-drift is pouring along, like yellow hail, the snow-blast is sweeping over the hill-top, and reminds the traveler of Skiddaw, or Schreck-Horn, or Snee-Hatten. Yet the sand-storms of the Peninsula, though they make the camels halt and the Arabs cower, and the traveler stop his ears and eyes, are not destructive like those of Eastern Arabia or Africa. The sand is not fine enough to admit of its being raised by the blast in sufficient quantities at a time to overwhelm its victims. A whirlwind in the Ghôr of the Jordan would be a more unpleasant assailant than any tempest that ever brushed along the white bluffs of Et-Tih,

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and lifted the clouds of gray sand from its base to deposit them on the steeps of Jebel-Wûtah, or amid the slag-debris and scoriæ of Surâbit.

The Desert is no mere sand-field, or series of sand-fields. You find sand in abundance certainly—on the hill-slopes, in the beds of the wadys, and in the broad plains that intersperse in all directions their yellow reaches or gray stripes. But there seems to be an immense amount of stone and rock overspreading the land, extending for miles between the hills, and in some places hiding the sand. Sometimes these are found in isolated blocks, (a large stone, having shot down from the cliffs into the valley,) as in the case of the Hajir-er-Rukkab, or Stone of the Rider, near the Ain Howârah;* sometimes they are found in level patches, the debris of the hills having spread itself out, and bedded itself in the sand or clay; sometimes in rugged heaps, like Highland cairns, which appear at a distance like artificial mounds; sometimes rolled and pounded, as if some iceberg had once passed along, grinding the rocks to fragments, and spreading them out in fields of stone, to be afterwards sifted by the winds and caked together by the rain-floods, so as to form a smooth, broad highway, extending for miles, and to present a vast plain or area of cyclopean mosaic, or a stripe of tesselated pavement, relieving the monotony of the waste by breaking up into variegated stripes the vast tracts of gray or yellow sand.

The peninsular Desert is not a land without rain; and speaking generally of the East, we may say, that there seems to be much more rain than we usually give it credit for. In Upper Egypt, certainly, there is hardly such a thing as rain. That region—the region where the wondrous ruins of a hundred temples crowd together, embalmed, and so preserved by the hot dry air, as effectually as their tenants are by spice and odors—may be called rainless. It is wholly at the mercy of the Nile. Middle Egypt has more rain, though little to boast of. Lower Egypt has considerably more; and in some places might do battle with the droughts on its own resources. But the Desert has more than all Egypt together,—only so regulated as to be useless, save for maintaining the thin-strewn dusky shrubs which so timidly sprinkle its wadys. It has its rainy seasons, during which the clouds pour down a deluge; but there is no such regular supply of water as to tell even upon its lowest hollows or most sheltered plains, save in the way of scooping out water-courses, or tearing up tamarisks, or cutting away the half gravelly, half sandy soil, into what the Bedouins call *Jurfs*, or abrading the more impressible parts of the sandstone steeps, or still more rarely helping (along with local springs, sometimes hot, sometimes cold) to rear up an oasis of palms and tarfas, such as that of Feirân, hard by Mount Serbâl, whose praises so many travelers have sung, and as many more likely to sing again. For, by all accounts, it is quite a gem of desert-verdure,—a genuine "Palmyra," though without a city and without a queen. The rain meant for Egypt seems to be swept aside from that level region by the stormy west wind; and attracted by the mountains of the Peninsula, it turns aside and pours itself down in water-spouts upon the Sinaitic wastes. But it comes in such rushes that it brings no blessing to the soil, and is so unequally distributed, as to time, that even the spring gets no refreshment from the winter floods,—nay, hardly can remember that they have been. If the traveler is bold enough to penetrate the Peninsula during the summer months—from April on to August or September—he may with certainty count upon rainless skies; and he may pitch his tent anywhere, even in the low bed of the torrent; nor will he find a drier or safer place of encampment than in any one of the hundred tarfa-groves that cover the bed of el-Arish, from the spot where it leaves the slopes of Et-Tih, to the place where it spreads itself out over the sands of Rhinocolura. But if he is bent on a winter-tour, or travels even so early as January or February, he must be on the look-out, not for showers merely, but for floods. He dare not choose for his encampment that sandy hollow where the tarfa and the rittem are so invitingly waving; for though it should be in Wady Taiybeh, "the good," or in Wady el-Markhâh, the "valley of rest," he may find himself reckoning without his host. If the wind shift to the west during the night, bright as the sunset might be over the blue of Bahr Suweis, or above the brow of Abû Deraj

* Robinson, vol. i., p. 66. Wilson's "Lands of the Bible," vol. i., p.

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beyond, he may find himself, tents, turbans, baggage, provisions, camels, fowls, and all, hurrying down a swollen river, which, ere the next evening's shadows have come down upon these sands, will have passed into the sea, or wholly vanished in the thirsty porous ground, leaving no trace of its exuberant flow, save a few pools in the deeper hollows, or a few drops in a hole of yon flat stone, which the thirsty Arab or his camel stoops to drink up.

### WATER AND VERDURE.

Our travelers tell us, too, that the Desert is not so absolutely bare and verdureless as we sometimes imagine. One traveler, indeed, speaks of a thin clothing of vegetation, which is seldom withdrawn from the hill-sides and valleys; but the others do not concur in this, and while not refusing to do justice to its excellencies, think that a "thin sprinkling" of vegetation would be nearer the truth than a "thin clothing." For certainly it would seem that, according to our northern notions at least, the Desert may well be called unclothed, if not totally bare. Yet it has verdure of its own—fitful, coarse, and dingy as that may be. There are few parts where the Bedouin may not find shrubs sufficient, in quantity and size, to feed his camel for a night. In some places, no doubt, the region is so absolutely waste, that he has to carry provision for his camel as well as for himself, and he produces at night his bag of beans, as the drayman or cabman of our streets does his bag of oats for his horse upon a journey; but this is rather infrequent; generally he finds a sufficiency of desert-herbage for his camel, and here and there (in some moister place) something less coarse for a small flock of sheep or goats. Musing over such passages as these: "I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah-tree, the myrtle, and the oil-tree; I will set in the desert the fir-tree, and the pine, and the box-tree together;" the traveler wonders at the marvelous picture thus sketched in the unfailing word, and asks, "Has this ever been?" "When is all this to be?" Totally unlike to so fair a portrait do the terrific features of the Desert at present seem. What forest does he see anywhere here, or what stream to water even the stray tree that might be planted? Is it conceivable that the savage ruggedness of El-Amârah can smile with verdure, or the wide but barren bends of Esh-Sheikh throw up the cedar or the myrtle? But there are some spots where not only the shrub struggles up out of the sand, but where *trees* show themselves, some of low stature, some of considerable size. There is the tamarisk or tarfa, with its thin wiry foliage; the wide-branching acacia or seyaleh, which is the shittim-wood of Scripture, and the tree from which gum-arabic exudes; the rittem or broom, under the shade of which, in the wilderness of Beersheba, Elijah sat down in his desponding weariness; there is the fruitful nubk, which, with its tiny apples, feeds the dwellers in some richer wady, till the date appears; then there is the palm-tree, with its shaggy stem in Ghurundel, or its well-pruned tapering stem in Feirân, towering above all the rest, and casting the shadow of its feathery crown, in sunshine or moonlight, upon the passive sand. So scanty, however, is this forest-verdure, that it can hardly be said to relieve the brown or yellow sterility of these cheerless wastes.

Besides, every thing like grass seems to be awanting. No carpet of green any where spreads itself under foot, or clothes the rugged steeps. Even in some bright oasis, where the palm-shadows cool the ground, and the air seems more genial, and the birds are singing, there is no verdure on the ground, and even the commonest weeds are awanting. The soil will support nothing which can not strike its roots at least some six inches into it. There is nothing beneath your feet but the monotony of the endless sand, whose color, unlike the "universal green," fatigues, instead of refreshing the eye. The oasis is *adorned*, but not *clothed*.

But whatever one misses in the earth beneath you, you miss nothing in the heavens above you. The greenness of earth is awanting, but the blue of the heavens has become brighter and purer. The varied twinkle of flowers under your feet is gone; but the sparkle of the orbs overhead has doubled its lustre. The flowers have folded up their blossoms, and hid them from the hot air beneath the sands; but the stars have unfolded theirs all the more freely, as if the desert sky, with its arch of matchless azure, were the soil in which they can best give forth their brilliance. The north-star has come

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down low in the heavens, and you feel that another two hundred miles to the south would make it drop out of sight, or only glimmer on the horizon; but other stars are ascending in the opposite horizon, and you feel that you gain as much as you lose by your southern latitude. Yet the brightness of sun, and moon, and stars, can not make up for the want of other things. You miss the wreaths of village smoke, rising from a hundred homes; for which the wild blaze of Bedouin fires, flinging up their gleam upon the rocks, is no equivalent. You miss the lark's song, the streamlet's murmur, the whisper of the woods; for which the scream of the eagle, and the torrent's rush, and the shrill echo of the cliff, are no compensation. You miss the mighty masses of cloud that give such splendor to our sunsets; and for which the round red blaze of an Arabian sun, dropping down like a fiery globe, is no equivalent.

In the Sinaitic latitudes, the length of day varies but little throughout the seasons. A little before six, when the sky is still darkly blue, a faint whitish glow steals up the east, and then strikes across to the west in pale, silky purple, while the zenith remains untouched in its star-studded blue. This is the signal that the night is done, and that the sun is coming up. In less than half-an-hour, every mountain has taken on the golden radiance. The living glory slowly creeps down the cliffs, every five minutes altering the hue of the mountain-sides, which had hitherto remained a mass of shade, till it reaches the mountain-base, and shoots across the brightening sand. It is day: morning is at an end. So at sunset. Swiftly the sun drops down from the flaming firmament, and in half-an-hour all is night—with only the tall cone of the Zodiacal light to tell where the sun had been. What a blank in the beauty of the fairest day is this absence of twilight—the time when it is neither day nor night, but something more grateful than either!

Seldom do these travelers speak of seeing the face of man in their journeyings, and when they do see him, they think there is something worthy to be noted. A tree and a man are rare in these strange regions. No one traversing the Hartz Forest would note or count the trees; nor, in passing down Cheapside, would make note of the men he saw; but in the Desert the traveler notes both as marvels, and talks of them with interest at the close of a weary journey. Just once, perhaps, in two or three days, he meets a caravan on its way from Sinai to Cairo, or from Cairo to Sinai; or perhaps, still more seldom, he may meet a solitary messenger, or come upon the black camel-hair tent under which a family of Bedouin is sheltering itself from wind, or sun, or rain. Little enough of man, and still less of woman, is to be met with in these sands.

No village, no town of living men, does he light upon. The ruins in some of the northern wadys, such as Ruhaibeh and Serâm, remind him that there had been once cities here; and those in Feirân speak of the six thousand monks that once had their abode in the convent or the mountain-cell of that more southern wady. But, save in the convents of Wady esh-Shueib, at the foot of Jebel Mûsa, or the khâns at Nukhl or Akabah, on the line of the Haj road, he sees no abodes of congregated men. But what he does not see of the living, he does see of the dead. In life the Bedouin wander; in death they come together, and are thus "gathered to their fathers" in the spots which, for ages beyond tradition, have been the tribal cemeteries. Traversing the more inland parts of the Desert, he sees not unfrequently groups of stones, perhaps a foot high, which in the distance might be mistaken for waymarks, or the mysterious circles of olden worship; but as he comes near, he sees that the stones are generally arranged in couplets, a few feet asunder. The stones are unhewn and uncarved, without a name, a date, or line—fragments of debris from the neighboring cliff, inserted sufficiently in the sand to keep them erect. No church, no mosque, no minaret, no inclosing wall! But Moslems do not bury in or beside mosques. Here and there a saint's *wely* is built for and used as a mosque; for Mohammedanism, as well as Popery, ascribes sanctity, if not to dead men's *bones*, at least to dead men's *tombs*. Generally, however, Eastern grave-yards are at a distance both from city and mosque. These Bedouin tombs are, by all accounts, strangely, sadly attractive to the passer-by, from their rudeness and loneliness. Here and there the Arab has planted the green-leaved, white-blossomed rittem, the slenderest and most graceful of his native shrubs. And this



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he has chosen for affection's memorial. There it stands, in its ever-green beauty, braving the desert-sun or courting the desert-breeze, above the quiet dust of centuries, at once the indication of Desert poverty, and the unobstrusive expression of Desert love.

A less attractive sight, the traveler tells us, are the remains, not of the dead, but of the living. Wearied with a long day's sultry march, during which his only shelter from the heat has been his white umbrella, for which he paid dear enough at Cairo, he comes up, about sunset, to some bright sandy level, such as El-Markhâh, which, shaded from sun and wind, looks out upon the Red Sea in its blue stillness, or to some quiet nook, as Wady esh-Sheikh affords, looking up to the not distant Sinaitic cliffs—he finds the ground covered with the filthy relics of a Bedouin encampment, which had yesterday or last week quitted the spot—half-burnt shrubs, blackened stones, embers of extinct fires, torn sandals, shreds of old garments, fragments of rope, bones of animals, with numerous indentations in all directions, where men and camels had been lying. Or, approaching some wide-branching seyâleh tree, he is surprised to find its branches covered with rags of every hue and shape, like the mast of a ship on some gala-day. Have the rags been drifted in upon the breeze, or has a torrent passed this way and deposited its floating spoil upon the arresting branches? No. They are votive offerings of Moslem pilgrims or the Bedouin, hanging there as propitiatory gifts or thanksgiving memorials; the seyâleh or acacia being the only tree on which these memorials are found, as if it alone were sacred. Or he notices in the distance curious objects on the sand, which look like baskets of wicker-work, white as snow. On each side of the road between Cairo and Suez, traversed annually by so many thousands of beasts of burden; or in that region of the Desert where Abbas Pasha built his palace, on the very peak of the mountain that adjoins Sinai, these strange basket-like objects appear every mile or two. He goes up to them, and finds that they are the skeletons of camels which the vulture has picked clean, and which sun and rain have bleached to the whiteness of ivory; for the camel is left to die on the spot when he falls down exhausted. No one throws a shovelful of sand upon him; ere his eye is closed, and life is gone, the vulture is there, screaming and tearing, till, in a few hours, only his bones remain—in a few weeks or months to be buried in the sweeping sand-drift.

### STRANGE TRADITIONS.

In the Desert, too, the traveler finds strange traditions, old and new, Mohammedan and Christian—traditions of love, cruelty, superstition, miracle — though none of daring deeds—true deeds for moulding a nation's character, such as fasten their stories to the rocks of home. There is Jebel el-Banat, the "Hill of the Maidens," where two Arab sisters, "long, long ago," in the madness of disappointed love, twisted their locks together, and flung themselves from the double peak into the rocky ravines below. There is the grave of Sheikh Amrî in the northern region, between Hufîr and Neheyeh, where, beneath a rude cairn, lie the bones of a chieftain famed only for the blood he shed and the cruelties he inflicted—blood and cruelty which still bring down on his remains the hot curses of each passing son of the Desert. There is the chapel-tomb of Sheikh Saleh, in the valley which still bears his title, if not his name. Here, once a year, the Desert tribes assemble to commemorate his birth or death, with game, and feast, and sacrifice. There is the convent of St. Katharin, at the foot of Jebel Mûsa, where miracles are recorded, and the places shown where they took place—the very indentation made by the body of Moses on the rock, the very cypress tree planted by Elijah.

The *silence* of the Desert has been frequently noted by travelers.* There is no silence so profound any where, either by day or night. The little lizards, shooting like arrows from bush to bush, or from rock to rock, are wholly noiseless; the black ants, burrowing every where in the sand, are unheard; the light foot of the gazellah amid the crags sounds not, save when he dashes down some stone into the valley below. Even the wind, as it takes its way over the sands, moves along in silence, (as through some Æolian harp that has lost its strings,) having no outstanding object to break the smoothness of its course and draw out the sounds, save when it rouses itself into tempest.

* Stanley, pp. 14, 65.

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All is silence—silence even at noon—silence especially in moonshine or starlight—silence, whose profoundness, when long-continued, ceases to be soothing or solemn, and becomes absolutely painful, if not appalling, oppressing the spirit with an indescribable sense of dreary desolation. Mr. Stanley thus refers to this subject, and, in connection with it, to the marvelous distances which sound will traverse in these solitudes. His statement illustrates more than one Scripture narrative.

"It is this probably, combined with the peculiarity of the atmosphere, that produces the deep stillness and consequent reverberation of the human voice, which can never be omitted in any enumeration of the characteristics of Mount Sinai. From the highest point of Râs Sasâfeh to its lower peak, a distance of about sixty feet, the page of a book, distinctly but not loudly read, was perfectly audible; and every remark of the various groups of travelers descending from the heights of the same point rose clearly to those immediately above them. It was the belief of the Arabs who conducted Niebuhr, that they could make themselves heard across the Gulf of Akaba; a belief doubtless exaggerated, yet probably originated or fostered by the great distance to which in those regions the voice can actually be carried. And it is probably from the same cause that so much attention has been excited by the mysterious noises which have from time to time been heard on the summit of Gebel Mousa, in the neighborhood of Um-Shômer, and in the mountain of Nâkûs, or the Bell, so called from the legend that the sounds proceed from the bells of a convent inclosed within the mountain. In this last instance the sound is supposed to originate in the rush of sand down the mountain side; sand, here, as elsewhere, playing the same part as the waters or snows of the north. In the case of Gebel Mousa, where it is said that the monks had originally settled on the highest peak, but were by these strange noises driven down to their present seat in the valley; and in the case of Um-Shômer, where it was described to Burckhardt as like the sound of artillery, the precise cause has never been ascertained. But in all these instances the effect must have been heightened by the deathlike silence of a region where the fall of watres, even the trickling of brooks, is unknown."—Pp. 14, 15.

Once or twice in the course of ages has this silence been broken. Before the days of Joseph or Abraham, the kings of Egypt had their quarries and copper-mines in these solitudes. At Surâbit El-Khadem there are still the monumental inscriptions of the Pharaohs, as well as the relics of the smelting furnace. At Wady Magharah there are like hieroglyphical inscriptions on the soft sandstone, and slopes of debris down from the "Magharah" or Cave, where once a busy Egyptian population toiled in excavating stones and metals for King Gatcheres.* At Wady Mokatteb there remain, upon a thousand rocks, the written vestiges of the multitudes that must once have taken up their abode in that most barren of all desert valleys.

### DESERT SILENCE.

Once again was its silence broken by the voices and footsteps, not of thousands, but of millions, when Israel, their chain snapped, their yoke shivered, fled from the oppressor. In a single day was the Desert transformed into a populous city, and the voice of man and woman, of age and childhood, was heard amid these silent cliffs. Then the smoke of Israel's sacrifice, the notes of Israel's song, went up into these tranquil skies. For the first time, the Desert had a history. And what a history! One only of forty years indeed; but one into whose brief years were crowded events, of which each one by itself would constitute an era, and make a nation of a country famous for ever. That story opens with ten awful plagues that left the oppressor desolate—plagues which the divine accuracy of Scripture language forbids us to reckon less than supernatural. If ten battles such as Marathon had been fought—if ten sieges such as Troy had been endured, there could not have been a commencement of history half so glorious as that with which Israel's Desert-story began. Behind them, as they leave the land of their bondage, the sword of the avenger flashes; but the sea opens its green waves to welcome them, and then closes its depths over the enemies. And if the retreat of Xenophon's ten thousand has of itself formed a history, what estimate may we take of that history of which the passage through the sea was but the opening scene? The Desert receives them; the pillar-cloud leads the way; the bitter water is sweetened; the manna descends; the rock becomes a fountain; the old dwellers of the Desert, the Amalekites, assail them in vain; Sinai is reached; the God of Israel,

* Osburn's "Monumental History of Egypt," vol. i., p. 304.

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amid thunder and brightness, gives his law; for forty years the people wander amid these rocks and valleys which we have been sketching. Then the silence of the Desert was broken—broken by miracle and mighty deed—broken by the tread and voice of millions—broken as it never had been before, or since. For into the silence out of which it emerged, has that old Desert returned.

But in traversing these wastes, we carry a history in our hands, and for that history we are seeking sites. In one or two spots, such as the Written Valley or Magharah, we are seeking a history for sites; but in general it is the converse of this that we are in quest of. Yet discoveries here are hard to make. The interval has been so long, and the population so scanty, that, though the race is still the same, old names have perished and new ones been substituted, so that the work of identification is attended with peculiar difficulties. Most of our identifications are but guesses, while by far the larger portion of Bible scenes connected with Israel's exodus and sojourn remains unknown. The sites of Marah and Elim —as represented by El-Howârah and Ghurundel — are but, after all, conjectures; and Sinai, as identified with Jebel Musa, is only a probability, founded upon circumstantial evidence and thirteen centuries of unbroken tradition. In these cases the native names are no helps. But there are one or two which have some claim upon our notice, more recently searched out. There is *Hadharah*, northeast of Jebel Musa, which may be regarded as almost certainly identified with *Hazeroth*, one of the first stations to which Israel came after leaving Sinai.* There is Wady *Berah*, which, though with less certainty, is conjectured to represent the *Taberah* of Moses (Num. 11: 3, Deut. 9: 22.) There is *Aelana*, at the northern extremity of the Gulf of Akabah, which might have been reckoned certainly the Elath of Scripture (Deut. 2: 8,) were it not that Jerome sets this down as ten miles east of Petra; and Ain el-Ghudyan might easily be the Arabic transmutation of *Ezion*, in Ezion-Gaber, so far as letters are concerned; but Solomon's Ezion-Gaber was a seaport, whereas Ghudyan is some eight or ten miles from the shore—only, as Dr. Robinson suggests, the gulf may have extended some miles farther north than at present. There is *Jebel esh-Sherah*, a few miles south of Petra, which appears to be the Arabic successor of the Hebrew *Mount Seir*. There is *Wady Ghudaghidh*, a little westward of the Arabah, which probably represents the *Gudgodah* of Deut. 10: 7, and the *Hor-Hagidgad* of Num. 33: 32. There is *Ruhaibeh* in the north, which is in all likelihood the *Rehoboth* of Isaac, (Gen. 26: 22.) A little farther north is *Ararah*, which may bear the name of the *Aroer* in the south of Judah. Other places besides these will, we are assured, come to light, as the inquiries of travelers extend. We have not mentioned *Wady Jerur*, as corresponding to the *Gerar* of the Old Testament, as this seems to us very doubtful, to say no more. If Dr. Stewart could show that Wady Jerur ran north some fifty or sixty miles, till it approached the ancient *Daroma* of early geographers, he would go far to prove his point. But Wady Jerur runs east and west; it is eighty or ninety miles south of the Daroma; it could hardly have been a Philistine region, as Gerar doubtless was. Besides, Eusebius and Jerome are express in their statements as to Gerar being only twenty-five miles south of Eleutheropolis.

But the whole of this midland region, between Palestine and the Desert, is full of interest. It has been little traversed, and hence but imperfectly known. Travelers have, in most cases, turned off their northern route either at Nukhl or earlier, in order to visit the City of the Rock, and so have only entered Palestine at Hebron or Dhahariyeh. Hence the whole district lying between Kalat Nukhl and Ruhaibeh, or rather, we might say, between Nukb er-Rakineh and Bir es-Seba, has been hitherto but poorly explored. Yet, as some of those who have traversed it remark, this is one of the most historically interesting portions of the Desert; if, indeed, we may call it Desert, and not rather part of Palestine. It is the land of the Patriarchs, of Abraham and Isaac, the country of faith, the home of the sojourners who had as yet reached no permanent dwelling-place. The reader of the Book of Genesis must feel that this region has attractions of its own, which the Desert has not, which

* Num. 11: 35. Wilson's "Lands of the Bible," vol. i. pp. 255–257. See also Burckhardt and Robinson.

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Palestine has not—not merely something belonging to a border land, but something linked in the heart of every believing man with the peculiar features of those who dwelt here as strangers, with nothing but the tent and the altar.

### THE LAND OF PROMISE.

But we pass into the Land of Promise; still, as hitherto, seeking sites for histories. Here the identification of sites is much easier, and has been far more extensively accomplished. From the time that you cross Wady es-Seba to the hour when you quit the boundary at Baneas or Saida, you tread almost every hour upon ruins, which, when interrogated, yield the secret of their history in the somewhat altered, but still easily recognized name. Three books are all that are needful in assisting the traveler—the Bible, Josephus, and the Onomasticon of Eusebius and Jerome. There are minor helps, but these are the chief. It is almost entirely from these, that maps, till within the last twenty years, have been constructed; and it is wonderful how accurate these are in the main.

Had ecclesiastical tradition been less relied on; had it been dismissed at once as incompetent and fallacious, these maps would have been much more correct than they are. But, relying on the statements of pilgrim-travelers who followed one another blindly, and not suspicious of the lies which monkish legends have embodied, both as to places and events, our chartographers have, till recently, disfigured their maps by adopting localities on ecclesiastical authority alone. Hence, till lately, the site of the Holy Sepulchre was never called in question; the pit of Joseph was set down at Khan Jub-Yuseph, not far from the Huleh; Bethulia was given as south of Jerusalem, at the Frank Mountain; Shiloh was placed at Neby Semwil, close by Jerusalem; Dothan was written down as north of the Sea of Galilee, not far from Safet; Tabor is called the Mountain of the Transfiguration. These palpable blunders were not accidental, nor matters of mere ignorance; they were the result of an unconscious attachment to ecclesiastical tradition, and of an unwillingness to abandon sites which, if fictitious, had at least been consecrated by the adorations of pilgrim-zeal for at least a thousand years. Even Reland, in his "Palestina"—a book of marvelous sagacity, accuracy, and research—has not thrown off the shackles of tradition. Clarke was the first to take sword against tradition, and his Travels contain the first attack upon the hitherto almost unquestioned topography of Jerusalem and Palestine. But he was too vehement and indiscriminate. He was an iconoclast without judgment; and would have swept away almost every tradition, on the sole ground on which others had hitherto received them.

It began now to be seen that there were two classes of tradition afloat throughout Palestine, one the native, the other the monkish; the former the original and authentic, the latter the superinduced and fictitious. Distrust of the latter has been working its way into men's minds; while confidence in the former has established itself no less successfully. Hitherto men had been content with the mere surface tradition; but now, having got down into a lower stratum, they are amazed at the discoveries which they are making—discoveries which had hitherto been unattempted — discoveries which, thirty years ago, would have been pronounced the fruits of rashness and irreverence.

The well-known discovery of the true site of Dothan supplies a good example. The monkish traditions fixed it in a place which could not fit into the Scripture narrative. In 1851, Lieutenant Van de Velde found, accidentally, ruins which the natives called "Dothan." These were in a position which fitted exactly into the account in the Bible.

It is, then, to the native tradition that we are to look for the topography of Palestine. When the ecclesiastical and the native agree, we accept the agreement, though laying little stress upon it; when they differ, we at once receive the native as the genuine and trustworthy.

Every traveler who has honestly traversed the land, with the Bible as his guide-book, has made some discoveries. Of these Dr. Robinson stands highest; and if in some points he has failed, that failure need not detract from the greatness of his merits as a whole. He has crotchets; he writes sometimes in too one-sided a spirit; he makes too much of old travelers, and too little of recent ones; he has, in our judgment, confused the topography of Jerusalem; but still he has done much, very much for Palestine.

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The "Narrative" of the "Scotch Deputation," published about the same time, has been of no small service in the same field; and travelers from the East have in several cases acknowledged its value. Dr. Wilson's "Lands of the Bible" is an admirable book, though the lovers of light reading may not find their way through it. Van de Velde's "Syria and Palestine" is the work of a Christian mind and an able pen, though the descriptive is at times rather overlaid with the reflective. As for De Saulcy, he rambles on most agreeably, though his discoveries do not always commend themselves to our credence, and his flippancy (at times almost skepticism) is reprehensible. Of the many others who have written their traveller's story we can not speak at length. Some are worthy of careful study, as elucidators of Scripture as well as of geography. When a man writes faithfully of what he himself did see and hear, he is worth reading, if he writes even with a moderate measure of intelligence; but when he writes of what he ought to have seen and heard, or of what other travelers have seen and heard, or of what monks have seen and heard, he is not worth the time spent on reading his preface, so far at least as discovery goes.

There is considerable danger—so far, we mean, as truth is concerned—in traveling with a theory in one's head, especially if the traveler be naturally somewhat obstinate and hasty. A theory may be innocuous enough, if the traveler who has given it lodgment is quite willing to have it dislodged and knocked to pieces at the first ruin he reaches, or the first hill his eye lights on; but if he persists in making it his guide, believing and disbelieving according to its suggestions, he will make little way in topographical discovery any where, and least way of all in a land of which the ancient landmarks are only beginning to be dug up or recognized. This is especially true of the *chorography* of Jerusalem itself, of which no satisfactory plan or map has yet been given. Robinson was much too short time there, even reckoning both visits; and as he seems to have made up his mind on certain leading points from the very first, and not to have looked at the other side of the question at his second visit, we can not but entertain suspicions of the accuracy of his views. Eight or ten days' stay in that city was not sufficient to familiarize him with its complicated details, versant as he was, more than most, in such matters. The evidence and arguments by which some of his main positions are sustained, strike us as incomplete, if not fallacious. The more that the subject is studied, the more will it be seen that the correct topography of Jerusalem remains yet to be given, and that some of the main positions assumed by Dr. Robinson will require to be first of all set aside. This is too wide a subject to be discussed here, and involves too many points, as well as the investigation of a mass of evidence, ancient and modern, which would require a whole article. But it is right that those interested in the matter should be made to know that there have been very decided exceptions taken to Dr. Robinson's theory, and that those who are best acquainted with the subject consider it as far from being settled as ever. Most thoroughly has the American traveler sifted one question, that relating to the Holy Sepulchre, and demonstrated that the present site is a fiction; ancient and venerable it may be, but not the less a fiction. On other points, however, he has not been so successful; and that we are not alone in our judgment, may be seen from the following extract from a quite recent American work, whose ttle appears at the head of this article. The author thus combats one of his fellow-countryman's leading positions—that relating to the *lie* of the Tyropœon, and what we may call its western terminus. It may be difficult fully to explain the matter without a plan, but the following passage will, to a certain extent, tell its own tale:

"I have yet another view of this matter to take. Dr. Robinson gives part of the passage from Josephus, as follows:

"'Over-against this (Akra) was a third hill, by nature lower than Akra, and formerly *separated by another broad valley*. But, afterwards, in the times when the Maccabees ruled, they threw earth into this valley, desiring to connect the city with the temple.'

"This third hill was Mount Moriah, the hill of the temple. Now, it is clear, that there is no intimation that Akra was separated from Moriah by any valley. Even Dr. Robinson's peculiar method of translating the passage (which gives us a sentence actually without meaning) is certainly conclusive that the 'other broad valley' did not separate Akra from Moriah. This translation, if it means any thing,

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implies that Moriah itself was divided by another broad valley. But the Greek is πλατειᾳ φαραγγι διειργόμενος ἄλλη πρότερον, and the correct translation, I apprehend, 'formerly otherwise separated by a broad valley,' that is, from the other city. The sentence will then read: 'Over-against this was a third hill, by nature lower than Akra, and formerly otherwise separated (that is, from the other city, or Zion) by a broad valley. But, afterward, in the times when the Asmoneans ruled, they threw earth into this valley, desiring to connect the city with the temple.'

"If, as I have supposed, Akra included the whole moon-like sweep of the hill from Zion to the fortress of Antonia, then Akra actually needed to be divided from the temple by the trench, instead of being connected with it by filling up a valley. And we are left to look for such a heaping up (χοω) across the valley of the Tyropœon below. We are at no loss to find it. The causeway across this valley has long been a subject of discussion. Its existence is manifest enough to the eye, since it is impossible to go down the Tyropœon valley without climbing over it as it crosses the valley about on a line with the north end of Zion.

"The sentence, then, has a distinct meaning and connection. The third hill, Moriah, was lower than Akra, which actually sloped off to it on the north of the temple. This was its relation to Akra. Otherwise, that is as regards the other great part of the city, Zion, it was separated from it by a broad valley, which afterward the Maccabees heaped up with a causeway, so that the approach to it from that city should be as nearly on a level, as it already was from the new city. The result of this work is obvious. It connected the temple with Zion, as it was already connected with Akra, and thus it was possible to walk entirely around the central basin of the city on an unvarying level, crossing the Tyropœon and the trench of Antonia by bridges.

"It follows, if we have correctly located Akra, that the Tyropœon valley is, as we have already intimated, that valley which cut off the north side of Zion, and on the opposite sides of whose ravine the precipitous cliffs of Zion and Akra arose. This valley came into the great basin in the heart of the city, and turning southward, under the north-eastern cliffs of Zion, continued down to Siloam, being then a broader valley, but retaining the same name. The objection, that this name would not correctly apply to the two valleys, loses its force if we believe the crescent shape of Akra, which I have suggested, since there would then be no other valley coming into the basin except this one, which continued by a uniform descent towards Siloam; nor is it impossible that the salesmen who gave it its name originally, carried on their business in both parts of the valley, which would be a sufficient reason for the uniform name."—Pp. 267–269.*

* Prime's "Tent Life in the Holy Land."

Williams was much longer in Jerusalem; and his length of residence would have given his opinions some weight, had he not been all the while engrossed with a theory, or rather wrapt up in one great ecclesiastical idea, that the present Church of the Holy Sepulchre is on the true Calvary. This tradition of the Church must be maintained at all hazards. Wall and gate, tower and hill, must be made to give way to this.

To defend the point of view of the Church, Mr. Williams has written his massive work, in which the reader may find all that can possibly be said upon the ecclesiastical side of the question. But written by a partisan, the book must be taken for what it is worth.

Mr. Ferguson has not been in Jerusalem at all, yet he writes a book of wonderful accuracy upon several points connected with its topography.* His theory of the Mosque of Omar being the original site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, is open to more objections than he seems to think, or than even his acuteness and ingenuity could answer. But his book is ingenious, though its writer is too much of a dogmatist.

The briefest, but perhaps ablest treatise on the whole subject, is to be found in two numbers of the "Museum of Classical Antiquities." Though not admitting some of the author's conclusions, we think highly of his work.†

Superstition has thrown its network of fictions over Jerusalem, perplexing and raveling its entire geography. We have, to a certain extent, succeeded in disentangling the confusion, and separating the real from the unreal. But no complete unraveling can be effected till we have gone below the surface. It is easy to deny a legend, or to dispute a name, or to disprove a site; but it is not so easy to discover the truth which may have been smothered beneath the fiction, and to substitute the true site and the old name for those which ignorance or church-craft may have given.

Yet in sweeping away the false, let us beware of abandoning the true, or think to conciliate the adherent of the false by casting suspicion on the true, as if all were either equally certain or equally

* "An Essay on the Ancient Topography of Jerusalem," etc., by James Ferguson, F.R.A.S. 1847.

† Vol. ii., p. 18. April, 1853.

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doubtful. There is such a thing as a wise and honest discrimination; there is a weighing of evidence and a sifting of testimony. A deliberate and unsparing onslaught upon the fictitious is no indication of a man's unwillingness to hold fast that which is genuine. Traditions of truth and doctrine not found in the Bible had better, we imagine, be let alone, unless evidence of inspiration can be adduced equal to that on which the canon rests. Traditions of miracles, subsequent to the days of the apostles, may be received by those who are in need of new miracles, but their authenticity ought to be decided gravely, and the vouchers duly ascertained. But in regard to all that is written in the truest of all true books, we should know that we give up all if we admit that it contains inaccuracies in its statements.

Strauss's object was to discover inaccuracies in Scripture, in order to prove it mythical. He believed in Biblical *contradictions* as part of its inspiration—as that which indicated its mythical character. Its contradictions were needful, in order to keep men from believing its straightforward simplicity. This, however, is a kind of inspiration not generally accepted, even by those who are as eager as the German to detect inconsistencies; as it is thought more scholarlike and more scientific to make these blots reasons for lowering the vulgar standard of inspiration, and flinging off the trammels which that standard had fastened round the freedom of judgment, and by which it had stereotyped theology.

To believe without a standard of belief, to think without a rule of thought, is supposed by many to be spiritual freedom. Thus at least wide enough room is left either for sailing or for drifting, as the case may be; compass, and helm, and anchor, being at the same time somewhat superseded by superior seamanship, and ability to calculate on, if not to control, the elements. The men are no doubt brave, the sea is wide and deep, its surface at present looks blue and winning; but are its farther shores verdure or barrenness?—at its bottom are there pearls or only rocks?

### THE ACCURACY OF SCRIPTURE.

One thing that suggests itself to the reader of these Eastern travels, as he turns page after page, is the marvelous accuracy of Scripture in small things. The narrative spreads itself over more than two thousand years—or at least the narrators, from Moses to John, extend along this line—no one having any communication with the other. Yet in their minutest details there is harmony. As to men, places, names, distances, how singular the concurrence! Impostors avoid details. He who compiled the apocryphal Book of Enoch has shown some sagacity in keeping to general statement. He names places, but he never commits himself to relative position or distance. The Bible, in almost every chapter, commits itself to both of these; nor in any one known instance has geographical incorrectness, or even indistinctness, been detected. Each new traveler is discovering fresh examples of precision and accuracy, not merely greater than that of Jerome and Eusebius, but even of Josephus himself.

It neither challenges scrutiny nor evades it. It lets things take their course, in the manifest confidence that it can be no loser by discoveries in science, in history, or in topography. It makes no haste. It can afford to wait, quietly enduring the reproaches flung on it, and the suspicions raised as to its integrity. It waited long for the discovery and decipherment of Egyptian hieroglyphics on obelisk, tomb, and temple. They came at last, and it found itself no loser. It waited longer for the sculptures and inscriptions of Nineveh. They came at last, and it found in them a vindication and a testimony which have given courage to many a friend, and sobered, if not silenced, many an adversary.

It waited with equal equanimity for the results of topographical discovery in those lands of which it was more especially the annalist. This was, of all others, the thing most fitted to test, and in which failure would certainly involve the loss of character as well as reverence. In this balance it has been weighed—weighed by caviler and admirer—and *not* found wanting. There were many cities or places for which it did not need to wait, for all along it had been a correct topographer. Hebron, and Bethlehem, and Samaria, and Nazareth, and many other towns, have stood out from the earliest age as witnesses to its correctness. Above all, Jerusalem! No amount of ecclesiastical rubbish has been sufficient to overlay or

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displace the main features of that city and its suburbs. Along its western side, spreading out to the south, stretches the old plain or valley of Rephaim, where David fought, once and again, the hosts of Philistia. Here the Kedron, beginning beyond the north-western angle of the wall, sweeps round the city with its quiet curve, deepening as it bends, and widening into the fruitful hollow where the old olives still mark the Garden of Gethsemane. There rises, to the east, the gray ridge of Olivet, with its scattered olives here and there, reminding the gazer of what it once was, ere Titus swept away its verdure, stem and branch. There, to the south-east, where the extremity of the Tyropœon divides Sion from Ophel, is Siloam, or, as it is now modernized, Silwân —not a *brook*, as Milton calls it, nor a *fountain*, as other poets have named it, but a *pool*, as Nehemiah and the evangelist have truly designated it—a pool now in ruins and almost empty, but still reminding the traveler of Old and New Testament verity. There is Sion, too, with the oblong castle which now represents the Tower of David, which in all likelihood, has sprung out of the ruins of that very tower which took the name of Judah's king. There are all these great features of the wondrous city, just as Scripture has drawn them. Time and the spoiler have swept away much, but they have failed in some things; and these have been left as witnesses to the truthfulness of the old sketches of Jerusalem given us a hundred times over in the Book of Truth.

Not a few of the sites for which it waited long, refusing to alter its measurements according to ecclesiastical caprice, have within these twenty years come to light. In the eastern Kerak, perched on one of the stalwart hills that frown over the Bâhr Lût, is recognized now "Kir of Moab;" as in the Galilean Kerak, whose ruins cover the mounds at the south-western angle of the Bâhr Tubariyeh, is found the Tarrichea of Josephus, if not also the Rakkath of Joshua. For fourteen hundred years Shiloh—where the tabernacle stood, and Samuel ministered, and Eli died—was fixed on the high peak, some six miles west of Jerusalem, named Nebi Semwil, in contradiction to the old narrative. A traveler passing northward from el-Bireh to Nâblus, turns some two or three miles out of his way to the right, and there, on the high slope of a hill which commands a whole network of valleys, he finds mounds of curious ruins, named Seilûn, on the very spot to which the divine narrative would have led him. Not above a few miles from the hills of Nazareth, in one direction, and no farther from Tabor on the other, stands an old square ruin, commanding the whole plain of Esdraelon. The Arabs call it Zerîn; and in it we see the ancient Jezreel of Ahab. A little farther north lies a filthy village, fenced round with prickly pears instead of walls: its name is Solam, representing beyond doubt the ancient Shunem of Elisha. These are but one or two of the many places which have of late years come up to view, and the resuscitation of which has so strikingly verified the Scripture as to the accuracy of its minutest details.

For other sites it still waits. A few years will bring more numerous confirmations. It waits for the discovery of Capernaum; for Dr. Robinson's proof as to Khan Minyeh is defective and inconclusive. It waits for the discovery of Dan, in the extreme north; for Dr. Wilson's ingenious conjecture as to the identity of Tell-el-Kadi and Dan, from the common signification of their names, (judge,) is after all doubtful, though adopted by all subsequent travelers. It waits for the resuscitation of Zelzah, in the borders of Benjamin; for though the suggestion of the Scotch Deputation, as to its being the modern Beit-jalah, on the olive heights above Rachel's tomb, is not unlikely, it wants corroboration. It waits till, somewhere within a two miles' range of Jerusalem, some traveler shall light on Mizpah of Benjamin, the city of the assembled tribes in the days of the Judges; for Mr. Stanley's idea, that it is the Scopus of Josephus, though not improbable, is uncertain. It waits, too, for the discovery of Emmaus, so well known, though but once named in New Testament story; for most assuredly the Nicopolis of the Romans is *not* the Emmaus of the Evangelist and of Josephus. That the Roman Nicopolis is now the Arab Amwâs, and that Amwâs represents some ancient Emmaus—these points are clear enough. But Emmaus—meaning, as it probably does, hot baths—was a name known in the north as well as the south of Palestine. The Emmaus of

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Luke was a village some seven miles and a half from Jerusalem—a distance which men might quietly walk to and fro in a day—not a city twenty miles off, a distance which men, going and returning, could not possibly accomplish so as to be present in the evening in Jerusalem.

We still wait for the discovery of Emmaus, sixty stadia from Jerusalem. It will come in good time; not by the alteration of the text either of Luke or Josephus, but by some traveler, who has no theory to support, lighting on some old ruin, which his fellah-guide tells him is called Amwâs, like two or three other places—some far off, and some near. But for such a discovery the Bible does not need to make haste, nor do its readers need to be impatient. It will come in good time.

It is not without reason that one would contend for the accuracy of Scripture, even in its words. Accurate precision forms the very perfection of Euclid's "Elements" and Newton's "Principia;" nor is it any disparagement of these to pronounce them stereotyped and unalterable. A modern German, indeed, has said that "every thing noble loses its aroma as soon as men restrict it to an unchangeable form;" yet no one supposes that Euclid or Newton have lost their nobility because they are unchangeable in their form and truth. It is the glory of science, that each proposition in these works is as true today as it was when first demonstrated by its author. Truth never changes. It advances, it expands, it multiplies; but does not change. It may be added to, but it can not be taken from. In acquiring new territory, it does not surrender the old. Its annexations are all genuine *additions*. No mathematics, however advanced, give up old territory; so no theology, however "advanced," can renounce the dogmatical acquisitions of the past, unless on the ground that they are *false*. To call them obsolete, is childish; to say they are not suited to the age, is a condemnation of the age more than of them. Mathematics can not advance save by a perpetual recurrence to first principles; and it is only thus that theology can advance. Nor can any thing be more suspicious than this disposition to make progress by leaving old truth behind. No one feels himself shackled by his full belief in the "Principia." His adherence to these is no hindrance to progress: much the reverse. Nor does our adherence to the accurate and unchangeable forms of thought and theology, given us in Scripture, prevent our making constant additions to our knowledge. Love does not grow by giving up the past; nor does faith; nor does knowledge; nor does theology.

Not willingly would any one admit the inaccuracy of a favorite author: not without a sigh could he bring himself to believe that the words of "Paradise Lost" were not Milton's words. So, not willingly can any one concede the inaccuracy of Scripture; not without a sigh can any one bring himself to believe that its words are not the words of God. If the atheist be really sincere, it must have been with a sorrowful heart that he relinquished the idea of the existence of an infinitely perfect and blessed Being; and it must have been with no ordinary feelings of terror that he discovered that the world's great arch was without a keystone. And if the deniers of verbal accuracy to Scripture be thoroughly sincere, it must have been with no common bitterness of soul that they discovered that the Bible was inaccurate, and that its words were not the words of God. What struggles it must have cost them to believe this! With what reluctance they must have come to this sad conclusion! With what fear must they enter on all speculation, knowing that they are thus shut out from the great source of certainty! And with what tenderness should they bear with the scruples of those who are still clinging to the words of Scripture, and resting themselves on the belief, that God has spoken, that God has written, not thoughts merely, but *words*—unerring words—which they find to be no chain, no trammel, but a lamp unto their feet, and a light unto their path!

The most original thinker is not the man who speculates or dreams; but the man who studies the processes of nature, outer and inner—and on these grafts his thoughts, and out of these originates his propositions, or axioms, or deductions. For all these processes are the visible expression of thoughts far higher and wider than those of man. So the most original and most advanced theologian is not the man who flings abroad new opinions gayly clothed; but the man who studies every word of Scripture, and every fact con-

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tained in these. For these words and facts are of all others the most pregnant and fruitful; seeing they are the embodiments of divine, and therefore infinitely *profound* thought; thought which, if carefully deposited and honestly cherished, will prove the parent of an endless offspring—true, original, and progressive, though not of course, like itself, perfect and divine.

From Titan.

# THE POET'S WORK.

From the full street of Human Life,
Its jostling gains and paltry strife,
Where with man's meanness all is rife,

I hurry up heaven's viewless stairs,
And casting off earth's weary cares,
Open the pearly gate of prayers.

Behind me swing the doors again,
I hear no more the noise of men;
But far beyond my mortal ken

The forest-arches intertwine,
The stars adown each vista shine,
Swells up a wave of song divine.

I drink in all with greedy ear,
I listen with a childish fear,
My joy wells over with a tear.

Each in his place there seems to stand
In robes of light, a blessed band—
One seems to beckon with a hand:

It is a face I once loved well!
God! in that bliss ineffable
My tongue disowns earth's sad farewell.

As onward rolls the flood of song,
I trembling creep amid the throng,
And read the truth of Right and Wrong.

A hand unvails the primal laws,
I trace the end up to the cause,
Content to wait heaven's grand applause.

The world's vast history near me lies;
I scan its page with burning eyes:
A thick cloud shrouds its destinies.

Yet soft looks all around me smile,
Voices of love float down each aisle:
"Thou must begone a little while;

"Meanwhile be brave, and take with thee
An earnest of life's victory,
A light across the grave's dark sea."

They placed a crown upon my head,
With my heart's blood its thorns were red,
One kissed my brows, and tearful said:

"This wand of truth to thee I lend;
A child of song, do thou befriend
Thy fellow-men until the end.

"Wreath the rich vintage of the mind
Around home-truths, till, free and kind,
Love on the universal wind

"Sweep scorn and bitterness away;
And, as old party creeds decay,
Dawn forth a wiser, nobler day.

"When Truth, in robes of beauty drest,
Shall seek all homes, a welcome guest,
The bride of every honest breast.

"And as weird shells beneath lone sea
Awake a mystic melody,
Mortal, sing thou, what we to thee

"Chant, standing on this azure height,
Of the dread voice beyond yon light,
Like many waters in its might.

"Speak for the weak against the strong,
Be boldly good thy peers among,
Stainless in conscience, pure of tongue,

"Be kind to all, and proud to none,
In thine own home Love's genial son,
So shall the hearts of all be won.

"And wheresoe'er thy footsteps roam,
In lordly hall, or poor man's home,
Thou'lt hear along the heav'nly dome

"Heaven's songs sink down into thy soul,
And, as earth's clouds around thee roll,
We will care's dreariest storm control.

"Faith, Hope, and Love on deathless wing
Shall bear thee up to soar and sing,
Till sorrow's dark imagining

"Pass like the mists of morn away,
As o'er Death's flushed and sleepless bay
Thou seest th' eternal sunbeams play.

"Then lay thee down in well-spent days,
Around thy brows thy crown of bays;
Thy meed no other earthly praise:

"Thou hast God's message from the skies,
The light may fall on blinded eyes,
Sing on—sing on—Truth *never* dies."

ALAN.

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From the Edinburgh Review.

# HENRI MARTIN'S HISTORY OF FRANCE.*

France is a nation in which historians and historiographers should flourish. Few annals are more replete with glory, few races more eager for superiority and renown. French writers have at all times abounded who narrate with vivacity and ease, and whose works are charming to peruse. In the philosophic acumen which points the moral of human events, they have not been wanting. In contemporaneous record, in descriptions of men and events which have passed before the eyes of the writer, the French excel all other people. How is it then that they have comparatively failed in works of large retrospect and comprehensive narrative, or at least that they have not produced a history which could be adopted by all succeeding generations, as a national work?

The grand and paramount reason is obvious enough. History can not be written in perfection without freedom. It requires not merely that negative freedom under which the expression of opinion is tolerated, but that active liberty which renders the intellect of the country a participator in public events, and awakens in a people the interest in laws, things, and men, that constitutes political life, and gives birth to political science. History requires the open air and the popular breeze. Whilst other productions of literature may be brought to flourish in the court conservatory, history refuses to expand in such an atmosphere, or take root in such artificial soil.

But if depotism puts an extinguisher on the historian, freedom itself raises not a few obstacles to the production of a national and durable work. Each age is under the influence of its wants, its aspirations, its peculiar hatreds, and its special hopes—all transitory, as well as the philosophy which they generate. The greater the freedom of a country the more strongly do its popular ideas predominate. The historian can not set them at naught if he would be read. Yet, if his views of events and of life be deeply tinged by the color of his time, if his philosophy and his politics be those peculiarly of his age, these, however decorous, and even valuable, in the writer of memoirs or of cotemporaneous history, must render a comprehensive and national work unfit and uncongenial to the generation which succeeds. Take, for example, the age of our great historians, which is also that of Montesquieu and of Voltaire. The dominant fact of that time was the abuse of ecclesiastical authority, and the yoke which, in its name, despotism had put not merely upon human action, but upon intellect itself. To fling off this yoke was the first want of the day, the aspiration of every liberal and every lettered mind. How this tinged, how it indeed inspired, the works of these authors, need not be pointed out; nor how the tone of their writings, depreciatory of all that is sacred, disfigures, in the eyes of the present generation, so much of what they wrote and thought.

If the ideas and opinions, which constitute the very life and spirit of a narrative, inevitably change, and are no longer to one generation what they were to its predecessor, the same may be said of the form in which history is cast, and of the taste which directs its composition, its ornaments, and style. Eighty years ago a history without philosophic views would have been discarded as jejune. At present, the public demands vigor, vivacity, impulse. The calm tone of the philosophic historian palls upon a taste, which requires excitement in all that it reads. History to be now popular, must be written by the partisan, by one who has a creed to preach, or a strong opinion to impose. Party-spirit, which has lost its hold on the politics of the day, has taken refuge in the closet of more than one eminent historian.

* 1. *Histoire de France.* Par Henri Martin Paris. 6 Vols. 4th Edition. 1856.
2. *Histoire de France; la Réforme, et les Guerres, de Religion.* Tomes VII. and VIII. Par M. Michelet. Paris: 1856.

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If the prevailing ideas and dominant spirit of each epoch obstruct with us the production of a national history, they tell with even greater force upon our neighbors, who worship fashion, and are the slaves of current opinion and taste, with a zeal or a prostration far surpassing our own. Yet the period which followed the overthrow of the Empire, and which was marked by the first great essay at establishing constitutional monarchy, brought with it so much freedom, and exploded so much tyranny, not merely in politics, but in the world of thought, of society, of opinion, and of taste, that no more favorable epoch could have been imagined for the production of a national history. But with freedom of opinion, and with the vast and new scope opened to intellectual pursuits, came also the consciousness of how ignorant was not merely the nation, but even its lettered and studious class, of those times, of that social state, and nascent law, from which French history was to be evolved. Revolutionary theories or anti-revolutionary research did not satisfy the mature inquiries of our century. Montesquieu had his point of view, but it was that of a bygone day. Men, therefore, however gifted with the genius of historic writing and research, took up the pickaxe, and declined to use the trowel. There were foundations to be dug, which require years of research, and they set to work as philosophic antiquarians, leaving to their successors the task of raising up the historic edifice.

Such was the modest and useful aim, such the laborious and ungrateful task, of Thierry and of Guizot. These illustrious writers fathomed, one after the other, the early ages of French history, of which they elucidated the laws, the nature, and the development, without leaving to the world any complete narrative of the annals of their country. Yet when they had completed their inquiries, and rendered public the result of their researches, these were found so luminous and ample, that no other writer could undertake to narrate the events of the periods without borrowing their philosophy and marshaling forth personages and events in their light. From such a secondary task, writers of genius and ambition shrank; and for a long time the labors of Thierry and of Guizot excluded all others from the field, and thus left the French without what was still the great object of their desire, a national history.

A conscientious writer had indeed anticipated their labors, and had commenced in the very first years of the Restoration to give the French a narrative of their own history, more in accordance with truth than that of Velly, less barren and less bigoted than that of Anquetil. M. de Sismondi had already established his literary reputation by his great work on the Italian republics; and he transferred his leisure, his resources, his learning and talents to the composition of a French history. He undertook the task too soon to be able to profit by the labors of Thierry or of Guizot. And yet his narrative is often more true, more faithful and correct, than that of later writers, who have adopted the theories of Thierry, and who have been able to make so much use of the works of their predecessors. But M. de Sismondi neither lived nor wrote in the great center of French existence. He was a Genevese, a Protestant, a constitutionalist of the English school; and neither in his ideas nor in his style did he harmonize with those which were current and popular in France. Cosmopolitan from his position and circumstances, M. de Sismondi could not flatter, because he did not feel, the most powerful of French prejudices, and the most intimate of French feelings, so that there was no party or class of thinkers in France which his history completely satisfied.

It may be said, that this was not the fault of Sismondi. It is, however, a fault in a writer to mistake the spirit of his country, and to seek to instruct or inform it by narrative or by reasoning totally uncongenial to its nature. Not only has each country its peculiarities as well as each individual, but the events and the fortunes of each country give to its history a character, which should be appreciated and considered by those who attempt to narrate it. A very cursory survey, for example, of the histories of France and of England would suffice to show that the progress and the interest of each are different, and consist of contrary elements. The *epos* of English history is the development of liberties, civil and religious, the productions of English intellect—the achievements of our policy or our arms being subsidiary to the great and main result, which has placed us at the

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head of European civilization. The *epos* of French history must be quite other. Liberty, either civil or religious, it has not been the fortune of that country to achieve, except in desultory fits. In the field of freedom, constitutional or democratic, there is nothing for the historian to boast of. And to enter minutely into the struggles of the different classes of the nation to secure or establish their liberties, can have but the painful aim of illustrating failure. But the rise of the Kingdom or of the Empire of France from the mere *Isle* of the name, to which it was confined in the tenth century, to its portentous development in our own times, is what gives to the history of their country for Frenchmen its predominant charm.

M. de Sismondi was utterly blind to this view of his subject. Proud as every French writer must be of his country, it was not for its claim of universal conquest that he prized it. Fail though it might of freedom, it has still contributed its share, and a great share, to the progress of civilization. Nor were its struggles after freedom thrown away for the general progress of humanity, however unproductive for the moment of its own. M. de Sismondi therefore treated the great cause of liberty as identical in France and in England. And he prized character and personages as they were true to it, not as they happened to contribute to the greatness or to the unity of the French territory. This unfortunately led M. de Sismondi to depreciate several of the heroes of French history, and to visit them with a severity in some instances uncalled for. The lover of constitutional liberty saw in Francis the First not the gallant soldier and the accomplished gentleman, but the suppressor of the States General, and the destroyer of parliamentary rights. To Henry the Fourth's undoubted heroism he was still more blind, nor could he pardon his desertion of the cause of religious liberty, to which Henry owed his crown. Nor does the great statesman find more favor than the great hero. The bold, the original, and successful policy of Cardinal Richelieu, instead of exciting his admiration, meets with the harshest judgment for its treachery, its cruelty, and unscrupulousness. M. de Sismondi's 'Histoire des Français,' therefore, whilst it served, and indeed must still remain, as the text-book of the scholar, offended too seriously the cherished ideas, and jarred too painfully with the received prejudices, of the French, ever to be adopted as the great popular or national history.

That M. Guizot, who must have shared so many of the opinions of Sismondi, should have acquired great popularity as a lecturer on French history, without burning undue incense on the altar of its military heroes, is but another proof of his genius and address. How, indeed, he could have traced the early development of French liberties, and the emancipation of middle and lower classes, without alluding to the mortifying fact of all having perished under the incubus of absolute monarchy, also displays marvelous art. What he undertakes to narrate and explain is, the rise of French and European *civilization*, a term of that felicitous vagueness, which implies what it durst not assert. It claims for a certain social refinement and perfection in the belles-lettres, that supremacy which posterity is not likely to award to nations which have not maintained their liberties, secured to each class their rights, and known how to make use of monarchy, as well as respect aristocracy, without being trodden prostrate by both.

Whilst Sismondi, like Gibbon, amidst lettered ease was composing his great work within view of the Lake of Geneva, Augustin Thierry was arousing the public, the professors, and the writers of Paris, to the study of early French history. The constitutional system had just founded what the modern communists sneeringly call the reign of the *bourgeoisie*. Interest was taken in the political infancy of this *bourgeoisie;* and even newspapers gave historic sketches of the emancipation of the *communes*. The struggle of the civic against the feudal class re-called the older ones of the Gaul against the Frank, —a mine which revolutionary writers had not failed to work. Thierry resumed the long-interrupted task. And whilst the aristocracy of the Restoration pretended to exhume for their own profit the ancient privileges of the Franks, the democrats replaced the Gallic Cock upon their standards. Thierry, upon whose historic studies the politics of the day cast their gleams, and who was a contributor to the "Courrier Française," took the part of the Celt, not merely as a politician, but as an historian. And in common with the pub-

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lic he identified the oppression of the Gauls in the sixth and subsequent centuries with that of the humbler classes in all epochs of French history, 1789 and even 1816 included. This was a mistaken view of French politics; and the resuscitation of this antagonism of race and class has proved the greatest of curses to the country. In history it led to errors equally flagrant and fatal. For that philosophy or that sentiment which taught, in the infancy of European history, to contemplate merely the oppression of Gaul by Frank, of Celt by Teuton, and of Saxon by Norman, strengthened the same monomania through succeeding centuries, in which it depicted animosity of race as the only real influence or predominant fact. And instead of tracing the moral and physical development of each people, as it was evolved from their domestic growth and struggles, the historian was taught to confine his attention to the rivalry of French and German, or of French and English, until history itself became no more than a war of race and a religion of hatred.

One can not but admire the generous policy which prompted M. Thierry and his disciples to take part with conquered races. The prevalence of such a sentiment could not but be favorable to the cause of liberty and humanity. But it is impossible to contemplate the barbarous and infant ages of the world without perceiving that it was then almost a law of nature that one race should become superposed upon another, and that by this very superposition the whole population made greater progress, and sprung to more advanced civilization, than if the aboriginal race had continued to stagnate in barbarous equality and independence. What would the Gaul have been without the Frank? What the French descendants of Clovis, had not the conquering race of Charlemagne given fresh vitality to them? What the Saxon without the Norman? What the town population of North Italy without the Lombard? Feudalism, in our eyes, has its barbarism, its oppression and its injustice. But it was an improvement upon what it replaced. It was one of the necessary phases through which European humanity had to pass in order to arrive at a civilization like the present, so immeasurably superior in freedom, in virtue, and in comfort to that of antiquity. We would no more restore feudalism than we would revive the Roman or Athenian republic. All we would crave is, respect for it and for all political phases of society, especially that respect which is alone compatible with calm judgment and historic truth.

M. Thierry, who was the legislator as well as the pioneer of modern French historic writing, divides it into three modes or schools—the popular and picturesque, the classic or Italian, the philosophic. The latter he at once dismisses with notable contumely; and he pronounces such works as that of Hume dry narratives interlarded with philosophic dissertations, and utterly worthless. In his own method, however, of narrating and illustrating at length the events of the olden time in the language of the monkish or bardic writers, M. Thierry contrived to introduce quite as much disputable philosophy as Hume. Truth is not more rigidly preserved by being told in the *naïve* or antique diction of the chroniclers when the words are culled to answer the views of the compiler. Whilst M. Thierry's pages tell their tale and suggest inferences all in favor of the conquered races and the humbled classes, a disciple of his, M. de Barante, in his history of the Dukes of Burgundy, throughout which he refrained not only from philosophical inferences, but even from casual remark, contrived, in his exclusively picturesque style, to awaken sympathies and inspire sentiments all in favor of the chivalric or dominant class, the pride and magnificence of which far outshone the vulgar virtues of artisan and peasant.

Nor has the philosophic school died in France itself under the anathema of Thierry. One may go through a whole volume of M. Louis Blanc's "History of the Revolution," before arriving at any narration of facts; the reader must encounter whole chapters of philosophic essays upon the crime of individualism, and the necessity of preventing mankind from falling into the disastrous mistake of consulting their own interests.

There is in truth no more philosophic writer of history than Michelet, who became so by following M. Thierry's precepts. Michelet, indeed, is not an historian indulging in philosophic digressions like Hume, but one who casts a whole cycle of time and series of facts into a kind of philosophic crucible, and brings them forth fused together. Ideas, their nature and developments, progress and

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vicissitudes, form the chief element of his narrative, the series of facts and successions of men being but subsidiary accompaniments. With all this no one more fully obeyed Thierry's advice in sinking himself in an epoch, becoming one of its generation, imitating its spirit, and speaking its language. Michelet's philosophy of history is thus not like that of Voltaire or Bossuet, a skimming of the surface of any century. He lets himself down on an epoch, and, instead of culling the generalities, too often loses himself in the details. It was these details which Voltaire proscribed as the "vermin which rendered a work impossible to touch," but which Thierry recommended as the very life of a narrative. It is these details which Michelet introduces often to the exclusion of more important facts. Powerful in imagination, original in conception, and with a fantastic vehemence of expression not inferior to Mr. Carlyle, Michelet has the qualities of a graphic historian; and when his style of diction and of thought came first before the public, they won for him great and deserved popularity. But in aiming at the picturesque and the poetic, Michelet so far lost the calm and prosaic gait of history, that the reader, who seeks for information rather than inspiration from such works, finds it difficult to follow the divagation of Michelet's fervor, or at times to divine his meaning or his aim amidst his mysticism and abruptness.*

Whilst Michelet was thus swelling the picturesque school of history into what the French call the romantic, M. Thiers was in yearly volumes giving an example of the classic. In the preface to the twelfth volume of his "History of the Consulate," M. Thiers has expounded his opinions as to the mode of writing history, and as to the excellence of it. He places one quality—that of intelligence—above all others. The perspicuous good sense that understands an epoch fully, M. Thiers esteems far above either eloquence or imagination, or above the power of describing and dramatizing. It is easy to comprehend that a man of eminent and mature intellect, grown old in the management of public affairs, and in the experience of life, should prefer history written by the man of the world and the man of business to that which emanates from the speculative or the philosophic mind. The dream of Socialism, the hallucinations of those who believe that man is to be made happy by political and social relations based on a principle hitherto untried and unknown, can raise nothing save a smile in such readers as M. Thiers. Even the poetic enthusiasm which, in times like the present, should deify the Girondists and convert history into an epic, of which those short-sighted and sentimental politicians were the heroes, must appear a strange perversion of intellectual powers to a man so acute as M. Thiers. But a book is powerful and great according to its influence. And the terrible drama of the Girondists, which M. de Lamartine couched in historic language, excited Paris to the monstrous revolution of 1848, while M. Thiers' own lucid volumes were merely perused with calm pleasure by a class of tranquil students. If a book is to be an event, if it is to fall like a thunderbolt on society, and stir it from its very foundations—as Lamartine's "Girondists" certainly did—intelligence will not suffice, nor will a cold and classic style attain the end. The frenzy of the poet, or at least the eloquence of the orator, must give to the historic muse that inspiration without which its influence will not extend beyond the closet, or its precepts become motives of action to even the thinking portion of a people. The inference to be drawn from these remarks is, that one should not set up, nor allow to be set up, any exclusive rule for the writing of history. All men can not write for all men. Michelet can not write for politicians, or M. Thiers for the ardent and enthusiastic; whilst to the *esprit positif*, who thinks poetry a bad ingredient in the narration of facts, the glowing pages of the "Girondists" must have the effect of history run mad.

Our purpose, however, is not to com-

* Although M. Michelet lays claim to minute habits of investigation as well as to lofty flights of eloquence, his accuracy is not always to be relied on. For example, at p. 184 of his recent volume on the "Renaissance," we find the following passage: "La dupe universelle, Henri VIII. voit qu'on l'a joué, qu'on se soucie peu *de sa fille;* il ménace Max et Marguérite de publier leurs lettres," etc. And again: "De rage celui-ci (Henri VIII.) *donne sa fille* à qui? au pauvre Louis XII."

It would seem that, by an extraordinary oversight, M. Michelet has actually confounded the Princess Mary, *sister* of Henry VIII., who was married to Louis XII., and after dis death to Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolk, with Mary, the *daughter* of Henry, who, as every one knows, succeeded her father and married Philip II.

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pose an essay upon modern French historians, but simply to inquire whether the voluminous history of France at the head of this article, which has acquired considerable popularity, and being crowned by the Institute,* does really possess those high qualifications which would entitle it to be commended as the best work of the kind for the student to peruse, and for men of learning to possess and to consult. The writer is M. Henri Martin, known to belong to that philosophic school which has sought to introduce the boldest innovations into the world, not merely of politics, but of religious and social life. We would not proscribe M. Martin on that account.

But however M. Martin's independence of the government may have recommended him to the Institute, the bold and national enterprise of writing and publishing a voluminous History of France, after a conscientious study of its original sources, and with great good sense and acuteness of judgment, as well as vigor of conception and style, deserves all the patronage that a literary body can bestow. The objections have been previously stated which prevent the French from considering Sismondi as their national historian. The desire shown at present by both Government and its opponents to conciliate the priestly party, heightens such objections; and to find a work which could replace Sismondi, or correct him, on the shelves or the table of a library, is a great desideratum. Whatever may be the faults of M. Martin, they are certainly not those of Sismondi. And if immortality as a historian is to be won by flattering the prejudices of the people and of each fraction of the public whose annals are recorded and whose taste is addressed, M. Martin will have attained that aim.

The *epos* of French history, it has been before observed, does not consist in the development of its liberties, but in the rounding and aggrandizement of its territories. Though foreign to France, and natives of a country considered its rival, we can not but regard the national growth and grandeur of the French nation, the French tongue, and French intellect, as one of the happiest results of modern history. We would not desire to see France inferior to any of the European family; and we fully join French writers in the belief that their country has, and is destined to have, a most wide and salutary influence on the civilization of the rest of Europe. We do not envy France the provinces she has gained, or the development she has acquired. But we can not agree with M. Henri Martin that the physical growth of a great country ought to be the chief consideration, to which all others should be sacrificed. That a great empire should take birth on a territory of which the extent was already marked by natural frontiers, with unity of tongue, race, and interests, was, from the first, a geographical necessity. We can not, therefore, look upon the kings in whose reigns the national aggrandizement took place, as marvelous heroes. Indeed the French empire grew less by policy or victory than by marriage, forfeiture, extinction of families, and natural agglomeration. And however desirable it may have been for the crown of France to extend, to conquer, and to complete its empire in the fourteenth, fifteenth, or sixteenth centuries, the time has passed for such pretensions and such ambition. Conquest was very well when Europe was in the gristle. But the Teuton and the Slavon are no longer children. Their bones are knit. If conquest be imposed upon them by the fate of crime or of war, they will surely take the first opportunity to throw it off. And the great Napoleon's attempt, in the nineteenth century, to continue the policy of Charlemagne and Louis XIV., produced a result which has effectually cured statesmen, and ought to cure historians, of the folly of dreaming or preaching the doctrine of universal empire. Conquest is the great dream of M. Henri Martin. A king who achieves the smallest portion of it, however detestable may be his other qualities, is at once deified, and his very faults turned to glory, by this historian. So far does he carry this, that he makes every scheme of justice, and every principle of honesty, yield to the one grand and all-redeeming virtue. This monomania precipitates

* The annual prize of about 10,000 francs, founded by Baron Gobert, for the best work on the history of France, was awarded, or at least nine tenths of it, to M. Augustin Thierry during his life, the remaining tenth to M. Henri Martin. M. Martin now enjoys the large share of the grant.

M. Augustin Thierry has recently paid the debt of nature. At such a moment we trust that the differences of opinion we have expressed will not be considered as unjust or unfeeling towards his memory. There are few writers for whom we entertain a more sincere respect.



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M. Martin into the most strange and flagrant contradictions. In recounting Charles VIII.'s expedition into Italy, circumstances forced from him the admission that every attempt of the French to extend their sway beyond the Alps was as impolitic as it was unsuccessful. If ever there was an occasion in which the French, pursuing their views of conquest in Italy, added ingratitude to impolicy, and baseness to treachery, it was in the spoliation of his relative, the Duke of Savoy, by Francis I. At the peace which ensued under Henry II., and which was sealed by the marriage of the Duke of Savoy to a French princess, the Italian provinces were restored to Philibert Emmanuel. The restoration was as strongly dictated by policy as by honesty. M. Martin, notwithstanding his previous opinion of the worthlessness of Italian conquest, stigmatizes this treaty as traitorous to the interests of France, and considers it pusillanimous and retrograde, because Piedmont was given up.

At a later period, Henry IV., with all his *bonhommie*, was equally severe towards Charles Emmanuel, and persisted in the project of wresting from him the Marquisate of Saluzzo, the abstraction of which from Piedmont might be said to destroy it. Neither had France any just claim upon the Marquisate, which was an early fief of the House of Savoy. Henry IV., however, was inexorable; and M. Martin applauds his harshness. Henry despoiled the Duke Charles Emmanuel of La Bresse, then dragged him into an alliance against Spain, which was abruptly dissolved by his death, leaving the House of Savoy exposed to the whole vengeance of the foe he had provoked. Yet in lieu of any sympathy for Charles Emmanuel, M. Martin merely stigmatizes his patriotism as a "devouring ambition."

A stronger case, perhaps, is that of the sending back of Margaret of Austria by Charles VIII., a princess already betrothed to him, and resident at his court, in order that he might espouse Anne of Brittany, and secure that duchy. Charles had received Artois and Franche Comté as the dowry of Margaret. M. Martin warmly applauds his politic resolve to send back Margaret; but at the same time he strongly reproves and denounces what he considers the silly honesty of the King in, at the same time, giving back the dowry.

Such a greed of acquiring, such a spirit of combativeness, and such a necessity of conquest, compel the supposition of congenial elements in human nature on which they may rest. Accordingly we find that the historians who preach them pre-suppose an universal antagonism of race as the great fact and the prime cause in all progress and in all change. M. Thierry laid down this law, although he lamented the misery and oppression which proceeded from it. Such followers of his as M. Martin keep to the great law of antagonism of race, of which they rather glory in the consequences than regret or lament them. The infancy of French history consists of the antagonism of Celt and Teuton. M. Martin commences by a contrast between the original character of the two races. He finds in the Celt all the qualities supposed to distinguish the modern Frenchman. The Celt he depicts as gay, social, gregarious, tending to unity, vain, gallant, and reckless of death. The Teuton is represented as a foil to these qualities—fond of isolation and independence, social but in drunkenness, treating women as inferiors, and altogether semi-barbarian. To be fair, he should have added, that the Teuton acknowledged no judge and no legislator save himself and his companions in solemn assembly, and that he was gregarious for the great acts of political and judicial debate, as well as for drinking hydromel. The Teuton, he might have added, displayed that great characteristic of the ancient Greek—the making the sacerdotal caste inferior to that of the warrior and the statesman, whilst the Celts allowed their Druids to monopolize every kind of supremacy. But why these invidious distinctions? Celts and Teutons, Gauls and Germans, when they were sketched by the early historians and moralists, were at different stages of civilization. The Gauls were by that time settled and agricultural; the Germans pastoral and semi-nomade at the least. Their laws and attributes were thus due to different modes of life and different degrees of development, rather than to any marked difference or original antagonism. It has pleased certain philosophers to consider the human race as, like the animal kingdom, divided into a number of species, some of which resemble the lion, and others the sheep or the fox. Such divisions have no foundation in fact.

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All mankind are of one race; and although climate and privation may depress certain families and favor the development of others, we can not admit that in the same clime, and under the same circumstances, there exist those profound distinctions, or that mutual antagonism of race, which animalizes man, and would make him a fitter subject of study for a Buffon than for a Tacitus.

M. Guizot, in his celebrated "Lectures on the History of French Civilization," ventured to call in question the truth of this great maxim of M. Thierry, that the antagonism of race sufficed to explain the division of European countries, and the events which accompanied and accomplished that division. M. Guizot admitted that this antagonism might have some share in producing these results, but he contended that there were a great many other causes. "The world in the ninth and tenth centuries was incapable of forming an extended empire," said M. Guizot, "because there were no common sentiments and no general ideas in the age." No idea, however, is more general or more intelligible than that of fear, by means of which the Romans, and Charlemagne himself, extended and preserved their empire. But to inspire fear requires force; and what was wanting in the ninth and tenth centuries was force. We might go farther, and say that force—that is, military force—was an affair of funds and provisions, and without some financial organization no army could be kept together for more than a brief campaign. Charlemagne mustered large armies, but in employing his soldiers he apportioned the soil amongst them. Their descendants became fixed upon it, and these in consequence declined any military service very remote from their abode. Force and authority being localized, extensive empire became impossible.

M. Martin will have no other theory than that of his master, M. Thierry, and he accounts for all the events of the tenth century, and for its great fact, the crowning of Hugh Capet, by no other cause than the antagonism of French and German. Than this there could not be a more glaring error. All the great events of that century upon the Rhine and Meuse flowed less from antagonism between French and German, than from the fact that both agreed and combined to fling off the yoke which the Carlovingian emperors, possessed of Lorraine, Provence, and Italy, sought to impose upon them.

On the whole, M. Martin's account of the early ages of French history is by no means preferable to that of Sismondi. It may bear the trace of more recent theories and of curious research; but these theories are distorted, extravagant, and untrue. They go to establish, at the very commencement of the national history, the pernicious principle of the antagonism of race, which either did not exist, or did not exert influence to any such extent as that pretended. The historic writer of the present day has, however, a very great advantage over the writer of forty years ago, in being able to consult the valuable collection of Pertz. In one of the volumes of his "Monumenta" appeared for the first time the only work, contemporary with Hugh Capet, which gives an account of his rise. This chronicle, written by Richer, a monk of Rheims, was quite unknown to Sismondi, and to all French historians until Pertz exhumed it from the library of Bamberg, and published it in 1836. Richer certainly affords M. Henri Martin many an apt and *naïve* quotation, illustrative of the men and the events of the time. But beyond this he seems not to have made much use of this striking chronicle. Whilst Sismondi is silent or brief concerning an epoch of which he had small record, M. Martin indulges at length and to prolixity in the development of an antagonism which had in fact been stifled, and given way to nobler and more pacific motives.

There is another of the principles and predilections of the heroic school of history which those early annals, as well as the later annals of Europe, very remarkably contradict. This is the exorbitant value attached to the character of warlike and ambitious sovereigns, with the corresponding ignominy shed upon the pacific and the tranquil. There is no truth more manifest, no conclusion more obvious, than that during this long period of the formation and infancy of European kingdoms, it was neither genius nor heroism which founded empires. Charlemagne was already a proof how signally both might fail. At a later and more critical epoch, the German race produced a succession of sovereigns preëminently possessed of all the great qualities of the commander and the statesman. Yet these able sovereigns of Germany during the tenth and eleventh

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centuries, instead of rearing the fabric of a great and powerful empire, destroyed the foundations already laid, or suffered them to decay. During these same centuries a series of petty and pusillanimous princes reigned in the poor little country then called France. And yet these insignificant chiefs of an infant kingdom laid in obscurity and patience the foundations of a great empire, which the Othos and the Henrys failed to do upon the Rhine. A similar comparison might be made between the Norman and Plantagenet princes who reigned in England, and the Capetians who slumbered or trickstered in Paris. Yet in what resulted all the efforts of the Edwards and the Henrys, except to aggrandize the nation which they defeated in every encounter, and to strengthen that rival dynasty which they so often overwhelmed with disgrace? The greatest and most successful kings of France were those who like Charles V. could not wield a sword. The brave monarchs fought battles and lost them, whereas Charles drove the English out of the country by the one simple rule of tactics, never to fight a battle. M. Henri Martin and his school consider the expulsion of the English from the soil of France as the only policy and sentiment worth lauding or respecting. Yet in truth it was first Norman rivalry, and then the same rivalry resuscitated by the Norman kings of England, that made France a power and a kingdom. Had England not risen as a martial foe, it is more than probable that France would have shared the fate of Germany in being divided amongst a knot of princes, each of them determined to assert equality with his brethren, and resolved to submit to none but elective sovereigns. Hugh Capet's kingdom was at first evidently considered a life sovereignty. Adalbero, who was the author of it, looked to Germany as an example, and avowed fully that there was no hereditary right to the crown. By making themselves more dukes than kings, the Capetians kept power in their family. And when the Normans had acquired the English crown, and turned English resources to establish feudal superiority over a great part of France, the chieftain who reigned in Paris, and wore the title of king, became the best rallying-point against such pretensions. The result of the long wars, we can scarcely say between French and English—for the English princes were Frenchmen in a great degree, and their rivalry more that of French nobles to the Capets than of an English to a French sovereign—was that Plantagenets and Lancastrians could not hold their ground upon the Continent, whilst Paris became a capital, and the dominions of its sovereign extended from the Jura to the Ocean.

It may be remarked, too, that these wars between the kings of England and France were as honorably and courteously conducted as they were valiantly fought. Prisoners were well treated, and ransomed; the King of France himself, when he became a captive, was generously tended; and the campaigns in which French encountered English, though attended with much inevitable slaughter and devastation, display none of that ruthless vengeance which marked the wars between French and Flemings, and which, of course, prevailed in civil strife.

Humiliating as the conquest of France by Henry V. may seem to French readers of the present day, it was an alleviation rather than an aggravation of evil at that time. One has but to peruse the history of the period which preceded it, even in M. Martin's pages, and to contemplate the scenes of mutual butchery which the Armagnacs and the Burguudians perpetrated, and the reign of the butchers which anticipated by four centuries the epoch and the events of Robespierre's Terror! one has but to contemplate the civil wars, the cruelty and corruption which prevailed, the right to murder not merely practiced, but sanctioned by universities and defended by lawyers—when Paris itself was but a cluster of shambles, where princes of the blood were the tools of ruffianry, and where the Duke of Burgundy himself shook hands with the executioner—it was this state of things that Henry V.'s victory came to abolish. So that the blind hatred to the foreigner which animates M. Martin in recounting the history of these years is strangely misplaced. The English were not the worst enemies of France; they were, perhaps, the most merciful, certainly the most orderly, of the factions which oppressed it. But M. Martin sees the fifteenth century through the spectacles of the nineteenth, and anathematizes what would now be most intolerable, but which was then a lesser evil than either the brutal misrule which preceded it, or the

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sanguinary tyranny of Louis XI. which followed.

The inevitable result of feudalism, the great fact of the age, was the establishment of national empire and of local authority, and, as M. Guizot says, the impossibility of either extended or remote dominion. When the English monarchs sought to subdue France, or the German emperors to reduce Italy, they were endeavoring to accomplish what could not meet with definite or lasting success. The French feudatories abhorred a sovereign who issued his mandates to them from beyond sea, whose tongue they began not to speak, and at whose court they would be strangers. And when Edward III. and Henry V. beat down the French armies, and routed and ransomed the French noblesse, they had merely forced their way through an ocean tide, which flowed back upon and closed around them, as they advanced, with a persistence, a power, and a number, that no heroism could finally overcome. Amidst all the glory and the marvel of English enterprise, common-sense whispers every reader that it can not succeed, and that even if it did so, the only result would be the victors becoming Frenchmen, as foreign to England as they were previously to France. Instead, therefore, of wondering at and worshiping the valor which repelled the English from France; first in the days of Richard II. and John, and lastly in those of Henry VI., one merely beholds a revolution, that came naturally of itself. Given these weak-minded monarchs on the throne of England, with lieutenants at the head of their armies in France, these armies compelled to live upon the country with all the cruelty and disorder of the age, and the only result to be conceived is the wasting away of such armies, and the consequent expulsion of their masters.

The previous victories of the English over the French may also be fully explained without awakening jealousy or proclaiming on either side superiority or inferiority of race. The English monarchs being obliged to bring forces with them over the seas, were compelled to encroach upon the old feudal military law, and to hire soldiers from the middle and lower classes; these excelled the French in the use of missiles and the wielding of weapons at close quarters, whereas the French army, consisting of mounted knights, could make but one charge, in which if they failed, they fell, for they were unable even to turn their horses in the conflict.* In the later battles, the French knights, to remedy this, dismounted. But on foot with their heavy armor, they merely sunk in the mud, as at Agincourt, and were unable to prevent their massacre—for it was little else—by the agile and half armed English peasant. But in Henry VI.'s days the battle was no longer between the French knight and the sturdy English yeoman, but between the English professional soldier and the French of the middle class peasant and citizen, both of whom armed themselves to avenge devastation and cruelty, and who fought, as at Orleans, for their hearths and homes against rapacious and invading foreigners. Surely it needed no miracle and no Pucelle to restore victory to their side, and to create some certain element of French success to break through the prestige of English superiority.

The French historian who has best narrated these epochs, and thrown most light upon them, is, without a question, M. Michelet. Obscure and symbolical in his commencing volumes, too brief and hurried in his later ones, of the *Renaissance* and the *Réforme*, Michelet in his three intermediate ones has traced most ingeniously and clearly the progress of the French monarchy, from the rise of the commons under Louis le Gros, to the epoch which preceded the civil war. Michelet is enthusiastic and imaginative; but his admiration and his passion are clearly for the real progress of mankind, not for a puerile triumph of one race over another. M. Michelet is not the less of a Frenchman for this. He is not wanting in patriotism and in national pride. But he is quite above the school-boy passion of forever pitting English against French, and French against English, which animates M. Martin, and drives him to a

* A passage in Monstrelet explains how little the French knights were masters of their horses, and how they were unable to rally after a first charge, if it failed. Monstrelet is speaking of the Lombard and Gascon cavalry which came to Paris with the Duke of Orleans, after the Peace of Bicêtre or Winchester: "Les quels," he says, "avoient leur chevaux terribles, et accoustumez de virer en courant, que ce point n'avoient accoustumé les Francais, Picards," etc. This seems fully to explain the disaster of Crecy.

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pitch of extravagance which at times falls little short of insanity.

It requires a word no less severe than this to characterize the spirit shown by this historian in the volume which has not long since issued from the press. Abandoning for a time the completion of his work on the later periods, which approach our time, M. Martin has devoted his labor and research to correcting, amplifying, and indeed re-writing, the early volumes for a second edition. The sixth volume treats of the reign of our Henry VI. and the French Charles VII. The reputation of Jeanne d'Arc, the great heroine of that age, has met with strange vicissitudes in France. The writers of the eighteenth century, in their abhorrence of superstition, treated her with contempt, and overwhelmed her with ridicule. The present age of French literature is marked by reäction against the spirit of the eighteenth century, in this as in every thing else, and numerous volumes have been written to illustrate and glorify the Maid of Orleans. No historian has combined a fairer degree of admiration for the heroine's character, with a rational mistrust in her miraculous pretensions, than M. Michelet. It is indeed one of his peculiar merits to join that horror of bigotry, which marked the eighteenth century, with the advanced ideas and universal tolerance of the nineteenth. But this does not satisfy M. Martin. Within the last few years the whole of the Pucelle's trial and rehabilitation has been published and elucidated by M. Quicherat; and this ample store of conjectural criticism and mystic evidence has furnished such fuel to M. Martin's inflammable imagination, that in the present volume it has blazed into the most flagrant extravagance.

The light in which it pleases M. Martin to regard and to represent Jeanne d'Arc, is that of nothing less than the Messiah of France. The circumstances of her birth and infancy, of her visions of angels and visitings by them, her passion, as her suffering and weakness previous to execution are called, her persecution by the English *Pharisees*, the miracles attending her death, even the very distrust that the Dauphin and the French seemed to have of her pretensions, are all circumstances which in M. Martin's imagination constitute the similarity, we had almost said the identity, of Jeanne d'Arc with the great object of the world's reverence and hope. "*On peut dire*," says M. Martin, "*du Messie de la France, comme du Fils de l'homme*, '*Il est venu parmi les siens, et les siens ne l'ont pas connu.*'"—(Tome vi., p. 301.)

What are the grounds for this profane and monstrous assimilation? Jeanne d'Arc, in an age of superstition, adapting to herself a prophecy of Merlin's, well known and current in the country, that France was to be delivered by a virgin, believed herself called on to fulfill this prophecy. The invasion of her native village by the Burgundian party—the plundering and ravages committed by such visitors, whilst Jeanne, with the rest of the inhabitants, was obliged to seek shelter in an island of the river, were quite sufficient to inflame her imagination and work upon her feelings. With sincerity, simplicity, and a full belief in her mission, she undertook to liberate her country and to avenge its wrongs. Having done so, she followed the most rational and efficacious way of accomplishing it. What chiefly told against the Dauphin and his rights was the dissolute life of his mother, and the consequent belief in his illegitimacy. Jeanne set herself to contradict this report, and do away with its effects, first upon the mind of the Dauphin himself. She declared to him in a secret interview, that the truth respecting this delicate question had been revealed to her, and that he was the true son of a king. To prove this more satisfactorily to the French, Jeanne proposed to bring the Dauphin to be crowned at Rheims. It was first necessary to raise the siege of Orleans. Not more than 6000 English had undertaken this siege; 4000 more soldiers had been raised in France for the purpose; but in so long and protracted a defense these had dwindled away. The Burgundian auxiliaries were withdrawn, and the Duke himself had grown lukewarm to the English cause. The partisans of the Dauphin in Orleans were, though pressed by famine, no less numerous than the English, who, moreover, had necessarily divided their small force into different bastilles or wooden castles all round Orleans, one on the south side of the broad river. The besieged had far superior forces to attack any one of these than the defenders could muster. To raise such a siege it was merely necessary to restore confidence to the besieged, a

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sentiment which they had lost in frequent defeats. The mere coming of Jeanne d'Arc not only gave this confidence, but took away that of the English, who were as much appalled at Jeanne's witchcraft as the French were encouraged by it.

Jeanne conquered: the English, decimated and disheartened, suffered what had hitherto been unknown to them, a repulse in the open field. A small garrison of English and Burgundians was overwhelmed at Troyes. And then Jeanne brought the Dauphin to be crowned at Rheims; the Burgundians, whose force was in that part of the country, offering no resistance. In all these movements there was much good policy and good conduct in Jeanne. There is no need whatever of the supernatural to account for her victory; and as M. Michelet has observed: "The originality of the Pucelle, which insured her success, did not so much consist in her valor or her visions, as in her good sense. Through all her enthusiasm the girl saw the question, and knew how it was to be solved."

M. Martin is not content with so humble and so prosaic a view. He must have his epic, his celestial machinery, and divine intervention; and the gods of Olympus not being under his hand, he boldly takes the machinery from the New Testament, and proceeds to write his poem in the shape of a chapter of history with more than the credulity of Jeanne's own age. For this purpose he begins by misrepresenting history altogether, and depicts France as about to succumb to a few thousand English, who, if Orleans had fallen, must, in his view, have been masters of the whole south of France. If the town of Orleans had defended itself for well nigh a year, how were the cities of the south to be beleaguered and reduced with such inconsiderable forces as England could send? War was at that time a series of successive sieges, of which the advantage was invariably on the side of defense. The French of the provinces occupied by the English were evidently not to be depended on by them. Even the keeping up the communications with the besiegers of Orleans was only rendered possible by the Burgundian alliance; and that was already seriously shaken. This alliance once broken, the hopes of the English Regent must have vanished. What necessity was there, then, of recurring to supernatural intervention, much less to the mission of a Messiah, when the natural and obvious mode of putting an end to the occupation of France might be evident to any one?

It was, in fact, first the lukewarmness, and then the hostility, of the Duke of Burgundy, that did expel the English; for poor Jeanne failed in her attack on Paris, was captured soon after, and met a cruel death from the same causes and sentiments to which she had owed her brief triumph, a belief in her supernatural powers and connection. There is no one who does not feel pained and disgusted at the cruel treatment of Jeanne d'Arc. But this cruelty was a necessary consequence of the superstition of the age and its opinions. The opposite party would have perpetrated the same cruelty; and to fix upon the English particularly the odium of a bigotry which was inherent in the age is as unjust as the rest of M. Martin's angry pleading. Jeanne laid claim to preternatural powers at the same time that she denied the supremacy of the Church; this, in the opinion of the age, was a confession of witchcraft. Lollards and Vaudois were at that time burnt in numbers throughout Europe for no other and no greater crime than that which Jeanne committed in despising the judgment and disowning the authority of the Church. She had in truth put forth such lofty and supernatural pretensions, that there was no alternative but to accept her as a Messiah with M. Henri Martin—a Messiah, too, who disowned the Church—or to admit, with the age, that such supernatural powers might be derived from demons, and were therefore to be punished as sacrilegious dealings with the enemy of mankind. The sacrifice of Jeanne, like that of so many martyrs, was the natural consequence of this belief and these feelings. The chief difference was, that such martyrs as John Huss perished for the principles of eternal life and truth, Jeanne for a mere worldly and feudal attachment to the Dauphin, and to that animosity of French against English, and of race against race, which, however heroic in the field, is but a poor, a worldly, and a puerile sentiment wherewithal to inspire the soul and actuate the mission of a Messiah.

As Jeanne d'Arc had been condemned by French judges and bishops, and by a French tribunal of the Inquisition, as a witch in league with the demon, it was thought necessary afterwards to reverse

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this judgment, in order to enrol her amongst the saints. Accordingly, there was a solemn revision of her trial; and those very men who had most contributed to the passing and execution of her sentence as a witch, afterwards came forward with their testimony to prove how much her conduct had been that of a saint and a martyr. How worthless the testimony of such witnesses must at all times be, needed not to be pointed out. Their sole object in the reversal of Jeanne's sentence was, of course, to obliterate their own share in the trial. And the information they produced was, of course, calculated to throw all the odium possible on the English name. Hence the incredible stories of the cruelties practiced upon Jeanne, of the attempts to outrage her in prison perpetrated by English knights, and even by an English earl — facts unworthy of a moment's credit, yet at once swallowed by the credulity, and adopted by the wild hatred, of M. Henri Martin for those who had been the enemies of his Messiah. A more malignant perversion of historic truth, a more flagrant contempt of common-sense, a greater outrage of all that is decorous and all that is sacred, never fell under our notice than this portion of M. Martin's history devoted to Jeanne d'Arc.

It must be a subject of marvel, that in the middle of the nineteenth century, one of the great epochs of advanced civilization, a historian, the laureate, too, of the French Institute, should be found to declare his belief in Jeanne d'Arc as a Messiah. At the same time, M. Martin vindicates his character as a philosopher from any obloquy that might attach to it from professing a belief in the visions, the voices, and supernatural pretensions of Jeanne, by declaring that all these phenomena might be only true subjectively, whilst objectively they were false. This nomenclature is mere legerdemain, but it may lead to very insincere and very dangerous modes of viewing and appreciating that class of facts which partakes of the supernatural. When writers and readers are able to solve all questions of sincerity and imposture, from Mohammed down to Johanna Southcote, by the assertion that the facts stated of both and all were true subjectively and false objectively, science, we fear, will have gained little, and common-sense less.

M. Martin, however, goes farther. "There exists," he says, "in humanity an exceptional order of moral and physical facts, which seem to derogate from the ordinary laws of nature. This is the state of *extase*, or somnambulism, spontaneous or artificial, with its wonderful displacement of the senses. This state of *extase* is a bridge thrown between the visible and invisible world, and the means of communication between men and superior beings." M. Martin declares this to have always existed, and to have inspired belief. Great initiators, that is, founders of religion and law, have been gifted with it. Socrates and Mohammed no doubt enjoyed the privilege as well as Jeanne d'Arc. And all that has been recorded of them and their supernatural relations, instead of being set aside as fable, are as much entitled as any thing else to take their place as historic facts. The Egeria of Numa, and the Demon of Socrates, are to be reintroduced into history, and are to be treated and chronicled as belonging to the class of true and genuine phenomena, which it is requisite to study and believe. The history of the past is of course the guide of the future. And youth and manhood are henceforth to be taught that a connection between this and the invisible world may at any time be established by a state of *extase;* and that when a statesman, or philosopher, or commander, whether Schamyl or Enfantin, enjoys the ecstatic privilege, he is to be regarded not as the agent of imposture or the victim of hallucination, but as a public man performing one of the ordinary and licit modes of influencing human destinies.

We have directed our criticism chiefly to those volumes of M. Martin's history which he has re-written and revised—for these alone appear to have assumed their definitive shape. But from what we have seen, it does not appear certain that revisal will in all cases be improvement. When M. Martin began as an unknown and laborious historian, he modestly kept down the singularities and asperities of his judgment. And it is to be regretted that this wholesome check has been removed. But M. Martin is a writer of acuteness as well as vigor. No one has composed a history of France in so even and sustained a tone through a series of volumes. All his competitors have treated but of epochs or portions of French history, except Sismondi, and he certainly abates of vigor in his concluding volumes, whilst the reigns of Louis XIII. and XIV.

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are the part M. Martin has written with most spirit, perhaps, and most effect. His account of the administration of Richelieu is admirable; and in what we have seen of his Louis XIV. he not only retains his peculiar merits, but he pauses at times to correct and contradict the false views and theories which are propounded in his preceding volumes. After lauding and exulting in the conquests and acquisition of countries, by all means and at any price, through a series of reigns and volumes, M. Martin turns at last to conceive most rightly, and honestly to confess the suspicion, that Louis XIV. carried this mania too far. All at once he discovers that Henry IV. proceeded far enough with such aims. Richelieu with all his energy did no more than complete what Henry IV. had conceived; whilst Louis XIV.'s conquests are works of supererogation. The historian has forgotten not only that he has been praising all along the spirit of extension and aggrandizement, but he has even excused and applauded despotic and absolute monarchy, because of that unity, concentration, and power which fit it and arm it for conquest.

This unity and concentration of absolute power is not so much the normal state of any civilized country as a mode of rendering it formidable as a military and as a conquering power. The marvel is, that it did not succeed to a much greater degree under a monarch of such spirit and talents as Louis XIV. And succeed it would have certainly done, but for the antagonism of a monarch of equal spirits and talents—of that William III., whose policy and whose heroism have found a historian worthy of them in our own times.

It is inconsistent on the part of a French historian to exult in the gradual structure of the fabric of monarchic power in his country, at the expense of all liberty, all independence, and all free institutions, but at the same time to laud the purpose and natural use to which such power was applied by successive monarchs in rendering France great and formidable; it is inconsistent to panegyrize all this, and then turn round upon Louis XIV. and declare him to have been wrong in following a traditional policy, and in employing his power in the only way in which it could be employed. What is despotism good for but for conquest? Of domestic policy it may be considered incapable, where every class has been humbled, aristocracy and magistracy crushed, and where the nation itself has assumed towards its sovereign the attitude of oriental servility. Foreign policy becomes the principal aim of such a government, and its foreign policy can be no other than that of acquisition, unless indeed monarch and court sink into the repose of luxury and dissoluteness.

What is most to be censured in M. Martin is that he does not see the evil side of despotism, the pernicious results of absolute rule. We do not deny that predominant power in kings has produced great and good results in the infant ages of society, when it was necessary to emancipate the middle or lower classes from a superincumbent aristocracy. There is some reason in admiring even the tyranny of the monarchs in such times as those of Philippe Augustus and Louis le Gros, but to carry this admiration down to the ages of civilization, or of the *renaissance*, as the 16th century is called, is an error, which gives a stamp of illiberalism even to such eminent writers as Thierry, and brands the writings of such philosophers as M. Martin with that most melancholy and most desolating of French political axioms, that there is no medium between despotism and a republic.

This error, which it seems the delight and purpose of so many eminent French writers to propagate and to strengthen, no doubt proceeds from the habit and the necessity which they can not shake off, of viewing all history, past and present, by the light of the great revolutionary period which occupies and dazzles their vision. Whether it be the Norman conquest or the English wars, the struggle of feudalism and citizenship, or the later strife between a religion of authority and one of reason and choice, it is still the torch of 1789 that the modern historian holds up to be the guide of his search and the beacon of his judgment. The Revolution is the Caaba, from which such writers as Michelet and Martin never turn. In whatever region they may wander, or whatever epoch they depict, the prejudices, the passions and hallucinations of 1789 follow and possess them. One might have hoped that after a lapse of half a century this mania would abate, and this worship of extremes be abandoned. For as the Revolution was born in anarchy and completed in despotism, its creed is simply the alternation and adoration of both.

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Whilst every crime is pardoned and every excess palliated in the person of a Napoleon or a Robespierre, no respect is paid to either feudal greatness or constitutional struggles. Aristocracy is the great bugbear, the arch-foe for which all anathema is reserved. The political and social results of the 18th century in France may have led but too naturally to such a conclusion. But to entertain and cherish the sentiment now—to continue to exorcise the phantom of aristocracy, which does not exist, whilst that far more practical foe of human progress, despotism, looks on and profits by the flattery or the mistake—is a lamentable perversion of the judgment and a misdirection of intellectual power. The jealousy and hatred, instilled into and entertained by the lower class of the French people, for all that is or can be above them by virtue of either birth, wealth, or even talent, is the curse of the time, the ban which condemns France to know no freedom, and to follow the blind paths of ignorance and materialism. This jealousy and hatred—the exaggeration and continuance of a feeling which may have been natural in 1789, but which ought to have been satisfied and allayed forever by the events and the years which followed—it is the peculiar humor of Michelet and Martin to preach and to inculcate. Hence, while we open these volumes with curiosity and peruse them with interest, we find little reason to hope that they will diffuse the temperate love of free institutions among the rising generation of Frenchmen, or that they will contribute to the restoration of those liberties from which France still finds herself unnaturally debarred.

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From the London Quarterly.

# NATURE AND SPHERE OF CONSCIENCE.*

Little is heard of the state of religious opinion in Spanish America. Now and then an agent of the Bible Society relates an incident illustrative of his better prospects; or as missionaries in Brazil, Honduras, or Trinidad, whose ministrations are chiefly exercised among colonists, catch a glimpse of the native mind, they may give us the intelligence. Commerce within a few commercial circles, but more generally politics, remote, complicated, and revolutionary, constitute all that even feebly interests the European reader; and third or fourth-class travelers undertake to entertain third and fourth-class readers with rude sketches of South-American society in its least amiable aspects. Yet there are some intelligent and serious men on that vast continent, who endeavor to discuss questions of the highest import, and whose aspirations after a superior social condition ought to engage the sympathy and respect of European Christians. Such a man is Francisco de Paula Vigil, a priest resident in the capital of Peru. About nine years ago he published a work on Canon and Civil Law, in six volumes, which produced a powerful sensation among the clergy and higher classes throughout Spanish America; and a sensation no less powerful, but of very different kind, in Rome. That work we have not seen, and do not know whether any copies found their way to England, but its title is, *A Defense of the Authority of Governments and Bishops against the Pretensions of the Court of Rome.* For the benefit of general readers, the learned author wrote a Compendium of the work in one volume, which we have perused

* *Compendio de la Defensa de la Autoridad de los Gobiernos contra las Pretensiones de la Curia Romana.* Por Francisco de Paula G. Vigil. Lima. 1852.

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with most lively interest. We make no apology for reviewing a book so late as five years after its publication; for it has not yet been reviewed in England, and is itself a history. Indeed, we are indebted to a friend for the copy that is now on our table, and are not aware that it is to be had by purchase in this country.

The Compendium is written with the precision of style and arrangement which characterize the works of the best canonists, but with a freedom from technicalities which marks the author's intention to be understood by all his readers, educated or uneducated. It contains fourteen "Dissertations," carefully divided into sections; and we can not more easily and effectually convey an idea of its contents than by translating the general heading of each, only premising that the *spirit* of the title pervades the whole book, but that our admiration of most of it must not be taken to imply assent to all. The subjects treated are: 1. The distinction and independence of the two powers, (civil and ecclesiastical,) the genius and object of each, and its peculiar attributes. 2. The Church, considered with respect to the political power and secular affairs. 3. The political power considered with respect to the spiritual; or, the authority of governments in ecclesiastical affairs. 4. The endowment of the clergy. 5. The erection of bishoprics. 6. The election and presentation of Bishops. 7. Concordats. 8. Immunity of the persons and property of ecclesiastics in respect to judicial proceedings, or ecclesiastical privilege. 9. Immunity of the clergy in respect to contributions, and other temporalities. 10. Asylum, or immunity of sacred places. 11. The faculty of establishing impediments to hinder marriage. 12. Celibacy of ecclesiastics. 13. The monastic profession. 14. The rights of thought, or inviolability of conscience. Instead of reviewing all these dissertions, we confine our attention to the last, on conscience, inasmuch as this is the practical conclusion towards which Don Francisco has been conducting his readers, and therefore expresses the main purpose of the book, and the object of his life-long labors.

He asks: "*What is conscience?*" As there is not only a physical order in the universe, but a moral order also, a standard whereby rational beings regulate their conduct, so is there a sentiment of religion in the heart of man. This sentiment of religion can not be created by policy, although policy oftentimes makes use of it; neither does it come by imitation from one person to another; but all men have received it by nature, or rather by a law of the Creator delivered to every creature by the organ of his *conscience*. The author does not understand this word "in its idealogic acceptation, but employs it to express the judgment which the soul forms of the justice or injustice of actions, of their goodness or badness, and the duties which man has to fulfill towards God, himself, and all mankind." The rule on which conscience must rely is not arbitrary, but fixed; and for the right application of this rule every one is responsible to God, who himself has taught the nature of religious worship and the doctrine of religious truth. This is altogether different from the usual description of conscience by Romish writers. After giving a rapid sketch of the imperial and papal laws for the punishment of heretics, and of the rise of the horrible tribunal of the Inquisition, he observes that at length the body of canon law received a correspondent character of cruelty, theologians taught a doctrine equally atrocious, and both lawyers and doctors pretended to justify this doctrine by quotations of the text of the New Testament itself. "But it is high time," exclaims the liberal Peruvian, "for us to speak with more decency, and with respect for the dignity and sacred rights of man."

"*Governments should respect the rights of conscience.*" Nowhere, in the treasuries of nations, is there any thing comparable to this precious right, nor can any human power prove itself entitled to exercise authority over it. It neither is, nor can be, public property, to be disposed of by rulers at their pleasure; or, if it were, then must the subject take his religion as the gift of his rulers, which would be unreasonable, unjust, and impracticable—except as an occasion of hypocrisy. Then, as the conscience of governments varies, each government having its own conscience, there would necessarily be as many religions in the world as governmental consciences, which would be monstrous. Besides, as every man must act for himself, not only at the present moment, but always, throughout life; and as he actually does this in the most ordinary

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matters, in matters of unspeakably less importance than those of conscience, which can not be now bound over for all time to come; it must not be subjected to the will of any government, but only to the dominion of truth, which is not to be perfectly apprehended at once; and to bind a man never to change his views of truth would be to place him in a perpetual bondage to error. Conscience, therefore, must be held sacred, and not handed over to the keeping of the temporal power. Yet this was what Theodosius insolently required, and Baronius exults when he transcribes the Theodosian edict in his *Annals*.

"*Church authorities should respect the rights of conscience.*" Surely if the Church be intrusted with the care of man's conscience, she should be careful that none oppress it, but that it remain safe in the liberty wherewith Christ has made it free. Surely the Church ought to follow the example of St. Paul, who said to the Corinthians: "Not that we have dominion over your faith." The Church directs consciences, it is true, but she directs them only by help of the means confided to her by Jesus Christ, not by coërcion, but by teaching, and with the full consent of those whom she directs. She may control her members as to the number of the sacraments, but may not punish any, not even for denying the truth of Christianity, inasmuch as this is not a matter of ecclesiastical administration. God has his own tribunal; to this he summons man for judgment, and there he suffers not the interference of any inferior magistracy.

"*Men must respect the rights of conscience in one another.*" When the right which one person enjoys threatens the security of another, the person so endangered may take measures to protect himself, opposing right to right, or even force to force, if necessary. But if the abuse of a private right causes no injury to any other person, no one can be empowered, justly, to rectify the abuse. Even so in regard to our present subject. "My neighbor may differ from me in his religious belief; but this does me no harm whatever, and he only suffers the consequence of his own error, if error it be, and meanwhile I abide steadfast in my belief. And how could I justly complain of another man for not respecting *my* conscience, if I did not respect his? Indeed, each of us is equally bound to respect his own conscience; to act contrary to conscience would be in in either of us a sin. Error and conscience, however, are not to be confounded; therefore we can reject the one, and yet respect the other."

"*Conscience ought to be respected in public, as well as in private actions.*" When the friends of intolerance can not help acknowledging the inviolability of *thought*, they deny this inviolability to the public expression of thought; and this they do in order to prevent the exercise of various forms of worship in the state. But a man is not a pure intelligence. He thinks, in order that he may act, and act openly before other men, if necessary; and action obeys will, as well as thought. But, if freedom were allowable only to such actions as are private, the rights of conscience would be most incomplete; and whether they who exercise their rights understand the truth or are in error, is not the question, inasmuch as every one must decide for himself between truth and error: he must come to the decision conscientiously, and, in order that he may do so, his conscience must be respected by private individuals, governments, and pastors. But the respect which is due to conscience is utterly inconsistent with the exercise of compulsion or control over it.

"*Government may permit the public exercise of different forms of worship.*" This necessarily follows from the right of obeying conscience in public actions, except when public actions become repugnant to some other acknowledged right, or contrary to the public good. If conscience arms itself against the majesty of government, the peace of the people, the rights of individuals, the principles of justice, or the natural feelings of the heart, then must it be resisted and restrained, just as a maniac has to be prevented from doing mischief; but so long as even an erring conscience is harmless, it must be free. Foreigners, too, who may wish to introduce their religion into a country, have an undoubted right to do so; for foreigners are *men*, equally entitled to enjoy liberty of conscience, and they can not forfeit that by passing into another territory. Less shocking would it be to prohibit the foreigner from entering a state, than to deny him, when he has entered, the common freedom of a man. There is a con-

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siderable stock of hackneyed arguments and vulgar allegations brought against diversity of religion in a state, which Vigil repeats in detail, and refutes triumphantly; and concludes by observing that one of the arguments which the intolerant urge most confidently is, that the followers of different forms of worship can not agree amongst themselves. But he would remind them that, while they paint the discord of unfriendly sects in the most exaggerated colors, they forget that such discord is the mere effect of intolerance like their own.

"*The precious maxims of the New Testament*" are then recited, with the authoritative example of the Apostles, and the less satisfactory precedents of earlier Christian antiquity. The first principle, however, is well established, and our Peruvian canonist advocates at length the admission of Protestants to public offices in Romanist States; and the non-interference of the legislature in regard to mixed marriages, and education of children born of Romish and Protestant parents. He pronounces a severe censure on the ecclesiastics who have presumed to forbid the Christian burial of persons who died under the displeasure of the Jesuits, or the Court of Rome, and advocates the interment of deceased members of the Roman Church and of Reformed Churches in common cemeteries. Not content with proposing these manifestations of tolerance, he advises that there should be no state religion, enumerates what he conceives to be its disadvantages, and holds forth for imitation the example of the United States.

Intelligence of the publication of such principles as these in an elaborate system of reformed canon law, although devoid of that authority which gives the force of law to any ecclesiastical document, or imparts value to any compilation or interpretation of such documents, and put forth in direct opposition to the whole body of decrees and canons, resounded at Rome as if the whole province of Peru had risen in revolt against the Apostolic See. Pope Pius IX. took instant alarm, and the Roman Inquisitors employed their Consultors to examine the six volumes. Their work was done with all convenient speed, and a Brief, under date of June 10th, 1851, contains the sentence of the Pope, in quality of Supreme Inquisitor. After the usual dolorous preface concerning the anguish of his paternal heart, he announces the title of the work, and states that, "as the title alone was enough to make him regard the author as a man full of hatred toward the Apostolic See, he did not fail to look through it, and soon perceived, with extreme grief of soul, that it revived many errors of the Synod of Pistoya, condemned already by the Bull *Actorem fidei* of Pius VI., of happy memory, and that it abounded from beginning to end in other corrupt doctrines and propositions which have been often and again condemned."

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VESUVIUS IN ACTIVITY.—Vesuvius, during the month of August, showed signs of increased activity. The learned Professor Palmieri, director of the Observatoire Vesuviaus, goes regularly three times a week to the top of the mountain, in order to view and record the particulars of the eruption. In one of his late reports he says: "Lava has again been vomited forth from the new mouth formed on the 19th December, 1855, which has perfectly filled up that vast whirlpool; and yet, standing on the borders of that lake of fire, I could repeat at leisure my observations on the temperature of the lava. The lava, meanwhile, became hard on the surface; and, from some fissures in the scoriæ issued two slight flames, of a bluish color, spreading abroad a very strong odor of sulphureous acid. These *flames* were so near the edge of the lake, that I remained at about the distance of a metre (little more than a yard) from them. The multitude will regard this as the most natural phenomenon in the world, but of no importance; but the learned know that the phenomenon of *flame* in active volcanoes is so rare, that, even when a person declares he has seen it, it may admit of a doubt, so easily is it to be deceived when looking at the red smoke which rushes out from the summit of a cone in a state of eruption. The flames seen by me were so evident and so near as to render the fact perfectly sure."

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From the Edinburgh Review.

# THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA.*

Copious, even to excess, as is the literary labor of our age, and ever seeking new topics, or new methods of vivifying old ones, there are yet subjects to be found, either not touched upon at all, or scantily and incidentally treated without due regard to their proper value. Void places of this kind still occur in the history of men and nations; gaps which it will belong to future genius and research to fill up, by aid of the fresh materials ever accumulating around us. The laborious activity of German literature has gone further than that of any other country, in finding such new fields, and fertilizing them by its industry. But others yet remain to be opened and explored, even in the records of human events; still more in the great domain of natural history and the physical sciences. Here especially the rapid growth of knowledge, and its subjection to new laws and generalizations, have created the need of fresh divisions in every part; of altered nomenclature; and particular treatises on topics, the increasing impertance of which compels this separation. Thus in the physical sciences, while we see at the present time a continual aggregation of facts and phenomena around those more general laws which give center and connection to the whole, we find simultaneously a constant compulsion to divide, for the purposes of further research, the many branches of knowledge which are so brought into closer relations with one another.

In a recent article of this Review, we referred to the "Physical Geography of the Sea," as one of the many instances in which science has acquired and adopted a more specific record of a particular class of natural phenomena; and in discussing this subject we carried the limitation yet further, by taking the Atlantic as the special exponent of those mighty features which belong to the ocean domain of the globe. We have now before us a volume on the Mediterranean Sea; the first English work, as we believe, expressly devoted to this subject. Its coasts and islands have been separately noted and described by travelers, geographers, and historians of all countries and ages. But no one had treated singly and especially of the Sea washing round and amidst these lands, and reflecting their wonderful history of thirty centuries on its waters. We possessed no work delineating its peculiar physical features—its outline, dimensions, depth, currents, winds, and other hydrographical and nautical conditions—the configuration of its coasts, its islands, volcanoes, and the rivers which pour themselves into its basin.

This, then, was one of the voids of which we have spoken; and it continued such, until the progress of all scientific knowledge, and the rapid spread of human intercourse by sea and land, made it needful that a physical history of the Mediterranean should be written—an object well and ably fulfilled by Admiral Smyth in the work before us. Some time has now elapsed since its publication; but intervening events have enhanced the interest of the subject; and though the volume is in large part occupied with what appertains to the profession, in which its author holds a distinguished place, we willingly receive it as the suggestion and foundation of some more complete history, political and social, as well as physical and nautical, of the Mediterranean Sea.

In a mere technical sense, the Mediterranean may be described as a gulf, or inland branch of the Atlantic; but in itself this Sea has a more wonderful individuality than any other on the globe. This is true as to its physical features, singly considered; still more eminently true as respects those relations to human history which render it an interpreter of the

* *The Mediterranean. A Memoir Physical, Historical, and Nautical.* By Rear-Admiral William Henry Smyth, K.S.F., D.C.L., F.R.S., etc. London: 1854.

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records of past ages, and of the ancient empires which have flourished on its shores. On no equal area of the earth's surface have so many and such mighty events been crowded together as within this extraordinary basin. Every keel which now cleaves its waters traverses the scene of some maritime struggle or adventure of old times and earlier races of men; or skirts shores hallowed to the scholar or historian by the memory of genius or grandeur which have passed away. Empires, kingdoms, and republics, born to sway the destinies of the world, have risen and declined upon its coasts. Schools of philosophy and eloquence, to which we still recur for instruction and example—laws and languages, which are embodied in the literature and social institutions of every later age—had their earliest seats around this inland sea. It is difficult to touch upon the subject thus generally without becoming too rhetorical; but we hope, in dwelling upon some of its details, to show how copious and full of interest it is, and how well meriting the special attention of some writer who may make it, as a single picture, more complete and familiar to our knowledge. The events of history are best bound together by such local associations; and none more so than those of which the Mediterranean has been the scene and center during a long succession of ages.

It may further be alleged, as an argument for such a work, that the interests of England are deeply concerned in all that regards this sea. Of late years, certain foreign writers and orators, rather political than geographical in their style and spirit, have used the term of *lake* in describing it. The Mediterreanan is certainly not *our lake;* nor can it, nor ought it, ever to pass under the supremacy of any one Power. But we have large insular possessions within its circuit; we hold the mighty rock-fortress, the Calpe of antiquity, which commands its entrance from the ocean; and we crowd its waters to their very extremity with our ships and commerce. That single line of Mediterranean navigation, which ministers to the rapid intercourse with our Indian Empire, through Egypt and the Red Sea, is in itself an interest of primary importance to us, and never more so than at the present moment; and this line of communication has already attained a speed and regularity of service which place it among the highest efforts of human prowess on the seas. If other and better routes be eventually obtained through the Persian Gulf, which is still a matter of doubt, equally must we depend on the Mediterranean for a line of passage to that part of the Asiatic coast giving easiest access to the valley of the Euphrates. More recently undertaken is the mail route through this sea, as the first stage to our Australian colonies—the shortest line, following the earth's curvature, between England and the great Island-Continent on the opposite side of the globe. It is a wonderful route to a wonderful country; each attesting that national energy and power which has brought a new people into birth, and made oceans and seas tributary to the communication with the parent land. The discovery of the Australian gold-fields has doubtless quickened these results, but time would have evolved them even without this great auxiliary.

All these things are now become familiar to us; but we nevertheless specify them, because their very familiarity is apt to abate our wonder, and to dissever them from those memorials of older times and things, to which they stand in such singular relation and contrast. Nor must we forget, while speaking of English interests in the Mediterranean, those vast naval and military armaments so recently borne on its waters to the mighty struggle before Sebastopol—an effort of concentrated power, rising with the need, and greatest at the very moment when peace happily suspended its further action. These armaments in their course passed along shores and through straits, every bay and promontory of which has its place in ancient poetry or history; and within sight of one especial spot on which the genius of a single man (for such we believe him to have been) has bestowed an imperishable fame. It might seem ungracious towards those officers who carried so much spirit and bravery to the battles and privations of the Crimea, to inquire too skeptically what proportion of their number were fully conscious of the objects their voyage brought before them?—how many of them saw with the eyes of history the mountains of Lacedæmon, Scio's rocky isle, and the plains of Ilium; or gazed with enthusiasm surpassing the ever-living grandeur of the scenery, upon the snow-capped crest of Ida, or

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the watch-tower of Neptune on the rock of Samothrace.

We put this question designedly; but more in regret than as a reproach. For we are compelled to admit that no adequate provision has hitherto been made for the special instruction of those numerous Englishmen who are called by military, naval, or colonial duties to every part of the habitable globe. The greatness of our empire, and the rapid progress of knowledge and invention in all that regards the social condition of man, make at this time a cogent necessity of what was heretofore only a matter of expediency. In proportion to our power is the magnitude of the duties we are called upon, as a nation, to fulfill; and one of those duties is that of sending out to the defense and administration of our distant possessions men well fitted by temper and education to discharge their functions with integrity and intelligence—the latter, in most cases, the best guarantee for the former. It is our sincere belief, that no one is so well calculated to fulfill these conditions as the English gentleman, in the highest intellectual and moral sense of the word. But care is needful that the standard be not lowered, either in comparison with our former selves, or with the people of other countries, at a time when all things are in a state of transition; and when much exists, in the rapid intercourse of the world and the various and desultory objects before men's minds, tending to lessen the force of individual character, and to disperse the energies of thought and action over a surface too wide for their highest efficiency. True genius will rise above these and other hindrances; but we are bound to provide also for those minds of a lower grade, by whom in effect, nine tenths of the world's business is carried on. We gladly perceive in all that is in progress around us, a growing attention to these objects, in which England has deeper interest and concern than any other State on the face of the globe. She has not only to sustain "her precedence of teaching nations how to live," but to maintain unimpaired her own great life—her liberties, laws, and language—and to enlarge and perpetuate their influence on ages yet to come.

We have been led somewhat away from our subject by this question as to the sufficiency of English education, in its ordinary form, for travel in lands of classical antiquity—a question we are compelled reluctantly to answer in the negative. Notwithstanding the time given to Greek and Latin studies in the schools and colleges of England, our youth go forth, learned, it may be, in hexameters and iambics, but wanting generally in those higher classical associations which localize the history, poetry, eloquence, and philosophy of past ages, and illustrate the revolutions of men and nations by the more lasting memorials of nature. We must not be understood here as invoking any maudlin sentiment on these matters, such as too often finds its way into books and narratives of travel—the produce rather of after-concoction at home, than of honest enthusiasm on the spot. But we wish for more true knowledge and feeling to be brought to places thus illustrious in the world's history—such previous knowledge as may enable the traveler, if not to investigate and discover, at least fully to understand and enjoy. Much we conceive, might be done towards this end, by combining with common classical instruction a more copious and vivid illustration of the lands which have given birth and subject to this part of learning; and by admitting even the physical sciences to contribute their share to such illustration. It may be urged that this would require a higher competence and more various knowledge in those to whom the act of teaching is committed. We fully admit the inference, but do not on this account withdraw or abate the demand to which it applies. If what we have pointed out be desirable, and recognized as such, the means and methods of attainment are sure in these days to be found.*

The volume on Admiral Smyth on the

* The institution of the Geographical Society of London, and the zeal with which its objects are pursued, is well calculated to forward the object of teaching travelers *where* and *how* to travel, and what objects still remain to be fulfilled. We gladly see attached to it the names of some members of the "Yacht Club;" itself a national institution, peculiar to England, and admirably fitted to sustain that national vigor and enterprise on the seas upon which our greatness as a State so essentially depends. A remarkable example of this spirit of enterprise was given last year by Lord Dufferin, who ventured with his little yacht of 80 tons into the Arctic seas, visiting Iceland, Jan Mayen, and even the icy coasts of Spitzbergen in lat. 78° 44′. This exploit, for such it was, is pleasingly recorded in a volume entitled "Letters from High Latitudes," which relates the cruise with as much grace and vivacity as were shown in the expedition.

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Mediterranean has various merits, which we fully appreciate. As a writer, he is chargeable, perhaps, with some little eccentricities of style; but he brings to his subject great nautical and scientific knowledge, much earnestness of purpose, and the results of an active personal survey of many coasts of this Sea; and of some especially on the African side, before imperfectly known. His work is fitly dedicated to the veteran Admiral Beaufort, whose long labors as Hydrographer to the Admiralty have well and worthily sustained the reputation he acquired from his admirable researches on the coast of Asia Minor. Admiral Smyth's own labors are honorably attested by a catalogue of more than one hundred charts presented to the Admiralty; and by numerous facts in relation to currents, tides, soundings, winds, and other aqueous and atmospheric phenomena which make up and define the physical history of this great sea. We must nevertheless repeat that the volume before us does not fulfill all we might fitly claim for a work on the Mediterranean. We have no right to complain that it is devoted chiefly to professional objects, since these are numerous and of eminent value. But the subject admits of a wider delineation, and more ample details physical, historical, and picturesque; and a work comprising these, and at the same time preserving entire the unity of the picture, is still wanting to our literature.

The very familiarity of the Mediterranean in these days has begotten a certain indifference to its peculiarities and grandeur. Looking to physical features only, it is by far the most wonderful ocean-inlet or midland sea in the world; penetrating further into the heart of the continent than any other, and more strangely broken and diversified in its outline by gulfs, straits, islands, and inner seas. Mere verbal description does little towards illustration in a case of this kind. A map or globe must be before the eye, and the Mediterranean be looked at simply and singly in its boundaries and dimensions; putting aside all local associations which may disturb such general view.* It will be seen at once how singular and curious is the configuration of this vast basin; how deep its gulfs run into the lands which surround it; and how closely they approach at its eastern end those other deep inlets of the Red Sea and Persian Gulf, which have their connection with the oceans of another hemisphere. The eye, cast over other parts of the globe, will see nothing equal or comparable to it in these physical peculiarities. Dante, whose descriptions of nature are often as exact as they are always sublime, speaks of it as—

"La maggior valle in che l'acqua si spanda,
Fuor di quel mar che la terra inghirlanda."*

Those, moreover, even least tutored in modern geology and the great phenomena with which it deals, will see that mighty movements and changes must have occurred in this region, in ages far anterior to human record or human existence on earth. We shall hereafter refer to some present proofs of these remote events (whether slow or paroxysmal in kind) in the volcanoes and earthquakes which still so singularly affect the basin of the Mediterranean. Meanwhile, a superficial view will show us this Sea exchanging its waters with those of the Atlantic at one extremity; at the other, nearly 2000 miles distant, dissevered but by a low and narrow isthmus from those which belong to the Indian Ocean. Throughout the whole of this distance it divides Europe from Africa, physically and socially the two most dissimilar portions of the globe—the "*discordanti liti*," as Dante calls them, in the very passage from which we have just quoted. The continent of Asia closes its eastern extremity; and the Asiatic line of coast, including that of the Black Sea, which may be regarded as its inner basin, is not less than 2500 miles in length. The total circumference of the Mediterranean, following the line of its great gulfs, is estimated at upwards of 13,000 miles; its area, including the Black Sea, and the Seas of Azof and Marmora, is stated at 1,149,287 square statute miles, by Admiral

* This direction will not seem superfluous to those who have watched the curious mechanical results of habit, even in the simple matter of relative position of objects before the eye. Any one may satisfy himself of it in this instance by merely inverting a map, or turning a globe into some unwonted position, when he will create, or seemingly have before his sight, a totally new configuration of land and sea, which it requires some time and efforts to bring back to the reality of his former recollections. The experiment is worth making as a special illustration of a large class of mental phenomena, which can not be too carefully studied as a part of psychology.

* Paradiso, canto ix. 82.



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Smyth.* These are magnificent dimensions; and rendered more striking by its profound depth, of which we shall presently speak, and by the lofty mountain-chains which form its coasts or rise as islands from amidst its waters.

The name of Mediterranean does not belong to the ancient history of this sea, and is not found in the earlier geographers, either of Greece or Rome. To the people of Palestine it was emphatically "The Sea," or the "Great Sea." To the Greeks and Romans it was the Sea within the Columns, the *Mare internum; Nostrum mare;* or still more frequently described in history and poetry under the various local names derived from adjoining people or coasts. The word Mediterranean is not found, we believe, before the third or fourth century, appropriate though it be in the way of a general description. Other names of common currency may still be found among the motley traders in this sea—but they are not recognized in our maps—and it is not needful to enumerate them. Those, on the other hand, connected with its great natural divisions, as the Adriatic, the Archipelago, etc., are necessary in themselves, and sanctioned by long and familiar historical use.

These divisions are of considerable interest in the physical history of the Mediterranean. As many as seven have been suggested and defined; but we may content ourselves with denoting one, which is instantly obvious to the eye, as breaking the sea into two great, though unequal, basins; and not less strikingly marked by certain natural features, which coïncide with, and illustrate, the simple geographical fact. This is the partition made by the long peninsula of Italy, the island of Sicily, and the projection of the African continent at Cape Bon; leaving a passage barely eighty miles in width between the western and eastern basins of the Mediterranean. The fact thus obvious to the eye is physically expressed by the lofty ridge of the Apennines stretching along Italy to its very extremity, and reäppearing in the Neptunian Mountains of Sicily; and yet further by a bar or line of shallow sea, occupying the strait between Sicily and Africa, and separating the profound depths which lie on each side of this submarine ridge. Though a part of the line be thus submerged here, as well as in the narrower breach forming the Strait of Messina, the physical fact is even rendered more striking by this submergence; and brought more closely into relation with those geological changes which have moulded the earth's surface into its present shape and aspects. And that great subterranean forces have been at work in this barrier-line, we have further evidence, equally curious and instructive, in the volcanic phenomena, living as well as extinct, which are notable throughout its whole extent; not uninterruptedly, indeed, but so connected in course and direction as to give them an evident relation to a common physical cause. At the northern end of this line we find the volcanic rocks of the Euganean Hills; amidst which, in the village of Arqua, stands the secluded tomb of Petrarch. Coming southwards a long tract of extinct volcanic formations stretches through the Roman States; and yet further south, the region of Vesuvius and the Campi Flegrei, wonderful in its present phenomena, not less so in those aspects which belong to ages before any known history. Following our line further, we come to Stromboli and the Lipari Isles, still emitting flames and volcanic vapors, as they are recorded to have done more than 2000 years ago. Yet further south, but within sight of these isles, rises the mighty cone of Etna, circled round by a vast girdle of lavas and other volcanic rocks—the theme of magnificent poetry to Homer and Pindar; and in the series and succession of these rocks giving record of ages far anterior to any poetry on earth. The line of subterranean fire we are tracing has still another attestation in an event of our own days. In 1831 a volcano suddenly burst forth in the mid-sea between Sicily and Africa; burning for several weeks, and throwing up an isle or crater-cone of scoriæ and ashes, which had scarcely been named before it was again lost by subsidence beneath the sea, leaving only a shoal bank to attest this strange submarine breach in the earth's crust, which thus mingled fire and water in one common action.

These details illustrate that new science

* In some other works a much lower statement is given of the superficial extent of the Mediterranean; but this we presume to depend on the omission of the Black Sea and its subordinate basins, and on the use of the geographical instead of the square statute mile — possibly, also, on a deduction made for the surface occupied by islands.

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of Physical Geography which has already added so largely to our knowledge of the earth we inhabit, and which gives such certain and ample promise to future research. The same principle of illustration may still be kept in view, for the physical history of the Mediterranean is in every part singularly blended with the history of the nations which have successively had dominion on its shores, and with the arts, literature, and social usages which have ever rendered remarkable this portion of the globe. It has been remarked by an eminent philosopher, that human culture and civilization have generally clung to countries brought into proximity and facility of intercourse by inland seas and deeply-indented coasts. Admitting the reality of this view, the Mediterranean may be cited as the happiest illustration of it; and in the same sense its strangely irregular northern coasts present a striking contrast with the unbroken and riverless line of the African shores from Morocco to the mouth of the Nile. Egypt and Carthage, indeed, grew into grandeur on this less favored coast. But Egypt rested on the Nile and the Red Sea; while Carthage, of Phœnician origin, held its dominion less in Africa than as a naval power, frequenting or subduing the European coasts and islands on the opposite side of the Mediterranean.

It would be a matter of mere technical geography to enumerate the several chains or groups of mountains which encircle and define this inland sea—the Sierra Nevada—the long African chain of Atlas—the Maritime Alps and the Apennines—the mountain ranges on the eastern side of the Adriatic—the great group of Greece—the vast chains of Caucasus, Taurus, and of Libanus, all closely pertaining to its physical geography. We might name Parnassus, Pindus, Olympus, Pelion, and Ossa, Hymettus, Œta, Athos, Etna, and a hundred other mountains familiar to classical memory, which either rise from the waters of the Mediterranean or are more distantly seen in coasting its shores. But, without pausing upon these, or illustrating them by the endless quotations which will crowd on the recollection of the scholar, we may remark that no sea exhibits so wonderful a continuity of lofty and precipitous coast as the Mediterranean. With the exception of the northern shore of Africa, from near Tunis to the borders of Syria, and a few more limited portions of coasts in other parts, we find generally around this vast circuit a bold mountain-frontage to the waters; magnificently exemplified in the Corniche and whole line from the Rhone to the Arno; in the African coast from Algiers to Bona; in the shores of Greece, Asia Minor, and Syria; and yet more in the grand range of mountains traversing the ancient monarchy of Mithridates, and forming for many hundred miles the precipitous southern boundary of the Black Sea. Many portions of these Mediterranean coasts make their first swell from the sea to the height of 3000 or 4000 feet, with mountains behind them more than doubling this elevation.

The islands of the Mediterranean, with few exceptions, offer the same bold elevation to the eye. In none of its physical features, indeed, is this Sea more remarkable than in the isles, great and small, which rise so numerously out of its profound depths. They almost all attest in their height, abruptness, and other features those great subterranean movements in past ages, to which we have alluded, as having variously altered the relations of land and sea throughout this region. Sicily, the first and fairest of these isles, offers equal and endless interest to the naturalist and historian, the artist and the poet, despite those centuries of misgovernment which have passed over it. We may affirm with safety that no equal surface on the globe concentrates so many objects fitted to delight the eye and the imagination. Sardinia, Corsica, Candia, and Cyprus abound in magnificent, though less accessible scenery. Corsica, indeed, may now be traversed (and well merits to be so) without other fear than of bad lodgings and scanty food. The traveler of this day, forgetting the petulant epigrams of Seneca, may as little heed the savage stories of the *vendetta*, which still linger in its mountains, forests, and wild villages. Sardinia, with equal natural attractions, and once counted among the granaries of Rome, offers far less facility and safety to the modern tourist; but its political connection with the freest and most flourishing of the Italian States, gives happier augury for the future. Candia and Cyprus, scantily known to us, notwithstanding their ancient fame, are awaiting the changes now at work in every part of the Turkish Empire; and which will alike affect the fine islands

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crowding the Archipelago, and rendering it one of the most remarkable gulfs in the world. Amidst this labyrinth of mountain isles and lofty coasts, rich in historical recollections of every age, lies the passage towards those inner seas, where early history and fable are blended together in that vague mystery which has its charm even for those who are laboring after truth and reality. In this great gulf of the Archipelago, moreover, Grecian poetry found the material for some of its finest descriptions. No one can have made a winter voyage through its isles, without recalling those passages—among the grandest of Homer's similes, and apparently the most familiar to his imagination—where the rude rock and promontory (the *ακτη ὑψηλη*, at every moment present to the eye) are pictured as beaten upon by the winds which rush through these narrow island channels, and by the waves of the sea surrounding them. In witnessing such a spectacle—magnificent wherever it be—the voyager in this sea may fairly assume it as possible that the poet himself had gazed on the very objects before him; and drawn from them that noble imagery, which has become the inheritance and poetic wealth of every succeeding age.

Among the other islands of the Mediterranean, we are bound to notice the Ionian Isles and Malta, as parts of that vast and complex sovereignty which Englishmen have spread over the face of the globe. We count them among our dependencies, though they can not justly or expediently be considered as colonies. The Ionian Isles, indeed, we should be willing to regard as a possession held in trust for some future Greek sovereignty in the Levant, better constituted than the feeble little kingdom which now bears this name, though it embraces but an inconsiderable portion of the Greek race and the Greek soil. If ever detached from our rule, these islands will carry with them the memorial of much we have effected, and sought to effect for their good—an acknowledgment grudgingly made by the present generation of islanders, but which will more frankly come from their posterity.

Among the great physical features of the Mediterranean, the most peculiar is that remarkable Strait or portal which forms its entrance from the Ocean; and those inner channels scarcely less remarkable, which connect it with the inner seas, washing the very foot of the Caucasian Chain, and even penetrating far into the Russian Steppes. The Strait of Gibraltar, the passage between Sea and Ocean, is well worthy of its ancient fame; and illustrates even to the eye those fables and feelings of earlier times, by which the known and unknown are ever linked together in the human imagination. The history of Hercules—that curious, fertile, and still unexplained source of so many Grecian and Oriental myths—was not unnaturally extended to this narrow egress from the known sea; and the mountain columns, Calpe and Abyle, became the *laborum Herculis metæ*, the stern barrier of human progress towards the west. The awe inspired by this mixture of myth and reality may have been purposely augmented by the tales of the Phœnician and other traders, seeking to maintain a monopoly of that Ocean traffic by which they were enriched. The early voyages of discovery, to which the names of Pharaoh-Necho, Scylax and Hanno are severally attached, did but little to correct the misconceptions of ancient geography in this region; and the Atlantis and Hesperides, if not wholly within the domain of fable, are probably only vague traces of some early discovery of the Isles on the African Coast.* Even as late as Juvenal, the intense thirst for gold is exemplified by the mariners rushing into the mysterious ocean beyond Calpe, to obtain it.

"Calpe relictâ
Audit Herculeo stridentem gurgite Solem."

That a barrier once existed between the Mediterranean and Atlantic, the violent disruption of which opened the present passage, was a tradition of antiquity, more natural and reasonable than most of the physical speculations of the time. A strait, contracted in one point to little more than nine miles, (not half the width of the Straits of Dover,) might well sug-

* The wonderful scenery of the Canary Isles, if reached thus early, might readily have suggested some of these legends, as Tasso has indicated in the finest parts of his poem, when placing the gardens of Armida and the "Dolce prigione" which held Rinaldo captive, in one of these isles. The description of the Canaries by Pliny (founded on the expedition of discovery sent thither by that remarkable man Juba, Prince of Numidia) is well worthy of notice, from its exact accordance with some of the most notable of their physical features at this day.

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gest such a conception. And though the depth of the mid-channel at the narrowest point is fully 900 feet, this must nevertheless be regarded as a sort of bar, or submarine ridge, between the ocean and sea; since the waters deepen rapidly on each side—so suddenly even in the strait itself, that between Gibraltar and Ceuta, where the width is twelve miles, nearly 6000 feet of sounding line have been run out; while somewhat further to the eastward no soundings have been obtained. Let any one look on a map, and mark the general trending of the European and African coasts, and their peculiar *apposition* and *opposition* in the Strait itself, and he will at once surmise that this place must have been the scene of great movements and changes, involving both sea and land; and due to those subterranean forces, which have every where been active, in one form or another, in altering the configuration of the earth's surface.

We must speak more cursorily of those inner Straits, the Dardanelles and Bosphorus, which give access to the vast interior basin of the Black Sea—a name once obscure and even fearful in report, but now become familiar to us as the Baltic or German Ocean. These two Straits are among the marvels of the Mediterranean: rivers they might not inaptly be called, since they afford egress by the rapid and profound current flowing through them to the waters from nearly one third of the surface of Europe. The Danube, the Don, and the Dnieper all empty themselves through this channel into the greater basin below. Their waters, in passing the Straits, flow between shores every point of which has the history or poetry of former ages inscribed upon it. No passages between seas elsewhere on the globe can compare with these, either in living scenery or past recollections. Classical legends of the most remote antiquity are here blended with the record of those more real events of conquest, migration, sovereignty, and revolution, of which the Bosphorus and Dardanelles have been the scene at all periods; often defining their course and progress, often suddenly arresting it. Europe and Asia, with promontories and palaces reflected from the same great stream, may be said to divide its history between them. For the last four centuries Asia and Asiatics have had dominion here, and in name and outward recognition this may continue yet longer. But virtually a change has begun, the progress of which can not now be arrested; and which in its ultimate effect will inevitably restore to Europe its sovereignty in these straits and seas, so important in their position to the commerce and civilization of the world. In this respect (as perchance in many others not yet fully surmised) the recent war will bear fruits to be gathered by succeeding generations.

The depth of the Mediterranean is another of its great physical characteristics. We have spoken of the deep soundings close to the bar in the Straits of Gibraltar, and of those which occur on each side of the submarine ridge extending from Sicily to the African coast. These soundings, indeed, have not yet been made in the Mediterranean by the improved methods lately adopted in the Atlantic, and conducted so systematically by Lieut. Maury, in some parts of that ocean. But they suffice to indicate depths equal to the average height of the mountains girding round this great basin; and, if one particular experiment may be credited, reaching even to 15,000 feet; an equivalent to the elevation of the highest Alps. This sounding was made about ninety miles east of Malta. Between Cyprus and Egypt 6000 feet of line have been let down without reaching the bottom. Other deep soundings have been made in other places with similar results. We have not yet obtained any official account of the soundings very recently effected by the "Tartarus" in the lines of sea between Egypt and the Archipelago; but it is stated on apparently good authority, that one sounding between Alexandria and Rhodes reached bottom at the depth of 9900 feet; another, between Alexandria and Candia, gave a depth of 300 feet beyond this. These single soundings, indeed, whether of ocean or sea, are always open to the certainty that greater, as well as lesser depths must exist, to which no line has ever been sunk—a case coming under that general law of *Probabilities* so largely applicable in every part of physics. In the Mediterranean especially, which has so many aspects of a *sunken basin*, there may be abysses of depth here and there which no plummet is ever destined to reach.

This mere outline of the Mediterranean,

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in its prominent features, establishes its prëeminence over any other inland sea on the globe. The Baltic is another singular inlet, spreading its long and narrow gulfs into the center of Northern Europe, but as different in its physical characters as in its relation to the history of the world Far interior in extent, accessible only through shallow straits, and with a depth no where exceeding 1100 feet, its waters are brackish and tideless, its coasts and isles flat and monotonous throughout. No historical monuments, save a few of mediæval age, are found within its circuit. Ancient history, indeed, gathers none but the most vague and scanty records from its shores, notwithstanding that we know them to have been traversed by some of those great races whose migration from the East has so mightily affected the destinies of Western Europe. Though for a time animated by the mercantile activity of the Hanseatic League, yet until the epoch and creations of Peter the Great, when the Empire of Muscovy reached the mouth of the Neva, the Baltic had a very small share in the political or commercial interests of the European world. The revolutions of the Swedish monarchy, and the campaigns of Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII. form the only conspicuous exceptions to this remark.

Perhaps the nearest physical parallel to the Mediterranean might be found in the Gulf of Mexico—detached from the Atlantic by the continuous chain of the Leeward Islands and Bahamas, and similarly divided into two great basins by the projection of Cuba between the Florida and Honduras coasts. The volcanic isles of this gulf afford a further analogy; and yet more, the extraordinary isthmus which divides the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans—the only comparable instance on the globe to that of Suez, and singularly alike, too, in the length and direction of the vast circuit of at least 15,000 miles, by which alone navigable communication can now be made between the waters pressing on each side this narrow neck of land. Human enterprise, rioting at this moment in a triumphant struggle with all natural obstacles, is seeking simultaneously to cut a passage for ships across each isthmus. We have recently examined in detail the obstacles which appear to us to oppose the successful execution of the isthmus of Suez canal; and in spite of the energy with which M. de Lesseps continues to advocate that scheme, we see no reason to change our opinion, which has lately been corroborated by the high authority of Mr. Stephenson.

But we have not yet done with the physical wonders of the Mediterranean. Its volcanoes, active or extinct, and the earthquakes which are so frequent and violent within its area, merit more especial notice; expressing, as they do, those local subterranean forces which have been combined in forming and shaping this extraordinary ocean gulf. We have already traced that singular line of volcanic action which may be said to divide the Mediterranean into two great basins, manifestly defined by the continuity of these great natural phenomena. It is needless to quote Homer, or Pindar, or Thucydides in proof of the antiquity of the fires of Ætna and the Æolian Isles, since the series of volcanic rocks around them attest ages of prior eruption, of which no human record exists. Monte Somma, that strange and solitary remnant of the older cone of Vesuvius, tells the same tale of a time inapproachable by date, and of which there is no tradition. The history of the prevent Vesuvius, so active in every succeeding century, begins but with the time of Pliny, and the destruction of that city which we are now disentombing at its foot. A similar attestation of age we have in the various extinct volcanic districts of Italy and of Sardinia. Closely contiguous again to the marble isle of Paros, in the Archipelago, which has furnished such noble material to Grecian sculpture, we find the dark igneous rocks of Santorin, thrown up by eruptions, some of which are historically known to us. Of these several volcanic areas in the Mediterranean we would especially direct attention to the Lipari Islands, as replete with interest both from the number and singularity of their igneous minerals, and from the extraordinary volcanic scenery amidst which these are found. But the steamboat now governs the course of all maritime travel, as the railroad does that by land. The lofty cone of Stromboli, projecting its almost perpetual flame, occasionally indeed arrests the voyager's eye. But no regular steamer visits these islands; and they are left unseen, save by some stray geologist, who, deserting for a moment his Silurian or Tertiary Strata,

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comes to the study of those more recent changes which have acted on and disturbed the present crust of the globe.

In close physical relation to its volcanoes are those great earthquakes by which in all ages, the basin of the Mediterranean, and especially its central and eastern portion, has been shaken and devastated. Omitting the various records of earlier date, we may notice the earthquake in the reign of Valentinian, described by Ammianus Marcellinus, which spread wide calamity over its coasts and isles; destroying, as is affirmed, 50,000 persons at Alexandria alone by the sudden flux and reflux of the sea; and those yet more frequent and violent in the time of Justinian, described by Procopius and other writers, in one of which the city of Antioch is reported to have lost 250,000 of its inhabitants. All such numbers are of course gross exaggerations, but exaggerations which express the magnitude of the calamities sustained. Under the same qualification we may mention the series of great earthquakes in 1693, of which Sicily seems to have been the center, with a recorded loss of 80,000 or 90,000 of its population; and the Calabrian earthquakes of 1783 and 1784, extraordinary from the frequency of the shocks, of which about 1100 were registered at Montaleone, the seeming center of these subterranean convulsions. In the very last year, 1856, the whole eastern basin of the Mediterranean was shaken by a violent earthquake, from which some thousand persons are alleged to have perished in Candia alone. Certain areas in this sea, and without any close volcanic proximity, are subject to what may be called a chronic form of the phenomenon. Such an area exists among the Ionian Isles; where the year rarely passes without some *terremoto*, greater or less in violence; and where daily shocks are not uncommon for several weeks in succession. Those who have visited Zante and Santa Maura will recollect the many traces of such concussions scattered over these islands. In 1853 a smart shock of earthquake was felt over the mainland of Greece, which overthrew most of the existing habitations of Thebes, and caused great alarm in Athens. This occurrence is the more remarkable as we are not aware that any earthquake is recorded to have taken place in Attica, and the state of the architectural monuments of Athens shows that they have not suffered in former ages from that formidable cause of destruction.

The geology of the Mediterranean basin is a subject which would lead us beyond our present limits. To give a bare outline of it would be, in fact, to enumerate, as appearing in different localities of its coasts and isles, almost every one in the long series of formation, from granite and the primitive slate rocks, to the newest tertiary strata, laden with the shells of existing seas. Though the zealous activity of geologists during the last quarter of a century has left few regions untouched, there are yet certain portions of coast—as in Asia Minor and on the southern shore of the Black Sea, for example—which require, and will repay, a closer examination, especially as regards the fossiliferous strata, those wonderful exponents of ages and conditions of the earth prior to the existence of man upon it. The localities just named are near to that region which bears the earliest records of human existence; and the research here, though in no way affecting the physical relations of time and succession already determined, would have an interest peculiar to itself, in associating these records with the more silent antecedent memorials, stamped in their long series on the strata beneath.

On the zoölogy and botany of the Mediterranean we are equally unable to dwell, seeing the multitude of details they comprise, and the difficulty of reducing them to any brief delineation. A future work on this sea, such as we desire to obtain, must attest its completeness by embracing these topics in their full extent, and with all the aids and results of modern research. Such research directed to this locality has certain interests which may well sanction and encourage it. A vast circuit of profound sea, so nearly severed from the ocean, is sure, according to all analogy, to possess a Fauna and Flora more or less peculiar to itself; with subordinate distinctions from the various climates of the lands adjoining it, and the deep penetration of its gulfs into the surrounding continent. But there is a further interest, yet more appropriate to the Mediterranean, in the relation of its living natural history to the more ancient records we possess of animal and vegetable life. History, poetry, and philosophy are alike illustrated by the identification

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of species, and by the removal of those errors which a vague nomenclature and imperfect classification have propagated from one age to another. This has been strikingly exemplified on various coasts of the Mediterranean of late years, and especially in Palestine and Egypt; where the illustration blends itself with sacred history, and scientific research becomes a living commentary and confirmation of Scripture. Those who have read the Rev. A. P. Stanley's admirable work on Syria and Palestine will readily appreciate the value as well as interest of the proof derived from this method of research.

A volume might be written on the rivers of the Mediterranean. While forming a remarkable part of its physical history, very many, perhaps the greater number, are familiar to us under the same classical association as the shores whence they issue into the sea. No natural features, indeed, fix and endear these associations so much as rivers. They mark and define the events of history; they feed with pleasing or pathetic images the fancy of the poet; they furnish even the most profound philosophy with illustration and example. From that furthest extremity of this inland sea, where

"Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows,"

to its egress in the Atlantic Ocean, we have a succession of streams all more or less known to classical fame. We can not stop to enumerate them in full; but in naming the Don, the Dnieper, the Danube, the Nile, the Po, the Rhone, and the Ebro, as those of greatest length and volume, we leave to the recollection of our readers those numerous lesser rivers of Asia, Greece, and Italy—the Mæander, Hebrus, Peneus, Alpheus, Tiber, etc.—which have become almost as household words to our literature and speech. English poetry, perhaps more than any other of modern time, has drawn plenteously from these names and records of ancient streams; thereby satisfying at once those classical feelings and that love of natural beauty which we believe to be more deeply cherished in England than in any other country.

Of all the rivers which enter the Mediterranean, the Nile is beyond doubt the most wonderful; scarcely should we err in calling it the most wonderful in the world. The St. Lawrence, from the volume of water which it pours through inland seas and forests, and over cataracts and rapids unrivaled in grandeur, comes closest to it in the comparison. But the latter river is utterly wanting in those marvelous monuments of ancient empire which have hallowed the Nile to all succeeding ages, and which we are still disinterring and deciphering for those who come after us. Its waters, while reflecting these great monuments as they flow through Egypt, give exuberent fertility to a country which would else have been a portion of the adjoining desert. The line to which they reach in their annual flood, abruptly divides a sterile sand from the most profuse and vigorous vegetation; and Seneca in no wise exaggerates in saying that to the Nile Egypt owes not merely its fertility of soil, but the soil itself. (*Nat. Quæst.*, lib. 4.) Though somewhat beside our subject, we could willingly descant on various other peculiarities of this majestic river; such as its singular parallelism to the prolonged gulf of the Red Sea — its flows of 1200 miles through Nubia and Egypt, without the addition of a single stream to its waters, which thereby actually decrease in volume as they descend to the sea—the wonderful persistence and uniformity of that vast periodical flood, which, coming from unknown sources, has for at least four thousand years preserved the same times of rise and fall—the equal steadiness of that old Etesian wind (the *Etesia flabra*) which meets and stems the descending waters—and above all, the mysterious problem, still unsolved, as to the origin and true fountains of this great river. Recent research, approaching within four degrees of the equator, has made it almost certain that they are to be sought for near to, or even south of, this line; but whether in mountains of perpetual snow, or in a high region of lakes and swamps, is a question still open to the enterprise of the traveler. That the discovery will be made within the next few years we hold to be certain, seeing the zeal and new appliances directed towards it. The man who accomplishes the discovery will perpetuate his name to all future time, even though he do but confirm that statement of Ptolemy, to which modern discovery is every day lending fresh weight.

The number and magnitude of the Mediterranean rivers have given rise to

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some curious inquiries—suggested even as early as the time of Dr. Halley—as to the disposal of the mighty volumes of water thus poured into the sea; and added to by the rains, averaging sixteen or seventeen inches annually, which fall upon its area. The level remaining the same, the question occurs how this balance is maintained? It can not be efflux into the Atlantic, since the only notable current in the Straits of Gibraltar is a central one, setting constantly *inwards* from the ocean; at the average rate, between Tariffa and Alcagar Point, where the passage is narrowest, of nearly three miles an hour. Halley urged, and made experiments to prove, that simple evaporation from a surface of this extent, and in this latitude, was fully equal to explain the phenomenon; and though some of his postulates are doubted, the general conclusion may fairly be admitted. It is a fractional part and local evidence of that great balance or law of compensation which prevails over the globe; blending together the various elements of force and action into one constant and harmonious result. Whatever seeming disorders may occur in the working of these elements, they so neutralize one another in time and locality as to maintain unimpaired that equilibrium which on a small scale, is often vainly sought for by human labor and ingenuity.

We must remark, however, that there is still a good deal of uncertainty as to the eastward current in the Straits of Gibraltar. What the deviations are from its average velocity, and how produced, are points not yet ascertained. Nor have we any certain proof as to a point more disputed; namely, whether there be not an under-current, carrying outwards an equivalent to the volume brought in from the ocean. Two or three ambiguous stories of sunken ships, transported westwards, have been accepted as partial proof of this; but stronger presumptions have been drawn from the necessity of such *outgoing* equivalent to the surface current setting in—from our knowledge of counter-currents of similar kind in other oceans and seas—and from the fact observed of the increasing specific gravity of the waters of the Mediterranean within the Straits as their depth augments. These conjectures, however, admit of being converted into certainty; and doubtless will be so, with the augmented means which every year affords for such researches.

The common belief that the Mediterranean is a tideless sea is not strictly true. It is too vast a basin not to feel in itself, independently of those ocean tides, which are lost indeed in the ingress of the Straits, that wonderful influence of the moon and sun, acting, by periods of endless intermission, on all the great waters of the globe. But nevertheless, the surface is not large enough, nor the egress to the Atlantic wide enough, to allow of those successive displacements and replacements of water which are essential to the complete phenomena of tides; while the winds and the fluctuations of atmospheric pressure, even more marked and frequent here than on the ocean, have far greater effect in disturbing, or annulling altogether, the slight tidal elevation actually attained. It is only under certain local conditions, like those which, in the Bay of Fundy, the British Channel, the mouth of the Ganges, etc., raise the tides to thirty or forty feet, that the waters of the Mediterranean show any distinct tidal periods. Wherever the line of coast is contracted into a strait, or approximates to the funnel form, there the tide generally becomes obvious. In the Faro of Messina it reaches from twelve to twenty inches, and occurs with some regularity. At the northern extremity of the Adriatic, at Venice and Chiozza, the rise often reaches two or three feet; greatly influenced by the winds of the gulf, but not depending on them. In the Gulf of Corinth similar but slighter effects have been observed; and again, in the narrow Strait of Negropont, the ancient Euripus, we find a very singular and perplexing alternation of currents—partly, as it appears, true lunar tides, with periodical rise of waters — partly the effect of irregular winds and of the tortuous lines of mountain coast which mark this extraordinary locality. The greatest of Greek naturalists—Aristotle—died within actual sight of these tidal phenomena; but we may very safely reject the old story that he drowned himself in the Euripus, because unable satisfactorily to explain them.

The color, luminosity, and saltness of the Mediterranean are discussed by Admiral Smyth in one of his chapters. The clear blue tint of its waters has been commemorated from early time; and, in the absence of strong tides or currents, it is

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probable that such color may be more constant in this deep inland sea than in the ocean at large. But the rule is the same here as in the open ocean — shallow water is indicated by a green tint of different degrees, profound depth by an indigo blue color. In that wonderful phenomenon of animal life—the luminousness of its waters—the Mediterranean is at least as remarkable as any other sea. Some observers have considered it to be more so; and it is doubtless possible, though unproved, that the recesses of an inland sea, with few currents, highly saline, and shown by its volcanoes to be closely contiguous to sources of subterranean heat, may favor the generation of these singular forms of animal life, which perplex the imagination equally by their profuse abundance and their exquisite minuteness.

Regarding the saltness of this sea our information is somewhat ambiguous. The most exact notices appear to be those of Borillon la Grange, which give the average proportion of saline matter as fully four per cent, or about one twelfth more than that of the ocean. But this may vary in different parts of the Mediterranean; and a further and more curious question relates to the proportion at different depths. In the case of a profound basin, with a narrow egress, continually receiving saline matters both from the ocean and land, and losing none by evaporation—the presumption occurs that the water may become more saline and denser in the greater depths, and may even in places deposit beds of salt at the bottom of the sea. No such deposits have been found in sounding; but the observations of Wollaston upon specimens of water obtained from different depths, show a specific gravity greatly augmented at the deeper levels; instanced especially in one case, where water from a depth of 670 fathoms, about fifty miles within the Straits, was found to contain four times the usual quantity of salt; and to have a specific gravity equivalent to this large excess. This is so singular a result as to have created doubt respecting its accuracy. Dr. Wollaston's inference from it, that there must be a dense lower current running out of the Mediterranean, and carrying into the Atlantic the surplus salt of this inland sea, can hardly be maintained in face of the fact already mentioned, of a bar traversing the Straits, with a maximum depth at this place of 150 fathoms. No stream of denser water, coming from greater depths, could rise upwards, so as to surmount this impediment. The question altogether must be left to future and more multiplied observations.

The physical history of the Mediterranean can not be complete without some notice of the winds, which move this great mass of inland waters. We do not find here, nor could we expect their existence, the constant or strictly periodical atmospheric currents, which sweep over the wider oceans of the globe. In a land-locked basin, thus irregular in outline, studded with mountain-isles, and girt round in great part by mountain chains, local causes modify or predominate over those general conditions to which the atmosphere is subjected by the rotation of the earth, and its annual revolution round the sun. To other influences on the winds of this sea, must be added that of the vast African desert, stretching for 2000 miles in a direction parallel to its southern shore, and in parts touching upon it—an enormous waste of bare sand or rock, vehemently reflecting the rays of a southern sun, and acting as a furnace on the atmosphere above it. In effect of these and other circumstances, the winds of the Mediterranean, though to a certain extent regular and periodical, yet abound in local characters and local names; and we might readily enumerate more than a dozen, pertaining to different coasts or gulfs—as the *Birazones* of the S.E. coast of Spain; the *Vent de Bize*, or *Mistral* of the southern French coast; the *Raffiche* of Corsica, and other mountainous islands; the *Gregale* of Sardinia and Malta; the *Siffanto* and *Bora* of the Adriatic; the *Tramontana* generally over the Levant; and the *Levanters* and *Sirocco* of the whole Mediterranean. Of these several winds, the *Sirocco*, or south-easterly wind, is by far the most remarkable; not merely from its frequency and wide prevalence, but yet more from its physical properties, and peculiar effects on the animal frame. These effects, mainly manifested on the nervous and muscular power, are now become too familiar to the traveler to need being dwelt upon in detail. Every one who has felt this wind as it occurs at Malta or Palermo, will well remember that prostration both of body and mind, which is its instant and continued effect—an effect certainly not owing to the temperature

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alone, since winds of greater heat may blow from other quarters without producing the like results. Various circumstances make it probable that atmospheric electricity is concerned in these phenomena; but we need minute and prolonged observations, like those of Peltier and Quetelet, to satisfy the demand for facts, before this or any other hypothesis can stand good. Such research might be readily carried on at Malta; and with collateral observations as to the proportion of Ozone, and other properties of this strange and malignant wind, the local relation of which to the African and Arabian deserts, and to the *Samiel wind* of Egypt, will at once occur in any speculation as to its causes.

The frequent suddenness and violence of Mediterranean storms are well known to those who have been voyagers in the Gulf of Lyons and the Archipelago. But we must add a few words also as to the calms of this deep sea—the *bonaccia* of the Italian mariner—those times when its waters sleep under the sun for days together, as if they had never been ruffled by wind or storm. The voyager in the Mediterranean in older times loitered long and wearily under these calms. The traveler of our own days presses forwards despite them, by aid of a new and constant motive power, created by and subjucted to human skill. Yet even he may well long for breezes to stir the still surface, and give life and motion to the stagnant air. The *κυμάτων ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα* portrays, in language almost peculiar to the great poet who uses it, that happier aspect of seas which gladdens with movement the eye of the sailor — such as Claude so often and so fondly conveys to his canvas, with accompaniments which the Mediterranean shores alone can furnish to the painter.

That strange and still only partially explained phenomenon of the Water-Spout is a very frequent occurrence in the Mediterranean. While all human things have changed over and over again within its circuit, these wonders of nature, even such as seem most eccentric and anomalous, remain what they ever were. The descriptions of Lucretius and Pliny picture the "*demissa columna de cœlo*" (the *πρηστὴρ* of the Greeks) as exactly as the poet or naturalist of our own day would describe it. Were it not foreign to our subject, we could willingly pause here to invite attention to the general theory of these circular or vorticose movements, as they occur in so many phenomena of the natural world—from the slender spiral of sand, which on a dusty day whirls rapidly before us on the road, to the vast moving columns of the African desert — the water-spout which sucks up the sea into the vacuum within its whirl—and the Cyclone, or circular hurricane, which sweeps over the ocean, a calm girt round by a whirlwind. Even earthquakes, in some of their phenomena of propagation and vibration, come under the same analogy—strange though it may seem that the solid crust of the globe should in any way be submitted to that law of interference of waves of horizontal vibration, which produce a rotatory movement in the case of the circular polarization of light. Imagination, pressing yet beyond, and resting especially on the composite nature of the motion in all these cases, might extend the relation even to the great movements of the solar system; or still more remotely in space to the spiral forms of nebulæ which Lord Rosse's telescope has disclosed to us. But putting aside these more speculative analogies, we have sufficient reason to associate together, under some cause or principle of motion not yet wholly understood, the simpler terrestrial phenomena to which we have just alluded; and many others which come, though less explicitly, under the same law of action. And this is one of the many physical questions still open to research, and admitting both observation and experiment in aid of the solution, which it is sure in the end to obtain.

We have lingered so long on the physical history of the Mediterranean, that little room is left us for comment on that other part of its history, of which men and nations form the subject and the interest; a subject indeed so vast, and an interest so various, that it would be futile to attempt more than a mere outline of what can only be compassed in a complete work. But this topic is closely blended with, and illustrated by, the physical history of this sea; and much may be gained to the clearness and concentration of human history, in its most important epochs, by grouping its events in their relations to these remarkable shores. In each successive age, from the earliest date and record to which we can reach, the

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Mediterranean has been the region upon or around which races and nations have struggled for possession and power. Egypt stands first in the long series of sovereignties which border upon it — reaching remotely into the depths of time in its pictured, written, and monumental history; yet owing its very existence, as well as its wealth and power, to the great River, which seeks the sea through this wonderful valley. The Assyrian, Babylonian, and Persian Empires, though less closely contiguous to the Mediterranean in the center of their power, yet are deeply concerned in the successive events of war and conquest of which its eastern shores were anciently the scene. The history of the Jewish nation closely connected with that of the Empires just named, yet having a special and miraculous individuality of its own, belongs by close proximity to this sea; with which it is associated not only by the record of events, but also by those many sublime passages of sacred poetry, of which the "wonders of the deep" are the worthy and magnificent theme. Still more closely appertaining to the Mediterranean is that strange and anomalous commonwealth of the Phœnician Cities; anticipating in some unexplained way the progress of later times, and carrying its commerce and settlements to the extremities of the then known world. The people and commonwealths of Greece next come into the picture—a wonderful race, deriving some parts of their primitive culture from Egypt and Phœnicia; but so enlarging and refining these elements, as to have bequeathed an immortal legacy of art, poetry, and philosophy to every succeeding age. The Mediterranean, girding round and intersecting every part of their territory, is the constant scene of Grecian history and poetry. No one familiar with Herodotus and Thucydides can forget how large a portion of their narrative is attached to the coasts of this sea; which attest to this day, in their several localities, every most striking incident recorded by these great historians. Marathon, Salamis, Thermopylæ, Sphacteria, Syracuse, all afford present and living pictures of the site of events thus consecrated to our memory. Within the same remarkable epoch is comprised that signal event of the Macedonian conquests, begun on the shores of the Mediterranean, carried by an impetuous march of victory to those of the Indian Ocean, and long surviving the great warrior who achieved them.

The earlier portion of history belongs chiefly to the eastern end of the Mediterranean and its subordinate seas. Descending with the course of time, and shifting the scene westwards, we find the Republics of Rome and Carthage struggling long and fiercely for supremacy on its shores; and in their earlier wars, by a series of naval conflicts unparalleled in maritime history. Despite the genius of one great Carthaginian chief, Rome triumphed in the end through the vigor of her civil institutions and consummate military system; and triumphed not over Carthage alone, but eventually over every other Mediterranean power. No fact in all history approaches in wonder to this great miracle of the Roman Empire—the progress from an obscure town on the Tiber to the complete supremacy of the ancient world. During two or three centuries of this empire, even amidst internal revolutions and disorders, there was no part of the vast circuit of the Mediterranean which did not own the Roman sway. And yet later, when the nominal seat of government was translated to the Bosphorus, and hordes of barbarians—Goths, Huns, and Vandals—pressed upon the empire on every frontier of this wide circumference, the Mediterranean and its rich coast still formed the center and object of these great movements of races; and so continued during the dark and gloomy centuries which separate the ancient from the modern world.

The great event of these intermediate ages was undoubtedly the vast and sudden growth of the Arabian power. This extraordinary empire, the joint creation of the Koran and sword, though not limited to the shores of the Mediterranean, yet brought into permanent subjection its whole southern coast from Egypt to Morocco, and for some centuries the largest and richest part of Spain; carrying terror meanwhile to all other coasts of this sea, and once to the very gates of Rome itself. The decay of the Eastern Caliphate was hastened by the ruder invasion of the Turkish tribes, who adopting the religion, succeeded to the conquests and power, of the Arabian races. The Mediterranean, in its coasts and islands, was still the chief scene of this struggle of races and religions; lasting even beyond the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks, and in-

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cluding the history of those romantic expeditions, which, under the name of Crusades, brought successive armies of warriors and zealots from the west of Europe to the deliverance of the Holy Land. During the 175 years which elapsed between the first preaching of Peter the Hermit and the fatal crusade of St. Louis, the Mediterranean furnished the road to these fierce and fitful conflicts, which the unchristian passions and mutual jealousies of the Crusaders rendered so utterly unavailing in their issue. A striking episode in this portion of history is that furnished by the Norman race; winning for itself sovereignties in this southern sea by the same impetuous valor which signalized their enterprises in Northern Europe. Though any active struggle against Islamism has ceased during the last three or four centuries, yet the Mediterranean, in its whole extent from the Straits of Gibraltar to the foot of the Caucasus chain, still forms a line of partition between Christian nations and those of the Mohammedan faith; and the outrages of Barbary corsairs and pirates were continued even to the close of the great continental war. We ourselves have seen, in its very center, and when the naval power of England was supreme on these waters, the spectacle of an Algerine squadron hovering round Sardinia, capturing coasting vessels and Greek merchant ships; and making descents on the coast, to plunder villages and carry off peasants as captives. Even yet later the Isles of the Archipelago have been the resort of less disciplined but fiercer pirates, the wild off-cast of those adjacent countries which are still only half submitted to the Turkish yoke. These things no longer exist, and can never recur; but it is disgraceful to European civilization that they should have endured so long.

We have no space left us to extend or fill up with details the summary just given of the political history of the Mediterranean; but this enlargement may safely be left to the memory of our readers—as well of those who have studied the history of the world under the light of a large philosophy, as of others who have followed it through the various localities forming the scene of its events, and often giving motive and direction to their course. We feel assured that, by recommending the whole subject of the Mediterranean to closer and more especial attention; and by seeking to associate together its physical and political history for the purposes of mutual illustration, we are contributing to forward the scheme of some future work, which may more largely embrace the topics we have been but barely able to indicate. The interest of Admiral Smyth's volume can not be lessened by such undertaking. It will remain—especially if receiving, in some future edition, the supplementary knowledge since gained—the most valuable record we possess of the hydrography of the Mediterranean; and will furnish various important materials to the more complete and classical work we are solicitous to suggest.

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HANDEL'S STATUE.—The Germans are determined to do some thing in honor of their illustrious countrymen, Handel, however difficult they may find it to get up a general interest in the subject. But, like most other attempts on their part, this last scheme was likely to fall to the ground, till they secured the coöperation of the English. It is intended now to raise a magnificent statue to the great composer, in his native town—Halle, in Saxony; a statue, in design and execution, that shall be in some small degree worthy the original it is destined to represent. The design for the monument, with which Heidel, the Berlin sculptor, has been charged, is already modeled. Handel is represented with a conductor's *baton* in his right hand, and leaning upon the score of the "Messiah," which lies open on a desk, ornamented and carved in the style of the eighteenth century. The critics speak highly of M. Heidel's work, as expressing faithfully Handel's physical lineaments, mental loftiness, and marked character.

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From the British Quarterly.

# TRAVELS AND DISCOVERIES IN NORTH AND CENTRAL AFRICA.*

In May, 1851, Dr. Barth set out on his journey southwards to Adamáwa, where he hoped to trace the eastern branch of the Niger, and proceeded along a dreary country, where the foot-prints of the giraffe were first visible, and wild hogs abounded. Farther on, corn-fields, cotton-fields, and, in one instance, a dyeing place, gave proof of a certain degree of industry in the villages, which now became numerous. In passing through the border country of the Marghi, a Pagan tribe, our traveler was struck with the beauty and symmetry of their forms and features, which in many instances had nothing of the negro type. They seemed a pleasant, good-natured race; and Dr. Barth remarks how sad it is "to see the national well-being and humble happiness of these Pagan communities trodden down so mercilessly by their Mohammedan neighbors." Passing the village of Psge, he obtained the first view of Mount Mendefi, "which, since it was seen by Major Denham, on his adventurous expedition against some of the Felláta settlements, has become so celebrated in Europe, giving rise to all sorts of conjectures and theories." From a close examination he, however, concludes that it is not the center of a considerable mountain mass, but "a detached cone, starting up from a level plain," and probably of volcanic origin, which seems to be indicated by the double horn on its summit.

After ten days' journey, the border of Adamáwa—"the country after which I had been panting so long"—was reached, and the travelers took up their abode in Múbi, the first village. The governor himself here accommodated Dr. Barth with a courtyard, and a very spacious and cool hut, for which he was presented with ten sheets of paper—a gift so munificent to one who, albeit claiming to be a learned man, "had never before seen so much writing material together," that his delight was unbounded. On their again setting out, the news of "a marvelous novelty" stirred up the whole village, and young and old, male and female, crowded round; "but," says the Doctor, very naïvely, "the wonder was not myself, but the camel." Many had never seen one, for it was fifteen years since the last had passed along this road. So the young girls, playful and graceful as antelopes, joined in a chorus of admiration at the huge creature, and singing and bounding along, accompanied the travelers across the fertile plain for nearly two miles. The people in these parts are remarkably courteous; indeed, their complimentary salutations exceed in number and range those of the choicest *Academy of Compliments* ever put forth for the benefit of the youth of the seventeenth century, ambitious to form their manners on the model of Versailles. "Are you well?" "Have you slept?" are followed by polite inquiries after the lady of the house, the children, "the lads," and "the slaves;" the horse and the cattle are next duly noticed; "the children of your subjects," too, together with the very superfluous question, as we should think, of "How is your grandfather?" Ground-nuts form here a very large proportion of the food of the people, just to the same extent as potatoes do in Europe; but corn is also grown, and the fields were beautifully adorned by the butter tree, which is greatly valued by the natives. Every where the people were busy in the fields, and altogether the country — inclosed by several beautifully-shaped mountain ranges, and the grass adorned with flowers, chiefly a kind of violet-colored lily—presented a most delightful sight. Soon after, a wild and hilly district was entered, and then they arrived at the village of Saráuri, where the exceeding neatness of the clay huts, and the ingenious though rude attempts at ornamentation, "bore testimony to a greatly-developed sense of domestic comfort." The vegetation here was very rich, and the country

* Continued from page 110 of our January Number.

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along which they traveled the next day was open and pleasant. Forest and cultivated ground next succeeded, and then corn-fields, where the corn stood already five feet high, and indications of watercourses and tracks of the hippopotamus showed they were approaching "the great artery of the country."

The immediate neighborhood of the water was indicated by numbers of high ant-hills, ranged in almost parallel lines, and in the distance was Mount Alantíka, "a large but insulated mountain mass rising abruptly on the east side, and forming a mere gradual slope towards the west, while it exhibited a rather smooth and broad top, which certainly must be spacious, as it contains the estates of seven independent Pagan chiefs." Dr. Barth estimates its height at between 7000 and 8000 feet. But the chief attraction was the river Be-nuwé, which, owing to a fortunate misunderstanding among his guides, he came upon "just at that most interesting locality, the Tépe, (the junction,) where the mightier river is joined by the rapid Fáro."

"As I looked from the bank over the scene before me, I was quite enchanted, although the whole country bore the character of a desolate wilderness; but there could scarcely be any great traces of human industry near the river, as, during its floods, it inundates the whole country on both sides. The principal river—the Be-nuwé—flowed here from east to west, in a broad and majestic course, through an entirely open country, from which only here and there detached mountains started forth. The banks on our side rose to twenty feet, and in some places to thirty feet; while just opposite to my station, behind a pointed headland of sand, the Fáro rushed forth, appearing from this point not much inferior to the principal river, and coming in a fine sweep from the south-east, where it disappeared in the plain, but was traced by me in thought upwards to the steep eastern foot of the Alantika. The river below the junction—keeping the direction of the principal branch, but making a slight bend to the north—ran along the northern foot of Mount Bágelé, and was there lost to the eye, but followed in thought through the mountainous region of the Bachama and Zina to Namárruwa, and thence along the industrious country of Koróref a, till it joined the great western river, the Kwára, or Niger, and, conjointly with it, ran towards the great ocean. . . . I had now with my own eyes clearly established the direction and nature of this mighty river, and to an unprejudiced mind there could no longer be any doubt that this river joins the majestic watercourse explored by Messrs. Allen, Laird, and Oldfield. Hence I cherish the well-founded conviction that, along this natural high-road, European influence and commerce will penetrate into the very heart of the continent, and abolish slavery—or rather those infamous slave-hunts and religious wars spreading devastation and desolation around. . . . The river, where we crossed it, was, at the very least, eight hundred yards broad, and in its channel generally eleven feet deep, and was liable to rise, under *ordinary* circumstances, at least thirty, or even at times fifty feet higher. . . . It was a quarter before one o'clock when we left the beach, in order to cross the second river, the Fáro, which is stated to come from mount Lábul, about seven days' march to the south. It was at present about six hundred yards broad, but generally not exceeding two feet in depth; its current, however, is extremely violent. We next entered upon low meadow land, overgrown with tall reed-grass, which a month later is entirely inundated to such a depth that only the crowns of the tallest trees are seen rising above the water, of which they bore unmistakable traces, the highest line thus marked being about fifty feet above the present level of the river. . . . My companions from Adamáwa were almost unanimous in representing the waters as preserving their highest level for forty days, which, according to their accounts, would extend from about the 20th of August till the end of September. This statement of mine, made not from my own experience, but from the information of the natives, has been but slightly modified by the experience of those eminent men sent out by Her Majesty's Government in the Pleiad. That the fall of the river at this point of the junction begins at the very end of September, has been exactly confirmed by these gentlemen."

On leaving the river, the way led "through a fine park-like plain, dotted with a few mimosas of middling size, and clear of underwood;" and as they journeyed onwards, beautiful views of cultivated scenery, enlivened by numerous herds of cattle, and a close succession of villages and rich corn-fields, met their eyes. They now approached Mount Bágele, where, from their steep fastnesses, the independent tribes had hitherto been able to keep at bay the Mohammedan power, and even to levy "black mail" by descending and seizing their cattle. It is with regret we read in the appended note, that these hardy mountaineers have no longer an independent standing, for in 1853, Mohammed Lowel, the Governor of Adamáwa, after a siege of two months, conquered and reduced them to slavery.

At length, still passing through a beautiful country, and villages with crowds of wondering natives, whose admiration of

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the camels almost amounted to worship, Dr. Barth reached the capital of Adamáwa, Yóla, "a large open place, consisting, with a few exceptions, of conical huts, surrounded by spacious court-yards, and even by corn-fields, the houses of the Governor and those of his brothers being alone built of clay." The inhabitants here gave the travelers a hearty welcome, crowding round to shake hands with the white man; but Mohammed Lowel, the Governor, notwithstanding a most courteous epistle from the Sheik O'mar, introduced Dr. Barth as a learned Christian whom the love of "wonders" had led to that wonderful territory, was as inaccessible and punctilious as any sixth-rate German potentate, positively refusing to allow him to proceed. It appeared, however, that "the Bórnu diplomatists were quite capable of a little double-dealing," and, with the Sheik's letter, had sent others, laying claim to a portion of contested territory, that never-failing bone of contention. After many conferences, conducted with an Oriental mixture of courtesy and duplicity, although, perhaps, with rather less delay than the poor sick traveler might have encountered from officials nearer home, he received an order to leave the town instantly. Mortified at this unexpected failure of his project of journeying farther south, and weak from fever, the poor traveler, who was lifted on his horse, departed; "but though I fainted twice, I soon regained some strength, a slight breeze having arisen, which greatly mitigated the burning heat."

Yóla, which formed the southernmost point of Dr. Barth's journey, is quite a new town, with little trade or manufacture; but slavery exists here and in the surrounding country on an immense scale. There are many owners of more than a thousand slaves! for the tribute received yearly by the Governor is paid in horses, cattle, and slaves: and of the latter the number is said to be five thousand.

On his return, the exceeding beauty of the scenery again struck him, and the comfortable dwellings of the Pagan tribes, the Marghi. Some of their customs are curious — as their ordeal on the holy granite rock of Kóbshi.

"When two are litigating about a matter, each of them takes a cock, which he thinks best for fighting, and they go together to Kóbshi. Having arrived at the holy rock, they set their birds fighting, and he whose cock prevails in the combat, is also the winner in the point of litigation. But more than that, the master of the defeated cock is punished by the divinity, whose anger he has thus provoked; and on returning to the village he finds his hut in flames."

The worship of this tribe is performed in "holy groves," and like many others, they venerate their ancestors. Many customs of great antiquity subsist among these tribes of Berber origin. Thus the Kanúri, even in the present day, call people generally, but especially their kings, after the name of their mother; and although they are now Mohammedans, the custom still continues. The ancient form of election of their king among the Bórnu people seems to lead us back to ancient Egypt. On the death of the monarch, three of the most distinguished men of the country were appointed to choose a successor from among the deceased king's sons.

"The choice being made, the three electors proceeded to the apartment of the sovereign elect, and conducted him in silence to the gloomy place in which the corpse of his deceased father was deposited, for until this whole ceremony was gone through, the deceased could not be interred. There over the corpse of his deceased father, the new-elected king seems to have entered into some sort of agreement, sanctioned by oath, binding himself to respect the ancient institutions, and employ himself for the glory of his country. . . . . A similar custom prevails at the present day in the province of Múniyó. Every new-elected Múniyóma still at the present day is in duty bound to remain for seven days in a cave, hollowed out by nature or by the hand of man, in the rock behind the place of sepulcher of the former Múniyóma, in the ancient town Gámmasak, although it is quite deserted, and does not contain a living soul."

On his return to Kúkawa, the disappointed traveler was rather flattered by his complimentary reception, three horsemen being sent out to meet him, and with all honor conducted him to his house. His friend, the Vizier, too, received him "in the presence of all the people," and kindly condoling with him on his illness, entered into a long conversation "on the form of the earth, and the whole system of the world." Truly a most enlightened personage was this Vizier, Háj Beshir.

The rainy season having now set in, Dr. Barth continued for some time at Kúkawa,

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and then made an excursion to Kánem, keeping along the shores of the Lake Tsád. Here he found cotton-fields; cotton, and a little wheat, together with fish from the lake, and the fruit of the "dúm palm," being the sole produce. Of fish there are several palatable species, among them one resembling the mullet, eighteen or twenty inches long; the electric fish is also found here. While on the shores of the lake, he "had the good fortune to enjoy one of the most interesting sights which these regions can possibly afford—a whole herd of elephants, arranged in regular array, like an army of rational beings, slowly proceeding to the water." They were ninety-six in number; the huge males marched first, the young ones followed at a little distance, and in a third line were the females, the whole being brought up by five males of immense size. These turned to notice the travelers, and threw dust into the air, as though in defiance, but not being disturbed, they passed quietly on. Dr. Barth's next zoölogical experience was not of so pleasing a character: this was a huge snake, hanging in a threatening attitude from the branches of a tree. It was shot, and on being measured, its length was found to be 18 feet 7 inches, and its diameter 5 inches; it was beautifully variegated. Two natives cut it open, and took out the fat, which they said was excellent. At length they reached the encampment of the Welád Slimán, a wild horde, who welcomed them, "starting up from the thicket on our right and left, firing their muskets, and saluting us with their usual war-cry: 'Yá riyáb, yá riyáb!'" Farther on, the whole cavalry of the Welád Slimán appeared drawn up in a line, in their best attire, together with their chiefs; and riding straight up to them, and saluting them with their pistols in true Eastern style, Dr. Barth and Mr. Overweg were conducted with all honor to the encampment of these Arab robbers.

A brave, fierce tribe are the Welád Slimán; originally driven from the Syrtis they have at length established themselves on this border region of Negroland. While with them, Dr. Barth and his companion had ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with the various vicissitudes of their predatory life. On the first night, a violent screaming from the women's tents startled the weary travelers, and it was found that another robber-tribe had made an attack upon the camels, killed a horseman, and carried away a part of the herd. "To the saddle!" was now the cry; the robbers were pursued, and the camels retaken; but the wail of women over the slain man rung mournfully through the night, "and brought before our minds the fate that might soon befall us." A day or two passed, and then there was fresh cause of alarm. The handsomest of the female slaves, intended for the learned Vizier's "ethnological museum," had escaped. Far and wide was search made for her; but at length her necklace, clothes, and a few remaining bones, proved that the poor creature had fallen a prey to wild beasts. Then discord broke among the leaders; and many of the tribe left for Kúkawa, impatient of the control of their young chief; and soon after, a Zebu chieftain arrived on a visit, and with great nonchalance, called upon Dr. Barth, requesting to be accommodated with some poison. This, of course, was refused; and happily the exhibition of the watch, and the performance of the musical-box, conciliated the huge savage, and he departed in great wonder. Then the young Sheik begged to be introduced to this mysterious box; but ere he was gratified, tidings of the approach of foemen arrived, and again "To the saddle!" was the cry. Onward they now hurried through a well-watered country; and they stopped at a village where the people kindly received the travelers, inquiring about England, and whether they were friendly towards them. Indeed, the intelligence of these native tribes contrasted strongly with that of the Welád Slimán. Their course still lay through cultivated districts, date-trees, cotton-fields, and corn-fields; and here a party of "the covetous Arab freebooters" began to exercise their predatory habits on the small flocks of sheep in the neighboring valley. They were, however, repulsed by the natives, and their booty was but small; while, as a just retaliation, another plundering horde attacked them, and compelled them to leave the whole spoil, and flee for their lives. Finding at length that this chief would be unable to conduct the travelers as far as he had promised, and a caravan being formed to go to Kúkawa, Dr. Barth and Mr. Overweg determined to return with it, regretting to leave the eastern shore of the Lake Tsád unexplored, but quite satisfied



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to part company with these "children of the desert."

Anxious to become acquainted with every phase of life in these regions, as well as to visit every locality, Dr. Barth next set out with the Sheik and his Vizier and an imposing army, on an expedition against Mándará. This was the ostensible object, but the real intention was to fall upon the unprotected villages in the way, plunder and burn them, and seize the inhabitants for slaves—this being the most orthodox plan of filling the Sheik's exchequer, it, and the slave-rooms of the great men, being at that time remarkably empty. The army, consisting on the whole of nearly 20,000 men, made an imposing appearance at some distance; the heavy cavalry, clad in thick wadded clothing, others in coats of mail, with their tin helmets glittering in the sun, and mounted on large heavy chargers. Then the light Sháwa horsemen, clad only in a loose shirt, and mounted on mean-looking horses; the slaves decked out in red bernouses, or silks of various colors; next, the Kánombú spearmen, with their large wooden shields, their aprons, and their strange head-dresses; while the train of camels and pack-oxen closed the long array, "pressing onwards to the unknown regions towards the south-east."

It is melancholy to trace the progress of this devastating horde of plunderers; marching through luxuriant corn-fields, cutting down what they chose, and trampling the remainder; lopping off the branches of the finest trees for tent fences; and pursuing and killing every native man they could find. Dr. Barth feelingly expresses his disgust in joining in this expedition; but he justly remarks, that by this means only could he ascertain whether the reports of the cruelties in these slave-hunts were true or exaggerated, and also whether the unfortunate tribes were really the savages they have been represented. On both these questions his testimony is ample, and most conclusive. So far from being savages, the villages of these unfortunate tribes bore witness to a considerable degree of civilization. The huts were neatly constructed of clay, with thatched roofs of various forms, probably indicating varieties of rank; each was neatly inclosed by a clay wall, and each had its thatched granary, its cooking-place, and its water-jars. Beautiful trees overshadowed most of these villages, and corn and cotton-fields — in one instance, tobacco — and flocks of sheep, and goats, and herds of cattle bore witness to the peaceful industry of the people. Another mark of civilization, "which might have shamed the proud Mohammedan inhabitants of these countries," was the careful preservation of their dead in regular sepulchers, covered in with large, well-rounded vaults, the tops of which were adorned with a couple of beams cross-laid, or by an earthen urn." The meaning of the cross-beams Dr. Barth can not conjecture, but he considers that the urn probably contained the head. Indeed he remarks: "We had not the least idea how fertile a country it was, and how far remote the inhabitants were from the state of barbarism which had been imputed to them."

The brutality of the slave-hunts our author fully proves to have been not in the least exaggerated. The usual plan is for large numbers, fully armed, to attack a village, set it on fire, and then seize the flying women and children, and cut down the men who resist, or whom are overtaken in their flight. On one occasion, Dr. Barth passsed a burning village, which only a few moments before had been the abode of comfort and happiness; and at Kákalá, one of the most considerable villages in the Músgu country—

"In the course of the evening, after some skirmishing, in which three Bórnu horsemen were killed, a great many more slaves were brought in; altogether they were said to have taken a thousand, but there were certainly not less than five hundred. To our utmost horror, not less than one hundred and seventy full-grown men were mercilessly slaughtered in cold blood! the greater part of them being allowed to bleed to death, a leg having been severed from the body. Most of them were tall men, with not very pleasing features. Their foreheads, instead of shelving backward, were generally very high, and the line of the face straight."

Altogether, the result of this expedition with so large an army, and the destruction of so many villages, was miserably inadequate. Ten thousand head of cattle, and about three thousand slaves, the greater half of these being women so decrepit that they could scarcely walk, and infants, and children under eight years old. The number of full-grown males scarcely exceeded three hundred, while of wretched old women, so feeble as scarcely

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to be able to walk, there were such numbers that the Vizier, of his own share, gave back two hundred, aware that they could not sustain the fatigues of the march. In their conversations upon the slave-trade, Dr. Barth repeatedly pointed out these facts, and urged the unremunerative character of the traffic; but the Vizier, although intelligent and, on the whole, kind-hearted, could only reply, that it furnished them with the means of buying muskets. It was in vain that the great capabilities of Bórnu for legitimate commerce were urged—that there were numerous native productions which might be far more advantageously exchanged. Haj Beshir's want of energy made him unwilling to undertake any new measure, although he declared "in the most distinct manner, that if the British Government were able to furnish them with a thousand muskets and four cannons, they would be willing to subscribe any obligatory article for abolishing the slave-trade in their country—of course, not including all at once domestic slavery, for such a measure would hardly be feasible in a country where all the relations of domestic life are based upon this system." It is, however, by encouraging and protecting the Pagan tribes, so superior in industrious habits to the descendants of the Arabs—so commercial, too, that we may chiefly hope to advance civilization into the very heart of Africa. And is not the time at hand?—the time when the immense field, which is open in these regions to human industry and activity, will be turned to account? "This period must come," says Dr. Barth, "and I am persuaded that in less than fifty years European boats will keep up a regular annual intercourse between the great basin of the Tsád and the Bay of Biafra." Indeed,

"An almost uninterrupted communication has been opened by nature herself; for, from the mouth of the Kwára to the confluence of the river Be-nuwé with the mayo-Kebbi, there is a natural passage, navigable without further obstruction for boats of about four feet in depth; and the mayo-Kebbi itself, in its present shallow state, seems to be navigable for canoes, or flat-bottomed boats, like those of the natives, which I have no doubt may, during the highest state of the inundation, go as far as Dáwa, in the Túburi country, where Dr. Vogel was struck with a large sheet of water, which is in reality nothing but a widening of the upper part of the mayo-Kebbi. It is very probable that from this place there may be some other shallow water-course proceeding to join the large ngaljam of Démmo, so that there would exist a real bifurcation between the basin of the Niger and that of the Tsád. But even if this should not be the case, the breadth of the water-parting between these two basins can not exceed twenty miles, consisting of an entirely level flat, and probably of alluvial soil; while the granitic region attached to that isolated rocky mountain, which I have mentioned above, may most probably be turned without difficulty. The level of the Tsád, and that of the river Be-nuwé, near Géwe, where it is joined by the mayo-Kebbi, seem to be almost identical; at least, according to all appearance, the Be-nuwé at the place mentioned is not more than 850 or 900 miles above the level of the sea. All this bounty of nature will, I trust, one day be turned to account, though many changes must take place before a regular and peaceful intercourse can be established."

On their return from this expedition, a rather more easterly course was taken, approaching closer to the river Logón. Only a short tract of clear forest separated the cultivated grounds of Démmo from another village, where, beside negro corn, tobacco and cotton were found. The former is extensively cultivated, as both the men and the women are passionately fond of smoking. The country was still extremely fertile and beautiful; it was also well watered. Again Dr. Barth, in course of conversation with the Vizier, urged the wiser policy of allowing the natives to cultivate their land peacefully, only imposing a considerable tribute upon them. But on this occasion the true answer was at length given—the answer of the ferocious Mohammedan, who never forgets that the sword was the grand agent of the founder of Islám. It was only by violent means, he said, that these pagans could be crushed, who cherished freedom and independence above every thing; and *that* was the reason he burnt their granaries—that he might subdue them by famine; adding his regret that their abundant supply of fish unfortunately prevented his pious intention. Thus is the religion of the Prophet, the same implacable, exterminating thing on the shores of the Be-nuwé as it is upon the banks of the Nile and the Ganges.

Taking only a short rest on his return, Dr. Barth next set out on a journey to the westward, to Bagírmi. This journey seems to have been undertaken with less caution than usual, and we are scarcely surprised at the vexations and dangers that attended it. On this occasion, in-

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stead of making an imposing appearance, Dr. Barth set out with only a horse and camel, and attended but by two young lads, while he was unable to obtain any reliable information as to whether his visit would be favorably received. The road he now traveled was less fertile, the inhabitants of the villages appeared less industrious, and several towns he passed were in decay. Karnak Logón, the capital of the province of Logón, he found to be a tolerably large place, and the palace of the Sultan a rather superior building, though of clay. Here he had an interview with the Sultan, who graciously accepted his present of Turkish trowsers and some articles of hardware, expressing, however, the greatest delight at some large darning-needles, "for he had never seen their like;" so he admiringly counted them one by one, and assigned them to their respective owners in the harém.

In return for this splendid present, Dr. Barth assured the Sultan that the only favor he requested was permission to navigate the river. This was most graciously conceded; and the same afternoon our traveller commenced his survey:

"Delighted with the view which the scenery of the river exhibited, we reached the most eastern gate on the south side of the town, when suddenly an old man, with an imperious air, forbade me to survey the river, and ordered me to retrace my steps directly. I was rather startled and confounded, as, having the permission of the Sultan, I could not imagine who, besides himself, had such authority in the place, and could forbid me to do what he had allowed me. But my companion informed me that he was the king of the waters, the 'maráleghá,' and that he had full authority over the river. I had heard and read a great deal about the authority of the king of the waters, the 'serkí-n-rúwa,' in the countries of the Niger; but I was not aware that a similar custom prevailed here. Confused, and rather ashamed, I reëntered the town through the next gate. . . . . The first thing I did on my return was to expostulate with the Keghámma, on the authority exercised by his colleague, the king of the waters; and he promised me that the next day I should visit the river, and even navigate it without the least hindrance. However, there was so much talk in the town about my surveying the stream, that I was obliged, in the course of the afternoon, to pay the Vizier another visit. He was very anxious to know whether, if once embarked in a boat upon the water, I might not jump out in order to search for gold; when I told him I was rather afraid of the crocodiles. This expression of my fear contributed a great deal to alleviate his suspicions, for it seemed that, until then, he had supposed Europeans to be a sort of supernatural beings, and exempt from every kind of fear."

At eight o'clock the next morning, therefore, Dr. Barth went on board his little boat, and proceeded on his expedition:

"While gliding along the eastern shore my companions called my attention to a species of very tall reed, which they call korókoró, but which is nothing else but the papyrus, which, as I have observed, grows on the shores of the Tsád. But it was highly interesting to me to hear that the natives in this country prepare a peculiar sort of cloth from it, which I think must be identical with the cloth mentioned by Arab writers, under the name of 'wórsi berdi,' being the Egyptian name for the papyrus. . . . . I was very anxious to know how the natives called this river, to which, by Major Denham, the name of Shári, or Sháry, has been given; and I was confirmed in the opinion which I had previously formed, that this river is not the Shári, but a small branch of it. . . . . However, all the names given to rivers by the various tribes of Negroland have no other signification than the general one of 'water,' or 'river.' . . . Thus the name 'Shári' also signifies nothing more than 'the river,' that is to say, the river of the Kótekó, to whose language the word belongs: and the word 'Tsáde,' or rather 'Tsádhe,' seems nothing but a different pronunciation of the same name, the original form of which is probably 'sare,' or 'sághe.'"*

Although, on this occasion, he received no interruption from "the king of the river," he found, as he approached the western shore, that nearly half the inhabitants of the town had come out "to see what the Christian was doing." So, on a crocodile raising its head, Dr. Barth fired at it, and the crowd burst into loud acclamations. But the notion that the stranger had gone thither to search for gold, was still foremost in their minds, and when soon after, tempted by the smoothness and coolness of the water, he jumped overboard, there was great shouting among them; but when, after splashing about for some time, they saw him come out empty-handed, they cried out they had been cheated, for that they were told that he certainly was searching for gold. Dr. Barth does not tell us if any

* In a preceding note, Dr. Barth informs us that the name for water in the Batta language is "be," and in kindred dialects "bí," while "nuwé" means mother. The name of that important river, the Be-nuwé, therefore signifies "mother of water."

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gold was ever found in this river; but from the unquestioning belief of the people, we should have little doubt that there had been. "This little excursion, however," says Dr. Barth, "cost me dear, for the people of Bagírmi seeing me creating such an uproar, felt inclined to suppose that if I entered their own country I might create a disturbance;" and their fears and jealousies doubtless led the way to the detentions and annoyances to which he was soon after subjected.

The river here, as we have seen, chiefly occupied Dr. Barth's attention, and he conclusively proves that it "is not the Shári, but the smaller western branch of it." The people of this province are industrious; cultivating and weaving cotton is their chief employment, while a beautiful kind of cane lattice-work, their wooden bowls, and some fine straw-work, prove their great ingenuity. They are, also, especially the women, a handsome race.

On leaving Kárnak Logón, our traveler entered regions never before trodden by European feet, and after proceeding some distance, "beheld through the branches of the trees the splendid sheet of a large river, the pellucid surface of the water undisturbed by the slightest breeze." This was the real Shári, the great river of the Kókotó, which, augmented by the smaller, but very considerable river of Logón, forms that large basin which gives to this part of Negroland its characteristic feature. On attempting to cross it, Dr. Barth was refused a passage by the ferryman, and he eventually found that his fame had preceded him; that he was said to be a most dangerous person, who might even ruin the kingdom of Bagírmi. Determined not to lose the object for which he had journeyed so far, Dr. Barth now most imprudently endeavored to cross by stealth; and this at length he effected. His movements, however, had been watched; and while resting in the cool shade, the head man of the neighboring village, with an armed escort, came up, and prohibited his further advance, allowing him, however, to return to the village. There he remained for some days, but not unnaturally, we think, an object of suspicion to the inhabitants. From thence the poor traveler was sent from one place to another, and when wearied out with delays he set off to return, he was seized and laid in irons. This insult was, however, soon removed, and at length, under the care of a kind native, he was conducted to Má-señá, the capital. Here the Governor, in the absence of the Sultan, apologized for the treatment the traveler had received, restoring all that had been taken from him, even that most coveted of possessions, his pistol. There he might have continued comfortably but for the suspicions of the people that he was a rain-maker! Indeed it was confidently reported that when the clouds appeared in the sky, he went out of his house and made them withdraw. This was a most vexatious imputation, as it greatly interfered with his meteorological observations: but the people of Má-señá seem to be far more superstitious than the inhabitants of the neighboring countries.

At last, after a stay of more than two months, Dr. Barth received intelligence that the Sultan was really at hand; and in barbaric pomp, preceded by his cavalry, and mounted on his war-horse, shaded with red and green umbrellas, fanned by ostrich plumes borne on long poles, and followed by the "war camel" bearing the kettle-drums, on which the drummer was exerting his utmost strength, the Sultan appeared, his household following, and, conspicuous in the procession, were forty-five of his female favorites, each mounted on horseback, and dressed from top to toe in black native cloth, each having a slave on either side. It is pleasant to find that after all his dangerous and trying delays, Dr. Barth's journey was not fruitless. The Sultan, after he had fully ascertained that the traveler was not likely to bewitch him, gave him a very friendly reception, and willingly promised his protection to any future traveler; he also, at Dr. Barth's request, sent him a selection of the manufactures of the country. Meanwhile letters most gratifying, both from private friends and from the Foreign Office, came to hand; and forming new plans of future journeys, and indulging in bright anticipations, our traveler on the 10th of August set out to return to Kúkawa.

But sorrow follows closely upon pleasure; on meeting his old companion, Mr. Overweg, who had been making a very interesting excursion into the south-western mountainous regions of Bórnu, Dr. Barth was surprised at his sickly look. Days, however, passed on; there were official visits to be paid, money matters to be settled, and Mr. Overweg meanwhile made a short visit to the Lake Tsád. But

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his weakness increased; still a short residence in a more healthy spot in the vicinity it was thought might restore him, While there, the poor invalid most imprudently went shooting, and unknown to his anxious friend, continued in his wet clothes all the day. The sequel need scarcely be told; violent fever, attended with delirium, came on, and then after a few hours of insensibility, he departed at dawn of day. His sorrowing and desolate companion laid him in his grave in the afternoon, beneath the shade of a spreading tree, "on the very borders of that lake by the navigation of which he made his name celebrated forever." Mr. Overweg had not completed the thirtieth year of his age.

With this sad event the third volume closes, and all interested in African discoveries will, we are sure, eagerly look forward to the two remaining volumes, which will complete the work. Dr. Barth has by some critics been complained of as a dull and heavy writer. Now we think this scarcely fair; for it should be borne in mind, that these "Travels in Central Africa" are not a mere personal narrative, but an actual report—an official report, of the countries visited for the express purpose of collecting all the authentic information respecting them which could possibly be obtained. Thus facts, whether picturesque or unpicturesque, must equally have their place; details, dry and dull, or most interesting, must alike be set down; and when we remember that the journal—independent of full appendices—stretches over very nearly *sixteen hundred* octavo pages, we may scarcely expect eloquence to illumine every line. The merit of a work like this consists in its fullness of details, not in the attractiveness of its style; and the mass of information here supplied renders it a most valuable contribution to geographical science.

Very interesting are these discoveries in Central Africa, and very interesting and suggestive are the thoughts they awake as to the future of Africa and her many tribes. Surely it was not the mere concurrence of fortuitous events that at length has flung open these long-sealed-up regions to the eyes of Europe; surely it was no blind chance that sent out two scientific travelers, both so amply qualified, almost simultaneously to explore this apocryphal land in its length and in its breadth, and to bring back the truth concerning it—pointing us to races intelligent, industrious, and ready for civilization, and to vast districts capable, under the simplest cultivation, of becoming great producing and exporting countries. Is there not a wonderful future for Africa? We have long been accustomed to believe that Central Africa was the abode of merest savages; but how different is the report which Dr. Barth and Dr. Livingstone have alike brought us! We have been told of barren, scorching sands, of inaccessible mountains of the Moon; but how different are the descriptions these travelers have given! Beautiful plains, well-wooded slopes—"park-like scenery" is the phrase used alike by the narrator of the first expedition to the mouths of the Kwára, and by Dr. Barth. Now, what phrase can be more suggestive to the English reader of a rich and lovely landscape? And then, the people have already emerged from a savage state: they build neatly, as we have seen, and even with some attempt at ornament; and they cultivate not only roots and vegetables, but various kinds of grain; indigo, too, and, in some parts, tobacco; but, almost universally, cotton.

And then, how are these rich and fertile regions traversed by noble rivers, fitted alike for agriculture and for commerce—formed as though by Nature to fulfill the double task of nourishing and increasing the crops by their fertilizing inundations, and then subsiding, to form a broad highway on which the produce may be conveyed to the ocean! We have just seen how wonderfully that portion of Central Africa visited by Dr. Barth is supplied with rivers, and lakes, and streams, so that a clear water way extends almost from Lake Tsád to the mouths of the Kwára; while Dr. Livingstone tells us that in the parts he visited "there was a grand system of rivers—a kind of basin in the center of the country, into which streams from all directions flowed"—that there was indeed "a network of rivers."

Now under any circumstances the discovery of vast regions, so favorably situated both for agriculture and commerce as these, would be an important event; but at the present time, when our chief manufacture has awakened so much anxiety—when a competent authority has declared that "it is impossible for those interested in the cotton manufacture of this country

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to contemplate with unconcern the insecurity on which their vast manufacture rests;" when it is borne in mind, too, that our cotton is the produce of slave-labor, and that another inquirer on the subject has remarked, that he "doubted if there could be found a single man north of Washington who would venture to guarantee the existence of slavery for another fifty years;" how do these considerations enhance, beyond all estimation, the importance of these discoveries? In the discussion lately held at the Society of Arts, on the question, "How can increased Supplies of Cotton be obtained?" the speakers chiefly insisted on the necessity of an *immediate* increase of the supply, and of a cheap water carriage. Now both these conditions Central Africa can fulfill. Of all species of native produce, cotton stands foremost there. In those parts of Western Africa visited by Dr. Livingstone, he remarks, "there was cotton growing all over the country," and that there he saw women with spindle and distaff in their hands, spinning cotton while going to the fields. In the districts of the Zambesi, too, cotton, although of an inferior kind, was largely grown, while the reader has seen in the preceding portion of this article how widely the cultivation of cotton extends along the wide regions visited by Dr. Barth, and must have remarked how constantly the cotton field is pointed to, as the never-failing indication of a flourishing village, throughout the whole extent of his travels. What, then, should prevent our looking to these so lately discovered countries for that supply which, in each coming year, will be so imperatively demanded, to countries where the cultivation of cotton has subsisted from time immemorial, and where nature has provided means of cheap and speedy conveyance, without the cost and delay of the construction of canals or railways? countries, too, so wide, and so vast, as to be capable of absorbing countless millions of population, and still affording space enough for the cultivation of that raw produce, which, as an able waiter in the *Examiner* has lately shown, can not be raised when the population exceeds two hundred to a square mile.

This subject, however, we feel, is by far too important to be treated thus cursorily;, still, when the singular "fitness of time" of these African discoveries is contemplated, and when we bear in mind, too, that plans were actually in progress to encourage the cultivation of cotton in India, by the most liberal expenditure of English capital, skill, and enterprise, even up to the very time when the whole civilized world stood aghast with horror at the atrocities perpetrated by "the mild and oppressed Hindoos!" we can not but remark how the very finger of Providence seems pointing us to Central Africa, and how these various events may all be movements of a mighty purpose which has determined that the time to favor "poor long down-trodden Africa" is at length at hand.

And with the cultivation and civilization of these wide regions how many mighty interests may be involved? The surplus population of Europe is each year pouring itself upon America, and "give us room that we may dwell," is the cry even now, in wide districts which less than fifty years ago were trackless forests. Meanwhile there is that large negro population, brought up from infancy to the culture of cotton, chafing under the yoke of slavery, and casting many a longing look toward the land from whence their fathers were torn. Who can say, that now, when slavery appears doomed, whether "justice to the Negro" may not at length be at hand, and that disciplined by suffering, instructed in the arts of civilized life, the long-oppressed Africans of America, like the chosen people of old, may come forth from their hard bondage in a peaceful exodus, to instruct their pagan brothers, and to found prosperous communities in the very land of their fathers?

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

# CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

## M. MICHELET A NATURALIST.*

A GREAT lawyer is seldom a great legislator. The first at Nisi Prius generally finds himself the last in St. Stephen's. There have been apparent exceptions to this rule. Lord Brougham, for instance, might be cited as an example of eminence in both capacities, were it not that his legal elevation depended on any thing but his legal knowledge. Lord Lyndhurst, too, it might be said, has given proofs of preëminent capacity to combine political and legal science; but some brilliant harangues, chiefly on questions involving the interpretation of law, do not constitute a great statesman. A man must make his election. If he pretends to succeed in what the French call *la haute politique*, he must not narrow his mind by the trifling details of legal subtleties, or confuse his perceptions of right and wrong by the practice of venal and indiscriminate advocacy. The Government of this country has been intrusted to soldiers, country gentlemen, tradesmen, wits, and diners-out, but not to lawyers.

An analogous phenomenon may be observed in the several departments of science. The diligent collector of the materials of knowledge is seldom a far-seeing philosopher. An antiquary is not a good historian. He collects fibulæ, and celts, and spearheads, and gauntlets, and pottery, and medals, till in his admiration of his little curiosities, he forgets that they are valuable only as they illustrate the progress of civilization and art. The bibliomaniac would think it altogether preposterous to read the rare books which he stores upon his shelves. The naturalist arranges his geological specimens, his stuffed birds, or his dried plants, and is so intent on their classification into genera and species, that he never thinks of reading from them the lessons of high wisdom which they contain. Lord Bacon wrote admirably upon experimental philosophy, but his exploits in the actual practice were utterly insignificant; and for this very reason he made the division of labor an essential element of his great scheme of physical discovery. In his "House of Solomon," the two functions of experimental investigation and general deduction were intrusted to different persons. The operator's attention was not to be divided by drawing premature conclusions, nor the philosopher's acumen blunted by being employed in the drudgery of details.

How far this plan might be successful in all cases, it is hard to say, or rather, we may safely pronounce that it could not be carried out to its full extent. A preconceived theory is necessary to guide the operations of the experimentalist, and minute indications which would escape the attention of a mere mechanical manipulator are often the foundation of the most splendid discoveries. Benjamin Franklin could hardly have reasoned out the principles of electricity in his study, while he intrusted to a friend outside the office of holding the string of his kite. Nevertheless, the advantage of a partial division between the labors of the experimentalist and those of the reasoner, is acknowledged by every man of science who employs an assistant in his observatory to make the ordinary astronomical observations, and to note them in tables, or who uses, in his calculations, a table of logarithms.

But further, a mind accustomed to the investigation of one class of subjects comes to the consideration of another class of a totally different kind, with a certain degree of freshness and courage. He is not awed by a sense of the vastness of the details. With the minute and labored observations of others spread before him, he sees at a glance the general bearing of the whole, which was beyond

* L'Oiseau, par J. Michelet. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

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the ken of their microscopic vision. The history of the civil wars of France and that of birds seem far removed from each other in the regions of thought; yet we venture to say that M. Michelet has added to the literature of ornithology a work which no professional naturalist could have written. We have had descriptions of birds and anecdotes of their habits and peculiarities in abundance; but the historian of the French revolution takes a wider and more really philosophical view of the subject than any man of mere species and genera, or retailer of curious stories, is capable of. He invests the feathered race with an almost human interest by the breadth and ingenuity of his speculations, and the genial charm of his picturesque language.

Wearied and disappointed by the endless task of endeavoring to deduce great principles from those civil contests in which the basest private motives were generally the true springs of action, M. Michelet resolved to seek for mental repose on the bosom of our benignant mother, Nature. His wife's health, too, was delicate, and she also required rest from her self-imposed task of assisting him in his historical labors. He therefore retired for a time from Paris, that great center of the gay and intellectual life of France, and fixed his abode, first in an old château on the banks of the Erdre, on the borders of Brittany and La Vendée, and afterwards in Italy. He had long sought a change from what he calls *les apres vins de l'histoire humaine*, in Wilson, Audubon, and Teussenel. The varied scenes of nature with which in his rural retreats he now became acquainted, induced him to embody his reflections in a permanent form. His historical labors occupied the morning; the evening was given to conversation on natural history, and to reducing the results to writing. This was the origin of "L'Oiseau."

The change from the (to use his own expression) "bitter wine" of history to the milk of nature is indeed refreshing. As we read the story of mankind, disappointment meets us at every turn. Here, a hero is guilty of more than the ordinary meanness of men; there, a great cause is marred by the crimes and errors of its adherents. We can not give our sympathy unreservedly to any man or to any party, and are obliged, as a general rule, to adopt the losing side, because the conquered have less power of displaying their real character than the conquerors. In nature, on the contrary, the mind has but to repose on faith. There is no doubt as to principles. All is the work of a wise and beneficent Creator. The egg, displaying the wonderful provision made for the protection and nourishment of the young: the instinct of tenderness which prompts the self-sacrifice of incubation—approaching nearly to that faith which is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen"—the great breeding grounds of the Polar circles, where the sea-birds gather themselves together in countless multitudes, and in the midst of abundant food taste the sweets of that love which is an emanation from the Deity, and the foundation of all happiness in earth or heaven; the gift of flight, which man vainly desires as a remedy for all his evils—"the wings of a dove, that he may flee away and be at rest"—these all speak of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator. The mind contemplates the mysterious economy of the globe and its lower inhabitants with curiosity and admiration. The passions are not moved. Here is no place for party hatreds and partialities—no Greek and Trojan, no Roman and barbarian, no Pagan and Christian, no heretic and Catholic, no Guelph and Ghibeline, no Whig and Tory.

But then comes that enigma, Death, to throw back the mind into doubt and distrust. What is the meaning of the vast apparatus of destruction which nature every where discloses? In the pre-historic ages, gigantic saurians, all jaws and stomachs, seemed made to kill. And now the whale appears but a vast chemical apparatus, for assimilating the thousands of fish and insects, which swarm in the Northern seas, into blubber. The saurians and the whale, it may be answered, were probably made to clear the world of the less perfect forms of animal life, and to make way for the more perfect; and death may well be accepted as the appointed gate through which the creature passes from one form of life into another—*mors janua vitæ*—death the gate of life. But pain—what place can pain occupy in a system of infinite love? It may be said, to teach prudence. To escape from pain is the grand incentive to exertion both in men and in the lower animals. But why this delicate organiza-

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tion of brain and nerves, this intense capacity of suffering, on the one hand; and these teeth and claws, and that cruel nature and stupendous power to inflict it, on the other? Yet, explain it how we may, we can not see why Omnipotent love might not have created the world at once perfect; or why, if created perfect, it was suffered to decline from perfection. This is a real difficulty. The attempt to solve it is at the bottom of most of the old Pagan philosophy and of all the different forms of the Gnostic and Manichean heresies which prevailed in the first five centuries; and to all the vehement questions of Paganism or of heresy, Christianity has but one answer: "I can not tell." If her ignorance is objected against her, if it be said, "You ought to be able to tell," she can reply to heretic and infidel alike by another question: "Can you? It is as great a difficulty in your system as in mine."

We can not indeed solve the question of the origin of evil; we can not absolutely discover why pain is admitted into the creation; but the study of nature supplies us with facts which give a glimpse, as it were, of a principle by which the unity of God, his omnipotence and his goodness, may be reconciled with the existence of suffering. This principle is the law of progress. The glory of the Creator may be more promoted by the creation of a universe continually advancing towards perfection than of one created perfect. Action is a state more worthy of the Deity than quiescence, and our Lord says: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." Nature and revelation concur in teaching that this law of active progress is every where at work. Geology attests the fact, that the globe on which we live was gradually shaped out of a seething mass of mingled elements, and clothed with a vegetation of continually increasing complexity and beauty, and peopled by races of animals which steadily rose in the scale of organized life, till they were completed in man. With this the testimony of Moses agrees to the very letter. The sacred history further represents the Deity as gradually unfolding the revelation of his laws to mankind, first in obscure intimations, prophetic allusions, and typical systems, becoming, as time went on, more and more definite, till at length they were completed in the Christian dispensation and the communication of the Divine nature to man. That final revelation, again, speaks of a still further progress towards perfection, when there shall be "a new heaven and a new earth." Passing to profane history, we think we can see a certain progress. The civilization of Pagan Rome was an improvement on the Asiatic civilizations which had preceded it; and the civilization of modern Europe is an advance upon that of Pagan Rome. The useful arts have been making a slow but steady progress, and we may even hope that there is a progressive diminution in the ratio of human suffering since the days of Nimrod, and the "mighty hunters." With American Slavery in full force, and the Russian war but just over, and the Chinese war on our hands, and with our ears still tingling from the accounts of the Indian atrocities, it does not become us to boast of our success in eradicating wrong and suffering. But we must remember that in the palmiest days of the old civilization, slavery was universal, that warfare was almost the normal condition of society, and the Indian atrocities, and even worse, the normal condition of warfare.

In this progressive amelioration not only of the human race but of the whole creation, we may, perhaps, be witnessing the fulfillment of the prophecy: "The lion shall lie down with the lamb."

This is the leading idea of M. Michelet's "L'Oiseau." We shall give our readers an opportunity of judging of the striking way in which he evolves it. But we must first apologize for translating the passage. The fact is, we do so for the benefit of the few who might be induced to skip an extract by the slight difficulty of reading it in a foreign language. The majority of our readers must excuse us:

"One of the saddest hours of my life was that when, endeavoring to banish the thought of the present by seeking the *alibi* of nature, I first happened to see the head of a viper. It was in a valuable museum of anatomical imitations. This head, reproduced with marvelous fidelity, and prodigiously enlarged so as even to resemble the head of the tiger or jaguar, suggested by its horrible form something still more horrible. One saw at a glance the delicate precautions, infinite in number, of frightful foresight, with which this powerful engine of death is armed. Not only is it provided with numerous sharp teeth; not only are these teeth aided by an ingenious reservoir of poison which kills instantaneously; but their extreme delicacy, which renders them subject to break, is com-

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pensated by an advantage possessed perhaps by no other animal; there is a magazine of teeth in reserve, which in a moment supply the place of that which is broken in biting. Oh! what ingenuity to kill! What love for this horrible creature! I was scandalized, and if I may say so, sick at heart. Nature, the great mother, in whose bosom I was taking refuge, terrified me by a maternity so cruelly impartial.

"I retired cast down with more fog in my mind than there was in the air on that day, which was one of the blackest of winter. I had come as a son, and went as an orphan, feeling as if the very idea of Providence was failing within me.

"Our impressions are scarcely less painful when we see in our galleries those interminable series of birds of death, robbers by day and by night, birds of grisly countenance, which terrifies day itself. We are affected with sadness as we observe their cruel arms of offense; I do not mean those terrible beaks which deal death at one blow, but those talons, those sharp pounces, those instruments of torture, which seize the shuddering prey, and prolong the last anguish and the agony of pain.

"Ah! our globe is a barbarous world; I mean, it is still young, a sketch, a first attempt, a world delivered up to cruel forms of slavery! night! hunger! death! fear! Death—this we might choose; our soul possesses sufficient faith and hope to accept it as a passage, one degree in a system of gradual initiation, a gate into better worlds. But pain—alas! was it necessary to scatter it with so lively a hand? I feel it, I see it every where, I hear it. If I would not hear it, to pursue this train of thought I must close my ears. All the activity of my soul would otherwise be suspended and my nerve destroyed; I should no longer have the heart to do any thing; I should make no advance; my life and my powers of production would be made barren, annihilated by pity.

"'And yet is not pain the warning which teaches us to foresee, to provide, to preserve ourselves by every means from dissolution? This cruel school is the awakener, the spur of prudence, for every thing that has life; a powerful contracting of the soul into herself, which would otherwise suffer her to be carried idly along upon the tide of nature, to be enervated by pleasure, by sweet and debilitating impressions.

"'May we not say that pleasure has a centrifugal attraction, which scatters all our being on outward things, distends us, dissipates us, and if we were entirely given over to it, would resolve us into the elements of which we are composed?

"'Pain, on the contrary, experienced on one point only, leads back all to the center, contracts, continues, gives solidity to our existence, and fortifies it.

"'Pain is, in some sort, the artist of the world, which creates us, fashions us, sculptures us with the fine point of its unpitying chisel. It prunes exuberant life, and what remains, stronger and more exquisite, enriched even by its loss, draws from pain the gift of a superior life.'

"These topics of resignation were suggested to me by one who is herself a sufferer, who penetrates and often discerns my troubles and my doubts, even before they assume a definite shape in my own mind.

"'As is the individual, so is the world,' continued she. The earth itself has been improved by pain. Nature has tormented it by the violent action of her ministers of death. Their species, becoming daily more and more rare, are the recollections, the witnesses of a former state of the globe, when lower life was germinating, and Nature labored to purge the excess of her own fecundity.

"The imagination can remount the steps of the ladder of progressive necessities by which Nature was obliged to destroy, in succession, the several orders of being which she had created, that she might make room for those which were to succeed.

"From an atmosphere unfitted for respiration, which at first enveloped the earth, vegetation was her appointed saviour. From the suffocation, the frightful density of these inferior vegetables—that coarse mantle of hair which was her early covering—the fretting insect, which has since become a curse, was an agent of salvation. Against the insect, the toad, and the mass of other reptiles, even the venomous snake was a useful instrument of expurgation. Finally, when superior life, winged life, took its first flight, the earth found a barrier to the too rapid burst of her young fecundity in the destroying legions of powerful depredators, the eagles, the falcons, and the vultures.

"But these useful destroyers are every day becoming fewer in proportion as they become less necessary. As the mass of little creeping animals, which the tooth of the viper was formed to strike, becomes less dense, the viper itself also grows rare. The world of winged game is becoming in its turn less crowded, thinned either by the persecution of man, or by the disappearance of the insects upon which the smaller birds subsisted; and as they decrease, the odious tyrants of the air are observed to be less numerous. The eagle has become rare even in the Alps, and the exaggerated, the enormous prices which are paid for the falcon, seem to show that the first, the noblest of the birds of prey, is now almost extinct.

"Thus does nature gravitate towards a less violent order of things. May we therefore conclude that death will ever become less frequent? No, death can not cease, but pain can be indefinitely diminished."

This is a book which will not find much favor with professed naturalists. They will call it fanciful and unscientific. It is, in fact, rather a poem on the subject of nature than a regular work on ornithology. But for that very reason, it charms by its freshness, and is suggestive of specula-

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tions which penetrate deeply into the philosophy of human life. It answers, in short, to the author's paradoxical description of the artist's work.

"The true greatness of the artist is to surpass his object, and to do more than he intended, and quite a different thing from what he intended; to overshoot his mark, to pass the bounds of the possible, and still to have a vision beyond what he has attained."

From Fraser's Magazine.

# THE ORIGIN AND FUNCTION OF MUSIC.

When Carlo, standing, chained to his kennel, sees his master in the distance, a slight motion of the tail indicates his but faint hope that he is about to be let out. A much more decided wagging of the tail, passing by and by into lateral undulations of the body, is seen on his master's nearer approach. When hands are laid on his collar, and he knows that he is really to have an outing, his jumping and wriggling are such that it is by no means easy to loose his fastenings. And when he finds himself actually free, his joy expends itself in bounds, in pirouettes, and in scourings hither and thither at the top of his speed. Puss, too, by erecting her tail, and by every time raising her back to meet the caressing hand of her mistress, similarly expresses her gratification by certain muscular actions; as likewise do the parrot by awkward dancings on his perch, and the canary by hopping and fluttering about his cage with unwonted rapidity. Under feelings of an opposite kind, animals equally display muscular excitement. The enraged lion lashes his sides with his tail, knits his brows, protrudes his claws. The cat sets up her back; the dog retracts his upper lip; the horse throws back his ears. And in the struggles of creatures in pain, we see that the like relation holds between excitement of the muscles and excitement of the nerves of sensation.

In ourselves, distinguished from lower creatures as we are by feelings alike more powerful and more varied, parallel facts are at once more conspicuous and more numerous. We may conveniently look at them in groups. We shall find that pleasurable sensations and painful sensations, pleasurable emotions and painful emotions, all tend to produce active demonstrations in proportion to their intensity.

In children, and even in adults who are not restrained by regard for appearances, a highly agreeable taste is followed by a smacking of the lips. An infant will laugh and bound in its nurse's arms at the sight of a brilliant color or the hearing of a new sound. People are apt to beat time with head or feet to music which particularly pleases them. In a sensitive person an agreeable perfume will produce a smile; and smiles will be seen on the faces of a crowd gazing at some splendid burst of fireworks. Even the pleasant sensation of warmth felt on getting to the fireside out of a winter's storm, will similarly express itself in the face.

Painful sensations being mostly far more intense than pleasurable ones, cause muscular actions of a much more decided kind. A sudden twinge produces a convulsive start of the whole body. A pain less violent, but continuous, is accompanied by a knitting of the brows, a setting of the teeth or biting of the lip, and a contraction of the features generally. Under a persistent pain of a severer kind, other muscular actions are added: the body is swayed to and fro, the hands clench any thing they can lay hold of, and should the agony rise still higher, the sufferer rolls about on the floor almost convulsed.

Though more varied, the natural lan-

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guage of the pleasurable emotions comes within the same generalization. A smile, which is the commonest expression of gratified feeling, is a contraction of certain facial muscles; and when the smile broadens into a laugh, we see a more violent and more general muscular excitement produced by an intenser feeling. Rubbing together of the hands, and that other motion which Dickens somewhere describes as "washing with impalpable soap in invisible water," have like implications. Children may often be seen to "jump for joy." Even in adults of excitable temperament, an action approaching to it is sometimes witnessed. And dancing has all the world through been regarded as natural to an elevated state of mind. Many of the special emotions show themselves in special muscular actions. The gratification resulting from success raises the head and gives firmness to the gait. A hearty grasp of the hand is currently taken as indicative of friendship. Under a gush of affection the mother clasps her child to her breast, feeling as though she could squeeze it to death. And so in sundry other cases. Even in that brightening of the eye with which good news is received we may trace the same truth; for this appearance of greater brilliancy is due to an extra contraction of the muscle which raises the eyelid, and so allows more light to fall upon, and be reflected from, the wet surface of the eyeball.

The bodily indications of painful emotions are equally numerous, and still more vehement. Discontent is shown by raised eyebrows and wrinkled forehead; disgust by a curl of the lip; offense by a pout. The impatient man beats a tattoo with his fingers on the table, swings his pendent leg with increasing rapidity, gives needless pokings to the fire, and presently paces with hasty strides about the room. In great grief there is wringing of the hands, and even tearing of the hair. An angry child stamps, or rolls on its back and kicks its heels in the air; and in manhood, anger, first showing itself in frowns, in distended nostrils, in compressed lips, goes on to produce grinding of the teeth, clenching of the fingers, blows of the fist on the table, and perhaps ends in a violent attack on the offending person, or in throwing about and breaking the furniture. From that pursing of the mouth indicative of slight displeasure, up to the frantic struggles of the maniac, we shall find that mental irritation tends to vent itself in bodily activity.

### FEELINGS—PLEASURABLE OR PAINFUL.

All feelings, then—pleasurable or painful, sensations or emotions—have this common characteristic, that they are muscular stimuli. Not forgetting the few apparently exceptional cases in which emotions exceeding a certain intensity produce prostration, we may set it down as a general law, that, alike in man and animals, there is a direct connection between feeling and motion; the last growing more vehement as the first grows more intense. Were it allowable here to treat the matter scientifically, we might trace this general law down to the principle known among physiologists as that of *reflex action*.* Without doing this, however, the above numerous instances justify the generalization, that mental excitement of all kinds ends in excitement of the muscles; and that the two preserve a more or less constant ratio to each other.

"But what has all this to do with *The Origin and Function of Music?*" asks the reader. Very much, as we shall presently see. All music is originally vocal. All vocal sounds are produced by the agency of certain muscles. These muscles, in common with those of the body at large, are excited to contraction by pleasurable and painful feelings. And therefore it is that feelings demonstrate themselves in sounds as well as in movements. Therefore it is that Carlo barks as well as leaps when he is let out—that puss purrs as well as erects her tail—that the canary chirps as well as flutters. Therefore it is that the angry lion roars while he lashes his sides, and the dog growls while he retracts his lip. Therefore it is that the maimed animal not only struggles, but howls. And it is from this cause that in human beings bodily suffering expresses itself not only in contortions but in shrieks and groans—that in anger and fear and grief the gesticulations are accompanied by shouts and screams—that delightful sensations are followed by exclamations—and that we hear screams of joy and shouts of exultation.

* Those who seek information on this point may find it in a tract by Mr. Alexander Bain, on *Animal Instinct and Intelligence*.

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We have here, then, a principle underlying all vocal phenomena, including those of vocal music, and by consequence those of music in general. The muscles that move the chest, larynx, and vocal cords, contracting like other muscles in proportion to the intensity of the feelings—every different contraction of these muscles involving, as it does, a different adjustment of the vocal organs—every different adjustment of the vocal organs causing a change in the sound emitted—it follows that variations of voice are the physiological results of variations of feeling; it follows that each inflection or modulation is the natural outcome of some passing emotion or sensation; and it follows that the explanation of all kinds of vocal expression must be sought in this general relation between mental and muscular excitements. Let us, then, see whether we can not thus account for the chief peculiarities in the utterance of the feelings: grouping these peculiarities under the heads of *loudness*, *quality or timbre*, *pitch*, *intervals*, and *rate of variation*.

### LUNGS AND ORGANS OF VOICE.

Between the lungs and the organs of voice, there is much the same relation as between the bellows of an organ and its pipes. And as the loudness of the sound given out by an organ-pipe increases with the strength of the blast from the bellows, so, other things equal, the loudness of a vocal sound increases with the strength of the blast from the lungs. But the expulsion of air from the lungs is effected by certain muscles of the chest and abdomen. The force with which those muscles contract is proportionate to the intensity of the feeling experienced. Hence, *à priori*, loud sounds will be the habitual results of strong feelings. That they are so, we have daily proof. The pain which, if moderate, can be borne silently, causes outcries if it becomes extreme. While a slight vexation makes a child whimper, a fit of passion calls forth a howl that disturbs the neighborhood. When the voices in an adjacent room become unusually audible, we infer anger, or surprise, or joy. Loudness of applause is significant of great approbation; and with uproarious mirth we associate the idea of high enjoyment. Commencing with the silence of apathy, we find that the utterances grow louder as the sensations or emotions, whether pleasurable or painful, grow stronger.

That different *qualities* of voice accompany different mental states, and that under states of excitement the tones are more sonorous than usual, is another general fact admitting of a parallel explanation. The sounds of common conversation have but little resonance; those of strong feeling have much more. Under rising ill-temper the voice acquires a metallic ring. In accordance with her constant mood, the ordinary speech of a virago has a piercing quality quite opposite to that softness indicative of placidity. A ringing laugh marks an especially joyous temperament. Grief unburdening itself uses tones approaching in *timbre* to those of chanting; and in his most pathetic passages an eloquent speaker similarly falls into tones more vibratory than those common to him. Now any one may readily convince himself that resonant vocal sounds can be produced only by a certain muscular effort additional to that ordinarily needed. If after uttering a word in his speaking voice, the reader, without changing the pitch or the loudness, will *sing* this word, he will perceive that before he can sing it he has to alter the adjustment of the vocal organs, to do which a certain force must be used; and by putting his fingers on that external prominence marking the top of the larynx, he will have further evidence that to produce a sonorous tone the organs must be drawn out of their usual position. Thus, then, the fact that the tones of excited feeling are more vibratory than those of common conversation, is another instance of the connection between mental excitement and muscular excitement. The speaking voice, the recitative voice, and the singing voice, severally exemplify one general principle.

That the *pitch* of the voice varies according to the action of the vocal muscles, scarcely needs saying. All know that the middle notes in which they converse are made without any appreciable effort; and all know that to make either very high or very low notes requires a considerable effort. In either ascending or descending from the pitch of ordinary speech, we are conscious of an increasing muscular strain which, at both extremes of the register, becomes positively painful. Hence it follows from our general prin-

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ciple, that while indifference or calmness will use the medium tones, the tones used during excitement will be either above or below them, and will rise higher and higher, or fall lower and lower, as the feelings grow stronger. This physiological deduction we also find to be in harmony with familiar facts. The habitual sufferer utters his complaints in a voice raised considerably above the natural key; and agonizing pain vents itself in either shrieks or groans—in very high or very low notes. Beginning at his talking pitch, the cry of the disappointed urchin grows more shrill as it grows louder. The "Oh!" of astonishment or delight, begins several notes below the middle voice, and descends still lower. Anger expresses itself in high tones, or else in "curses not loud but *deep*." Deep tones, too, are always used in uttering strong reproaches. Such an explanation as "Beware!" if made dramatically—that is, if made with a show of feeling—must be many notes below the middle voice. Further, we have groans of disapprobation, groans of horror, groans of remorse. And extreme joy and fear are like accompanied by shrill outcries.

Nearly allied to the subject of pitch, is that of *intervals*; and the explanation of them carries our argument a step further. While calm speech is comparatively monotonous, emotion makes use of fifths, octaves, and even wider intervals. Listen to any one narrating or repeating something in which he has no interest, and his voice will not wander more than two or three notes above or below his medium note, and that by small steps; but when he comes to some exciting event, he will be heard not only to use the higher and lower notes of his register, but to go from one to the other by larger leaps. Being unable in print to imitate these traits of feeling, we feel some difficulty in fully realizing them to the reader. But we may suggest a few remembrances which will perhaps call to mind a sufficiency of others. If two men living in the same place, and frequently seeing one another, meet, say at a public assembly, any phrase with which one may be heard to accost the other—as, "Hallo, are you here?"—will have an ordinary intonation. But if one of them, after long absence, has unexpectedly returned, the expression of surprise with which his friend may greet him—"Hallo! how came you here?"—will be uttered in much more strongly contrasted tones. The two syllables of the word "Hallo" will be, the one much higher and the other much lower than before; and the rest of the sentence will similarly ascend and descend by longer steps. Again, if, supposing her to be in an adjoining room, the mistress of the house calls "Mary," the two syllables of the name will be spoken in an ascending interval of a third. If Mary does not reply, the call will be repeated probably in a descending fifth, implying the slightest shade of annoyance at Mary's inattention. Should Mary still make no answer, the increasing annoyance will show itself by the use of a descending octave on the next repetition of the call. And supposing the silence to continue, the lady, if not of a very even temper, will show her irritation at Mary's seemingly intentional negligence by finally calling her in tones still more widely contrasted—the first syllable being higher and the last lower than before. Now, these and analogous facts which the reader will readily accumulate, clearly conform to the law laid down. For to make large intervals requires more muscular action than to make small ones. But it is not only the *extent* of vocal intervals which is thus explicable as due to the relation between nervous and muscular excitement, but also in some degree their *direction* as ascending or descending. The middle notes being those that demand no appreciable effort of muscular adjustment, and the effort becoming greater as we either ascend or descend, it follows that a departure from the middle notes in either direction will mark increasing emotion, while a return towards the middle notes will mark decreasing emotion. Hence it happens that an enthusiastic person uttering such a sentence as—"It was the most splendid sight I ever saw!" will ascend to the first syllable of the word "splendid," and thence will descend: the word "splendid" marking the climax of the feeling produced by the recollection. Hence, again, it happens that, under some extreme vexation produced by another's stupidity, an irascible man, exclaiming—"What a confounded fool the fellow is!" will begin somewhat below his middle voice, and descending to the word "fool," which he will utter in one of his deepest notes, will then ascend again. And it may be remarked, that the word "fool" will not

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only be deeper and louder than the rest, but will also have more emphasis of articulation—another mode in which muscular excitement is shown. There is some danger, however, in giving instances like this: seeing that as the mode of rendering will vary according to the intensity of the feeling, the right cadence may not be hit upon. With single words there is less difficulty. Thus the "Indeed!" with which any surprising fact is received, mostly begins on the middle note of the voice, and rises with the second syllable; or if disapprobation as well as astonishment is felt, the first syllable will be below the middle note, and the second lower still. Conversely, the word "Alas!" which marks not the rise of a paroxysm of grief, but its decline, is uttered in a cadence descending towards the middle note; or if the first syllable is in the lower part of the register, the second ascends towards the middle note. In the "Heigh-ho!" expressive of mental and muscular prostration, we may see the same truth; and if the cadence appropriate to it be inverted, the absurdity of the effect clearly shows how the meaning of intervals is dependent on the principle we have been illustrating.

The remaining characteristic of emotional speech which we have to notice, is that of *variability of pitch*. It is scarcely possible here to convey adequate ideas of this more complex manifestation. We must be content with simply indicating some occasions on which it may be observed. On a meeting of friends, for instance—as when there arrives a party of much-wished-for visitors—the voices of all will be heard to undergo changes of pitch not only greater but much more numerous than usual. If a speaker at a public meeting is interrupted by some squabble among those he is addressing, his comparatively level tones will be in marked contrast with the rapidly changing ones of the disputants. And among children, whose feelings are less under control than those of adults, this peculiarity is still more decided. During a scene of complaint and recrimination between two excitable little girls, the voices may be heard to run up and down the gamut several times in each sentence. In such cases we once more recognize the same law: for muscular excitement is shown not only in strength of contraction, but also in the rapidity with which different muscular adjustments succeed each other.

Thus we find all the leading vocal phenomena to have a physiological basis. They are so many manifestations of the general law that feeling is a stimulus to muscular action — a law conformed to throughout the whole economy, not of man only, but of every sensitive creature —a law, therefore, which lies deep in the nature of animal organization. The expressiveness of these various modifications of voice is therefore innate. Each of us, from babyhood upwards, has been spontaneously making them, when under the various sensations and emotions by which they are produced. Having been conscious of each feeling at the same time taht we heard ourselves make the consequent sound, we have acquired an established association of ideas between such sound and the feeling which caused it. When the like sound is made by another, we ascribe the like feeling to him; and by a further consequence we not only ascribe to him that feeling, but have a certain degree of it aroused in ourselves. Thus these various modifications of voice become not only a language through which we understand the emotions of others, but also the means of exciting our sympathy with such emotions.

## THEORY OF MUSIC.

Have we not here, then, adequate data for a theory of music? These vocal peculiarities which indicate excited feeling, *are those which especially distinguish song from ordinary speech*. Every one of the alterations of voice which we have found to be a physiological result of pain or pleasure, *is carried to its greatest extreme in vocal music*. For instance, we saw that, in virtue of the general relation between mental and muscular excitement, one characteristic of passionate utterance is *loudness*. Well, its comparative loudness is one of the distinctive marks of song as contrasted with the speech of daily life; and further, the *forte* passages of an air are those intended to represent the climax of its emotion. We next saw that the tones in which emotion expresses itself are, in conformity with this same law, of a more sonorous *timbre* than those of calm conversation. Here, too, song displays a still higher degree of the pecu-

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liarity; for the singing tone is the most resonant we can make. Again, it was shown that, from a like cause, mental excitement vents itself in the higher and lower notes of the register; using the middle notes but seldom. And it scarcely needs saying that vocal music is still more distinguished by its comparative neglect of the notes in which we talk, and its habitual use of those above or below them; and, moreover, that its most passionate effects are commonly produced at the two extremities of its scale, but more especially the upper one. A yet further trait of strong feeling, similarly accounted for, was the employment of larger intervals than are employed in common converse. This trait, also, every ballad and *aria* carries to an extent beyond that heard in the spontaneous utterances of emotion: add to which, that the direction of these intervals, which, as diverging from or converging toward the medium tones, we found to be physiologically expressive of increasing or decreasing emotion, may be observed to have in music like meanings. Once more, it was pointed out that not only extreme but also rapid variations of pitch are characteristic of mental excitement; and once more we see, in the rapid changes of every melody, that song carries the characteristic as far, if not farther. Thus in respect alike of *loudness*, *timbre*, *pitch*, *intervals*, and *rate of variation*, song employs and exaggerates the natural language of the emotions—it arises from a systematic combination of those vocal peculiarities which are the physiological effects of acute pleasure and pain.

Besides these chief characteristics of song as distinguished from common speech, there are sundry minor ones similarly explicable as due to the relation between mental and muscular excitement; and before proceeding further, these should be briefly noticed. Thus certain passions, and perhaps all passions when pushed to an extreme, produce (probably through their influence over the action of the heart) an effect the reverse of that which has been described: they cause a physical prostration, one symptom of which is a general relaxation of the muscles, and a consequent trembling. We have the trembling of anger, of fear, of hope, of joy; and the vocal muscles being implicated with the rest, the voice too becomes tremulous. Now, in singing, this tremulousness of voice is very effectively used by some vocalists in highly pathetic passages; sometimes, indeed, because of its effectiveness, too much used by them—as by Tamberlik, for instance. Again, there is a mode of musical execution known as the *staccato*, appropriate to energetic passages—to passages expressive of exhilaration, of resolution, of confidence. The action of the vocal muscles which produces this staccato style, is analogous to the muscular action which produces the sharp, decisive, energetic movements of body indicating these states of mind; and therefore it is that the staccato style has the meaning we ascribe to it. Conversely, slurred intervals are expressive of gentler and less active feelings; and are so because they imply the smaller muscular vivacity due to a lower mental energy. The difference of effect resulting from difference of *time* in music is also attributable to the same law. Already it has been pointed out that the more frequent changes of pitch which ordinarily result from passion are imitated and developed in song; and here we have to add, that the various rates of such changes appropriate to the different styles of music, are further traits having the same derivation. The slowest movements, *largo* and *adagio*, are used where such depressing emotions as grief, or such unexciting emotions as reverence, are to be portrayed; while the more rapid movements, *andante*, *allegro*, *presto*, represent successively increasing degrees of mental vivacity; and do this because they imply that muscular activity which flows from this mental vivacity. Even the *rhythm*, which forms a remaining distinction between song and speech, may not improbably have a kindred cause. Why the actions excited by strong feeling should tend to become rhythmical is not very obvious; but that they do so, there are divers evidences. There is the swaying of the body to and fro under pain or grief, of the leg under impatience or agitation. Dancing, too, is a rhythmical action natural to elevated emotion. That under excitement speech acquires a certain rhythm we may occasionally perceive in the highest efforts of an orator. In poetry, which is a form of speech used for the better expression of emotional ideas, we have this rhythmical tendency developed. And when we bear in mind that dancing, poetry, and music are connate—



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are originally constituent parts of the same thing, it becomes clear that the measured movement common to them all implies a rhythmical action of the whole system, the vocal apparatus included; and that so the rhythm of music is a more subtle and complex result of this relation between mental and muscular excitement.

But it is time to end this analysis, which possibly we have already carried too far. It is not to be supposed that the more special peculiarities of musical expression are to be definitely explained. Though probably they may all in some way conform to the principle that has been worked out, it is obviously impracticable to trace that principle in its more ramified applications. Nor is it needful to our argument that they should be so traced. The foregoing facts sufficiently prove that what we regard as the distinctive traits of song are simply the traits of emotional speech intensified and systematized. In respect of its general characteristics, we think it has been made clear that vocal music, and by consequence all music, is an idealization of the natural language of passion.

### MUSIC THE LANGUAGE OF PASSION.

As far as it goes, the scanty evidence furnished by history confirms this conclusion. Note first the fact (not properly an historical one, but fitly grouped with such) that the dance-chants of savage tribes are very monotonous, and in virtue of their monotony are much more nearly allied to ordinary speech than are the songs of civilized races. Joining with this the fact that there are still extant among boatmen and others in the East, ancient chants of a like monotonous character, we may infer that vocal music originally diverged from emotional speech in a gradual, unobtrusive manner; and this is the inference to which our argument points. Further evidence to the same effect is supplied by Greek history. The early poems of the Greeks—which, be it remembered, were sacred legends embodied in that rhythmical, metaphorical language which strong feeling excites—were not recited, but chanted: the tones and cadences were made musical by the same influences which made the speech poetical. By those who have investigated the matter, this chanting is believed to have been not what we call singing, but nearly allied to our recitative, (far simpler indeed, if we may judge from the fact that the early Greek lyre, which had but *four* strings, was played in *unison* with the voice, which was therefore confined to four notes,) and as such, much less remote from common speech than our singing is. For recitative, or musical recitation, is in all respects intermediate between speech and song. Its average effects are not so *loud* as those of song. Its tones are less sonorous in *timbre* than those of song. Commonly it diverges to a smaller extent from the middle notes—uses notes neither so high nor so low in *pitch*. The *intervals* habitual to it are neither so wide nor so varied. Its *rate of variation* is not so rapid. And at the same time that its primary *rhythm* is less decided, it has none of that secondary rhythm produced by recurrence of the same or parallel musical phrases, which is one of the most marked characteristics of song. Thus, then, we may not only infer, from the evidence furnished by existing barbarous tribes, that the vocal music of pre-historic times was emotional speech very slightly exalted; but we see that the earliest vocal music of which we have any account, differed much less from emotional speech than does the vocal music of our days.

That recitative—beyond which, by the way, the Chinese and Hindoos seem never to have advanced—grew naturally out of the modulations and cadences of strong feeling, we have indeed still current evidence. There are even now to be met with occasions on which strong feeling vents itself in this form. Whoever has been present when a meeting of Quakers was addressed by one of their preachers, (whose practice it is to speak only under the influence of religious emotion,) must have been struck by the quite unusual tones, like those of a subdued chant, in which the address was made. It is clear, too, that the intoning used in some churches is representative of this same mental state; and has been adopted on account of the instinctively felt congruity between it and the contrition, supplication, or reverence verbally expressed.

### EMOTIONAL SPEECH.

And if, as we have good reason to believe, recitative arose by degrees out of emotional speech, it becomes manifest that by

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a continuance of the same process song has arisen out of recitative. Just as, from the orations and legends of savages, expressed in the metaphorical, allegorical style natural to them, there sprung epic poetry, out of which lyric poetry was afterwards developed; so from the exalted tones and cadences in which such orations and legends were delivered, came the chant or recitative music, from whence lyrical music has since grown up. And there has not only thus been a simultaneous and parallel genesis, but there is also a parallelism of results. For lyrical poetry differs from epic poetry, just as lyrical music differs from recitative; each still further intensifies the natural language of the emotions. Lyrical poetry is more metaphorical, more hyperbolic, more elliptical, and adds the rhythm of lines to the rhythm of feet; just as lyrical music is louder, more sonorous, more extreme in its intervals, and adds the rhythm of phrases to the rhythm of bars. And the known fact that out of epic poetry the stronger passions developed lyrical poetry as their appropriate vehicle, strengthens the inference that they similarly developed lyrical music out of recitative.

Nor indeed are we without evidences of the transition. It needs but to listen to an opera to hear the leading gradations. Between the comparatively level recitative of ordinary dialogue, the more varied recitative with wider intervals and higher tones used in exciting scenes, the still more musical recitative which preludes an air, and the air itself, the successive steps are but small; and the fact that among airs themselves gradations of like nature may be traced, further confirms the conclusion that the highest form of vocal music was arrived at by degrees.

Moreover, we have some clue to the influences which have induced this development, and may roughly conceive the process of it. As the tones, intervals, and cadences of strong emotion formed the elements out of which song was elaborated, so we may expect to find that still stronger emotion produced the elaboration; and we have evidence implying this. Many instances may be cited showing that musical composers are men of extremely acute sensibilities. The Life of Mozart depicts him as one of intensely active affections and highly impressionable temperament. Various anecdotes represent Beethoven as very susceptible and very passionate. Mendelssohn is described by those who knew him to have been full of fine feeling. And the almost incredible sensitiveness of Chopin has been illustrated in the memoirs of George Sand. Assuming then, as we may fairly do, that this unusually emotional nature is a general characteristic of musical composers, we have just the agency required for the development of recitative and song. Intenser feeling producing intenser manifestations, any cause of excitement will call forth from such a nature tones and changes of voice more marked than those called forth from an ordinary person—will generate just those exaggerations which we have found to distinguish the lower vocal music from emotional speech, and the higher vocal music from the lower. Thus it becomes credible that the four-toned recitative of the early Greek poets (like all poets, nearly allied to composers in the comparative intensity of their feelings,) was really nothing more than the slightly exaggerated emotional speech natural to them, which grew by frequent use into an organized form. And it is readily conceivable that the accumulated agency of subsequent poets and musicians inheriting and adding to the products of those who went before them, sufficed in the course of the ten centuries which we know it took, to develop this four-toned recitative into a vocal music having a range of two octaves.

Not only may we so understand how more sonorous tones, greater extremes of pitch, and wider intervals were gradually introduced, but also how there arose a greater variety and complexity of musical expression. For the same more passionate, enthusiastic temperament which naturally leads the musical composer to express the feelings possessed by others as well as himself, in extremer intervals and more marked cadences than they would use, also leads him to give musical utterance to feelings which they either do not experience, or experience in but slight degrees. In virtue of this general susceptibility which distinguishes him, he regards with emotion events, scenes, conduct, character, which produce upon most men no appreciable effect. The emotions so generated, compounded as they are of the simpler emotions, are not expressible by intervals and cadences natural to these, but by combinations of such intervals and cadences; whence arise more

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involved musical phrases, conveying more complex, subtle, and unusual feelings. And thus we may in some measure understand how it happens that music not only so strongly excites our more familiar feelings, but also produces feelings we never had before—arouses dormant sentiments of which we had not conceived the possibility and do not know the meaning; or, as Richter says—tells us of things we have not seen and shall not see.

Indirect evidences of several kinds remain to be briefly pointed out. One of them is the difficulty, not to say impossibility, of otherwise accounting for the expressiveness of music. Whence comes it that special combinations of notes should have special effects upon our emotions? that one should give us a feeling of exhilaration, another of melancholy, another of affection, another of reverence? Is it that these special combinations have intrinsic meanings apart from the human constitution?—that a certain number of aërial waves per second, followed by a certain other number, in the nature of things signify grief, while in the reverse order they signify joy; and similarly with all other intervals, phrases, and cadences? Few will be so irrational as to think this. Is it, then, that the meanings of these special combinations are conventional only—that we learn their implications, as we do those of words, by observing how others understand them? This is an hypothesis not only devoid of evidence, but directly opposed to the experience of every one. How, then, are musical effects to be explained? If the theory above set forth be accepted, the difficulty disappears. If music taking for its raw material the various modifications of voice which are the physiological results of excited feeling, intensifies, combines, and complicates them—if it exaggerates the loudness, the resonance, the pitch, the intervals, and the variability, which, in virtue of an organic law, are the characteristics of passionate speech—if, by carrying out these further, more consistently, more unitedly, and more sustainedly, it produces an idealized language of emotion; then its power over us becomes comprehensible. But in the absence of this theory the expressiveness of music appears to be inexplicable.

Again, the preference we feel for certain qualities of sound presents a like difficulty, admitting only of a like solution. It is generally agreed that the tones of the human voice are more pleasing than any others. Grant that music takes its rise from the modulations of the human voice under emotion, and it becomes a natural consequence that the tones of that voice should appeal to our feelings more than any others, and so should be considered more beautiful than any others. But deny that music has this origin, and the only alternative is the untenable position that the vibrations proceeding from a vocalist's throat are, objectively considered, of a higher order than those from a horn or a violin. Similarly with harsh and soft sounds. If the conclusiveness of the foregoing reasonings be not admitted, it must be supposed that the vibrations causing the last are intrinsically better than those causing the first; and that, in virtue of some preëstablished harmony, the higher feelings and natures produce the one, and the lower the other. But if the foregoing reasonings be valid, it follows, as a matter of course, that we shall like the sounds that habitually accompany agreeable feelings, and dislike those that habitually accompany disagreeable feelings.

### EXPRESSIVENESS OF MUSIC.

Once more, the question — How is the expressiveness of music to be otherwise accounted for? may be supplemented by the question — How is the genesis of music to be otherwise accounted for? That music is a product of civilization is manifest; for though savages have their dance-chants, these are of a kind scarcely to be dignified by the title musical: at most, they supply but the vaguest rudiment of music, properly so called. And if music has been by slow steps developed in the course of civilization, it must have been developed out of something. If, then, its origin is not that above alleged, what is its origin?

Thus we find that the negative evidence confirms the positive, and that taken together they furnish strong proof. We have seen that there is a physiological relation, common to man and all animals, between feeling and muscular action; that as vocal sounds are produced by muscular action, there is a consequent physiological relation between feeling and vocal sounds; that all the modifications of voice express-

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ive of feeling are the direct results of this physiological relation; that music, adopting all these modifications, intensifies them more and more as it ascends to its higher and higher forms, and becomes music simply in virtue of thus intensifying them; that from the ancient epic poet chanting his verses, down to the modern musical composer, men of unusually strong feelings, prone to express them in extreme forms, have been naturally the agents of these successive intensifications; and that so there has little by little arisen a wide divergence between this idealized language of emotion and its natural language: to which direct evidence we have just added the indirect — that on no other tenable hypothesis can either the expressiveness or the genesis of music be explained.

And now, what is the *function* of music? Has music any effect beyond the immediate pleasure it produces? Analogy suggests that it has. The enjoyments of a good dinner do not end with themselves, but minister to bodily well-being. Though people do not marry with a view to maintain the race, yet the passions which impel them to marry secure its maintenance. Parental affection is a feeling which, while it conduces to parental happiness, insures the nurture of offspring. Men love to accumulate property, often without thought of the benefits it produces: but in pursuing the pleasure of acquisition they indirectly open the way to other pleasures. The wish for public approval impels all of us to do many things which we should otherwise not do — to undertake great labors, face great dangers, and habitually rule ourselves in a way that smooths social intercourse: that is, in gratifying our love of approbation we subserve divers ulterior purposes. And generally, our nature is such that in fulfilling each desire we in some way facilitate the fulfillment of the rest. But the love of music seems to exist for its own sake. The delights of melody and harmony do not obviously minister to the welfare either of the individual or of society. May we not suspect, however, that this exception is apparent only? Is it not a rational inquiry—What are the indirect benefits which accrue from music, in addition to the direct pleasure it gives?

But that it would take us too far out of our track, we should prelude this inquiry by illustrating at some length a certain general law of progress — the law that alike in occupations, sciences, arts, the divisions that had a common root, but by continual divergence have become distinct, and are now being separately developed, are not truly independent, but severally act and reäct on each other to their mutual advancement. Merely hinting thus much, however, by way of showing that there are many analogies to justify us, we go on to express the opinion that there exists a relationship of this kind between music and speech.

All speech is compounded of two elements, the words and the tones in which they are uttered — the signs of ideas and the signs of feelings. While a particular set of articulations express the thought, a particular set of vocal sounds express the more or less of pain or pleasure which the thought gives. Using the word cadence in an unusually extended sense as comprehending all modifications of voice, we may say that *cadence is the commentary of the emotions upon the propositions of the intellect.* This duality of spoken language, though not formally recognized, is recognized in practice by every one; and every one knows that very often more weight attaches to the tones than to the words. Daily experience supplies cases in which the same sentence of disapproval will be understood as meaning little or meaning much, according to the inflections of voice which accompany it; and daily experience supplies still more striking cases in which words and tones are in direct contradiction—the first expressing consent, while the last express reluctance; and the last being believed rather than the first.

These two distinct but interwoven elements of speech have been undergoing a simultaneous development. We know that in the course of civilization words have been multiplied, new parts of speech have been introduced, sentences have grown more varied and complex; and we may fairly infer that during the same time new modifications of voice have come into use, fresh intervals have been adopted, and cadences have become more elaborate. For while, on the one hand, it is absurd to suppose that, along with the undeveloped verbal forms of barbarism, there existed a developed system of vocal inflections; it is, on the other hand, necessary to suppose that, along with the higher and more numerous verbal forms needed to convey the multiplied and complicated

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ideas of civilized life, there have grown up those more involved changes of voice which express the feelings proper to such ideas. If intellectual language is a growth, so also, without doubt, is emotional language a growth.

Now, the hypothesis which we have hinted above is, that beyond the direct pleasure which it gives, music has the indirect effect of developing this language of the emotions. Having its root, as we have endeavored to show, in those tones, intervals, and cadences of speech which express feeling—arising by the combination and intensifying of these—and coming finally to have an embodiment of its own—music has all along been reäcting upon speech, and increasing its power of rendering emotion. The use in recitative and song of inflections more expressive than ordinary ones, must from the beginning have tended to develop the ordinary ones. Familiarity with the more varied combinations of tones that occur in vocal music, can scarcely have failed to give greater variety of combination to the tones in which we utter our impressions and desires. The complex musical phrases by which composers have conveyed complex emotions, may rationally be supposed to have influenced us in making those involved cadences of conversation by which we convey our subtler thoughts and feelings. That the cultivation of music has no effect on the mind, few will be absurd enough to contend. And if it has an effect, what more natural effect is there than this of developing our perception of the meanings of inflections, qualities, and modulations of sound, and giving us a correspondingly increased power of using them? Just as mathematics, taking its start from the phenomena of physics and astronomy, and presently coming to be a separate science, has since reäcted on physics and astronomy to their immense advancement — just as chemistry, first arising out of the processes of metallurgy and the industrial arts, and gradually growing into an independent study, has now become an aid to all kinds of production — just as physiology, originating out of medicine and once subordinate to it, but latterly pursued for its own sake, is in our day coming to be the science on which the progress of medicine depends; so music, having its root in emotional language, and gradually evolved from it, has ever been reäcting upon and further advancing it. Whoever will examine the facts will find this hypothesis to be in harmony with the method of civilization every where displayed.

It will scarcely be expected that much direct evidence in support of this conclusion can be given. The facts are of a kind which it is difficult to measure, and of which we have no records. Some suggestive traits, however, may be noted. May we not say, for instance, that the Italians, among whom modern music was earliest cultivated, and who have more especially practiced and excelled in melody (the division of music, with which our argument is chiefly concerned)—may we not say that these Italians speak in more varied and expressive inflections and cadences than any other nation? On the other hand, may we not say that, confined almost exclusively as they have hitherto been to their national airs, which have a marked family likeness, and therefore accustomed to but a limited range of musical expression, the Scotch are unusually monotonous in the intervals and modulations of their speech? And again, do we not find among different classes of the same nation, differences that have like implications? The gentleman and the clown stand in very decided contrast with respect to variety of intonation. Listen to the conversation of a servant-girl, and then to that of a refined, accomplished lady, and the more delicate and complex changes of voice used by the latter will be conspicuous. Now, without going so far as to say that out of all the differences of culture to which the upper and lower classes are subjected, difference of musical culture is that to which alone this difference of speech is ascribable; yet we may fairly say that there seems a much more obvious connection of cause and effect between these than between any others. Thus while the inductive evidence to which we can appeal is but scanty and vague, yet, what there is, favors our position.

### MUSIC AND HUMAN HAPPINESS.

Probably most will think that the function here assigned to music is one of very little moment. But further reflection may lead them to a contrary conviction. In its bearings upon human happiness, we believe that this emotional language which musical culture develops and re-

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fines, is only second in importance to the language of the intellect: perhaps not even second to it. For these variations of loudness, timbre, pitch, and the other modifications of voice produced by feelings, are the means of exciting like feelings in others. Joined with gestures and expressions of face, they give life to the otherwise dead words in which the intellect utters its ideas; and so enable the hearer not only to *understand* the state of mind they accompany, but to *partake* of that state. In short, they are the chief media of *sympathy*. And if we consider how much both our general welfare and our immediate pleasures depend upon sympathy, we shall recognize the importance of whatever makes this sympathy greater. If we bear in mind that by their fellow-feeling men are led to behave kindly and considerately to each other—that the difference between the cruelty of the barbarous and the humanity of the civilized results from the increase of fellow-feeling; if we bear in mind that this faculty which makes us sharers in the joys and sorrows of others, is the basis of all the higher affections—that in friendship, love, and all domestic pleasures, it is an essential element; if we bear in mind how much our direct gratifications are intensified by sympathy—how, at the theater, the concert, the picture gallery, we lose half our enjoyment if we have no one to enjoy with us; if, in short, we bear in mind that for all happiness beyond what the unfriended recluse can have, we are indebted to this same sympathy—we shall see that the agencies which communicate it can scarcely be overrated in value. The tendency of civilization is more and more to repress the antagonistic elements of our characters and to develop the social ones — to curb our purely selfish desires and exercise our unselfish ones—to replace private gratifications by gratifications resulting from, or involving, the happiness of others. And while by this adaptation to the social state the sympathetic side of our nature is being unfolded, there is simultaneously growing up a language of sympathetic intercourse — a language through which we communicate to others the happiness we feel, and are made sharers in their happiness. This double process, of which the effects are already sufficiently appreciable, must go on to an extent of which we can as yet have no adequate conception. The habitual concealment of our feelings diminishing, as it must, in proportion as our feelings become such as do not demand concealment, we may conclude that the exhibition of them will become much more vivid than men now dare allow it to be; and this implies a more expressive emotional language. At the same time feelings of a higher and more complex kind, as yet experienced only by the cultivated few, will become general; and there will be a corresponding development of the emotional language into more involved forms. Just as there has silently grown up a language of ideas, which, rude as it at first was, now enables us to convey with precision the most subtle and complicated thoughts; so there is still silently growing up a language of feelings, which, notwithstanding its present imperfection, we may expect will ultimately enable men vividly and completely to impress on each other all the emotions which they experience from moment to moment.

Thus if, as we have endeavored to show, it is the function of music to facilitate the development of this emotional language, we may regard it as an aid to the achievement of that higher happiness which it indistinctly shadows forth. Those vague feelings of inexperienced felicity which music arouses — those indefinite impressions of an unknown ideal life which it calls up, may be considered as a prophecy, to the fulfillment of which music is itself partly instrumental. The strange capacity which we have for being so affected by melody and harmony, may be taken to imply both that it is within the possibilities of our nature to realize those intenser delights they dimly suggest, and that they are in some way concerned in the realization of them. On this supposition the power and the meaning of music become comprehensible; but otherwise they are a mystery.

We will only add, that if the probability of these corollaries be admitted, then music must take rank as the highest of the fine arts—as the one which, more than any other, ministers to human welfare. And thus, even leaving out of view the immediate gratifications it is hourly giving, we can not too much applaud that progress of musical culture which is becoming one of the characteristics of our age.

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From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

# THE OCEAN CHILD.

THE sea in its great stillness seemed one huge sheet of glass, reflecting from its gently heaving bosom the sun's warm glistening rays. Heaven spread her canopy of deepest azure, whereon white, fleecy gold-tipped clouds floated like tenant specters of the air—sporting erewhile in mimic chase, and then vanishing into an essence more ethereal than themselves.

Nothing of earth, dull earth, was visible. Not one trace of land to dim the brightness of the glowing scene—not one being of human mould; nothing of earthly life to mar the lonely beauty of the ocean solitude. Yet there was life; and beings of life floated on each rippling wave—dancing on the creamy foam. Life—strange, unknown life to poor blind mortals—life of the spirit kind, dwelling in rare cabinets of beauty: for there were nymphs with floating locks of gold and snowy skins, and beaming eyes of fatal brilliancy, which woo—and win—and promise—but to curse.

The sisters of the deep kept holiday; as frequently they sported on the surface of their world. They touched their harps of shells with fairy fingers, and in sweeping cadence drew forth rich tones of melody, and then they sung and laughed, and sung again, in very mirth and mischief.

"On to the emerald of the ocean, on;" and away they sped, that merry crew, borne on great dolphins' backs. On to that spot which, with truth, they styled the emerald of the ocean—an island—a mere speck of earth—an oasis of beauty in that great desert of the waters. Tall pines grew from the mossy turf, which seemed but floating in the clear green deep. Tall pines, of melancholy form and moulding, looking as though they were the tenements of disembodied spirits imprisoned there—so the mind would suggest—for some dim error of the past.

Thither the water-spirits fled—thither to hold their festival, and their songs and gleesome mirth rang in wild music over the broad expanse of ocean.

But one being, and she the loveliest of them all, rested so sad and silent. No melody springing from her harp—no mirth dwelling on her ruby lips; her eyes cast down, and pearly tears imprisoning the heavy lashes to her cheek; her hair, even her hair seeming to hang in sadness, and shroud in gloom the beauty of her fairy loveliness.

"Eola"—and the gay sisters clustered round her, and linked their arms, and danced—she in the midst, like a pure marble.

"Eola, ever, ever sad; come join with us and cast off this dull garb of grief, which better fits the stolid children of mortality than ocean's fairy daughters."

Then Eola mused, and mused, and then repeated their light words — repeated them, as dreaming of their import, forgetful of their utterer.

"Stolid children of mortality," she said, "can those be dull whose outward form enshrines the precious diamond of a soul: the gem which sparkles through the whole tenor of the life? A never-dying, never-ending soul; a spirit reaching through all space and time. O blessed fate!—to be more than a mere bubble—more than a thing of foam—a breath—a vapor."

And now she stood alone; for her gay companions, wearied of her mood, had left her. Then a balmy air spread round her, waving her golden tresses, lifting them from her snowy skin; and looking up, she saw descending on his outstretched pinions the radiant form of one of the great spirits of the air.

"Eola," he said, as alighting he stood beside her, "Eola, to heaven's great dome thy words have fled, betokening a high, aspiring dream in thy poor perishable mindless form; speak now, and say, why shouldst thou wish to be more than thy gay companions? or pine for aught more lasting than this life upon the moon-lit waters—of merry gamboling on the sun-warmed waves?"

She raised her eyes, and the intense expression of those blue orbs answered him:

"Why should I wish to be other than

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I am?" she said. "Why? because the subtle question, Why art thou thus? hath forced itself upon me with restless eagerness, and my spirit-mind, or that which should be mind, hath answered to that great question, I know not. The ban of ignorance hath fallen so darkly on me, that I have cried for knowledge; thence came the hope, the longing, the one wish, to have part in that great state, when all ignorance shall be changed into most perfect knowledge. And now, kind spirit, answer thou that question, Why am I that I am—the fleeting bubble of a day?" He bent his glance upon her, sternly yet sorrowing.

"Why art thou even that?" he said. "Shall the clay say to the potter, Why didst thou form me? Look at yon glittering ray of light, sparkling on the bright waters, canst thou tell why *that* was made—created? Earth would have given her golden fruits without that gleam; man would have breathed, and all existence been as joyous had that single stream of liquid light been dimmed in its birth by some dark heavy cloud; yet, 'tis there—the fact we know; but the why? remains one of the countless mass of mysteries which surround us. Mysteries, which as they open to us all, reveal the sterling truth of the great goodness and the love of Him who made us and all things with us. That sunbeam of the air lives but its day, its hour, its own bright hour, and then it dies, having done its destiny. Thou art a sunbeam of the ocean; thou with thy bright presence, and thy locks, which fall like a golden shower around thee, and thy short day will cease when the inexplicable purpose for which 'twas given shall be accomplished. Pine not for that which is withheld—thy day is brief, but free from toil and care."

"I would bear toil, and care, and racking pain and sorrow to be like thee; to have that which shall live forever; to know that the thoughts, the feelings, and the hopes which stir me shall exist, when the frail body fades; to know that I shall live again, when ocean and her children are naught but a dreamy atom of the transient past."

"Thou wouldst have an immortal soul?"

"I would." And her blue eyes sought the angel's, and her lovely form dwelt for an instant in his heavenly orbs.

"Would that thine own immortal nature could leave its impress on this frame, even as my image exists there."

And she pointed to the reflected picture of herself.

"O spirit! messenger, or whatsoe'er ye be! speak to my longing ear, and bid it hope; tell my weary heart there is some way, some blessed way, in which I, the bubble of the ocean, may become something more than that;" and she bent her knee before the angel, and raised her snow-white arms, as though she would have caught the promise as it fell from him.

"Child of the Ocean, thy prayer is heard and answered. Seest thou yon vivid ray of rare electric light? Swifter than thought, swifter than aught thou couldst conceive, thy prayer on it flew upwards, and the answer came ere the breath of thy last word had circled in the air. Thou wouldst become immortal—in spirit imperishable—seek then that which is unchangeable; to dwell therein be thine existence, thought, heart-feeling; be enshrined in that which is eternal, and then thou shalt so become.

"To aid thee in thy purpose, help thee in thy course, I will bestow all human attributes — reason, reflection, intellect. Thou shalt retain thy fairy nature, thou poor ephemeris of an hour, but I will clothe it with a human form, resembling thy fair self, of more than human beauty. Now speed on thy way, and seek to incorporate thyself with some imperishable glory."

He waved his wings, and as she stood trembling beneath the soft breeze of their fanning, a change came o'er her, a wondrous change. Her blue eyes mellowed to a deeper light, her lip was curved with thought, her brow grew to reflection, and her form, erewhile but simply graceful, now, in each rounded line, each gentle movement, became expressive of the pathos of the soul; while garments—garments of mortal shape—came as a dreamy mist, and clad her wondrous beauty.

Meekly she bowed her lovely head, and waited for the next command; and then the angel wafted her forth on her mortal path, in quest of an immortal destiny.

She stood—and a fountain of clear limpid water mirrored her graceful form. Lost in a childlike admiration of her beauty, reveling in her new-born human feelings, hoping with hope, for the first time

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in her existence—for hope is a part of a prospective future, which only now was hers—she feared to move, lest she should crush some some fresh-found thought or feeling. "Seek the imperishable, dwell in that, and thou shalt be so too," she murmured as she looked around her, as her eyes fell on the beauty of the place to which she had been wafted.

It was a garden—a bright paradise. A soft verdant lawn stretched in the distance. Trees, of dark foliage and graceful forms, bordered this lawn; while marble statues, and broad marble steps, the work of man, added their mute embellishment to the scene, and the blue sea rolled idly in the distance.

The Child of Ocean stood entranced. A peacock's gaudy feather lay at her feet. "Where art thou, then, proud bird?" she said. "Wilt thou not bear me company in this sweet place? Where art thou, bird? Art gone—gone?" Then echo, from her rocky hiding-place, repeated, in successive tones: "Gone! gone! gone!"

"Is this my future destiny—here to dwell? ever here? Is this fair scene, and all that I behold, imperishable?" and she glanced around her.

Alas! the massive marble of the steps had cracked; weeds trailed their length along the ground; the autumn tints dwelt on the drooping trees; while falling leaves completed the sad picture of decay creeping over the now deserted garden.

Then Eola's head drooped low; for, with her fresh young hopeful feelings, she had thought to make this place her rest, her home.

"But I must hence," she sighed—"hence; there is naught enduring here"—and she cast a sorrowing glance around her, as again she took her way to a lofty mountain-ridge, and rested on the summit of a snow-clad peak. "Can these perish?" and her eye wandered over the massive grandeur of the scene. "Can these mighty giants of the earth crumble beneath the almost imperceptible touch of time? Surely the imperishable dwelleth here, in these mighty monarchs of the world!"

But a voice answered her:

"Foolish being, fit type of erring human wisdom, pause and reflect—exercise that attribute bestowed on thee. These rocks, these massive mountains, of gigantic strength, shall crumble into dust before the destroying influence of time. Time!—the mere instrument of him to whom both they, and time, and all things are subservient.

"But even could their colossal grandeur endure through the long forever, how couldst thou incorporate thyself with them? Thou, a being of light and love, grow into their cold and stony nature! Leave these dead rocks, and speed thee to the city. Scan the minds, and thoughts, and hearts of men. Look to the immaterial for endurance; all that is material must perish; the immaterial only lasteth to all eternity. Now, on thy way again."

But the gentle Eola shrank from the noisy city, and her timid eyes fixed on the angel's face.

"Thou wilt be near me, great and heavenly guide?" she said; "near me—shielding off harm and danger?"

"Those who would strive for the boon thou cravest, must enter boldly on their contest with the world—willing to dare each danger, cross each shallow of their tortuous path, meet every threatening peril. Canst thou do this?"

She raised her head in terror at his words, as her trembling voice uttered the reply.

"Alas!" she cried, "I can not dare the perils thou dost speak of; I am too weak alone to meet the terrors of the world. But thou shalt strengthen me. Oh! I will weary thee with mine earnest prayers till thou dost grant me all the strength I need." And again she knelt before the angel; but he bade her rise.

"Bow not the knee to me," he said; "to such as I am, prayer is not permitted; that alone is made to One before whom I am but dust. Pray unto him, ask him to uphold thee in thy hour of danger; for to those who thus pray his great word is passed, that his strength shall be made perfect in their weakness."

And a smile of glory played round his angel's lips. Then Eola walked along, her eyes raised to the heaven of their own color, her heart yearning for the help her trembling lips refused to crave.

Entering the city with a lagging step, treading its mazes with timid fear, she passed through each crowded street and thoroughfare. Thousands of human beings all hasting with speed, and bent on some special purpose, passed before her, jostling each other in their busy traffic, heedless of all, it seemed, save the passing action of the moment. How her mind groaned for

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solitude, repose! Her mind seemed crushed by the moving mass of life before her.

Faint and weary, she leant against the sculptured pillar of a gateway, and her sad eyes looked round, and asked for sympathy—sought to find one congenial spirit to her own—but sought in vain; and then her heart wandered to her good angel guide. "Great spirit," she cried, "through whose inexplicable power I now stand here, grant me thy presence—if but for one moment—thy cheering presence; leave me not thus alone, in this dread place, to pine, and droop, and die!" But the angel, though near, still held himself invisible; and she—poor Eola—even as she spoke, sank fainting on the hard unfeeling earth.

But not unheeded; for, at that instant, forth from that gate came one who gazed on her as she lay—gazed on her face of matchless beauty, on her vailed eyes, closed as in death, on the radiant brow and ruby lip, the graceful form, and wavy tresses of the golden hair; and, as he gazed, he wondered whence should come such matchless beauty, such rare loveliness; and then he thought, why was she there alone — was she then friendless? She should be so no longer. He would be friend, and more than friend to her.

With tender care he raised her from the ground, and bore her safely into the palace at whose gate she lay; and as he held her in his arms, as gently as if she were an infant, his breath blew on her pallid face, and warmed it into life again. And then her blue eyes opened, and, with a start, she would have dragged herself away, but he held her closely, and tried to soothe her with words of kindness, and begged of her to trust to him, to listen to him, look on him, to live for him, and be his own forever.

"Forever?" and she raised her timid eyes; "forever—for the long and dim forever? Shall I dwell here with thee forever, loving, and loved by thee?"—and her wild eyes looked startling in their eager brilliance as she waited for his answer.

A smile dwelt on his arching lip as his admiring look clung to her face.

"We will dwell in each other's love," he said: "mine, for thee, will last through life, through death."

"And I shall live, and move, and dwell in that, and *be*, when all I know is not?"

He kissed her glowing cheek, and hushed her questions with words of new promise.

And Eola drank in with eager thirst those promises: "mine!" she murmured; "mine the great boon now! I have found that which shall outlive all time!—and I live in it! Mine the great gift of immortality!" And her own words lulled her into a peaceful slumber, as she lay resting in his arms.

She dreamed, and her vision was of a garden, where each bright flower seemed to outvie in beauty its gay compeers; birds of dazzling plumage, insects with golden wings, flitted from flower and shrub, and filled the air with their gay songs and dreamy hummings.

But a strange, cold blight came o'er the scene: the flowers withered, the bright birds drooped their colored pinions, and their glad songs were mute! Slowly all faded from her straining sight—naught but a misty void remained—while a voice spake words of sad meaning:

"Child of the Ocean!—spirit of the deep!—trust not to fleeting earth for permanence! Mark well this passing vision, and lay it to thine heart. Where are the flowers and birds, and all that gave life and beauty to the scene? faded—gone—and lost. Thus shall it be with all hopes rising from earth and earthly bliss. Child of the Ocean! thou art in a misty dream, following a cheating phantom, which lures thee on to bitter woe and disappointment."

With a sob, she woke, and flung her arms around the neck of him who held her.

"Thou dost love me still?" she cried, "and thy love shall last? Oh! I have had a dream, dashing the cup of happiness from my lip, and offering in its place a bitter draught of sorrow. But thou wilt love me ever?"

And again he answered her. "Forever, dear one, ever." And the days passed on, each hour giving birth to some new joy, until, as in her dream, her path of life was studded, strewn with flowers; and the music of her own glad heart rivaled the melody of the birds of song.

But the dream was metaphored more closely, for the dull blight came—came as it had come in the vision, marring the beauty of the scene.

The love of him she loved so well grew cold; the dull blight came in that; his

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words of soothing kindness ceased, and frigid courtesy, or scarcely that, usurped their place—*there* fell the blight again. She sought to chase the growing mist far from her, but it crept on and on, shrouding her in its damp, death-like coldness.

Her cheek, her bright young cheek, became pale and wan with grief, and her dim eye betokened naught but sorrow, and he—the idol she had worshiped with her warm young heart—cared neither for the pallor nor the sorrow.

There, in that hour of woe, back to her despairing mind, stealing o'er her smarting senses, came a low and gentle whisper:

"Child of the wave, thou hast built thine house upon the sand, and it has fallen around thee; thou hast placed thy hopes in the fleeting things of earth, and in mercy those hopes have been destroyed. Thou hast but tasted of the fate of all mundane creation—change."

She listened; and as the angel spoke, she stretched her arms towards heaven to Him who must endure when all things else are gone, crying: "Take me to thyself, enshrine me in thine own imperishable love, let me dwell there, in that which can, and shall, and will endure, when this world, with its false and cheating hopes, is gone."

And with clasped, outstretched hands, with thoughts and hopes of heaven springing in her heart, and warm and fervent prayers on her lips, she turned her eyes upwards.

Then came a glorious band, who, with their balmy wings wafted the damp and noxious mist away—wafted her woe far from her; wafted her earthly hopes, regrets, back to her earthly home.

Once more her guide hovered above her. "Blest child of heaven now!" he said, "learn the one great truth: life—eternal life, such as thou wouldst have, can be found in this great love alone; a love which dwells in every thorn and brier of man's tangled path; a love which, scourging that it may repay, draws the sad heart bleeding to Him who heals it with the balm of his free salvation."

He ceased: and the sky became one beam of glory. The dull earth sank beneath the feet of Eola. On the clear air she rose, borne by the gentle breath of angels' wings, through the ethereal azure of the sky.

"Farewell, ye earth," she sighed; "farewell ye palaces and scenes, which promise so much brightness to the craving heart, and cheat it with that promise.

"I have tasted of your sweets, and they turned to bitterness in my mouth. I have quaffed the cup of your false-named delights, your wild intoxicating pleasures, and turned from them with loathing to the draught of Heaven's deep well of crystal purity—that living water which quenches thirst forever.

"Farewell, beings of earth! who strive, and toil, and run the active race of life with eagerness, for some bubble which, when gained, bursts in the hand that grasps it: some glittering toy which throws its tinsel brightness in your eyes, blinding them to the glory of the Sun of Righteousness.

"Farewell!" and with her eyes fixed upwards, her clasped hands extended, and her lips murmuring her fervent words of prayer and praise, she rose higher and higher, until she passed from our sight into the endless vista of eternity.

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From Chambers's Journal.

# HAPPINESS AND HEALTH.

A HALE gentleman of ninety-four had one evening contributed largely to the entertainment of a social party by his performances on the violin. After his departure, the remainder of the company set themselves to speculating on the causes of the good health and soundness of condition which he continued to enjoy at so advanced an age. After many theories had been discussed, one gentle-

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man, who happened to be a near relative of the venerable violinist, told his companions that "he believed they were all wrong—upon good grounds of observation, it was his conviction that Mr. —— owed his singular length of days and good health to nothing else than his playing on the violin! He had been a player on that instrument *for the last seventy-eight years*, had during that time played more or less every day, enjoyed it keenly, made others happy by his strains, and derived happiness from seeing them happy: lively music had been the very salt of life to him—he scarcely ever knew what it was to be dull or in low spirits. As there was no other special circumstance in his condition, it became apparent that Mr. —— had reached an unusual age, in unbroken health and strength, solely by his playing on the fiddle!" The company was startled at first, but, after a little reflection, they fully admitted that, in all probability, the right explanation had been given.

And it undoubtedly was so. It is now quite settled among physiologists, that cheerfulness sustains, and care depresses health, and that a certain amount of happy sensations is necessary to the prolongation of life. The doctrine works out its verity in a striking manner wherever there are large bodies of men concerned, as in military or naval expeditions. That officer, it is acknowledged, is sure to have the healthiest regiment or ship's crew who best can sustain their cheerfulness or keep them in merriment; and for this reason it becomes a matter of *serious concern* to encourage the men in the getting up of plays and sports among themselves. This was done with the best effects by Captain Parry during his compulsory wintering in the Arctic regions. We will, on the same grounds, pledge any reputation we may have for wisdom, to the conclusion that, in two families of young children, brought up in circumstances otherwise identical, and starting with equal advantages in point of constitution, that will be the healthiest, and come to be the most satisfactory set of men and women, which has been in the hands of parents of cheerful and kindly dispositions; which has been most encouraged, under decent bounds, to laugh, to play, to dance, to sing; has been least frowned at, awed down, and frightened; which, in short, has been made the *happiest*.

Health all admit to be necessary to happiness. It is a common-place of little direct value to mankind. Happiness is one of the pre-requisites of health—*there* is an apothegm comparatively new, and of great value. Yes, it is so in this world, that without a fair measure of happiness—that is, a tolerably continuous flow of easy, cheerful, and agreeable sensations—there can be no consistent good health, and, consequently, no such thing as long life. When a friend, therefore, wishes one "long life, health, and happiness," he uses a needlessly long formula. If he were to wish us happiness only, he would be doing all that could be desired in the case.

As the world now is, we certainly see in it a vast amount of unhappiness—the unhappiness which arises from want of physical necessaries—the unhappiness arising from the cares connected with social responsibilities—the unhappiness arising from moral aberrations, from misapplied and mistreated affections, from the infinite variety of tyrannies and cruelties we exercise towards each other. Most sad is the scene consequently presented even in the most advanced communities. Yet this comfort is seen through all—knowledge has a manifest control over the matter, by the improved conditions, the better regulations, the more equable distribution of means, which it introduces, as well as by the control which it gives us severally over our various emotions; and knowledge we know to be a power altogether unlimited. We may therefore fairly expect that happiness will be extended even till it overspreads all. Such appears to have been the constitution of humanity. While the humbler animals were as well at the beginning as they could be, man was made to start with only great potentialities; the perfection of his state in the world was only to be reached through the use of his reasonable mind working out the best conditions for itself.

There is little immediate good in contemplating the matter in this general point of view. Enough for practical purposes that we see the direct bearing of happiness upon health, and consequently, it may be said, on the highest secular interests of society. This brings us at once to the duty we are under towards our fellow-creatures with regard to what we can do for their happiness.

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If it be true—and there seems no reason to doubt it—that every one of us, however humble or insignificant, has some influence over the sensations and experiences of some one else—it may be as a member of a household, or as one of many in a workshop, or as a householder in a "neighborhood"—the duty of trying to diffuse a happy state of feeling instead of the opposite, may well come upon us with a deeper sense, if we remember what are the ultimate effects of our conduct—that these are really a *life and death matter* to our neighbors. None of us, it is to be presumed, wish to murder our neighbors. Well, but consider that to take from their happiness in any sensible degree is to shorten their expectation or chance of life. Is it not, then, a partial murder to make them unhappy? Make them, on the contrary, happy even in the smallest degree, cheer them with but a kind word, lessen by the simplest act of friendly help the load of their cares, and you positively add to their days upon the face of the earth. Can you in any way come nearer to the power of divinity itself, than in thus doing what in you lies to foster and prolong what divinity alone can give?

The humblest person may also exercise an influence in this matter by the opinions regarding it which he forms, avows, and acts upon. It is to be feared that with many, happiness is not a thing quite respected as it ought to be. They confound it with pleasure, or they are more disposed to think of the serious than of the cheerful parts of life. The puritan view actuates some: there is even such a thing as a puritan severity without any visible connection with religion—solely from natural austerity, or from twisted and perverse sentiments. Thus in many ways, even to the enactment of laws, a check is imposed on the happiness of society. We would most respectfully appeal to all the well-meaning but erring mortals here concerned, to reflect on what it is to deliberately will that such and such people shall be less happy than they seem inclined to be, or, what comes to the same thing, that they shall only be happy in a certain prescribed way. There may be some unpleasant-looking adjuncts in the case. A thousand people can not meet in one place for any kind of pastime, but there will be some rude and reckless emotions amongst them. They may not always eat and drink what is sure to do them good. Still the great question remains, Is there not more benefit from the happiness they have had together, than harm from these little drawbacks? And it may also be asked, can we safely dispense with the happiness, even were it only to be purchased at a greater cost? Can human beings be moral without being allowed a certain daily pabulum of happiness, as well as other necessaries? It is much to be feared not: at least, we have always found that a too austere frame of life, imposed upon them by whatever force, and for howsoever good purposes, only led to a reäction in which all decent restraints were swept away. There is one thing, too, which very good people never think of, but which they ought seriously to lay to heart—namely, the effects of high-strung virtue, its tastes, habits, and opinions, in creating or promoting the growth of its opposite—as, for example, through the privilege it assumes of avoiding all contact of the erring, or through the discouraging effect of a condemnation which they mean to be wholesome, and therefore make more severe than the delinquent can own to be just. It is doubtless in great part owing to this very cause, that there is never so large and wretched a class of abandoned or refuse people in rude as in civilized communities. We would have the good, then, to try to work out their good designs and wishes less in the condemnation of errors than in measures for their prevention, among which, they may be assured, none can be more effectual than the promotion of a reasonable and innocent happiness. By this the lives of men are made more healthy; their dependence on hurtful stimulants is lessened; they become altogether a more satisfactory spectacle to both God and man.

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From the National Review.

# POPULAR LEGENDS AND FAIRY TALES.*

LEGENDS and fairy tales would seem to be the natural form in which simple minds and simple ages instinctively express the workings of their rich imagination and their unsophisticated moral sense. The ideas and feelings which arise from their intercourse with Nature and with each other, and their first dim perceptions of spiritual truths, are moulded by the poetic genius of a rude people into symbolic characters and circumstances, and are given forth in mythic story and in legendary song—song and story, in which the moral is always strictly subordinated to the dramatic element. The infancy of nations and the infancy of individuals display similar mental characteristics: in both we discern the same tendency to clothe thought in figure, and to embody feeling and opinion in invented action—the same boundless imagination, the same insatiable love of marvelous adventure. As years advance, and culture spreads and deepens, our mental disposition changes; mere story loses its hold upon us; and ideas, as such, acquire a new and specific value in our sight: we begin to estimate outward things rather according to the amount of meaning they suggest, than according to the intrinsic worth of beauty they contain. Even poets and prose writers of fiction, who alone are expected to retain in the midst of advanced civilization the qualifications which belong to *all* in primitive and ruder times, succumb to the universal law; the subjective element becomes obstrusively prominent, and the dramatic part of a story is obscured or disguised by the reflective and moralizing drapery so profusely thrown around it. The greatest excess in this direction is to be found in the German literature of the present day, and most especially in works like those of Auerbach which mingle legends and metaphysics in a most unchildlike fashion. In *The Bare-footed Maiden*, for example, the whole interest of the book consists in the delicate perception with which the analogies between nature and the human mind are seized upon, and the felicity with which the hidden types and meanings of the outer world are laid bare. It is obvious that this process, however interesting in itself, is inherently antagonistic to the natural workings of a child's mind, and, if understood at all, must promote in it a morbid and undesirable condition.

It is difficult to define the limits of traditional literature. The early literature of every country partakes largely, if it does not consist entirely, of the legendary element; that is to say, it results from the working of no single mind, but is the joint production of a whole people, and grows by the successive contributions of many generations. A time comes when these national legends are collected and moulded into epic shape by one or more individuals; and thus they reach us in the form of an Odyssey, an Edda, a Kalewala, or a Nibelungen Lied. The contents of these poems, as far as we have the means of judging, are almost entirely based upon legendary materials; but they have lost much of the distinctive legendary character. In an artistic point of view, they are improved; but we miss the thoroughly unconscious treatment and the *naïveté* of expression which constitute the great charms of the people's literature. It is only from such works as the *Kinder und Hausmärchen* of the Brothers Grimm that we can form any complete estimate of the genuine popular legend. The authors of that valuable

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* *Kinder und Hausmärchen.* Gesammelt durch die Brüder Grimm. Dritter Band. Göttingen. 1856. (*Children's Tales and Popular Legends.* Collected by the Brothers Grimm. Third vol. Göttingen. 1856.)

*The Pentamerone; or, the Story of Stories.* By Giambatista Basile. Translated from the Neapolitan by John Edward Taylor. Second Edition. David Bogue. 1850.

*Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland.* John Murray.

*Russian Popular Tales.* Translated from the German version of Anton Dietrich. With an Introduction by Jacob Grimm. Chapman and Hall. 1857.

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and interesting collection gathered its stories from the lips of the German peasantry, and have given them to us unaltered and unembellished, as nearly as possible in the words in which they were narrated, preserving even the *patois* of the originals. We are thus in possession of a complete and truthful version of one of the richest and most poetical of popular literatures. In the concluding volume of their work, published last year, the Brothers Grimm have entered upon a wider field; and, for the purposes of comparative criticism, have narrated some of the corresponding *Märchen* of other countries, besides giving a succinct account of the various collections that have from time to time been made. These are very numerous, but differ widely in their value, the tendency too often having been to manufacture pretty and ingenious stories out of the popular materials, instead of recording the latter in all their native simplicity and vigor.

One very curious fact, which has always furnished matter of surprise, is incontrovertibly established by the volumes we are reviewing, namely, the universal diffusion of the same stories, not only in distant parts of the same country, but in different countries and among different races of men. That those ideas which are common to mankind should every where form the kernel of popular tales, is natural; but it is curious to find them clothed exactly in the same garb, and handled with the same dramatic treatment. Thus we can easily understand that the obvious advantages of skill and activity over mere size and strength should have given rise to that hero of world-wide celebrity, the valiant Tom Thumb. Once created, the humor of the people has found endless enjoyment in depicting the mishaps that arise from the discrepancy between him and the general order of the creation. The German Tom Thumb inquires one day of Frau Mama what is being cooked for dinner. She tells him to look; whereupon he peeps on tiptoe into the pot, is caught off his feet by the steam and floated up the chimney. By his ingenuity, however, he saves the parson's house from a gang of burglars, drives a cart by sitting in the horse's ear, and extricates himself most dexterously from the various plights in which he is placed by his diminutive stature. A poet of Cos tells us that the Greek Tom Thumb wore lead in his shoes for fear of being whisked away by the wind; and Aristarchus asserts that he was of the weight of one obolus. In Denmark the same hero lived for some time in a snuff-box, and married a wife three ells and three-quarters tall.

Again, the virtue of hospitality has in all ages been sung by men and rewarded by the gods. Philemon and Baucis have a place in the legends of every country. There is much similarity between the German *Märchen* of "The Rich Man and the Poor Man" and the corresponding Chinese legend. In the latter, Fo comes down upon earth to try the hearts of men, and is hospitably received by a poor widow. She sits up all night to make him a new shirt, and on leaving next morning Fo pronounces the following blessing: "May God reward you for what you have done to me; and may the first thing that you begin to do after I leave, not cease till the sun sets." Thoughtless of the meaning of his words, the widow begins measuring her cloth to see how much is left; and she measures on and on till sunset before coming to the end of the piece. The room is then full of linen, and she has become a rich woman. Hearing of this good luck, a miserly neighbor places herself at her door, in the hope of finding an opportunity of doing an equally remunerative deed of charity. Fo appears in rags, as before, and is treated in the same way. On leaving next morning, he repeats the blessing. Her pig at that moment begins to grunt, and she thinks to herself: "I shall be measuring linen all day and unable to feed him; I had better give him some water before beginning." She takes up her pail, and begins to pour; but she soon finds she has not the power of stopping. There she stands and pours on and on till sunset, when the whole village is inundated, and she has to bear the ill-will of her neighbors. The German version is more complicated, but contains many of the same features. The reward is bestowed in the shape of three wishes, which in the case of the poor man are wisely, and in the case of the rich man are foolishly, chosen. Grimm records an Indian legend which contains a moral essentially the same, but differently treated.

One of the richest and most interesting fields of legendary lore that has been explored is that of the negroes of Bornou. A German of the name of Kölle,

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who lived five years at Sierra Leone, and mastered the Bornou language, made a collection of all he could gather from the natives; and it is astonishing to find how, even among that remote and isolated people, we encounter the familiar elements of European story, and, indeed, with one exception, the same dramatic machinery. That exception consists in the almost entire absence of supernatural agencies, such as giants, dwarfs, elves, and fairies, and the restriction of interest therefore to human and animal life. The latter greatly preponderates; the fables are very numerous, and of a high order. Each animal has, as in our European fables, his distinct character, and his place in society; and a certain humor is conveyed by the assumption that the community is swayed by human motives and governed by human laws. The few Bornou legends recorded by Kölle which treat of men, and of their sayings and doings, contain many delicate touches of satire and feeling. The following is a good specimen: "There was once upon a time a man of God who had a wife with one eye, and a horse. He understood the language of the beasts of the field and the birds of the air. One day a bird flew by him, and he began to laugh at what it said. His wife inquired the cause of his merriment. 'I can not tell you,' answered he. 'But I know,' said she; 'you are laughing because I have only one eye.' 'Nay,' replied the husband, 'that I saw before I fell in love with you and married you.' This answer satisfied his wife for the time; but one night it happened that a rat and his spouse were laughing and joking so boisterously on the roof that they both lost their footing and fell to the ground. 'That was a sorry joke,' said the female rat, 'I have broken my back.' The man, who was lying in bed and had overheard their conversation, could not refrain from laughing at this mishap; whereupon his wife started up, held him fast, and declared that he should not leave the house until he had told her the cause of his laughter. 'Let me go,' cried he; but his wife persisted in her demand, and he was at length forced to confess his secret. The next morning, when he went to see his horse, and it began to neigh, he found to his astonishment that he understood not a single word, nor could he make out what the other animals were talking about. Then he sat himself down in his house, hung his head, and said to himself: 'God punishes the man who opens his heart and betrays his innermost thoughts. I understood the language of the animals, but now the devil has drawn me aside from the right path. The Lord has closed my ears because I have betrayed my secret to a woman.'" There is a story in the *Arabian Nights* which has the same beginning as this; but its conclusion is not so happy, and contains a different and less original and significant moral. When the man is on the point of betraying his secret, he overhears a cock remarking that he can keep fifty hens in order, and that it is very strange his master can not manage one wife. It then suggests that a good beating would be the proper remedy. This advice is followed, and the wife ceases her importunities. It must be remembered, that a resemblance between the African and European legends is a circumstance of more import than a like resemblance between the legends of Europe and those of some parts of Asia. Though the bond may be very remote, still within the circle of the great Indo-Germanic family a similarity of fundamental ideas and a coincidence of facts can be explained.

Remarkable as is this identity in the legends of different countries, as showing the universal prevalence of certain ideas, and the tendency to express them in the same manner, the variety and differences of those legends form a subject still more suggestive and interesting. Not only is the distinctive character of a people to be traced in its popular tales, but from them we can judge in some rough way of the degree of civilization to which it has attained. Through the labors of the Brothers Grimm, and other painstaking collectors, we are now in possession of sufficient materials to institute an elaborate comparison between the legendary literature of many different countries and ages; but the task would require great research, as well as considerable critical acumen. We can in this article only point out certain broad lines of demarkation, and notice a few striking characteristics.

Among the most genuine records of very primitive legends, are those which we possess of the North-American Indians—the general features of which will be found to be reproduced in all the earliest poetry that has reached us; while the constant intercourse with Nature in



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her grandest and wildest aspects has infused a breadth and boldness into the legends in question which may be considered to constitute their special features. The characteristics which mark the position of these Indian tribes in the scale of civilization, and which proceed from the fact that their communion with Nature is as intimate as their communion with their fellow-men, are the personification of the natural objects by which they are surrounded, and the restriction of interest to the simplest wants and pleasures of man. Thus we hear of the air being still when the winds give themselves over to sleep. The goddess of the everlasting snow, whose breath is icy-cold, receives life, warmth, and feeling when she becomes the wife of a mortal man; on his death she returns to the northern light. The sun, called the great day-star, is a man with wife and children; when he closes his eyes it is night. These early legends give us endless versions of the creation, and accounts of the first man—how he supplies the world with sun and moon, and contrives by some awkward mischance to bring misery, sickness, and death into it. In one legend he climbs for many days up a sun-ray, and at length arrives at the great day-star, one of whose daughters he gains for his wife. Equal breadth of conception and equally gigantic imagery are to be found in the legend of Gesser Khan, which exists in the Mongol language; but probably, as Grimm remarks, had its origin in Thibet, and certainly bears traces of the influence of Hindoo mythology. Gesser is the incarnation of a deity. Superhuman strength, and the power of metamorphosing himself into any other being, are the attributes which prove his origin: "The earth trembles when Gesser weeps."

The mythic element is equally strong in the legends of Finland, as they are known to us through the Kalewala. The dramatic interest of that poem consists in the acquisition of a beautiful bride; and the heroes are of the same Titanic mould as those familiar to us in the North-American tales. Among the Esthonian Fins are to be found many legends containing features somewhat similar to those of the Kalewala, that is to say, features arising out of the same state of civilization, or non-civilization; but here the peculiar character of the people has thrown a milder tone over their mythical conceptions. There is a grace and tenderness in their legends more akin to the soft fancies of the South; they remind us of many of the early Greek myths. Grimm records one in which the Great Father gives the light which burns in his halls to the care of two immortal servants, a youth and a maiden. To the latter, whose name is Ammarik, (Abendröthe,) he says: "My daughter, to thee I confide the sun; put it out, and see that no harm comes of the fire." Then to the youth, whose name is Koit, (Morgenröthe,) he says: "My son, thy office is to give light to the sun, and to set it again on its course." The sun never fails to appear; in winter its rest is long, in summer it has but a short time for repose. In the latter season Ammarik gives it directly into the hands of Koit, who relights it at once. On one of these occasions they look into each other's brown eyes, their hands touch, and their lips meet; the Great Father sees and says: "Be happy as man and wife." They answer: "Father, disturb not our present happiness; let it suffice, and our love will be ever young and fresh." During four weeks in the year they meet, and then Ammarik lays the extinguished sun into Koit's hand; Ammarik's cheek flushes pink, and a rosy reflection plays on the sky until the time comes for Koit to relight the sun. When Ammarik stays too long, the nightingale mockingly upbraids her, and sings: "Thou lingering maiden, the night is too long." It must not be thought that legends of this description are mere fanciful creations; there is a strong admixture of belief in all such personifications of Nature, and they are always closely connected with, if they do not entirely compose, the religion of a primitive people. This faith is the natural result of simple minds coming into direct contact with the marvels of Nature, and only dies out when experience has somewhat defined the limits of the actual and the ideal—the possible and the impossible. Mythical conceptions of this primitive class go on multiplying and acquiring precision and development until the age for their creation draws to a close; they are then fixed and embodied by the national poets, and constitute the early literature, especially the great epic poems, of a people.

The fable is another form of legend that takes its rise in an uncivilized state of society, and naturally so from the con-

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stant intercourse of men with the animal creation. In the North-American collection, the fables do not form a separate class of stories; but animals are raised to the same footing as human beings, understand their language, join in their pursuits, and associate in their daily life. The reason is expressly stated why some among them lost the power of understanding the human speech. In the Bornou collection, fables form a distinct class; but their character is still strictly popular and unconscious. Not so in the great Hindoo collection imported into Persia in the sixth century, and known in England as the Pilpay Fables, in which the didactic purpose is very prominent. Indeed, among the Hindoos, fables were regarded as about the most important vehicles for conveying practical lessons of wisdom and morality. Still these possess one great charm wanting in most of the more modern productions of this kind; the wise saws proceed from the animals themselves, instead of appearing in the form of dry and polished aphorisms at the end of the tales: the effect is irresistibly comic. The fables of Æsop and his imitators can not, of course, be reckoned among *popular* productions; they are the conscious expression of what the Germans term the *Thiermärchen*, the finest European type of which is to be found in "Reynard the Fox," and have, like almost every form of literature, their unconscious germ in the early creations of the people.

The most interesting and amusing legends are, however, those which appear in a more advanced state of society, which treat of human intercourse and of feelings and events which readily excite our sympathy. This field of popular entertainment is boundless. Each province and each village has its own tales and traditions, all strongly tinged with local coloring, yet presenting a certain universal character, which makes the remotest seem like old and familiar friends. Many good collections have from time to time been made of the most noteworthy among them. *The Arabian Nights' Entertainment; Il Pentamerone*, published at Naples, by Giambatista Basile, in the seventeenth century; Perrault's French fairy tales; Anton Dietrich's *Russian Popular Tales; The Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland;* and Grimm's collection of German *Märchen*, are all genuine works; that is to say, they give us the real popular tales, unadulterated by any addition of the author's invention. Of all these collections, Grimm's is the most pleasing and the most valuable; pleasing on account of the merry honest humor, kindly feeling, and sound morality it contains, and valuable as displaying an unusual variety of motive and character, which is probably as much due to the collectors as to the German people. By more careful research, they have given a completeness to the subject in which most of the other works are deficient. In the *Kinder und Hausmärchen* every phase of the popular mind is expressed; piety, pathos, humor, and poetry, all play their part, and we feel that the tales give us an entire knowledge of the people, and carry us completely behind the scenes. Their comparative deficiency, therefore, in two elements, the terrible and the malignant, which form the principal ingredients of so many popular tales, is a fact of some significance. In the few *Märchen* in which our imagination is wrought up to a painful pitch, or our hatred and indignation strongly excited, the effect is never allowed to last long, but is neutralized by some touch of pleasantry or kindly stroke of fate. Thus the most ghastly and terrible story in the collection: "The Legend of One who went out into the World to learn Fear," is rendered almost comic by the imperturbable calmness and *sang-froid* of the hero, who never knew what it was to shudder. When he sleeps under the gallows, he takes down the dead bodies at midnight and sets them upright round the fire to warm them. In the enchanted castle he sleeps for the same benevolent purpose with his cousin's corpse, fights and subdues in turn all the evil spirits of the place, and destroys the spell that hung over the castle. Of course the castle belongs to a king, and the king has a daughter, and the hero marries the daughter. But, much as he loves his wife, he is not happy, but keeps saying to himself: "Oh! that I knew what it is to shudder!" The king's daughter, annoyed at her husband's discontent, sends one day for a pail of water full of little gudgeons, and throws it over him while he is asleep. He wakes suddenly, and cries out: "I shudder! I shudder! Thank God, my wife, I have known what it is to shudder!"

Similar horrors are to be encountered in the enchanted castle which Bruder

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Lustig delivers from the spell of a malignant power; but he is provided with his magical knapsack, and when the imps get fierce and kick too hard, he has merely to wish them into the knapsack, and in they jump, and the lock is turned upon them. Even Death appears in the kindly form of a generous godfather, and is a great contrast to the weird mournful Banshee of the Irish legends. The dwarfs, who are supposed to be the incarnations of malignity, are made so ridiculous that they become subjects for amusement rather than for dislike. Rumpelstilzchen is to carry off the queen's child if she does not guess his name in three days. She sends out messengers to collect all the names in the kingdom; and by chance they hear Rumpelstilzchen repeating his as he dances round his fire in the wood. When he comes next day to carry off his prize, the queen guesses right. Thus balked, the little man gets into a terrible rage, and stamps so hard with his right foot that he thrusts his leg into the ground. Then in his passion he seizes his left leg with such violence that he tears himself in two. In "Snow-white and Rose-red," the malicious little dwarf gets caught in a tree which he is trying to split with an axe; the wood closes together and holds him fast by the end of the beard. On another occasion, when he is fishing, the beard gets entangled in his line. A large fish bites; then comes the tug of war; and had not the good children come to the rescue of the vicious little creature, it is more probable that the fish would have drawn him into the water than that he would have drawn the fish out.

The delineation of certain simple characters forms an endless vehicle for the humor and pleasantry of a people. Bruder Lustig, with his easy careless kindness, hearty good-humor, rough coarse nature, and utter want of principle, is a splendid creation. Round the thoughtless simpleton and the incorrigible booby gather in the German imagination a host of ridiculous blunders and adventures. Thus Frieder goes out to work, and tells his wife Catherlieschen to have his dinner ready when he comes back. She puts a sausage on the fire to fry, stands over it and thinks to herself, "While the sausage is frying I may as well draw the beer;" so she takes a jug and goes down into the cellar. While the beer is running, Catherlieschen suddenly remembers that the dog is not tied up, and may get hold of the sausage. In a twinkling she is upstairs; but the dog has got hold of the sausage, and is running away with it as fast as he can. Catherlieschen, being an active woman, runs after him; but the dog is faster than she, and the sausage goes bounding over the fields. "What's done can't be undone," says Catherlieschen; so being tired, she returns home at a leisurely pace. But all the time she is away the beer keeps running, until the barrel is empty and the cellar full. "Oh!" cries Catherlieschen when she sees the mishap, "what shall I do to prevent Frieder finding it out?" At length she remembers that at the last fair they bought a sack of wheat-flour; so she fetches it, and strews it on the ground to dry up the beer. Another day, when she is going out, her husband tells her to secure the door of the cottage; she therefore takes it off its hinges and carries it with her.

We have numberless instances of inveterate laziness, and of the inconveniences which sloth will submit to rather than stir a limb; all of the same character as the old story in which a fellow, sooner than move, lies under the droppings of the roof, with the water running in at one ear and out at the other. Ingenious exaggerations form another class of popular tales, much richer in invention and more varied in incident than the famous Münchhausen stories. A king promises his daughter in marriage to him who can tell the most amusing fibs; and forthwith follows a string of absurdities, in which the imagination runs riot with such readiness and daring that the mere perusal of them takes away our breath.

Grimm's collection contains a good many directly moral stories; but in the German *Märchen* the didactic purpose is never exclusively prominent: they all contain stories interesting in themselves, and the moral is thrown into the bargain. Such, for instance, is the legend of "The Rich Man and the Poor Man," the Chinese version of which we have narrated; and the story of "King Thrushbeard," in which a beautiful princess scornfully rejects all the suitors that appear at her father's court. She is very severe on a certain good-natured king, whose chin she declares to be like the beak of a thrush. At last her father waxes wrath, and vows she shall marry the first man who comes to his gates. A

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few days after, a strolling musician stops and sings under the window. The princess is married to him and taken off to his cottage, where she has to scrub the floor, cook the dinner, and take pottery-ware to market. But this poetic justice is too severe for the kindly German Muse. When the pride is taken out of her by hard work, she discovers her beggar-husband to be the good king Thrushbeard in disguise. The wedding is again celebrated with every pomp and circumstance, and "they live happily for the rest of their days." But besides these direct and common-place morals, there often occur in the German *Märchen* finer touches of thought and feeling; indications of deeper and less obvious truths; dim gropings of the popular mind after a higher class of realities. Thus, in *Das Mädchen ohne Hände*, a miller sells his child to the devil; but the latter can not approach her, although she has become his property, on account of her goodness and purity. In *Der Gevatter Tod*, a poor man chose Death as the godfather of his twelfth child; and when the child was grown up, Death conferred on him a gift by which to make his fortune. He showed him an herb, and said: "When you hear of any one being sick, go to their bedside, and if you see me standing at the head you can promise that they will recover; give them of this herb, and it will cure them. But if you see me standing at the feet of the sick man, he is mine; say that there is no hope, for there is not a doctor in the world who could save him. In this way the youth became a renowned doctor; and when the king was taken ill he was sent for to cure him. But on approaching the royal bed, he saw Death standing at the feet of the king. Then he thought to himself: "I will outwit Death for once; he is my godfather, and will not take it amiss." So he turned the patient round with his head to where Death was standing, and administered the herb. The king recovered; but Death looked black, and said: "This time it has gone well with you because I am your godfather, but beware of attempting such a thing again." Now it happened some time after, that the king's daughter became very ill; and the king promised her in marriage to whoever should cure her. The doctor came, and saw Death standing at her feet. His godfather looked at him with a threatening countenance; but the beauty of the princess so entranced him that he noticed nothing else; he turned her round on the bed, administered the herb, and she recovered. But Death was not to be disregarded a second time; he seized the doctor with his icy hand, and dragged him into a subterranean cavern. There were flaming in endless rows thousands upon thousands of candles of different sizes; every moment some went out, and others burnt up again, so that the little lights seemed to be dancing up and down in constant change. "These are the life-lights of men," said Death; "the big ones belong to children, the middle-sized to people in the prime of life, and the small ones to old people; but it often happens that children and young people have small lights too." Then the doctor asked to see his light; and Death pointed to a little flame that was flickering very feebly. "O my godfather!" cried the astonished doctor, "be good to me and grant me a new light, in order that I may enjoy life, become a king, and have the beautiful princess for my wife." "I can not," answered Death, "one must be extinguished before a new one can be lighted." "Then set the old one on a new one, and the new one will go on burning as soon as the old one is extinguished," cried the doctor. Death fetched a large new light, as if he were going to comply with his wish; but to revenge himself, he purposely knocked down the little light, and it went out. Then the doctor sank down, and fell himself into the hands of Death.

The Bornou legend that we mentioned above is of the same thoughtful character. The special gift of the man of God, the one secretly-treasured power that has been bestowed upon him, vanishes the moment he confesses it to another mortal. In one of the Russian tales, called "The Story of the Duck with Golden Eggs," Krutchina, the personification of Sorrow, takes away the crust of bread from a poor family, but gives them a duck instead, which every day lays a golden egg. This may or may not be typical of the rich return that Sorrow gives for her spoliations; but when features of this description occur frequently in a popular literature, we are inclined to believe that they are not all the mere aimless productions of imagination, but that they result from an endeavor to express certain definite feelings and distinct ideas.

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The few Russian legends that are known to us were collected in Moscow some years ago by a German, and have lately been translated into English. M. Anton Dietrich did not, like the Brothers Grimm, gather them from the people, but translated them from the rough, illustrated, and ill-spelt copies which he found in the picture-shops of Moscow. In this form they are published in countless numbers all over Russia, and are exempt from the control of the censorship as the inalienable heritage of the people. They are worthy of the heroic type, and they show a fine martial spirit, but we miss the humor and the tenderness of the German *Märchen;* there are unmistakable national features in all of them. Some few are, indeed, similar in incident to the legends of other countries. The "Seven Brothers Simeon" is the same as the German "Six who got through the whole World," and the Italian tale of "The Flea." "The Winged Wolf" is the same as the German "Waters of Life;" and "Emelyan the Fool" is the story of "Peruonto" in the *Pentamerone.* But the entirely Russian style in which they are told points to an independent Sclavonic origin, and ranges them among those universal legends that seem indigenous to every variety of people. Of the Neapolitan fairy tales recorded in the *Pentamerone*, as far as difference from and similitude to the German *Märchen* are concerned, we can say the same. In soundness, simplicity, and naturalness, they are, however, inferior both to these and to the Russian. They proceeded from a people ignorant and illiterate enough for the legendary stage of literature; but surrounded by a vicious and luxurious civilization, that has to a certain extent changed their simplicity into puerility, their humor into coarseness, and their poetry into idle, unhealthy fancy. There are some few that are interesting and pleasing, but the manner in which they are told is throughout strained in the extreme. Thus, when Cinderella's slipper is brought to the prince, he addresses it as follows: "If the basement indeed is so beautiful, what must the building be? O beauteous candlestick! where is the light that consumes me? O tripod of the bright boiler in which life simmers! O beautiful cork, fastened to the angling-line of Love, with which he has caught my soul, lo, I embrace you, I press you to my heart; and if I can not reach the plant, I adore at least the roots; if I can not possess the capital of the column, I kiss the base! You, who until now were the prison of a white foot, are now the fetters of an unhappy heart." An unfortunate princess "lets fly the falcon of her soul after the quail of grief." In "Nennillo and Nennella" we have the following: "But at the hour when all creatures, summoned by the constables of night, pay to nature the tax of needful repose, the two little children began to feel afraid at remaining in that lonesome place, where the waters of a river, which was thrashing the impertinent stones for obstructing its course, would have frightened even a Rodomonte." This is an exaggeration of the style we meet in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*, and is to a certain extent natural to the people of the east and of the south. The Italian stories have another feature too in common with the *Thousand and one Nights.* Many things in them are defined, which in the German legends are left vague and uncertain. Thus the king's son, instead of simply "going forth" in search of a beautiful wife, walks to the coast of France, there takes a Genoese boat to the Straits of Gibraltar, and thence sails in a larger vessel to the Indies, where he at length finds her in the island of the Ogresses. These details somewhat destroy the poetic atmosphere of the tales. The English translation is worthy of all praise: it shows a thorough knowledge of Neapolitan *patois*, and the popular mind of the seventeenth century, both of which were necessary to a full understanding of the *Pentamerone.*

*The Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland* have familiarized us with a large class of Celtic tales, and introduced us to one of the most complicated systems of fairy machinery. There is about these Irish traditions a wild, mournful, imaginative character common to all Celtic legends. Those of Bretagne are of a similar kind. They never contain any purely human interest, but treat of the intercourse of men with the world of spirits. Nor is that intercourse, as in the German legends, easy and comfortable; there is no mutual understanding, no intimacy, no interchange of kindly services. We can not calculate on satisfactory conclusions, and entertain the cheerful conviction in the midst of overwhelming troubles that all will come right, that the youngest brother will marry the

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princess, and that they will live happily for the rest of their days. There is some thing *uncanny* about them. We have no good collection of Anglo-Saxon traditions; Tabart's work is merely a compilation from the *Arabian Nights*, Perrault, the Countess Aulnoy, and others. It contains, however, three legends, two of which are exclusively English, and one of which has an independent English existence, namely, "Jack the Giant-killer," "Jack and the Bean-stalk," and "Tom-Thumb." We deeply regret that the birth-place of Jack the Giant-killer, the Cornishman, forbids us to cherish the belief that that hero was an Anglo-Saxon *pur sang*. Still it is impossible that the plucky little man who made our youthful hearts bound with sympathetic heroism, and who has ever since lived in our minds as the ideal of valor and enterprise, should have had nothing but Celtic blood in his veins. We prefer to believe that his Cornish father sallied forth into the neighboring counties in search of a wife, and found her in the shape of an honest sturdy Anglo-Saxon farmer's daughter, who became the mother of our hero. For Jack is highly practical as well as chivalrous; he uses his brains as well as his fists, which is not common in legends of the heroic cast. He knows that the Giant Cormoran, who was eighteen feet high and three yards round, was not to be slain by the simple strength of his arm; so he condescends to make use of his wits as well, digs a pitfall, and gets the monster into it before attacking him. But we know not what rash presumption has led us to analyze the character of Jack the Giant-killer. He is a great living fact, to be received whole; a creed, to be accepted thankfully and without question or criticism. Suffice it to say, for the gratification of our national pride, that the corresponding German hero, "The Brave Tailor," bears about the same relation to Jack that the shrill false little squeak of a penny whistle does to the sound bold note of the huntsman's horn.

We will not dwell upon the large class of fairy tales that have been manufactured in modern days for the amusement of the young. Inventions of this kind are not, as we before remarked, the natural occupations of cultivated minds, and are therefore never very successfully treated by them. Nor is the attempt to produce fresh stories at all necessary, while we have so rich a crop ready for the sickle. It would be equally wise to spend our time and minds upon the cultivation of the field-daisy. Fairy tales of this class generally run into one of two extremes: either they contain no moral at all, and are the mere vapid and senseless creations of an unbridled imagination; or they are so closely bound down to their moral that they become dull and strait-laced, and we lose all pleasure in the tale. One chief characteristic of the popular legend is the way in which, even where the didactic purpose is prominent, the story at times takes the bit between its teeth, and bounds off in defiance of all restraint and careless of all consequences. Thus, in the Russian legend that we noticed above, after Krutchina takes the bread from the poor people and gives them the duck with the golden eggs, the latter becomes the cause of a series of comical adventures perfectly irrelevant to the main gist and meaning of the story. It is this freedom, this utter disregard of all artistic claims, by which we may always recognize the genuine productions of a people's fancy. These deficiencies, if they be such, are more than compensated for by the artlessness and simplicity with which they are accompanied, and the entire absence of any thing like trick. Long many they remain the chief mental food of the child! It is no easy task to amuse; and we know of what value to the mind is the capacity of entertainment. We should cherish every thing that encourages and strengthens that useful faculty. Besides the amusement too, more strong, sound, broad morality will sink into a child's heart from the study of the best fairy tales than from the wisest of homilies or the most instructive of books; and while appreciating their value as a means of education, we must not overlook their interest as the most genuine expression of a people's character, and one of the most trustworthy records we possess of their habits and customs, and their tone of thought, in different ages and countries.

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From Chambers's Journal.

# THE LOST DIAMONDS.

I POSSESSED some valuable diamonds which had been unset, and, as I was on a visit to Paris, I thought I would have them re-set. A friend, an old, dear, and valued friend, accompanied me to a jeweler's to make inquiries as to what would be the cost. The tradesman, after examining them carefully, pronounced them to be of great value, and said the cheapest form of setting would come to about thirty pounds. We did not, at the moment, decide about it, and as, shortly afterwards, business compelled me to leave Paris, I deferred the arrangement of my diamonds till my return. Just before I came away, I changed my maid—an Englishwoman—for a French *femme de chambre*, the former having matrimonial designs; and consequently, being not quite willing to trust the stranger, I undertook to pack my jewels, etc., myself. For this purpose, I had my jewel-case and desk brought to the drawing-room, and began arranging my ornaments and papers. Whilst I was thus occupied, two gentlemen called successively; the latter being Dr. S——, the friend who had accompanied me to the jeweler's. During the time I chatted with him, I took out the diamonds, wrapped them in white paper, tied them with narrow ribbon, and sealed the tiny packet with *green* wax. I then placed it in a small box, and put it into my jewel-case. At that very moment my maid asked if she could speak with me, and excusing myself to Dr. S——, I left him; never, of course, dreaming of locking up my half-packed jewels.

I was absent a few moments, and found every thing, apparently, as I had left it. I finished my packing, and the jewels remained in their hiding-places till I had reached, and been some days in London. Then the wish to have the diamonds re-set returned, and I went to seek them, in order to take them to Roundell and Bridges. I opened the case, lifted off the lid of the small box, and found the diamonds gone! I searched every other box in the case, hoping I had mistaken their whereabout, but no—the diamonds were lost. I need not say how grieved and puzzled I was, and how inexplicable the loss appeared. No suspicion, however, of the only person present at their packing distressed me; I should as soon have suspected my nearest and dearest relative. Some time elapsed ere I again found myself in Paris; and then, from all sides, I heard the fame of Alexis, the "subject" whose trance-powers approached the miraculous. A strong desire and curiosity awoke in my mind to ask *him* if he could, in his *clairvoyant* state, give me any tidings of my lost jewels.

I must mention here, that shortly after my return to Paris, I had received my former waiting-woman back again, and that I now made her accompany me to Alexis's house.

We were received with great civility by the mesmerist, who, having thrown his "subject" into a sleep, desired me to place my hand in his, and ask him any question I chose. I obeyed, saying simply:

"Why do I come to you?"

"Madame a perdue quelque chose."

"What is it?"

"Ah, je vois! A little packet it is of white paper, tied with ribbon and with a *green seal*."

I was startled.

"What does it contain?" I asked.

"Il contient des pierres blanches. Eh! *des diamans!*"

"You are right; now tell me—Where have I put it? I have lost it."

"Non; madame ne l'a pas perdu. Elle a été bien volé."

"Volé! mais—— Can you see the thief?"

"Oui, madame; il fait comme ça." And he mimicked so exactly the face of my old friend, that my attendant exclaimed immediately:

"O ma'am! it is Dr. S——!"

"What is his name?" I asked breathlessly.

"His Christian name is the same as my own. I can see no more."

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Alexander was my friend's name; the clairvoyant, Alexis. Need I say I left the mesmerist's, after paying my Napoleon, fully assured of the culpability of my former friend? But what could have induced such a man to rob me? Some dire temptation it must have been. I would give him every opportunity of retrieving his error, but at the same time I would recover my lost diamonds. The opportunity for speaking to him occurred very shortly. We met a few days afterwards. Assuming a jesting air, I laughed, and said: "By the by, Dr. S——, when do you intend to let me have my diamonds? You have carried on the jest quite long enough now, and given me a severe fright."

He turned deadly pale; there was no mistaking his change of countenance.

"Your diamonds, Mrs. ——; I don't know what you mean!"

"Why, you know you took them the night I was packing up—for a jest, of course—but it is really time to end it now. I *know* it was you who did it."

"From a mesmerist, I suppose," said he, but without expressing the least indignation at the charge. "Really, some day you will go mad about mesmerism!"

I confessed that I had been to Alexis.

"Well," said he calmly, "I shall go to him also."

A few days afterwards he called on me, producing a written paper from Alexis, declaring that he did not mean Dr. S.—— by his description. I became indignant:

"You have bribed him to give it you!" I exclaimed. "I also have again visited Alexis, and was reproached by him and the mesmerist for exposing them to a judicial trial for what they had told me. I believe you have the diamonds; I insist on your returning them."

Again he grew deadly pale, and repeated: "I did not take them."

I was very angry. If he had resented such an accusation; if he had been violently angry with me, or very indignant, I should have believed him innocent; but that pale, troubled face, those calm, meek denials! I rang the bell. "Show Dr. S—— out." And turning from him indignantly, I left the room. Of course, we met no more.

Years rolled on. I thought I had lost both my friend and my diamonds. We were again in London. One morning my husband wanted something I had in my dressing-case. I carried it into his dressing-room, seated myself, and began looking for it. At length I opened the little box, memorable for having held the small white paper parcel. My husband will tell you that the next moment I startled him by a cry.

"What is the matter, Emily?"

"Oh!" I gasped, "the diamonds—the diamonds!"

Yes, there they were: they had never left their first hiding-place. It happened thus: The box had a deep lid, the green wax was still wet when I shut it down; it adhered to the lid, and remained there. Every time before, when I had removed the lid, I had put it down as I took it off—the top upwards. Now, by a strange chance, I turned the top down, and behold the diamonds were within it. I leave you to imagine how grieved I was at my unjust suspicions of my dear old friend. If I had known where to find him, I should at once have written to beg his forgiveness. Happily, I at length heard of him. I was invited to dine with an old East-Indian friend, who on my arrival said:

"I have an old friend of yours staying with me—Dr. S——."

"I am so glad. Shall I see him?"

"No. I told him you were coming, and he said he would dine at the club, for that you would not sit in the same room with him."

"Did he tell you why he thought so?"

"No; he said you were angry with him."

The meek, generous-hearted man had never even hinted at the cruel injustice I had done him. As soon as I returned home, I wrote him the most penitent of notes—and was forgiven. Thus I recovered both my friend and my diamonds; but I have never quite forgiven mesmerism for the pain it caused me; nor can I to this day explain by what unaccountable means Alexis was able to tell all about my loss, and yet to be so grievously far off the truth.

I must add, that I went to a *juge* about the diamonds, and he would have given me a writ on Dr. S——, but old friendship prevented me from exposing him in any way. How rejoiced I was that I had not done so!

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From the British Quarterly.

# THE CURABILITY OF CONSUMPTION.*

A NEW edition of this treatise, which has gone through four or five editions in as many years, demands a word or two from us. In the preface to the first edition, the author expressed himself as follows:

"After an experience of upwards of thirty years, during which time not less than 30,000 cases of consumption, in all its various stages, have come before me, I have no hesitation in asserting—notwithstanding a different opinion is entertained by many medical practioners—that this disease, when judiciously and skillfully treated, is as curable as any other disease, the curability of which is not disputed."

In maintaining such a position at that time, Dr. Ramadge stood almost alone; but already has a more hopeful view of this wide-spread malady begun to obtain among professional men. The results arrived at by Laennec, the celebrated French surgeon, have produced some effect. Sir Charles Clark, in his *Treatise on Pulmonary Affections*, admits the services of the Frenchman, and declares himself unable to resist the evidence which points to the possibility of cure. Dr. Ramadge endeavors to restore the healthy action of the chest by respiration through a tube. The artificial action gradually induced in this way enlarges the capacity of the lung, prevents the formation of fresh tubercle, and tends to bring together the lips of any cavity which may have been formed, so as to effect by art what *post-mortem* examinations abundantly declare to be often produced by nature—a cicatrizing of the injured part. The efficacy of this plan depends not so much upon any medicated vapors which may be inhaled, as on the construction of the inhaling tube itself, which retards the expiration, and so fills out the air-cells. Medical men are already beginning to recognize the fact that change of climate can avail only in the very beginning of the disorder. Italy, Madeira, and the South of France, so full of the graves of our countrymen, show how fallacious is the hope, in the great majority of cases, of any lasting benefit from the mere influence of climate. Dr. Ramadge has had much prejudice to contend with, but our English love of fair play will, we believe, secure him a final, though a tardy, justice. He has not caught up a theory on any partial or inadequate basis of induction. His plan has now been subjected for a long time to a practical test. It has sustained that test with honor. We can not regard it as a crime if the author of a discovery that will save multitudes of lives, follows the dictate of humanity and reason, and desires to make it widely known. If it be a sin to cure patients who ought, by right, to have died in the regular way, then Dr. Ramadge is a most notorious sinner—and may the catalogue of his sins be seven-fold multiplied! We are quite disposed to believe that some years hence his plan will be in general adoption, and his name enrolled among the benefactors who have adorned the healing art.

* By FRANCIS H. RAMADGE, M.D., Oxon, etc., etc. Longmans.

NEW PLANET.—The forty-fifth planet of the solar system was discovered a few weeks since by an amateur astronomer named Goldschmidt. The same gentleman discovered the last new planet of the system, the forty-fourth; the choice of a name for which was left to Baron Humboldt, who has just named it Nysa, after one of the Nymphs who nursed Bacchus.

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# AMERICA AND AMERICAN METHODISM.*

THE letters which constitute this volume are of the most interesting kind, and such as a traveler may bring before the public with the strictest propriety. Though actually addressed to the author's home, they are just so far removed above the level of a familiar correspondence as to denote a half-formed plan of reserving them for an ulterior use. For this their style and substance equally adapt them. Mr. Jobson traveled in company with Dr. Hannah, as a friendly deputation from the Wesleyan Conference to their brethren of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America; and this settled purpose gives a certain unity and completeness to the history of their tour. But the scope and spirit of the letters is far more general, and rather colored than restricted by the special mission. Every page gives evidence of the serious spirit of observation which animated the writer, as he passed with a ranging, ready eye, and an open heart and mind, from city to city, and from State to State, over tracts of country full of the elements of deepest interest to a Christian Englishman. Mr. Jobson was especially impressed by the magnificent scenery which it was his fortune to witness in different parts of that great continent. Both his pencil and his pen are here called in to aid the communication of his pleasure. In a sketch of the Mississippi by moonlight, both instruments have served him well. The following passage, in which description and reflection are happily combined, will afford the reader a distinct idea of the author's style:

"Towards the evening of our first day on the river, a vision of indescribable magnificence and glory burst upon us. The sun was sinking behind the hills and forest trees on our left, and had irradiated all that side of the sky with the richest orange and crimson light. His golden beams pierced through the fringes of the massive foliage, and shone aslant on the water. The colors deepened into glowing carmine and lake tints, until at length the whole scene seemed dyed in scarlet, and yet shone as if on fire. On our right, over the dark forest, now came up the moon, apparently twice as large as we see it in England, and not pale and silvery, but red and glowing, as if it had ascended from out a furnace of molten gold. It rose rapidly into the heavens, gilded not only the hills and the trees, but threw such a pathway of splendor across the river, that we seemed surrounded with dazzling enchantment..... But the Future—the Future! is the thought which swells within you as you gaze on this grand river; indeed, it is the thought which is perpetually rising uppermost go where you will in America. No hoary castles or ivy-hung monastic ruins serve to wing back your thoughts to the Past in this region. Each forest-clearing and embryo giant city lead you to ask, amidst the exhaustless resources of the vast country: "What will this America and its people be in the Future?" This valley of the Mississippi, with its unparalleled richness of soil, and with every variety of climate, has in it more than one and a quarter million of square miles, and would hold without inconvenience, all the nations of Europe..... Already there are ten or twelve millions of people in this immense valley, and fifty or sixty thousand a year enter it afresh. And when it is remembered that the Mississippi River lies along the middle of the United States, and has as much land on the west of it as it has on the east, the mind shrinks from the fatigue of stretching itself to conceive what America and its Mississippi valley shall one day become."—Pp. 295–299.

We must bring this notice to a close with a hearty commendation of Mr. Jobson's book. For many of our readers the special purpose of the writer, as a visitor to the great and flourishing Church planted by Mr. Wesley's humble messengers, will be its principal attraction. To us, too, it is a most interesting feature; and if we do not dwell upon it now, it is because we hope to treat more largely of the history and prospects of American Methodism.—*London Quarterly.*

* *America and American Methodism.* By the Rev. F. J. Jobson. Illustrated from original Sketches by the Author. London. J. S. Virtue.

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From Tait's Magazine.

# THE CONTEST OF MINISTERING ANGELS.

THE western wind sighed through the palm groves of an Indian clime, and the sun's glowing rays brightened into the mellow horizon. The sky, and sea, and land were blazing with the glory of the dying day, as an Indian mother bowed her graceful head over the fragile being who owed to her its new-found life; her hair in its wild luxuriance covered the infant form, and her tears fell fast on its tender limbs.

She wept, for she thought of the sin and sorrow of the world it had entered; she wept, for she felt the impotency of her own mind alone to save it from that sin; and wept, because she had heard so little, and knew so little, of the way in which that might be done, or of that great Being who, in his divine love, came from heaven to earth, and went from earth to heaven again on this sin-destroying mission.

The gentle west wind moaned round that young loving mother, kissed her heated brow, bathed her limbs with its cooling stream, sought to waft her sorrow from her, and sang its own murmuring lullaby to woo her into rest.

"Rest thee, Fayaway, child of the golden East," it sighed; "grieve not at the doom of earth; weep not for that which as yet is not—which never may be. Rest thee, Fayaway; rest thee, gentle one, and let me kiss thine eyelids into sleep. I'll murmur round thee in thy slumbers, whisper to thee in thy dreams, and wander from thee to heaven's blue vault, only to summon thence those blest guardians of the sky, whose office of love it henceforth shall be to watch thy tender child. Rest thee! rest thee!" and the wind murmured until the Indian girl slept beside her child.

Then it hushed its lulling breezes, and fled towards the distant west—farther and farther it went on its heaven-bound mission—farther and farther.

The sun had set; the air became murky and still; insects buzzed and fluttered; noisome reptiles crawled forth—the wily snake and poisonous adder—stole near the spot where lay that gentle being and her helpless infant.

But there came one creature, more subtle, more dangerous than all. Slowly, stealthily it advanced, and breathed on the sleeping child. Its serpent form was raised as its poisoned tongue darted at the infant—another moment, and its sting had entered that tender frame; but the gentle western breeze returned, and brought on its balmy wings beings of light and love, of seraph essence, of angelic nature, who spread their outstretched pinions between the slimy reptile and the sleeping babe. "Away!" they said; and the willing echo repeated the command, as the reptile dragged its coiling length far from the presence of those angel ministers.

Then a low soft sound fell from those seraph lips, and played among the mango's fluttering leaves, till it waked the young mother into life again. "My child!" and the Indian accents of endearment mingled with the fluttering of the mango leaves.

"Mine own dear one;" and with the first awakening impulse, the Indian's eyes were raised to heaven, and the Indian's heart rose to God in a prayer—a warm and fervent prayer, that the tender being—the fragile babe, might be heaven's own care; that the child, the poor weak child, might be saved through heaven's own power, from the dangers of a treacherous world.

And that prayer floated on the stilly midnight air; and the seraph wings caught it ere it fell to earth, and bore it, in its young purity, to heaven's sacred realms.

Years rolled on, and the west wind murmured still: "Rest thee, Fayaway; rest thee, rest thee." But the wind spoke not to the mere outer sense now; it sang to the mother's restless heart. The babe had grown to boyhood, and life's great passions showed their germs in him. The serpent, under a second

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form, stood beside him—no longer like an angry reptile from which humanity would turn affrighted; but as "Life," young, glowing "Life," crowned with thrilling pleasures; radiant with smiles of treacherous brightness. The fleeting vision wooed him on; flung her cankering chains around him; lulled him with her intoxicating draught, and the mother's voice of warning was lost amid the syren accents of temptation. "Uncas, my child, my life; turn thee to God's own truth." And a sigh such as a mother alone can breathe came from that mother's heart. Then the bright galaxy of angel forms raised their drooping pinions, and wafted that sigh to heaven's treasury.

"Rest thee," they said, "rest thee, till thou art needed for some worthy mission." And again they took their flight to earth, and sought that erring boy. But "Life" had thrown a mist around him, too dense, too dark for heaven's children to enter; naught could they do but hover near him, sorrowing, sorrowing.

. . . . . .

The boy progressed to manhood. He sought the city with its busy life; mingling in its false-named pleasures; quaffing the cup of its delights. How those tending angels wafted their visions over his sinking soul! hoping to save; hoping in vain; for a thing of guilt held him in its tightening grasp, and urged him on in his mad and riotous course.

"Uncas, my hope, my joy, repent!" and the mother clung to her sin-stained child — "will you rend mine heart in twain with this great grief?" And as she sought to catch the glance of his averted eye, a tear, a bright, pearly tear fell from her own.

Comfort thee, poor mother, comfort thee; for that tear is borne to heaven's crystal fountain; and the angel ministers have proffered the sad prayer that, in loving mercy, sickness of the body may chase from thy hapless son that greater sickness which eateth away his soul.

. . . . . .

The Indian, the wild being of passion, turmoil, strife, lay on the bed of death, while his weeping mother knelt in mute agony beside him. His lips moved in one earnest prayer; but it was so weak, so feeble, that it died ere it reached the mother's ear. But the thought, this whispered thought; this one strong, dying, uttered wish of such extreme intensity—the fearful crushing of all mortal hopes into an almost hopeless prayer, which, though too weak to reach the mother's ear—was heard by the pure angel messengers, and by them wafted away before that parting soul; far away, even to heaven's own throne.

"One word, Uncas; one word to whisper hope of an hereafter."

But the Indian's tongue was mute.

"Look up, mine own, my darling; look on thy mother, loved one, and let thine eyes light her drooping spirits into life again."

But the eyes were closed forever.

"Only for one moment one second, I crave a gleam of life—mercy, mercy!" and she fell beside him for whom she had implored this mercy.

The scene changed. The Indian palm grove was no more. The air, the earth, the sea became one blaze of glory. Myriads of heavenly forms floated in liquid air, beings of brightest hue danced in the sunlit beams, as their golden harps rang to their songs of praise.

Suddenly, a dusky form appeared, and cast its shadow on the scene.

"Mine," it said, with gloating malice, as the soul of the dead Indian glided from its earthly tenement. "Mine now, henceforward mine forever! Dares any one dispute my claim, question my title to yon fleeting spirit?" It was questioned; and the Archangel stood above him.

"Yes; that soul belongs to heaven's great realm—purchased by treasures such as thou canst not produce. Yet, for the great cause of justice, that decision may not untried be against thee, we offer thee fair dispute to our words; outvie us in these boasted treasures — exceed them but by one iota—nay, even equal them in either point, or power, purity, or rare intrinsic value, and yon disembodied soul is yours."

He ceased. The mighty trumpet sounded, and summoned the hosts of heaven to meet in solemn assemblage. Then the golden gates were closed, while seraph wings kept the fluttering soul on earth till its last destiny, now to be decided, should be proclaimed.

First the dark spirit advanced, waving his sable wings which stretched from pole to pole.

"Behold!" he said, in a voice of pealing thunder. "Look to the distant king-

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doms of the earth, and recognize mine empire. From the Icelandic region to yon clime of burning heat, thence to the pole again, all bow to my supremacy, all vaunt my power. Hark! while the mingled voices of a world rise proudly to mine honor, and say whether in glorious majesty ye can outvie that sound."

Then there arose a chorus of wild voices chaunting the praise of sin. Again and again the mad shouts ascended, till heaven's portals hurled back the impious sounds, and the wearied ear groaned for its death. "There!" and the sable form waved his grim pinions in triumph.

Heaven's radiant children turned their beaming eyes to the golden gates of their blest abode, as a gentle murmuring prayer flew thence, and filled the glowing space; and as it passed the angelic host, their voices took it up and bore it onwards in a great wave of melody. Through every ear it passed; through every heart it glided—in a grand and solemn chaunt—and then, as it again took its heavenward course, the angels' voices dropped, and alone it sought its rest in paradise.

And now the archangel's trumpet proclaimed the first trial over—and a voice was heard requiring the great mandate of decision.

"Shall the clamoring voices of a rereant world, raised in the foul homage of sin, be deemed equivalent in power to the warm earnest prayer of a mother's heart, offered in His name, who, in our nature in alliance with his divine nature, defied the origin of evil, and vanquished that dark spirit even upon his own chosen ground—the world that he had strewn with its own wrecks?"

Then came a sound like a myriad whispers melted into one; it died on the charmed ear, and heaven's children knew that to them had been awarded the first great triumph.

The dusky form heard the decree, resting on a murky thunder-cloud; forked lightnings crowning his brow; in his hand the murderous thunderbolt.

"Enjoy your triumph while ye may," he said, "for mine follows in its wake." To the next test of purity.

"Behold! I waft from the earth her fairest creatures; catch their thoughts as they fly towards heaven, and see if in spotless innocence ye can equal those."

The dark wings fanned the air, chilling it with their angry movements—then they ceased—and a mist arose from earth—like a fleecy cloud it came—onwards and onwards. As it advanced it opened; and there, cradled within its snowy bosom, lay childish forms of almost perfect beauty.

"Stay in thy course!" and the fleecy chariot rested in air at the stern command of the dark spirit, who waved his scepter over its lovely burthen.

"Let the imprisoned thoughts flee from the mortal tenement." And the thoughts came with a balmy fragrance, and rested in the archangel's palm.

Love, charity, peace, and even hopes and dreams of heaven were there—the outer semblance fair and pure. But the archangel raised the coating, and beneath, lurking 'mid purity, was the damning spot of sin; small, almost imperceptible; but still there, running through each feeling and impulse; blotting each fair page of the unformed human mind. And the archangel grieved as he traced the trail of the serpent on the fairest things of earth.

Alas! alas! call ye these pure? advance ye these as the spotless things of thy domain? these lost souls, lost, if not redeemed from thy destroying power.

Then the angelic throng wept; and their harps hung silently in their drooping hands, till a breath, a mere breath, ascended from the golden treasury of heaven. It wandered to the soul of each child of earth, clinging to the mute sympathy of each, and wooing each sinking spirit to speed back with it into its own blest home in paradise.

The archangel's trumpet sounded a second time, and again the voices of that mighty host proclaimed a triumph.

But to the last contest. Now dark spirit, summon thy most potent powers to thine aid; invoke each emissary of thy will; rake the deep mysteries of the earth; search the accumulated treasures of the sea, and produce, if you can, a thing of such intrinsic beauty, that the pale lustre of our heavenly gems must fade before it.

Look beneath, where yon fluttering soul lingers between thy realm and mine. Speed quickly on thine errand, for the children of light are weary to waft yon spirit to its eternal home.

The sullen wings of the fiend again moved, and his bold, undaunted gaze rested on the archangel's brow. A storm

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bore him to earth. Scarcely was he lost to sight, ere he again appeared, and hovering in air, held in his hand a phantom vision of the accumulated pleasures of the world—its false-named pleasures — puny ambitions. Yet so bright, so beautiful the picture looked, wrought with all glorious lines, interwoven with the golden threads of life, flowered over with stems, and buds, and blossoms of every lovely tint and graceful form, adding fresh beauty to the lovely scene, that all eyes dwelt in rapture on it; and the sullen orbs of the fallen spirit gleamed with the joy of anticipated triumph.

"Yield!" he thundered; "yield undisputed victory to me now. Canst thou produce that which can compete with this matchless picture?"—and he pointed to the magic view.

And now bright sunbeams danced in heaven's atmosphere; and the great choir raised their glad voices in a hymn of praise; the golden harps, touched by those seraph hands, echoed the strains as a pale blue vapor of ethereal beauty rose from the eternal city of the skies.

Midway in air it hung; and then, as the playful sunbeams linked themselves in a golden chain around, was seen, resting on its azure surface, one pearly drop of crystal brilliancy.

Then from the archangel's palm there darted one concentrated ray of light and heat straight to that earthly picture—to that cloud-borne tear; and the vision of earth shivered before the gleam from heaven; all its colors blackened; its golden cords, stripped of their tinsel, hung in dingy threads; its flowers, lately so bright with life, now faded, died — were naught but the wrecks of beauty!

But the tear — the crystal tear —shone but the brighter for heaven's own gleam, reflecting back, in its pure lustre, the sunny smile of all creation. Millions of fluttering wings waved in the vaulted skies, and the hosts of creation, the beings of a universe, waited to hear the last decree that the archangel's voice was allowed to proclaim.

"Rare and pure as aught of earth are the mother's earnest prayer and tear; yet, because of earth, impotent to win heaven's priceless pearl — 'salvation.'" Still, through that warm prayer, blending with the dying utterance of him for whom it was uttered, this great gift of God's imperishable love is granted.

"Seraphs, waft on your plumed wings yon fleeting soul to the blest realm of heaven."

"Off, impious fiend of darkness," and the archangel frowned on the dark form; "off, and learn thine impotency against the angel ministers, against the great mercies of God."

. . . . . .

The freed soul, led by its heavenly guides, stood at the throne of heaven.

"Take thy bright angel form, and onwards on thy mission," and the new-found seraph plumes fluttered with joy in the clear atmosphere.

"Thine be the task, with thy redeemed companions, to watch over earth's frail children. Hover near them in their slumbering as in their waking hours; waft into their souls gleams, thoughts, hopes of our own blessed kingdom; place in their mortal path warnings against a foul career of sin; and when ye see some sinking wretch, in his determined guilt, seeking to cast aside these friendly obstacles, let your seraph prayers fly to the one great source of aid, and seek the only help which can avail him. Meet office is it for the redeemed to act as guardian ministers to the wanderers on earth, amongst whom they once existed—most fitting, glorious office—as ministers of good, workers out of the eternal will of Him who bought them with his blood.

To earth that spirit flew, hastening to do his Master's bidding.

Quickly he traveled to the busy city, where the ceaseless toil and noisy traffic made the weary ear groan for quiet, and the racked mind almost crave the one great boon of rest eternal. One of the bustling throng sought gold by usury; then the angel rested one moment in his flight, whispering softly in the guilty ear —and God's own truth dwelt in that whisper—and made the sordid bargainer pause in his sin.

On went the angel still, and hovered over a haunt of flaring vice; but his plumed pinions vailed his shrinking eyes, and bore him swiftly past.

"Not there," he cried, "where guilt, in bold defiance stands forth, in awful mockery of God."

On and on farther, dropping the balm of heaven wherever the good seed could take root and spring, On, over hill and dale, country and city, sea and land — on to the glowing Indian plain, where, lin-

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gering between life and death, lay that once loving Indian mother.

"Uncas, my child, my lost darling, would that thy loved spirit could hover near me, round me, in my death—wafting into my soul clear thoughts of that pure heaven I only dream of dimly."

And the wings played round her lovingly, and wooed her unto rest, and more gleams of truth entered her fainting soul, and strengthening it, fixed its eyes on heaven.

Through that long night her weary nature halted between life and death; but when the morning broke, and the great orb of day rose in his golden majesty, that soul received the welcome mandate of dismissal.

Gently the wings played now; gently, more gently, till they drooped in solemn sadness, as the soul, with one long gasp, threw off its "mortal coil," and, fanned by its spirit guide, took its glad way to heaven.

And shall any say that such things may not be? Shall any declare that these angel ministers exist not, save in the heated fancies of a crazy brain? Look to holy writ, where we are told, "The angels of the Lord encamp round those that fear him;" yea, round those that fear him, fear his anger, fear his frown, fear to grieve his loving, tender spirit; not round the bold undaunted sinner, who, with fearful weakness, clings to earth's damning pleasures; holds to its tempting sins, smiles on its luring phantoms: from such the pure ministers of heaven turn weeping, for their office is to "minister to those who are heirs of salvation"—those who are the favored children of God, who, through his mercy, have grasped the blessed gift offered to them.

And must the thought of angel ministers watching in our path, dropping good into the mind matured, whose page, blotted by evil, loses the fair impress of good, be deemed irreverent? Would it be called profane to tell the young that angels, good and loving angels, hover round their earthly path, ever ready, ever waiting to do the bidding of the one great Master—ever hoping to lead lost souls to the blest state that they have themselves attained? Air and space, and every busy phase of life may be filled with beings invisible to our dull senses, all working out some great and lasting purpose—all bent on some imperishable end.

Could this idea be fully realized, established, both old and young be taught to feel themselves thus guarded, watched—watched with loving thoughts and anxious care — perchance some tempting sins might be discarded, and flaring vice forsaken.

Were these guardian ministers felt — believed in — as an intangible but near reality, many weak and wavering mortals, fearing to grieve their loving natures, loth to requite their anxious care with base ingratitude, might be led to shun the insidious whispers of the fiend of darkness, and, standing boldly forth, (secure in a protecting influence round them,) range themselves fearlessly—thankfully—under the banner of the "Children of Light" —who are ministering angels.

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Arctic Musk Ox.—At a late sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. Geoffroy Saint Halaire presented the skull and horns of an Arctic musk ox, called by the Esquimaux Oomingmak. It was sent to M. Saint Halaire by Lieutenant Bray, of the French Navy, who accompanied Captain Kellet in the Resolute, in her search for Franklin, during the years 1852–3–4. Lieutenant Bray communicates the following account of the habits of the animal:

The musk ox inhabits the elevated latitudes of North-America, and extends its domains beyond the arctic circle. It is of small size. Its total length (from the base of the horns to the root of the tail) is 2 metres 15 centimetres in the male; and 1 metre 55 centimetres in the female; and its height 1 metre 42 centimetres in front, and 1 metre 75 cetimetres behind, in the male; the female is about 2 centimetres less in height than the male. The *metre* is about 3 feet $3\frac{1}{3}$ inches English measure.

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Notwithstanding its small size, the musk ox appears very large, on account of the enormous quantity of wool and hair with which it is covered, and which, hanging down on each side of the animal, entirely conceals its form. The hair is particularly long and flowing under the lower jaw, the throat, and the breast. The general color is a darkish brown, with the exception of a portion of the back, which is nearly white, and, from its position and appearance, has been called by other travelers the *saddle*.

Out of twelve or fifteen hundred of these animals, one only was found of a clear white color.

During the winter, the musk ox acquires a new covering of fine, thick wool, enabling it to support with impunity the most rigorous cold.

The musk ox frequents from preference the most uncultivated countries and stony soils, supporting itself upon mosses during one part of the year, and on lichens during the other.

When a number of musk oxen are attacked by hunters, they join together, and form themselves into a compact phalanx, of a circular form, with their heads outwards, and the young animals in the center. The males, plowing up the ground with their horns, and striking it with their feet, prepare themselves for the combat One of the oldest of the herd places himself like a general at the head of his army, and cautiously advances to reconnoiter the enemy, surveying attentively the least movement of the hunters.

When the reconnoiter is completed, he returns to his post, and awaits the attack. It is then that the animal appears in all its majestic beauty; and when the hunter finds himself for the first time in his presence, he has to brace his nerves and summon his courage. But, though in appearance so terrible, these animals are either very stupid, or else over-confident in their force; for they suffer themselves to be approached within a very short distance, and then, at the first pop of a gun, abandoning the dead and wounded, they take to flight. I have often seen five or six hunters destroy a herd of twenty beasts.

On one occasion only have I ever seen one of these animals charge. It is true that the poor beast had a dozen balls in his body, and being unable to flee, it endeavored to defend itself to the last.

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

# BEAUTY.

BY FRANCIS DAVIS.

"O Beauty and Truth are sister Powers,
Who hand in hand should ever appear,
That Beauty might screen, with her vail of flowers,
Her sister's lamp, when its light's severe!
Yea—Beauty and Truth are twins—are one!"—
Such was my spirit's unceasing lay,
And ever she wept, when the stave was done,
That the sisters walked not on her way:
"True, beauty," she sighed, "there's ever,
But beauty for me! ah! never!"

And ah! while ever she wailed and wept,
Hither and thither the twain she sought;
"Beauty!" she cried, as her fleet wing swept
The heights and depths of immortal Thought:
She sought from the ice-god's silvery halls,
To the star-paved paths of eternal June,
And away by the cloud-towers' snow-white walls,
In the broad blue lands of the virgin moon,
"Yea, beauty," she sighed, "there's ever,
But beauty for me! ah! never!"

She sat in a cloud-crag's silvery cleft,
Far, far in yon waste of changeful blue,
While round and round, on her right and left,
The fire-winged worlds through the vastness flew;
And beneath, the lordly thunder hymned
The lordliest of his heaven-taught staves—
And fearfully waltzed the mountain-limbed—
The eternal commonwealth of waves;
"Yea, glory," she groaned, "there's ever,
But beauty for me! ah! never!"

Through the homes of men she walked, when lo!
An infant's couch and an infant's clay!
The thin curls linked o'er the young brow's snow,
And a mother's tear on the white cheek lay,
Mingling the light of its lowlier lot
With traces of mind's immortal flame,
For a smile on the human marble sat,
Like moonlight fixed in a silver frame:
"Yea, beauty there *was* forever,
But beauty like this! ah! never!"



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From the Leisure Hour.

# THE FOUR PILES OF GOLD RINGS; OR, THE VOICE OF OLD TIME.

It was with mingled feelings that Marion Ellesmere retired to her room the night before her wedding. A light cloud of self-reproach rested on her mind; a cloud so light that she scarcely knew whence it arose, or would have been aware of its presence but for the shadow which it cast over her spirits. Her sister's smile, as she bade her good night, had been all brightness — why should there be less joy in the heart of the bride of Atherton? With her long fair hair over her shoulders, and her eyes shaded by her hand, Marion sate in her own arm-chair, and gave herself up to thought.

"To-morrow! day long hoped for, and yet half dreaded! I am at last indeed on the eve of that great change which must alter the whole current of my life! What new duties; what responsibilities! But he will ever be near, to guide, to encourage, to make the path of duty delightful to me. I shall lean on him and trust him. I am indeed the most blest of women in his love. I would not change my lot, no, not to be empress of the world. And yet—" Marion heaved a deep sigh, then almost started at the sound of that sigh, alone as she was, with the still night around her; the color rose to her cheek, as if in indignation at herself—"and yet I am not worthy to be his wife! He, whose spirit is so pure, so lofty, so far above the world and its vanities, could titles, or riches, or any thing raise *him?* When I am beside him, how deeply I feel this; I seem to breathe a purer atmosphere, to see things as they really are; but when I am surrounded by others, then—I know not how it is—but there is an influence which they exercise, an almost insensible power—trifles move me; I know them to be folly and vanity, yet I can not despise them as I ought to do. Oh! how weak I am, how worldly; how unworthy of *him!*" Marion sank back on her chair, and her long lashes were moist with her tears.

She sate long, her light burned low, every sound in the house was stilled. Presently the walls of her apartment seemed to recede around her, with the strange indistinctness of a dissolving view; marble pillars arose on either side, gradually assuming form and size, while the carpet upon which Marion's feet had rested spread into a wide pavement of mosaic. And Marion was no longer alone; a strange form was beside her, of more than human stature, and mien unlike that of mortal man. His long silver hair gave to him the appearance of age, but an unearthly fire glowed in his deep-set eyes, from beneath the white eyebrows which overhung them. His dress was dim and indistinct, ever changing in form and hue; now dark as the lowering thunder-cloud, now like the white mist which curls round the mountain, anon tinged as with the dying tints of the rainbow. In his hand the old man grasped a scythe, sharp and glittering: Marion felt that she was in the presence of old Time.

"Look there!" he exclaimed; and the strange tones of his voice sounded like the wind through the arches of a ruin. Marion beheld before her what appeared a white altar of marble, sculptured and festooned with many-colored flowers, of a fragrance not like those of earth.

"What see you before you?" said Time, "what glitters on yonder marble?"

"I see nothing but piles of bright golden rings, like that which I shall wear to-morrow," replied Marion. It was strange that in the presence of such a companion, she felt neither wonder nor fear.

"And are they all alike?" said old Time.

"All are alike, save that they are divided into four different heaps."

The old man laughed: how wild and unearthly sounded that laugh! "They have been framed by different makers," said he; "I carry the touch-stone to prove them. See the first heap—a goodly array, I trow: they are Folly's workmanship; while passionate lovers choose from thence, who would barter life for a flower or a smile? Flatterers and the flattered draw

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from that pile. Folly gives, and Vanity receives. Poets string their fancies on rings such as these, and lay them at the feet of romance-loving damsels, who look upon life as a drama, of which they themselves are the heroines. Stand back—Althea approaches—she must have a ring from that pile."

Then Marion beheld advancing towards them a youthful couple, radiant with happiness and love. The maiden was surpassing fair; her white vail half concealed her blushing countenance, but her soft eyes were fixed upon her companion, whose every look and tone expressed love the most ardent and devoted. He kissed the white trembling hand upon which he placed the ring, and Marion watched the wedded pair as they slowly retired to a more remote part of the temple. "Surely they are happy," thought she. She was roused by the voice of old Time.

"Mark you the second heap?" said he, pointing with his scythe. "Those rings have been fashioned by Worldliness, ever since my comrade, the Earth, was young. Those who seek money, those who seek rank, who sell themselves for a title or an estate, maidens who dread to become old maids, the fortune-hunter, the ambitious, the proud—these choose from the second heap. Of such is Julia, whose bridal procession is drawing near. Jewels upon her brow, no love within her heart, she gives herself away to a carriage and a mansion, and strives to forget that a fool is their master."

Marion sighed as the procession passed; it is a sickening sight to behold beauty sacrificing to mammon.

"And who formed the rings that shine in the third heap?" said Marion to her mysterious companion.

"They are framed by Self-will, and the Evil One has breathed a spell over them. When the fifth commandment is broken, when a parent's will is despised, when there is clandestine wooing, and the wedded ones dare not ask God's blessing upon them—then those rings are worn."

Even as he spoke, with fearful, hesitating step a maiden approached the pile, led on, half reluctant, by one of graceful form, who was whispering soft words in her ear. Oh! could it be love that led him to act the part of tempter to the woman who trusted him, or did he fondly hope to find the faithful wife in the undutiful daughter?

"And what is the neglected cluster of rings which no finger yet has touched?" said Marion.

The voice of Time sank to the soft whisper of the western breeze, and milder light shone in his eyes, as he replied: "They are for those whose marriages have been made in heaven: every circlet of gold has been formed by Esteem. When two devoted to one service meet, heirs of one hope, followers of one Lord; when, loving and beloved, they would share each other's joys, nor shrink from the burden of each other's sorrows; when, helping each other on a heavenward road, they would press on in the same strength, to the same bright goal above, then those rings unite them here, emblems of that eternity which will unite them in bliss never ending!"

A voice behind Marion seemed to echo the last words; she knew that voice, it thrilled to her heart; and she knew the hand that pressed upon hers the pledge of connubial love. Could all the diamonds of Golconda have made it more precious to the heart of the youthful bride?

Then, again, the tones of old Time rose, as the rushing sound of the angry blast. "I come—I come!" he cried. "Thrones melt as snow before me; the peopled city, the obscure village, the home of the peasant, the palace of the monarch, bear the marks of the deep footprints of Time! And mine is the touchstone that tries the gold; it is my hand that draws back the vail of Truth; I touch the bubbles of Folly, and they break, and leave but a tear behind."

Marion watched, as with stealthy but rapid step Time approached Althea and her husband. Now lines appeared on the fair smooth brow; the glassy ringlets were streaked with gray; the fairy form had lost all its grace. And the ardent lover, how cold was his look—how changed from the bridegroom was the husband! Time laid his heavy hand upon the ring which still glittered on the finger of Althea; at once the circlet lost all its brightness, the color changed, the gilding vanished; naught remained but the dull, worthless metal beneath: the ring had never been gold!

Haughty Julia! amid thy wealth and thy state, Time also is stealing on thee. Bars of gold will not bolt him out—he tramples earth's treasures beneath his feet. He touches the ring on the worldling's

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hand, and the dull, heavy fall of iron is heard. Man may see naught but the loop of gold, but the wearer feels the galling chain. Hopeless and unpitied must she drag its weight; she has chosen her fate, and she must bear it: her ring has never been gold.

With mournful interest Marion watched the steps of the wedded pair, who had sacrificed duty to love. There were looks of suspicion, and words of reproach, as the shadow of Time fell across their path; but when his cold hand touched the fatal ring, a faint cry escaped from the wife's pallid lips: a viper was coiling where the circlet had rested: her ring had never been gold.

And now Marion felt Time approaching herself, yet still she clung to the husband beside her with deeper, more confiding love. Time held out his hand; she did not shrink; she felt his touch, but she trembled not. The ring which she wore grew brighter than ever: it was formed of the gold which changes not in the furnace of trial, or beneath the grasp of Time. And the voice which she loved was sounding in her ears, like soft music from a sphere above: "For richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death us do part." "Till death us do part," repeated the bride; "united in life, in death, and beyond it." Even as the words burst from her lips, the whole scene appeared to melt before her, the image of Time had vanished, she suddenly opened her eyes, and wondered at the dimness around. The light had burned out in her chamber, wasting itself and dying, like the love which mere earthly attractions inspire; but a soft rosy gleam was now tinging the east, bright harbinger of a brighter radiance: it was the dawn of Marion's wedding day.

And so our little Wreath was finished, and presented with a suitable speech by the bridesman, and received with a suitable smile by the bride. And what shall I add, but that on the following morn the sun shone so gayly on the wedding, that it seemed as though November were assuming the style of May, in compliment to the joyous occasion. Merrily rolled the carriage-wheels, merrily played the brass band, merrily fluttered the white favors in the breeze, and merrily beat the hearts beneath them. Nothing occurred to cast the slightest shadow upon the festivity of all; the cares, fears, and vexations which had followed on the fog, had now all vanished.

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From Chambers's Journal.

## THE LITTLE SLEEPER.

She sleeps; but the soft breath
No longer stirs her golden hair,
The robber hand of Death
Has stolen thither unaware;
The lovely edifice
Is still as beautiful and fair,
But mournfully we miss
The gentle habitant that sojourned there,

With stealthy pace he crept,
To the guest-chamber where it lay—
That angel thing—and slept,
And whispered it to come away;
He broke the fairy lute
That light with laughter used to play,
And left all dull and mute
The silver strings that tinkled forth so gay.

Then with his finger cold
He shut the glancing windows too;
With fringe of drooping gold,
He darkened the small panes of blue.
Sheer from the marble floor
He swept the flowers of crimson hue;
He closed the ivory door,
And o'er the porch the rosy curtains drew.

The angel-guest is gone,
Upon the spoiler's dark wings borne;
The road she journeys on,
Wends evermore, without return.
To ruin and decay
The fairy palace now must turn,
For the sun's early ray
Upon its walls and windows shall not play,
Nor light its golden roof to-morrow morn.

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From Chambers's Journal.

# THE FOSSIL-FINDER OF LYME-REGIS.

WHAT trifling incidents may and often do become important in the course of years! We are even tempted sometimes to view them as preternatural, or designed by Providence to be harbingers to future events.

We were led to this reflection when reviewing something we witnessed at Lyme-Regis. We were sojourning there in beautiful weather in the year 1800. A day or two before, a company of strolling equestrians had arrived, and displayed their agility in various performances; but they presented no departure in any point from what we had seen, and for many years after continued to witness in the out-of-door exhibition of vaulting, and the grand finale of Billy Button's journey to Brentford. In the middle of the performance, tickets were issued for a lottery, in which copper tea-kettles, gown-pieces, legs of mutton, and a silver watch were the prizes. In those days, no charge was made for admission into the field; the riders were remunerated by the profits upon the lottery. Good roads now enable equestrians to carry about a tent with them, and a charge is made for each admission-ticket.

On this evening, attracted by the vaulting, crowds of town-people were seen making their way to the Rackfield, through the narrow and ancient streets of that borough, by the Cockmoile or prison, Monmouth Street, and the church.

Expecting the arrival of our invalid aunt, we had left the crowded ring of delighted spectators standing upon the grass in a level field at the back of the town. The weather was very sultry, and the harvest was nearly in, it being the 19th of August. A passing cloud discharged a heavy shower, and crowds hastened through the streets to their homes. About five o'clock there was an awful peal of thunder, which reëchoed round the fine cliffs of Lyme Bay. Our attention was called, soon after, to a group of noisy talkers, who had an infant, for whom they wanted some hot water. A bath was procured, and the apparently dead child was bathed with ultimate success, amidst the joyful exclamations of the assembled crowd. Three dead bodies were carried home at the same time, one of whom was the nurse of the infant whom she had taken to the Rackfield. There, the three were together with the infant in arms when the shower began, and the whole ran under the dangerous shelter of an elm-tree, when the flash of lightning dealt instant destruction to all but the babe. This baby was the offspring of a carpenter and his wife, who lived near the jail. She had been a dull infant, but was dear to her parents: her name was Mary Anning.

Fifty years before the catastrophe we have described, two very important entries in the world's bulky catalogue — watering-places and geology — did not exist.

As regards the former, the sea, up to that time, was judged to be designed for commerce, and sea-side towns for the residence of merchants and fishermen. There were no migrations to the sea-side. Why should people go to the coast? and at a time when the healthy climate of Northampton was attributed to its distance from the *noxious fumes* of the sea. There were watering-places, it is true, but these were towns which possessed mineral waters. At this period, however, 1750, Dr. Russel, the son of a London book-seller, wrote upon the beneficial effects of sea-water upon glandular affections; and straightway did our countrymen, like so many land-crabs, make towards sea lodgings wherever they could find them. Dr. Russel was obliged to reside at Brighton to direct the bathers, his patients, and old towns were revived in a surprising manner, and new ones founded. Brighton, Hastings, Weymouth, Lyme-Regis, etc., were metamorphosed; Torquay, Worthing, Bognor, Bourne Mouth, Weston-super-Mare, etc., sprang up from the bare shore.

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As to geology? This great science was in its earliest infancy, without form or fashion. Some noble pioneers had been clearing the way; but the startling outbreak had not yet taken place. Watering-places had begun when geology was unknown. But what have watering-places and geology to do with our story? You shall hear.

The infant thus recovered, as we have told, grew up a fine lively girl. Her fate was decided by circumstances which rule most of our destinies; and it involves some interesting particulars which pertain to the history of science.

The coaches from London to Exeter passed through Charmouth, two miles from Lyme. A man named Lock, whom Dr. Maton, the tourist, calls *Curiman*—that is, curiosity-man; but who is better known as Captain Cury, had for some time accustomed himself to attend the coaches. He offered for sale *curosities* to the passengers daily, and adopted the nomenclature of the day for his fossils. There were the *bones of crocodiles' backs and jaws, ladies' fingers, John Dorie's petrified mushrooms, etc.* This captain was the first vendor of *curosities;* a Mr. Crookshank, a retired London tradesman, was the first collector of such things; and soon a gentleman named South, came occasionally in the summer in pursuit of interesting objects.

Richard Anning, the infant's father, was a carpenter, and often accompanied Mr. South to the shore. When Richard found any thing pretty, he placed it upon a table in front of his residence to attract the attention of visitors. But at length Richard, when on his way to Charmouth in the year 1810, to deliver a message, taking a short-cut, fell over the cliff at the present New Cut, and died in consequence of the injuries he received. This fossil-seller's visits to the beach had made his wife, Molly Anning, very angry, as she considered the pursuit utterly ridiculous.

After her father's death, which the family, consisting of a widow, one son, and a daughter, felt sorely in a pecuniary point of view, Mary Anning went down to the shore to look for curosities. She found a *cornemonius*, a corruption of *cornu ammonis*, which is now called an ammonite. Her age was then ten years. Something occurred as she was returning which decided at once her future career. A lady in the street, seeing the pretty fossil in her hand, offered her half-a-crown for it, which she accepted; and from that moment fully determined to go down "upon beach" again, and thus find means to support the family. She did so regularly, and roamed over the ledges of blue lias left uncovered by the sea at low-water. When the layer of stone was removed by workmen or the action of the sea, a bed of marl remained. In four months after, Mary Anning saw a bone of some kind projecting from this marl. She traced the organic fossil—a crocodile as was then believed—and men she hired dug it out. H. H. Henley, Esq., the lord of the manor, purchased these organic remains for the sum of £23, intending the fossil for his private museum; but he eventually gave it to Bullock's Museum, where it was greatly admired; and the trustees of the British Museum purchased it when the Piccadilly collection and exhibition were dispersed. This so-called crocodile was no less than a specimen of the ichthyosaurus, and what a history does the name of this fossil animal present! It quite engrossed the attention of the scientific world. The great geologists, Buckland, Delabeche, Sir Everard Home, Birch Conybeare, Cuvier, and the élite of that body in this and other nations, were for six years deep in the study of the contribution from the young girl of Lyme-Regis. Mary Anning, now called with great respect Miss Mary Anning, furnished drawings of fragments, supplied deficiencies in published accounts, and proceeded to discover plesiosauri pterodactyles, and fish more numerous than the present sea produces. Only look round the cases of the British Museum, and you will see that the grandest specimens were found by Miss Mary Anning. The science of geology has become firmly established; honor to those who, and under no small discouragement, labored in its infancy. Miss Mary Anning was known to Sir R. Murchison, Sir C. Lyell, Professor Owen, Agassiz, and, in a word, to the greatest savans of the age. Many illustrious foreigners made a pilgrimage to Lyme. Her death, when it took place, was a great misfortune to the town; but the inhabitants smiled incredulously when the fact was mentioned. Just so at Yverdun, Pestalozzi having gone to prison for the sum of £25, no one could see what that could have to do with the welfare of the place. One hundred and fifty residents,

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however, who had come from Russia and other countries to take lessons from Father Pestalozzi for a twelvemonth, returned home, and the town was nearly ruined.

Mary Anning was of rather masculine appearance. She braved all weathers, and was far too generous in allowing even wealthy visitors to accompany her in her explorations without requiring a fee, as some naturalists now very reasonably do. A cancer in the breast was the cause of the death of this remarkable character, at the age of forty-seven, on the 9th of May 1847. An obituary window has been set up in Lyme Church in remembrance of her. Who can ever hope to fill the place she occupied? Were Mary alive, I should like to have extracted from her a list of the famous men of all countries with whom she maintained a correspondence. The Geological Society subscribed towards the window, "in commemoration of her usefulness in furthering geology." Molly Anning, the mother, who was quite an original, used to say of her famous daughter that she was a history and a mystery. The lower orders, who could not understand what she had achieved, remembered the deadly flash of lightning.

From Titan.

# A SUMMER LOVE-LETTER.

LET us rove, Jessie, rove; now the summer is brightest,
The sky azure pure, earth a green grassy sea,
And clear are the fountains, where gowans are whitest;
But heaven has nae light, earth nae beauty like thee.

Of a' that is fair, thou, dear Jessie, art fairest;
Of a' that's bright, brighter thy thought's modesty,
That hallows each feeling—the sweetest and rarest:
Love declares that a beauty mair heaven couldna gi'e.

And a' things are happy where'er thou appearest:
The darkness o' light's on thy lily e'ebree;
Compared wi' which, night and her stars come the nearest:
The love in thy breast is a blest ecstasy.

The pride o' my heart is to sing thee the fairest;
The sweet rays of song are the morn in thine e'e:
And in thy bright bosom a jewel thou wearest—
Oh! were it mine, richer than kings I would be!

Oh! how shall I win it—that jewel sae simple?
I'll think it a flower on the untrodden lea,
My love a pure stream, that, wi' clear, sunny wimple,
Sings—heaven is mair blessed that lily to see.

Let us rove, Jessie, rove; for a' nature is blooming;
The silver burns dance o'er the pebbles wi' glee;
And flowers in their prime are the saft breeze perfuming:
Oh! surely the flowers steal their fragrance from thee!

We'll rove by the burnie where summer is sweetest,
Where every wee blossom gi'es balm to the bee:
But thou, fairest flower! fair nature completest,
And every bird sings, Nature's perfect in thee.

We'll rove in the woodland, where violets are springing—
They wait to unfold their chaste virtues to thee;
In the dell, to her children loved, summer is singing:
But thou art the Muse o' my heart's melodie.

Youth is the gay season o' love, the prime blessing;
Without love, life's summer-joys ne'er would we pree:
Then let us, dear Jessie, con summer's sweet lesson—
Our love like her bright dewy morn aye to be.

Oh! then, let us saunter where a' things are loving—
The air, and the sunlight, and bird, flower, and tree;
And we, too, will love, by the blithe waters roving;
And sweetly our joy shall wi' summer's agree.

Hark! Nature invites us: her reason is thrilling—
'Tis love, hope, and rapture, thy soul's poesie;
Let us rove, then, where summer our love-cup is filling;
We'll drink, and sae blest, heaven mair blest couldna be.

And we shall be happy, our hearts sae united,
Joy blending wi' joy in a love-melodie;
And in it sae sweetly our troth shall be plighted:
Oh! then, my ain Jessie, to love we'll be free!

*Manor, Forfar.* J. NEVAY.

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From the North British Review.

# LIFE AND METAPHYSICS OF SIR WM. HAMILTON.

We have an account of the principal external events of Hamilton's life in an article by his pupil Mr. Baynes, in the "Edinburgh University Papers." He was the son of Dr. W. Hamilton, an able professor of anatomy in Glasgow, and established his right to be regarded as the lineal descendant of Sir Robert Hamilton who commanded the Covenanters at Drumclog, and through him to be the representative of the Hamiltons at Preston, who claim to be descended from the second son of the progenitor of the Hamilton family. He was born at Glasgow in March, 1788, lost his father in early life, was boarded some time with the Rev. Dr. Summers at Mid-Calder, entered Glasgow College at the age of 12, was afterwards sent to a school at Bromley, and returned to Glasgow College, from which he was sent, on the Snell Foundation in 1809, to Oxford. The profession which he made on going in for his Degree was unprecedented for its extent. It embraced all the classics of mark, and, under the head of science, it took in the whole of Plato, the whole of Aristole with his early commentators, the Neo-Platonists, and the fragments of the earlier and later Greek schools. His examination in philosophy lasted two days, and six hours each day, and he came forth from it showing that his knowledge was as accurate as it was extensive. In 1812 he went to Edinburgh, where he betook himself to the study of law, and entered the bar the following year. In 1821 he was appointed Professor of Universal History, and, in the discharge of his office, delivered learned lectures to a small but select audience. From 1826 to 1828 he wrote elaborate papers against Phrenology, and Combe, and Spurzheim, and, in preparing for them, he dissected several hundred different brains. In 1829 he wrote his famous article on Cousin and the Philosophy of the Unconditioned; in 1830 his article on Perception and on Reid and Brown; in 1833 that on Whately and Logic. In 1836 he was appointed Professor of Logic and Metaphysics. Having begun to prelect on Reid in his class, the effort ripened into his edition of Reid in 1846. In 1852 the *Edinburgh Review* articles were re-published with large additions in the "Discussions on Philosophy." By these works, and by his lectures, he has gained an influence in all countries in which philosophy is valued, and has founded a school which is likely to be predominant for several years in Scotland.

The writer of this article has a very vivid recollection of Sir William as he happened to pass into his class-room a year or two after his appointment. There was an evident manliness in his person and his whole manner and address. His features were marked, he had an eye of a very deep lustre, and his expression was eminently intellectual. He read his lecture in a clear emphatic manner, without show, pretension, or affectation of any kind. His nomenclature sounded harsh and uncouth to one unacquainted with it, but his enunciations were all perspicuous and explicit. The class was a large one, numbering we should suppose between 150 and 200. At the opening there was a furious scribbling visible and audible by all the students, in their note-books; but we observed that, as the lecture proceeded, one after another was left behind, and, when it was half through, at least one third had ceased to take notes, and had evidently lost their interest in, or comprehension of, the subject. Unfortunately for the Scottish Colleges, unfortunately for the youth attending them, students enter the Logic Class in the second year of their course, when the majority are not ripe for it. A course of lectures, like that given in old time by Jardine of Glasgow, might be fit for such a class, but not a rigid course like that of Hamilton, who did, indeed, make his thoughts as clear as such profound thoughts could be made, but could not bring them down to the comprehension of a promiscuous class, of which many are under seventeen, and

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some under sixteen, or even fifteen years of age. But even among second year students there were every year a larger or less number who rejoiced to find that he first awakened independent thought within them, and who were ready to acknowledge ever afterwards that they owed more to him than to any other professor, or to all the other professors under whom they studied.

In his examinations he expected a sort of recitation of his lectures from the students. He also encouraged his pupils to submit to voluntary examinations on private studies undertaken by them. He prescribed essays on subjects lectured on, and in these essays he allowed great latitude in the expression of opinions, and some of his students, out of a spirit of independence or contradiction, would at times take up the defense of Dr. Brown, and were not discouraged. All students of high intellectual power, and especially those of a metaphysical taste, received a stimulus of a very lofty kind from his lectures, and these examinations and essays. We suspect that some of the duller and idler passed through the class without getting much benefit. In his whole intercourse with young men there was great courtesy and kindness, and a readiness to appreciate talent and independent thinking wherever he found it. For a number of years before his death, Sir William was oppressed with infirmities, and had to employ an assistant, and it was characteristic of him that he was in the habit of selecting for the office some one of those who had been his more distinguished students.

Of all thinkers Sir Wm. Hamilton was least disposed to call any one master, still there were influences operating on him. In estimating the forces which contributed to the formation of the character of such a man, perhaps as much is to be attributed to his antipathies as his predilections. His philosophy is a determined recoil against the method and systems of Mylne and Brown, the two professors, who, in Hamilton's younger years, were exercising the greatest influence on the opinions of Scottish students. So far as he felt attractions, they were towards Reid, the great metaphysician of his native college; Aristotle, the favorite at Oxford, where he completed his education; and Kant, whose sun was rising from the German ocean on Britain, and this, in spite of all opposing clouds, about the time when Hamilton was forming his philosophic creed. Professor Ferrier thinks that the "dedication of his powers to the service of Reid" was the "one mistake in his career;" to us it appears that it must rather have been the means of saving one possessed of so speculative a spirit from numberless aberrations. But Kant exercised as great an influence over Hamilton as even Reid did. His whole philosophy turns round those topics which are discussed in the "Kritick of Pure Reason," and he can never get out of those "forms" in which Kant sets all our ideas so methodically, nor lose sight of those terrible antinomies, or contradictions of reason, which Kant expounded in order to show that the laws of reason can have no application to objects, and which Hegel gloried in, and was employing as the ground principle of his speculations, at the very time when Hamilton aspired to be a philosopher. From Kant he got the principle that the mind begins with phenomena and builds thereon by forms or laws of thought; and it was as he pondered on the Sphinx enigmas of Kant and Hegel that he evolved his famous axiom about all positive thought lying in the proper conditioning of one or other of two contradictory propositions, one of which, by the rule of excluded middle, must be true. His pupils have ever since been standing before this Sphinx, proposing, under terrible threats, its supposed contradictions, and are wondering whether their master has resolved the riddle. For ourselves, we maintain that the mind begins with the knowledge of things and not of mere phenomena; and that there are faculties which work on this, the laws of which are to be determined by induction; and we acknowledge no contradictions real or even seeming in the judgments of reason. The contradictions dwelt on by Kant and the Hamiltonians are contradictions merely in their mutilated mode of expressing the ideas of reason, and are not in the judgments themselves, which often indeed land us in mystery but never in contradictions.

We have an idea that Hamilton did at times set before him no lower a model to copy than Aristotle himself. We do not ground this opinion on such circumstances as the following: That he is fond of expressing his admiration of Aristotle, and is in doubts whether Homer had, meta-

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physically speaking, a greater imagination than the peripatetic; that he had profoundly studied all the writings of Aristotle and has commented on several of them; that he feels a pride in telling us that he had collected a greater number of works illustrative of Aristotle than are to be found in any public library; that he can quote Themistius, Alexander, Ammonius, Simplicius, and Eurustratius, as readily as common men do Locke or Reid; and that he delights to show that the moderns have borrowed or stolen from the Stagyrite—some having so thieved without being suspected, and others having thieved at second hand, without knowing it. We found our conviction on positive resemblances in habit. Both are fond of opening their treatises with historical and critical notices of the opinions of previous philosophers, and in doing so, are as much inclined to show wherein they differ from, as wherein they agree with, all other men; both usually commence their discussions with the definitions of terms; both proceed largely in the method of logical division, dissection, and distinction; both have a peculiar nomenclature, and an underlying system, by which they judge of every topic and of all opinions; and both delight in brevity, giving us but a proposition when we should have liked a paragraph, and a statement when we expect an explanation, and feeling aggrieved, and almost insulted, when they are asked to amplify or illustrate, to suit the capacities of weaker men. But, with their resemblances, there is at least one strong point of difference, and this is in favor of the ancient. Aristotle, considering the age in which he lived, was far in advance of Hamilton in his appreciation of physical science. We can conceive that, if Hamilton had lived in ancient instead of modern Athens —that, if he had, like Aristotle, studied under Plato—felt the influence left behind him by Socrates—been stimulated by the gymnastics of the Grecian sects—listened to the orators on Mars' Hill, and to the plays in the theater — he might have executed much of the logical, metaphysical, grammatical, and critical work which Aristotle has done; but we can not conceive him, in any circumstances, writing the treatises of natural history. We have often thought that Hamilton's mental philosophy would, with less appearance of completeness, have, in fact, been more satisfactory, if, along with his learning, in the technical sense of the term, and power of logical organization, there had been a greater appreciation of the method of induction, as illustrated (not in medicine and mesmerism, which he did know, but) in some of the more advanced of the physical sciences.

The intellectual features of Hamilton are very marked and prominent. The first characteristic is his high cognitive ambition. This was strikingly illustrated in the extent of reading which he professed at Oxford — being, in fact, all ancient literature, and the whole of ancient philosophy, from the Pre-Socratic schools down to the Neo-Platonists, Proclus, and Plotinus. He had an appetite for all philosophic works and systems, and his power of digestion was equal to his appetite. Books, which others had overlooked, were apt to be his special favorites. Systems, which most men despised, he studied with peculiar avidity. It was a desire of knowledge, not so much for the sake of dazzling the eyes of men by it —though, perhaps, he was not above this "passion of genius," as Erskine calls it— as for the sake of the knowledge itself, and the pleasure of the acquisition, and in order that he might systematize it all. He did much in his span of life; yet we venture to say, that he meant to do vastly more; and we suspect that no man ever fell further below his own high standard than he did. The writer of this article once asked him, some years before his decease, when he meant to complete his Notes to Reid? and he replied, that he must really take it up some day soon, and finish it. He talked of the work as if it were a small one; and it is evident that it was but a small part of what he designed to do. He refers, in foot-notes, to projected works, which he had been obliged reluctantly to abandon; and he proposes others, which, we suspect, were left unaccomplished when he was summoned from the earthly scene. Often must he have wished that he could only get rid of these terrible "conditions" of time, and press thirty hours, instead of twenty-four, into the day; and not being able to do this, often did he encroach upon the time which, according to a much lower kind of conditions, but not less stringent in their way, ought to have been given to sleep; and, by thus straining the bodily organism, he sowed, we suspect, the seeds of that weak-

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ness which so oppressed him in his declining life.

We must add, that his excellence in this respect is one of his defects. His ambition tempted him to try what is beyond human strength. He would dabble even in theology, therein only to show his weakness and his obstinacy — as in his *brochure* on Non-intrusion, and his attacks on the Reformers. In his philosophy, he hastened, by a speedy analysis, to reach a premature synthesis—in this respect being a great contrast to Reid, who aimed at no such pretended completeness. He aimed at nothing less than a complete system, and sought therein to rival Aristotle, Descartes, Kant, and perhaps even Hegel himself. It is no disparagement to the Scottish philosopher to affirm, that he failed where they failed. His "Conditions of the Thinkable," or "Alphabet of Thought," will be ranked with the Categories of Aristotle, Kant, and Cousin: it will take no lower and no higher a place; that is, it will be regarded, by all but his immediate school, as a splendid failure.

The next feature which strikes us, is his profound erudition. We should like, we confess, to know the secret of his capacity of acquisition. There was, no doubt, indomitable industry; but this was but the smallest part. Are we to ascribe his vast stores to a capacious memory, or to art and method? We rather think that, by his unmatched logical power, he was in the habit of drawing out a scheme of all possible views, and then the opinion of any given man fell into its proper place.

He is the most learned of all the Scottish metaphysicians. Not that the Scottish school ought to be described, as it has sometimes been, as ignorant. Hutcheson was a man of learning, as well as of accomplishment, and visibly experienced great delight in quoting the Greek and Roman philosophers, as he walked up and down in his class-room in Glasgow. Adam Smith had vast stores of information; and the ground-plan which he has left of departments of ancient philosophy, and the sketch of the sects which he has given in his "Moral Sentiments," show that he was more competent, had he devoted his attention to the subject, than any man of his age, to write a history of philosophy. Hume had extensive philosophic as well as historical knowledge; but he was so accustomed to twist it to perverse uses, that we can not trust his candor or accuracy. Reid was preëminently a well-informed man. His first printed paper was on Quantity. He taught, in Aberdeen College, according to the system of rotation which continued even to his day, Natural as well as Moral Philosophy; and continued, even in his old age, to be well read on all topics of general interest. Beattie and Campbell were respectable scholars, as well as elegant writers; and the former was reckoned, at Oxford, and by the English clergy, as the great expounder, in his day, of sound philosophy. Lord Monboddo was deeply versed in the Greek and Roman philosophies, and, in spite of all his paradoxes, has often given excellent accounts of their systems. Dugald Stewart was a mathematician as well as a metaphysician; and, if not of very varied, was of very correct, and, altogether, of very competent, ripe, and trustworthy scholarship. Brown was certainly not widely or extensively read in philosophy; but, besides a knowledge of medicine, he had an acquaintance with Roman and with modern European literature. Sir James Mackintosh was familiar with men and manners, was learned in all social questions, and had a general, though, certainly, not a very minute or correct, knowledge of philosophic systems. But, for scholarship, in the technical sense of the term, and, in particular, for the scholarship of philosophy, they were all inferior to Hamilton, who was equal to any of them in the knowledge of Greek and Roman systems, and of the earlier philosophies of modern Europe; and vastly above them in a comprehensive acquaintance with all schools; and standing alone in his knowledge of the more philosophic fathers, such as Tertullian and Augustine; of the more illustrious schoolmen, such as Thomas Aquinas and Scotus; of the writers of the Revival, such as the Elder Scaliger; and of the ponderous systems of Kant, and the schools which have ramified from him in Germany.

When he was alive, he could always be pointed to as redeeming Scotland from the reproach of being without high scholarship. Oxford had no man to put on the same level. Germany had not a profounder scholar, or one whose judgment, in a disputed point, could be so relied on. Nor was his the scholarship of mere words; he knew the history of terms, but it was because he was familiar with the history of opinions. In reading his

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account, for example, of the different meanings which the word "idea" has had, and of the views taken of sense-perception, one feels that his learning is quite equaled by his power of discrimination. No man has ever done more in clearing the literature of philosophy of common-place mistakes, of thefts, and impostures. He has shown all of us how dangerous it is to quote without consulting the original; to adopt, without examination, the common traditions in philosophy; that those who borrow at second hand will be found out; and that those who steal, without acknowledgment, will, sooner or later, be detected and exposed. He experiences a delight in stripping modern authors of their borrowed feathers, and of pursuing stolen goods from one literary thief to another, and giving them back to their original owner. For years to come, ordinary authors will seem learned, by drawing from his stores. In incidental discussions, in foot-notes, and notes on foot-notes, he has scattered nuts, which it will take many a scholar many a day to gather and to crack. It will be long before the rays which shine from him will be so scattered and diffused through philosophic literature—as the sunbeams are through the atmosphere—that they shall become common property, and men shall cease to distinguish the focus from which they have come.

The only other decided lineament of his character that we shall mention, is his logical power, including therein all such exercises as abstraction, generalization, division, definition, formal judgment, and deduction. In this respect he may be placed along side of those who have been most distinguished for this faculty, such as Aristotle, Saint Thomas, Descartes, Spinoza, S. Clarke, Kant, and Hegel. In directing his thoughts to a subject, he proceeds to divide, distribute, define, and arrange, very much in the manner of Aristotle: take, as an example, his masterly analysis of the primary qualities of matter. He pursues much the same method, in giving the history of opinions, as on the subjects of the principles of common-sense and perception. No man ever displayed such admirable examples of Porphyry's tree, reaching from the *summum genus* to the *infima species*. It is quite clear that, had he lived in the days of the schoolmen, he would have ranked with the greatest of them—with Albertus Magnus, Abelard, and the Master of the Sentences—and would have been handed down to future generations by such an epithet as Doctor Criticus, Doctor Doctissimus, or Doctor Indomitabilis.

Here, again, his strength is his weakness. He attempts far too much by logical differentiation and formalization. No man purposes now to proceed in physical investigation by logical dissection, as was done by Aristotle and the schoolmen. We have at times looked into the old compends of physical science which were used in the colleges down even to an age after the time of Newton. Ingenious they were beyond measure, and perfect in form far beyond what Herschel or Faraday could produce or would attempt in the present day. We are convinced that logical operations can do nearly as little in the mental as they have done in the material sciences. We admit that Sir Wm. Hamilton had deeply observed the operations of the mind, and that when his lectures are published they will be found to contribute more largely to psychology than any work published in our day. But his induction is too much subordinated to logical arrangement and critical rules. His system will be found, when fully unfolded, to have a completeness such as Reid and Stewart did not pretend to, but it is effected by a logical analysis and synthesis, and much that he has built up will require to be taken down.

In reviewing Hamilton, we feel the greatest pleasure in pointing to those doctrines which we look upon him as having established. His doctrine of Perception seems to us to be substantially correct. That Perception is intuitive and immediate is the doctrine most in accordance with consciousness and encompassed with fewest difficulties; we wish he had only added with Reid (who, however, is not very consistent in his language) that our knowledge of the primary qualities of matter is positive and not merely relative. We are inclined, too, to agree with him in thinking that our original cognition through the senses is simply of our organism and of objects directly in contact with the organism, and that all beyond this is acquired; and we venture to add, that the distinction between our original and acquired knowledge might be profitably used by those who defend the doctrine of Natural Realism—it might be maintained that our original perceptions

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are trustworthy, and that all the apparent deceptions of the senses arise from a wrong application of the rules derived from experience. The distinction which he has drawn between presentative and representative knowledge, is as just as it is important. His view of representative knowledge, as against Reid, seems to be sound, and we may say so without subscribing to all that he maintains in regard to conception. His lectures, when published, will unfold a most admirable classification of the powers of the mind; at the same time we are convinced that the threefold division which he has sanctioned into the Cognitive, the Conative, and Emotive, will be found imperfect; for, besides that imagination can not without straining be described as cognitive, we are sure that the moral faculty can not be placed under any of the three heads. Under the head of the Cognitive powers will be found in the forth-coming lectures invaluable remarks on the faculties of Memory, Reproduction, Representation, Comparison, and the Regulative Principles, with a revival of curious Leibnitzian disquisitions on latent operations lying beneath consciousness. His exposition of these topics will be found to embrace new facts, and facts lost sight of, fresh quotations from authors of various ages and countries, and admirable divisions, subdivisions, and discriminations. On the subject of the principles of Common Sense, or the Regulative Principles of the Mind, he has done more than any other philosopher, except, perhaps, Reid himself. One in no way given to admiration, and in no way predisposed in behalf of such philosophy, was awed by the famous note A, on Common Sense. "I have been looking," says Lord Jeffrey, "into Sir W. Hamilton's edition of Reid, or rather into one of his own annexed Dissertations 'On the Philosophy of Common Sense,' which, though it frightens one with the immensity of its erudition, has struck me very much by its vigor, completeness, and inexorable march of ratiocination. He is a wonderful fellow, and I hope may yet be spared to astonish and overawe us for years to come." While we look on Hamilton as having vastly advanced this subject, we do not regard him as having completed it. He has nowhere, so far as we know, pointed out the relation between our necessary and experiential ideas, say our necessary and experiental ideas of space, (*for he acknowledges both*,) nor the relation between the faculties and these regulative principles. Further, he has not seen that while there are *à priori* principles in the mind, they are not as principles before the consciousness — all that consciousness is cognizant of is the individual act; and so he has not acknowledged fully that *à priori* principles are after all to be discovered by means of *à posteriori* observation and induction. Above all, he has erred in representing some of them as mere *impotencies* of the mind, whereas they are positive, and about the most essential *potencies* of the human understanding.

The time is at hand when the whole philosophy of Hamilton, the philosophy of the Conditioned or the Relative, must be subjected to a rigid review. The followers of one who has so criticised others, surely can not object to this. But the time for this will not actually arrive till we have his whole posthumous works before us. As we have already, however, in his published works an epitomized statement of most of his favorite ideas, we may be allowed to specify in an equally brief statement the tenets to which we are inclined to take decided objection, and leave the more formal discussion of them till his views are fully unfolded.

First, we object to his method. It is not in fact, it is not even professedly, the inductive. We are convinced that Hamilton never fully appreciated the Baconian method, and in this respect his disciples do not seem an improvement on the master, for, amid all their abstract discussions, we do not remember of an attempt by any one of them to add to inductive mental science. Often, indeed, did Hamilton refer to induction, but it was always with the ambition of reducing it to a form like the syllogism; and this we venture to say, can no more be done with the grand practical principles of the Novum Organum than with a father's advice to his Son, or the Sermon on the Mount. Hamilton's own method is professedly an analysis in order to a synthesis. It partakes as much of the critical method of Kant as of the inductive method of Bacon. He tells us, "the first problem of philosophy is to seek out, purify, and establish by intellectual analysis and criticism the elementary feelings or beliefs, in which are given the elementary truths of which all are in possession."—(Edition of Reid,

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p. 752.) If he had said that the business of philosophy is to observe with care, to seek out, to analyze, and classify, *in short, to induct* the necessary convictions of the mind, his account would have been correct. But he has gone over to Kantism, and furnishes a foothold to the later aberrations of Germany, and even to Ferrierism, when he speaks of "purifying" them and "establishing them by intellectual criticism."

His philosophy is that of the Conditioned or Relative. We acknowledge that he has laid in ruins the philosophy of the Unconditional. But we may admit this without giving our adherence to his own theory. Instead of the great *realist*, Hamilton should be called the great *relativist*. Surely there may be a Positive theory (not in the Comtian sense) alike removed from the Absolute and the Relative theories. We maintain that the mind is so endowed that it has a positive, though of course limited knowledge of things—not of relations but of things. We acknowledge that there is a true doctrine of relativity, but it must be separated from the Hamiltonian doctrine. We acknowledge that there is a sense in which knowledge is a relation; even the Divine knowledge is a relation, but the relation arises from the knowledge, and not the knowledge from the relation.

We shall not enter on the discussion of his doctrine of Substance and Quality, inasmuch as he has not expanded it. We shall only say of it, that it seems lamentably defective in representing our conviction of substance as a mere impotency.

His doctrine of Causation has been unfolded and has been pretty generally repudiated. If Brown "eviscerates" the idea, (to use Hamilton's phrase,) Hamilton decapitates it, making it a "Law of Thought (not of Things) and merely subjective." (Dis., p. 613.) He leaves out in his Analysis and Intellectual Criticism the main element in the intuitive conviction. The phenomenon is this: "When aware of a new appearance, we are *unable* to conceive that therein has originated any new existence, and are, therefore, *constrained* to think that what now appears to us under a new form had previously an existence under others."—(Dis., p. 609.) This is not the phenomenon. The phenomenon is, that when we meet with a new substance, or a substance in a new state, we are constrained to look for a potency in a substance or substances to produce the new substance or the change of the old. His generalization is founded on a narrow view of material objects. It may be all true that "gunpowder is the effect of the mixture of nitre, charcoal, and sulphur, which all existed before:" but this is a mere experiential observation in regard to the material cause. But we can conceive this sulphur, or a soul, or a world, springing into being without any previous matter, and what the mind insists on is, that there must have been an efficiency in some substance to produce it. This belief in Causation is not, as he represents it, a mere *mental impotency* or inability, but is a positive conviction, belief, or judgment, that every effect has a cause; and that when the effect is real, say the world, the cause, that is, God, must also have a real existence. It is one of the lamentable consequences of this wretchedly defective view of Causation, that it does not entitle us to argue from the world as an effect to God as the cause.

His doctrine of the Infinite has appeared to not a few to be unsatisfactory. We admit that his criticism of the Theory of Cousin is unanswerable, and those who would succeed in meeting Hamilton, must not take up the ground of the brilliant French Eclectic. The business of the philosopher is here faithfully to interpret and unfold our intuitive conviction, on this subject, when it will be found that the mind has something more than a mere negative impotency, that it has a positive belief, that to whatever point we might go in space or in time, there is, and must be, a something beyond.

It is in order to establish a great law of Relativity, that he has resolved our convictions as to Space, Time, Substance, Causalty, Infinity, (what makes he of a more important one still, Moral Good?) into mental impotencies. But when it is shown that the individual convictions are not impotencies but potencies, the great Law of Relativity is undermined, and with it the whole Alphabet of Thought.

The defective nature of the whole Hamiltonian system comes out in its results. Comparing his philosophy with that of Germany, he says:

"Extremes meet. In one respect both coincide, for both agree that the knowledge of Nothing is the principle or the consummation of all true philosophy. '*Scire Nihil—studium*

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*quo nos laetamur utrique.*' But the one doctrine openly maintaining, that the Nothing must yield every thing, is a philosophic omniscience, whereas the other holding, that Nothing can yield nothing, is a philosophic nescience. In other words: the doctrine of the Unconditioned is a philosophy confessing relative ignorance, but professing absolute knowledge; while the doctrine of the Conditioned, is a philosophy professing relative knowledge, but confessing absolute ignorance."—(Dis., p. 609.)

Surely this is a pitiable enough conclusion to such an elaborate process. A mountain labors, and something infinitely less than the mouse emerges.

We suspect that Sir Wm. Hamilton was wont to meet all such objections, and try to escape from such a whirlpool as that in which Ferrier would engulf him, by taking refuge in belief—in faith. And we are thoroughly persuaded of the sincerity of his faith, philosophic and religious. But it is unsatisfactory, it is unphilosophic, to allow that cognition and intelligence may lead to nihilism, and then resort to faith to save us from the consequences. Surely there is faith involved in the exercises of intelligence; there is faith (philosophical) involved, when from a seen effect, we look up to an unseen cause. We are sure that human intelligence does not lead to absolute knowledge, but as little does it lead to skepticism or to nothing. Of this we are further sure, that the same criticism which pretends to demonstrate that intelligence ends in absolute ignorance, will soon—probably in the immediately succeeding age—go on to show with the same success, that our beliefs are not to be trusted.

The same doctrine of relativity carried out, led him to deny that there could be any valid argument in behalf of the Divine existence, except the moral one. We acknowledge that the moral argument, properly enunciated, is the most satisfactory of all. We admit that the argument from order and adaptation (the physico-theological) can prove no more than that there is a living Being of vast power and wisdom, presiding over the universe—but this it can do by the aid of the law of cause and effect properly interpreted. The proof that this Being is infinite must be derived from the mental intuition in regard to the infinite. Hamilton has deprived himself of the power of using the arguments from our belief in Causation and Infinity by what we regard as a defective and mutilated account of both these intuitions. He has nowhere stated the moral arguments which he trusts in. We suspect that the criticism which cuts down the argument from intelligence, needs only to be carried a step further to undermine the argument from our moral nature. This process has actually taken place in Germany, and we have no desire to see it repeated among metaphysical youths in this country. It is on this account, mainly, that we have been so anxious to point out the gross defects in the account given by Hamilton of our necessary convictions.

The question is started at the close of our survey, are we to have forever nothing but a succession of schools in mental science—Hutcheson superseded by Reid, and Reid by Brown, and Brown by Hamilton, and Hamilton superseded, as the author of it would wish, by a new and Ideal school, and in this view is Hamilton to be as much disparaged in the next age as Brown is in this? We reply that Reid and Stewart are not superseded, that they stand as high as they ever did; that Brown so far as he has really added to psychology is not superseded and that Hamilton, inasmuch as he has given us admirable summaries of philosophic systems, and masterly classifications of mental phenomena, will go down through the ages, with the brightest names in philosophy.

All that is solid and permanent in mental science has been reached, in fact, by observation and induction. We must here, however, draw a distinction which has often been lost sight of. When we say that observation is needful in order to construct metaphysical science, we do not mean to say that there are no principles in the mind except these derived from observation and experience. Observation shows that there are principles in the mind, native and necessary, and regulating experience. But these principles acting in the mind as regulative principles are not before the consciousness as principles; all that is before the consciousness are the individual acts and exercises. The law of Causation is not written on the surface of the mind to be discovered by consciousness any more than the law of gravitation is written on the sky to be read by the senses. All

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that is before the senses, in the latter case in an individual fact, say an apple falling to the ground, and the law is to be discovered by a process of generalization; and all that is before consciousness, in the former, is a particular mental conviction —the principle of which can be detected only by classification. And so it may be quite true that there are *à priori* principles in the mind, and yet a process of careful *à posteriori* induction may be absolutely requisite in order to discover their nature and their rule, and to entitle us to employ them in philosophic speculation.

In regard to systems which are not built upon inductive psychological proof they are to us all alike; they differ only in respect of the peculiar intellectual character and tendencies of those who have constructed them. The man of genius, like Schelling, will form a theory, distinguished for its ingenuity or beauty; the man of vigorous intellect, like Hegel, will erect what looks like a very coherent fabric; but until they can be shown to be founded on the inherent principles of the mind by a rigid induction, we wrap ourselves up in doubt, and refuse to give our consent.* And we cleave to this principle because of its wisdom, knowing all the while that there are fervent youths (abetted by conceited older men) who, as believing that the next turn in the high *à priori* road which they are pursuing, is to open on the ocean of absolute truth, will feel as if it were turning them back, when the long-looked-for object were about to burst gloriously on their view.

Nor are we to be seduced into an admiration of these imposing systems, by the plea often urged in their behalf, that they furnish a gymnasium for the exercise of the intellect. We acknowledge that one of the very highest advantages of study of every description is to be found in the vigor imparted to the mind which pursues it. But, whatever may have been the state of things in the days of the schoolmen, it is not necessary now to resort to fruitless *à priori* speculation, in order to find an arena in which to exercise the intellect. Nay, we are convinced that when the research conducts to no solid results, it will weary the mind without strengthening it; the effort will be like that of one who beateth the air; and activity will always be followed by exhaustion, by dissatisfaction, and an unwillingness to make further exertion. Labor it is true, is its own reward; but if there be no other reward there will be the want of the proper incentive—the vigor imparted is only one of the incidental effects which follow when labor is undertaken in the hope of reaching substantial fruits. Nor is it to be forgotten that these speculations through fruitless of good are not fruitless of evil. In the struggles thus engendered, there are other powers of the mind *tried* as well as the understanding; there are often sad agonizings of the feelings, of the faith, and indeed, of the whole soul, which feels as if the foundation on which it previously stood had been removed and none other supplied, and as if it had in consequence to sink forever—or as if it were doomed to move forever onward without reaching a termination, while all retreat has been cut off behind. In these wrestlings, we fear that many wounds are inflicted, which rankle for long, and often terminate in something worse than the dissolution of the bodily organism, for they end in the loss of faith and of peace, in cases in which they do not issue in immorality, or in skepticism and profanity.

These exercises we suspect resemble not so much those of the gymnasium, as those of the ancient gladiatoral shows, in

* Professor Ferrier has endeavored to introduce into this country an ideal system, which may attain the same notoriety as those of Schelling and Hegel in Germany, but in this he will fail. For in addition to British good sense, he has the transparency of his own style against him. No man can confute Hegel, for no man is sure that he understands him, and to any professed refutation it will always be competent to reply that he has been misunderstood. But Ferrier's style is as clear as it is often fascinating, and the error is very visible. We may remark, however, that onlookers will often be tempted to think that Ferrier is in the right, if he be met by mere logic distinctions. A few stones from a sling will be felt to be far more annoying to this most dexterous of small swordsmen, than a more formidable weapon. He has given us a pretended demonstration without axioms or definitions. He is no skeptic, and has propositions which he assumes. On what ground we ask him? When he specifies the ground, we show on the same ground, that when we look on a stone, we know the stone to be an object separate from, and independent of the object. He says, (Scot. Phil., pp. 19, 20,) that "no man in his senses would require a proof *that* it (that is, real existence) is." We are glad of this appeal to man's "senses," but we insist that these same "senses" tell us that the stone has an existence independent of the contemplative mind. This can not be disproved by any pretended demonstration, for the principles assumed in such can not be more certain than the truth which they would set aside.

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which no doubt there were many brilliant feats performed, but in which also, members were mutilated, and the heart's blood of many a brave man shed. We fear that in not a few cases generous and courageous youth have entered the lists to lose in the contest, all creed, all religious—and in some cases all moral principle, and with these all peace and all stability.

## ATTEMPTS AT THE LARGE LENS PROBLEM.

DURING the last two centuries numerous attempts have been made by practical and philosophical opticians to produce glass lenses of larger diameter than those already in use. The difficulties attending the casting of large glass lenses are pretty well understood by all who have dabbled, however slightly, in optical science. Sometimes it has happened that, notwithstanding all the care bestowed on one of these lenses, it has been speckled with some opaque substance; at others, air bubbles have remained after all the manipulations which have been practiced to expel them: on other occasions, traces of metallic oxides have given a color to the glass which was wanted colorless; and when all these difficulties have been surmounted, faint *striæ* have been found in the glass, which have had the effect of distorting every object seen through it. The French naturalist Buffon, wishing to test the feasibility of that story about Archimedes, who, as old story-books relate, set fire to the ships of the Romans when attacking Syracuse, his native city, by means of large burning-glasses, endeavored to construct one of glass and water, much larger than any known to exist in his day. He procured two plates of glass of considerable thickness, and gave them the required convexity by laying them on a heated plate of metal, which had previously been hollowed out and polished for the purpose. The plates of glass thus moulded were joined together, their convex sufaces outward, by means of a band of metal all round the edges, a small orifice being left by means of which the interior might be filled with pure water. In this way, Buffon succeeded in constructing a lens more than an English yard in diameter: but the brittleness acquired by the glass through heating it a second time, rendered the process a hazardous and expensive one. Attempts have since been made, both in England and France, to blow large globes of glass, and to cut from them circular concave disks, in the same manner as watch-glasses are made; but the plan has not answered.

A modification of the latter method has been lately adopted by Messieurs Semolt and Robert, and with more satisfactory results. These gentlemen have constructed lenses of considerable power, by means of a circular flat plate of glass, and a segment of a sphere blown with great care. These being joined by a metallic border and filled with water or other suitable liquid, produce a plano-convex lens, having nearly the perfection, transparency, and homogeneity of solid glass.

By an adaptation of the same mechanical process, cheap and powerful reflectors have also been constructed. Segments taken from large spheres have been coated with silver on the convex side, and brilliant concave mirrors have thus been formed. On the railways round about Paris, lenses and reflectors of this kind are now extensively used: and by a combination of the two, a lamp has been constructed yielding results far greater than were looked for by the inventors, and which have led to the adoption of this lamp, not only on the railways, but on board ships, and at the entrances of ports.

This proximate solution of the large lens problem leads us to mention a renewal of the attempt to make a lens of solid glass, for telescopic purposes, exceeding in size any other of that kind at present in existence. At the Great Exhibition, two disks of flint glass and crown glass were brought under the notice of the jury, who failed to appreciate their merits. By certain connoisseurs, however, these disks were deemed almost faultless. They were purchased by the French Government from



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the makers, Messrs. Chance, of Birmingham, for fifty thousand francs, to the great chagrin of Sir David Brewster, who had reasonably hoped to interest our own authorities in such a matter. Under the superintendence of M. Secrétau, these disks are being worked into an object-glass for the new equatorial in course of construction at the Paris Observatory. It is expected that this glass, when finished, will have a diameter of seventy centimetres: and should that size be attained, and the curvature and achromatism be good—conditions prodigiously difficult to fulfill—"France will have," as one of her enthusiastic writers has said, "the most powerful lens in the world."

# OVERLAND ROUTE TO INDIA.

Formerly the route to India by the Red Sea was beset with difficulties and dangers. To Alexandria you could proceed only in small sailing vessels, subject to serious delays and discomforts. From thence to Suez you had to travel on donkeys or camels, braving the privations and perils of the desert as you best could. You were entirely dependent on chance for a passage down the Red Sea, and onward to India. Few, except the most daring spirits, durst in those days venture on such an undertaking. Many praiseworthy efforts were made, especially by Lieutenant Waghorn, to make this ancient high-road to the East safe and expeditious; but little was effected till the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company took the matter in hand. At first their prospects were any thing but bright. It was computed that nine steam vessels, of about 600 tons burden, would be required; that ten persons might probably go as passengers each trip; and that a few boxes would contain all the correspondence that might be dispatched in this way between Britain and India. The etimated cost of vessels was £200,000; the annual expense of working them was estimated at £123,000; and the probable returns on which they thought they might calculate, were estimated at only £75,000 per annum. In the facè of such discouragements the work began; and what can not Anglo-Saxon energy and British wealth accomplish? This company has now a navy of about fifty ocean steamers, among which is the Himalaya, the wonder of naval architecture, 3550 tons burden, with engines of 700 horse-power. The number of persons employed, afloat and ashore, is about 4000; the salaries paid amount to considerably more than £100,000 per annum. The yearly consumption of coal is about 200,000 tons, and must cost more than £100,000 sterling. The number of passengers conveyed every year is upwards of 30,000. The number of miles which their steamers travel during the year is nearly twenty-five times the circumference of the globe, averaging more than 2000 miles each day. And the mails to and from India, China, and other ports, carried in these vessels, amount to between three and four hundred boxes, and weigh each voyage from five to six tons. During the war with Russia, the best of their steamers were constantly engaged as transports by the government; yet, such are the resources and energy of this company, that the communication with India, China, and Australia, was kept up constantly with amazing punctuality. A princely revenue does this company draw from this vast enterprise; still, the public reaps the advantage. India is brought nearer to England by three months' travel; commerce is increased; good government in our eastern dependencies is promoted; and now a visit to India, by a route replete with interest at every stage, may be performed with an economy and comfort almost incredible.

The Ripon was the noble vessel waiting to convey us to the East. At high tide she left the harbor, and was riding majestically in Southampton Water, waiting the arrival of the Indian mail. I was early on board; found my cabin roomy, airy, and retired; and busied myself putting all to rights in my new floating domicile, in which I was to sojourn while going "down into Egypt." The hour for

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our departure arrived. Passengers and their friends kept crowding on board. A small steamer brought out the overland mail — piles of square boxes, of various distinctive colors—white, black, red, buff, blue—marked for all our eastern dependencies, as well as the intermediate ports at which our steamer calls. Methinks I see the lieutenant of the royal navy—old enough, poor fellow, to be an admiral—standing at the gangway, in full dress, cocked hat and sword, like a commodore — which title, by the by, was usually awarded him on the voyage, and which he seemed to think his position and services amply merited—taking charge of her Majesty's mail, with as much importance as if it had been her most gracious Majesty herself. "Hong Kong!" cries a sailor on board of the little steamer; "Here!" responds another on board our ship; and the former pitches a square box to the latter, and our commodore bows, and marks his book. "Gibraltar!" is shouted, and the same process takes place. "Malta!" "Aden!" "Colombo!" "Canton!" and so on, till the last box was safe in his charge. How varied and valuable the contents of these boxes! Happy was I to receive by this mail my last dispatches from loved ones at home! And I had just time to scribble another hearty "adieu," when the signal for parting was given. The Ripon's excellent band took its station on the quarter-deck, and struck up its thrilling strains. For the last time, the bell rings—a separation is effected—the little tender has all on *her* deck who return to port—all on *our* deck are bound for afar. Jolly tars heave up our anchor; round goes our noble vessel, and sets her bow to the deep. The mail steamer hovers near us till we get fairly under way; then, amid waving handkerchiefs, and parting salaams, and starting tears, and rising prayers, on went the steam, and off went our leviathan. The breeze caught the parting petition—"God bless loved relatives and friends, and send the good ship Ripon good success!"—*The Leisure Hour.*

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MONUMENTS TO LUTHER.—In the course of the past year, as many as four different monuments to Luther have been projected in Germany, and are more or less advanced towards completion. One of these, erected by the Duke of Meiningen, was consecrated a few weeks since. It consists of a column, executed by Sauer of Hermansfeldt, and is intended to commemorate an event in the history of the great reformer, which is minutely and glowingly described by D'Aubigné in his "History of the Reformation." The readers of that fascinating work will remember that, as Luther was returning from the city of Worms, whither he had gone ready to confront, if need be, as many devils as there were tiles on the houses, he stopped to rest in the south-western part of the Thuringian Forest, a little distance from the town of Altenstein. Stooping down to drink from a spring that flowed close by, under the shade of a beech-tree, he found himself suddenly made captive by two of the emissaries of the Elector Frederick of Saxony, who saw no other way of protecting Luther from his enemies but by making him prisoner. He was conducted to the Wartburg, a fortress made more famous by the reformer's confinement there, than by all the deeds of chivalry and valor its inmates had achieved before, or the hospitalities they have practiced since. Here it was that Luther worked at his translation of the holy Scriptures; and here, too, he had that rencounter with the offspring of his excited imagination, which he mistook for Satan himself, and whose intrusion he resented by throwing his ink-pot at the fiend. Up to the year 1841, the beech-tree above named sufficiently marked the spot where Luther was captured; but in that year it was almost destroyed by a storm; and in order to preserve the memory of the spot, the pillar has been erected. At the consecration thousands of spectators were present; some in splendid uniforms, the ladies in rich dresses, and the poorest in costumes as gay as they could make them. All joined in singing that magnificent hymn of Luther's, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott;" and as their voices echoed through the woods, the effect was inspiriting, and yet solemn in the highest degree.

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# RISE AND PROGRESS OF BRITISH INDIA.

[As the recent tragic events in British India form one great historic chapter in the annals of that country, of world-wide interest, we have thought it acceptable to all our readers to place in condensed form upon these pages, for convenient reference, the leading events which form the great outline history of British India.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.]

THE following is an accurate chronological statement of the rise and progress of the British supremacy in the East-Indies, from the first commercial expedition sent from England, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to the occurrence of the present distressing mutiny among the native troops:

1591. First English Expedition to the East-Indies.

1600. First East-India Company incorporated by Royal Charter.

1609. A second charter granted to the East-India Company.

1612. First English factories established at Surat.

1615. First English ambassador arrived at the Court of the Mogul.

1690. English first settled at Calcutta.

1698. A new East-India Company incorporated.

1702. The old and new companies united.

1726. East-India House, London, built.

1748. Hostilities between the English and French in India. Pondicherry besieged by the English.

1756. The stronghold of the pirate, Augria, destroyed by the English forces.

Calcutta besieged and taken by an army of 70,000 men under Sarajah Dowlah. The garrison and some of the residents were shut up in a prison known as the Black Hole, where 123 out of 146 perished.

1757. Battle of Plassey fought between the English under Colonel Clive, and the native Hindoos under Sarajah Dowlah. The Hindoos were totally defeated, although they were twenty to one, and Calcutta retaken. The supremacy of the British power in India dates from Plassey.

Twenty-four Pergunnahs annexed to the British dominions.

1759. Burdwan, Midnapoor, and Chittagong seized by the British.

1764. Battle of Buxane between the English and the Hindoos, in which the latter were again defeated.

1765. The sovereignty of India virtually surrendered into the hands of the British, who were henceforth empowered to collect the revenues of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, ostensibly for the Mogul, really for themselves.

1772. Warren Hastings appointed Governor of Bengal.

1773. India bill passed for reörganizing the affairs of India, and placing them more under government control than had hitherto been the case. A Supreme Court was set up at Calcutta; the salary of the Governor was fixed at £25,000 annually.

1775. Warren Hastings accused of taking bribes from Mir Jaffier: these accusations multiplied, and excited much indignation in Parliament.

Zemindary annexed to British India.

1776. Island of Salsette seized.

1778. Nagpoor taken by the British.

1780. Hyder Ali, an Indian prince, who had raised himself to that rank from the condition of Sepoy, overran the Carnatic, and defeated the British. He was afterwards defeated by the British, and in 1782 was entirely overthrown.

1782. Tippoo Saib, son of Hyder Ali, defeated the British, and took Cuddalore and Bednore.

1784. Pitt's India bill, constituting the Board of Control over Indian affairs passed.

1785. Warren Hastings resigned. He was succeeded by Lord Cornwallis.

1786. Pulo Penang annexed to the British dominions.

1788. Warren Hastings, impeached by parliament for receiving bribes, and misusing his authority in India, was brought to trial. He was charged, among other indictments, with having taken £100,000 from the Nabob of Oude, for the loan of British soldiers in the slaughter of the Rohillas. The trial lasted seven years and three months, and ended in his acquittal.

1792. A definite treaty signed with

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Tippoo Saib; his two sons were accepted as hostages of his good faith.

Malabar, Dindigul, Barramahl, etc., annexed by the British.

1793. Civil and criminal courts erected in India, and law circuits established.

1798. Lord Mornington appointed Governor-General.

1799. Storming of Seringapatam; death of Tippoo Saib.

1800. The Carnatic added to British India.

1801. Goruckpore, Lower Doab, etc., seized by the British.

1802. Part of Bundelcund annexed.

1803. Battle of Delhi, in which General Lake defeated the Indians.

Battle of Argaum, and battle of Assaye, in which the Indians were again defeated by Sir Arthur Wellesley.

Upper Doab, and the Delhi territory, annexed.

1805. Scindiah, the Mahratta chief, defeated by the British. A treaty of peace was afterwards signed with him. Treaty of peace also signed with Holkar, who had likewise been defeated by the British.

Sir George Barlow appointed Governor-General of India.

1807. Lord Minto appointed Governor-General of India.

1813. The trade with India thrown open to commercial enterprise.

Marquis of Hastings appointed Governor-General of India.

1814. The Nepaulese war declared.

1817. Holkar defeated by the British under Sir T. Hislop. A treaty of peace was signed with Holkar in the following year.

1818. Candeish, Ajmere, Poonah, the Mahratta country, etc., annexed to British India.

1823. Lord Amherst appointed Governor-General of India.

1824. Rangoon captured by the British.

Singapore taken by the British.

1825. The defeat of the Burmese by the British, under Campbell, at Prome.

Malacca taken by the British.

1826. Storming of Bhurtpore. Treaty of peace signed with the Burmese, on their conceding a large tract of land, and paying a million of money.

1828. Lord William Bentinck appointed Governor-General of India.

1829. Suttees abolished.

1834. Deposition of the Rajah of Coorg. Natives admitted for the first time to magisterial office.

1835. Lord Auckland appointed Governor-General of India.

1839. The unfortunate expedition to Cabul undertaken to restore the deposed monarch Shah Soujah.

1840. Dost-Mahomed defeated by the English.

1841. The British at Cabul suffered severely in a rising of the people.

Lord Ellenborough appointed Governor-General of India.

Assassination of Sir W. Macnaughten.

1842. The British evacuated Cabul, and were frightfully massacred on their retreat.

Cabul reëntered by the British forces, the prisoners released, and its fortifications destroyed under General Pollock. It was afterwards evacuated.

1843. Sir Charles Napier defeated the Ameer of Scinde, which was, consequently, annexed to the British possessions.

1844. Sir Henry Hardinge appointed Governor-General.

1845. The Sikhs crossed the Sutlej, and attacked the British at Ferozepore. In the battle which ensued, General M'Caskill was killed, and Sir R. Sale mortally wounded.

Battle of Ferozeshah, (Dec. 21,) in which the Sikhs were defeated by the British under the command of Sir Hugh Gough, and other distinguished officers.

The Sikhs re-crossed the Sutlej, (Dec. 27.)

1846. Battle of Aliwal, (Jan. 28,) and defeat of the Sikhs by Sir Harry Smith.

Battle of Sobraon, (Feb. 18.) Defeat of the Sikhs by the British, with immense loss on both sides.

Lahore occupied by the British, (Feb. 20,) which terminated the war; a treaty of peace being signed on the 9th of March.

1847. The Earl of Dalhousie appointed Governor-General.

1848. Engagement with the troops of the Dewan Moolraj, (June 18,) which ended in their defeat.

Defeat of Shere Singh, (Nov. 22,) by the British, under Lord Gough.

1849. The whole Sikh army surrendered unconditionally to the British, (March 14.)

The Punjaub annexed to the British possessions. Proclamation to that effect issued by the Governor-General, (March 29.)

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1850. Sir Charles Napier resigned his command in India, (July 2;) he gave a farewell address to the troops, (Dec. 15,) and arrived in England in the following March.

1851. Misunderstanding with the Birmans. A British naval force moored before Rangoon, and a certain time allowed for the settlement of the dispute.

1852. In consequence of the treachery of the Viceroy of Rangoon an engagement took place, in which 300 of the enemy were killed, and the fortifications destroyed, (Jan. 4.)

Storming of Mastabau, (April 5.)

Storming of Rangoon, (April 14.)

Pegu, after changing hands two or three times, finally annexed to the British dominions, (Dec. 20.)

1853. The King of Ava deposed by his younger brother during a revolution, (Jan.)

First Indian railway opened, (April 16.)

1854. Territories of the Rajah of Nagpoor fall to the East-India Company.

1855. Treaty with Dost Mahomed signed, (March 31.)

Viscount Canning appointed Governor-General, (July.)

1856. Annexation of Oude.

1857. The native troops mutinied at Meerut, (May 10,) fired on their officers, massacred several Europeans, and marched to Delhi. They entered this city unopposed, took possession of its fortifications, slaughtered the Europeans, and proclaimed Shah Akhbar King of India. The mutiny spread with immense rapidity to other stations, and by the time the news reached England the whole of the Bengal Presidency was in open revolt. The mutineers in every place committed the cruelest outrages on women and children, especially at Cawnpore, under Nena Sahib. Delhi still continues to be the headquarters of the rebel Sepoys, and around this ancient capital of India the British forces were gathering, although their number was small, and they were suffering much from disease. Large bodies of troops were dispatched immediately on receipt of intelligence of the mutiny, and no doubt is entertained that British supremacy would be reasserted.

# SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

At the head of our present number we place the portrait, truthful we believe, of this eminent man of giant intellect, the great thinker of Scotland, long renowned in the world of letters, and especially in metaphysical research. Our readers will look with interest on his strongly marked features. Portraits of him are rare. In connection with it we subjoin a biographical sketch.

Sir William Hamilton as head of the old family of the Hamiltons of Preston in Haddingtonshire, inherited a baronetcy created in 1673, but for a time dormant.

He was born on the 8th of March, 1788, in Glasgow, where his father, Dr. Hamilton, was a professor in the University; and there he received the earlier part of his academical education. The Snell foundation of exhibitions in Balliol College has long been a prize for the more distinguished among the Glasgow students: Adam Smith among others owed his English education to it. As a Snell exhibitioner Hamilton went to Oxford; and he took his degree with honors as a first-class man, proceeding afterwards to A.M.

In 1813 he was admitted a member of the Scottish bar. But law, except the Roman, did not receive much of his attention; and the only practice he ever had was the very little which became incumbent on him, when, after a time, he was appointed crown solicitor of teinds or tithes. Even while a very young man, he had acquired no small part of his singular and varied stock of knowledge; and mental philosophy began early to be his favorite pursuit. On the death of Thomas Brown, in 1820, he stood for the professorship of Moral Philosophy in the

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University of Edinburgh: but Mr. Wilson was the successful candidate. Next year, on the nomination of the bar, he became Professor of Universal History in the same University. This appointment, little more than nominal in respect of emoluments, was hardly better as to the performance of duty. The department is not in any way imperative on students; and it never commanded pupils unless for a while under the elder Tytler. Sir William, being, though not rich, yet independent of professional drudgery, was left, undisturbed and undiverted, to the prosecution of his studies and speculations. It was long before these bore fruits visible to any but his immediate friends. For the digesting of his thoughts he was nearly as independent of the necessity of writing, as his iron memory made him to be for the preservation of his knowledge; and he seems to have long shrunk from the toil of endeavoring to expound ideas, for which he did not hope to find an apt or sympathizing audience. It was only, as he himself has declared, on the pressing request of the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, that he was induced, in 1829, to give to that periodical the first of a series of contributions, which closed in 1839, and which unfortunately constitutes as yet by much the larger proportion of his published writings. Those papers exhibit the variety of his learning not less than its depth; and the philosophical essays which were among them speedily found readers, who, if few, were competent to do them justice.

In 1836 he found his right place; he was appointed by the town council of Edinburgh, though not without a contest, to be Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University. He was, what very few of the Scottish professors holding offices thus designated have been, at home in both of the spheres indicated by the official title. The vague term which stands second, opened up to him in his teaching any walk he might choose to tread in the vast field of mental philosophy, of which he had probably in his studies traversed more than any other man then or now alive. The first title pointed his way to one special mental science, which he had studied in all its existing shapes, and which he now set about systematizing in harmony with new lights that had dawned on his own mind. Instead of following the usual professorial practice, of combining the whole matter of his instructions into one course of lectures, to be delivered in one and the same session, (a term of six months in each year,) he lectured alternately in the one named section and in the other—in Logic one year, and Metaphysics the next; and he had the gratification of defeating, after a whimsical squabble, an attempt of the town council, who are the legal administrators of that University, to force him into the common practice. His reputation and his influence now extended rapidly. Long before 1836, he had become celebrated in the learned circles of Germany, and had begun to be known and estimated by many at home: the most eminent foreign thinkers had concurred with not a few of our own, in pressing earnestly the preëminence of his claim to the Logic chair; and in England, as well as in Scotland, philosophical speculators discovered more and more plainly that, in those fragmentary treatises of his, there had been opened veins of thought which thinking men durst not leave untested. His teaching, again, now worked energetically on many young and ardent spirits gathered round him in his lecture-room. There is not evidence indeed that his logical lectures have as yet had much effect on his personal pupils. But the metaphysical lectures excited a keen interest in philosophy among all of his students who were qualified for severe abstract thinking; while they guided the thinking of not a few into channels in which it long or always continued to flow. He was, too, not less anxious in encouraging and directing for the young men wide philosophical reading, than in prompting them to active philosophical reflection and reasoning.

In 1855, when in country quarters, Sir William fractured a limb; and he died in Edinburgh on the 6th of May, 1856. He has left a widow and family. The manuscripts of his lectures, in both divisions, are said to be in such a state that they may be easily be prepared for the press. [The article on Sir William in another place will give the reader more ample information of his literary character.—EDITOR.

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Madame Octavia Walton Le Vert, in her Souvenirs of Travel, gives the following description of a ball scene at the Palace: Madame Le Vert went on this occasion under the auspices of the American Minister, Mr. Ingersoll, always kind and courteous to his countrymen, as we ourselves have found. She calls it the brilliant spectacle of a state ball given by Queen Victoria. At nine, our excellent Minister and his niece, Miss Willcocks, with the attachés of legation, called for me, and in our respective carriages we drove through St. James's Park to Buckingham Palace. Long lines of soldiers were drawn up near the entrance, and gentlemen in elegant costumes ushered us into the cloak-room. We stood some time looking at the distinguished and royal personages as they entered; only those, and the diplomatic corps, and the members of the Queen's household, passed that way. After a brief delay, we ascended the great staircase; on each side of the marble steps, masses of flowers were placed, so arranged they formed immense beds of gorgeous hue. Entering the state apartments, we tarried in the yellow drawing-room until ten o'clock. Then the guests withdrew from the center of the room, leaving a clear space like an avenue between the hedges of splendidly-dressed women. As we thus stood in eager expectation, the plate-glass doors of the saloon were thrown open; the Lord Chamberlain, with a golden rod in his hand, walked in backwards, the band struck up "God save the Queen," and Victoria, sovereign over many millions of people, entered. By her side was the Queen of Hanover, then the Crown Princess of Prussia, and the Duchess of Gloucester. Next came the Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Mary of Cambridge; the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess of Hohenlohe; the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg Gotha and the Duchess of Sutherland; then all the maids of honor and ladies in waiting. After these came Prince Albert and the King of Hanover; the Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar and the Duke of Coburg Gotha; the Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz and the Prince of Hohenlohe; the Duke of Cambridge, noble lords, gentlemen in waiting, foreign ambassadors and ministers. Queen Victoria moved gracefully along, smiling and bowing in a kind, cordial manner, to the right and to the left. Reaching the throne-room, she ascended the canopied *haut pas*, where she seated herself, surrounded by her royal guests. The throne-room was a spacious and noble saloon, hung with crimson satin, the lofty ceiling supported by marble columns, and richly emblazoned; while around it was a frieze (also of white marble) representing the "Wars of the Roses." It was brightly illuminated by the light which came from crystal globes and golden candelabra. Dazzling was the scene around me, resplendent as day with flashing diamonds and sparkling gems. There were more than two thousand guests; every lady in magnificent toilette, and every gentleman in court-dress, or in uniform. Some delightful music from Jullien's band (led by the famous composer himself) filled the grand apartment with its exquisite strains. Then the Lord Chamberlain waved his golden wand, the crowd drew back, and a large quadrille was formed, which consisted of her Majesty and all her royal visitors. Queen Victoria is much handsomer than painters have represented her. She is not tall, but her form is of graceful symmetry; and her bust, arms, and feet, are beautiful. A bright and beaming smile lights up her face. Then there is such a air of honest, earnest goodness about her—a genial manner, so lovely and lovable—"my heart was quickly won," and sincerely could I have exclaimed, like her own loyal subjects: "God save the Queen." . . . During the dancing of the second quadrille, the Lord Chamberlain was introduced to me, and after some pleasant words were exchanged, he remarked: "As you are the only person here, not present at the last drawing-room, I will have the pleasure, Madam, of presenting you to her Majesty." Of course I was delighted at this unexpected and unusual compliment, as presentations at a state-ball are not frequent. When the dance was over, and the Queen seated again, the Lord Chamberlain waved his hand of authority, and the company drew back, leaving a space vacant in front of the throne; then I approached, and was presented to her Majesty, who advanced and greeted me in the most gracious and kind manner, smiling sweetly as I curtsied low before her, and then passed on to the group of distinguished and royal personages who encircled her throne. That presentation was a bright and enchanting incident to me, and my heart bounded with glad and gratified emotions, as I gazed upon the amiable and lovely Queen.

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SCIENCE AND RELIGION.—Would it not be well if there were more of mutual respect and tolerance betwixt the men of physics and the men of faith? We often hear good people speak contemptuously of the material sciences, and we fear that material philosophers often speak disdainfully of Bible truth. And both are wrong. The Bible is not an old wife's fable; and the material universe is no device of the devil. The one and the other are equally the work of God; and it is from the two together that all of God can be gathered which our species is ever likely to learn. To neglect the one revelation is to neglect a large source of instruction; to neglect the other is to forfeit everlasting life. But those large capacities and well-balanced judgments which have put each in its proper place are very few; very few the men who have sanctified their enthusiasm for science by veneration for the word of God.

But, secondly, science wants a soul. It is a fine exercise of intellect; but it wants something to inspire it—something to moralize and to sanctify and etherealize it. We should hear no more of the pride and envy and dishonesty of naturalists, if on every house and study-door were inscribed what Linnæus wrote on his, "Innocui vivite, Numen adest;" or, better still, if His presence were so realized that they could never pronounce his name without the reverence which always marked it on the lips of the illustrious Boyle. And it would give a new sublimity to pursuits sublime already, if every investigation were conducted with entreated help from God, and every discovery was first presented to himself as a votive offering. It would be the baptism of science and the sanctification of research, did every investigator drink the spirit of that most minute, yet most majestic of our English sages, who has recorded his own emotions in these words: "When with bold telescopes I survey the stars and planets that adorn the upper region of the world; and when with excellent microscopes I discern the inimitable subtlety of nature's curious workmanship, I find myself oftentimes reduced to exclaim with the Psalmist: 'How manifold are thy works, O Lord! in wisdom hast thou made them all.' And when I have been losing myself in admiration of what I can not comprehend, I am often obliged to interrupt my inquiries in the words of the Apostle: 'Oh! the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God; how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out.'"

But to conclude. Sir Humphrey Davy has pronounced a firm faith, if it could be attained, the greatest of blessings. May I be permitted to say, that had he devoted a tithe of the pains to the attainment of this faith which he gave to the pursuit of fame, that blessing would have been his own? And if it would have been a blessing when he wrote these words, how infinitely greater before he died! When the raptures of the Royal Institution were over; when the grand battery was corroded, and there were no new metallic bases to discover; when the miner was pursuing his clammy path by the light of the safety lamp, and the hosannahs to the inventor had died away; when poetry and brilliant memories were all that remained to the paralytic exile, a true faith would have been a priceless blessing. Yes; had he been able to say, "I know whom I have believed," there would have been no need to inscribe so often in his mournful diary, "Valde Miserabilis;" and had he found a friend in the Divine Redeemer, that Saviour's benignant presence would have been the best "Consolation of Travel." And so, the time is coming when you will recognize as the greatest blessing, this firm faith—the faith which sustained the dying hours of Boyle and Haller, of Pascal, Ray, and Boerhaave; and would gladly exchange the trust in Jesus Christ expressed by Clementine Cuvier for all the proud renown of her illustrious father. When the laboratory fire is out, or the telescope lens is rusty; when survivors are turning over your herbarium, or are trying to puzzle out your unarranged collections, it will make little difference to you how many pages of Society Transactions you filled, or to how many productions of nature your name is attached. But it will make all the difference if you have been a believer in Jesus, and if now and then some Christian friend pay a tender and hopeful visit to a fellow-believer's tomb, over which a voice from heaven has said: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."—*Dr. Hamilton.*

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Death and Immortality: The Old Year and the New.—Life, with all its smiles and tears, is over. The last smile has lighted up the features, the last tear has bedewed the cheek, and the ebon door of Death rolls back, and the old man, with hoary locks and palsied frame, creeps in. With no violent shock has the silver cord been loosed, by no sudden stroke has the golden bowl been broken. Gently life has faded away, and the man sleeps—peacefully, calmly, soundly—now that the day's work is done. But then, death is not an unconscious sleep. While the body—the garment of the soul—lies in the tomb, the spirit is wakeful and active in another world, soaring from height to height of celestial bliss, in the full enjoyment of unutterable glory, resting on the bosom of eternal love. Death is only another name for immortality.

The changing seasons remind us forcibly of the mortal and immortal life of man. If we could observe these changes but once, they would have no such lessons as their fixed recurrence impresses on us. The year is born—it is full of hope and promise; as it grows older these promises are fulfilled, these hopes are realized. The buds blossom, the earth is clothed with verdure, the air is laden with perfume; in its full maturity the year revels in the wealth of nature—the clustering vine is purpled, and the ripening corn gilded, for the harvest. The year is rich; its garner-houses full, and the sun shines brightly on the bare fields; but it does not shine as it did in June, the air is not so warm as it was, the days are shorter than they were, indications of decay begin to show themselves. A mist hangs over field and meadow in the morning, and gathers there at night; then the wind gets sharp and chilly, then a few snow-flakes fall, and then the frost sets in, and the days creep on, dark and lowering, till the end comes, and the brave old year breathes his last, and is gathered to his fathers.

Supposing we only saw this once—saw Nature live through spring and summer, saw her yield her fruit in Autumn, and die in bleak December—we might deplore the ruin, and imagine that the decay was death. But nature teaches us a better lesson: she dies only to revive again—dies only to live with renewed vitality—and the world breaks forth into a second spring.

So it is with man; and this thought teaches us to hang the tomb with garlands, and rejoice that the death-day of the body is the birthday of the soul.

1857 has led a strange and eventful life, and with a handsome patrimony he leaves a heavy responsibility to the young heir—to 1858; but the new year will be able to overcome every difficulty, discharge every liability, and triumph over every obstacle. We have confidence in his power and energy; and when the bells are ringing at midnight—a knell for the old year, a peal for the new—we shall part company with 1857 on the best of terms, for he has been a good old year, and a wealthy, and welcome the new year with a hearty reception, trusting that he will follow bravely in his father's steps, and better the example of his sire.

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Marriage in Norway.—In Norway, we are told, the marriage ceremony usually takes place in winter, when traveling is comparatively easy, and the peasants are unoccupied. A week before the important day, messengers are sent round, to invite the proprietors and servants in all the neighboring farms. The room where the marriage is to take place is festooned with green boughs; huge pieces of beef, and large bottles of corn-brandy have been prepared by the careful housewife, in royal abundance; and all the neighbors, for miles round, have contributed to supply any deficiency in the articles of china and plate. Soon the gallop of horses is heard, and the pretty, light sledges come jingling into the courtyard.

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The guests are received with a true "northern welcome." They are made to sit down by the blazing fire, and plied with beer and corn-brandy, to counteract the benumbing effects of a winter's journey. The jingling bells are again heard without, heralding the approach of a fresh party; and thus the guests continue to arrive for hours, until two or three hundred people are assembled.

After a substantial breakfast has been discussed, the betrothed pair are brought forward by their relations and seated in state in the midst of the great room, on two chairs covered with a silk cloak. The priest blesses them, and, when the prayers are finished, proceeds to a table on which a servant has placed a large plate. Addressing the company generally, he recommends the young couple to their notice. Every one knows what the pith of this harangue will be; and purses are furtively drawn forth.

The relations come forward first, and deposit upon the plate certain bright crown pieces, specially reserved for the occasion. Then come the rich neighbors, some of whom give as much as sixteen or eighteen shillings each. The servants bring up the rear, each with his or her little contribution to the stock; and then the company seat themselves at table. The guests remain for two or three days. They sit down to table in successive parties, and sleep in the great stables and out-houses, wrapped in their furs. But when the guests have departed, and the newly-married couple come to count the contents of the plate, they find that their hospitality has not left them losers.

## SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS FRIENDS.

We have received numerous and very strong expressions of high gratification with the January Embellishment. Not on our own account, but to verify the accuracy and truthfulness of the portraits to any of our readers, we inclosed a copy of the print to an eminent Scotch gentleman now sojourning in Boston, and who was the personal friend and neighbor of the late lamented Hugh Miller. The following is his reply, which was not received in time for the last number:

Boston, December 15, 1857.

*Editor of the Eclectic Magazine:*

Rev. Dear Sir: On my return to Boston I found the very beautiful print of the portraits of Sir Walter Scott and his literary "Friends at Abbotsford," and it seemed to me as if some good genius had guided you to send me this gem at this season of the year, when every Scotchman's heart is at home in "*My ane Countrie.*" Permit me to thank you for this gift, and to express the pleasure I feel in seeing the old familiar faces of those whom I personally knew, namely, Scott, Wilson, Lockhart, Jeffrey, Ferguson, Allen and Wilkie, preserved in this form. Your artist has succeeded in producing most exquisite likenesses of these notable men, as all will acknowledge who ever enjoyed the pleasure of seeing them. The portraits of Mackenzie, Crabbe, Wordsworth, Moore, Campbell, and Constable, are from the best paintings in the old country, and are admirable renderings of them. Altogether, I feel as if in every face and form and feature and expression, I was permitted to be in the society and to see the living galaxy.

Your artist deserves the highest praise for his successful production of one of the richest mementos that has ever adorned the pages of any publication in either old or new world.

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From the London Times.

# THE EARTHQUAKE AT NAPLES.

On Wednesday evening, I was sitting in a *salon* in our residence here on the Chiatamone, situate on the immediate shore of the Bay, when one of our servants rushed into the room to ask what was the matter, supposing that we had knocked violently at the door of the room. Immediately the windows and doors began to rattle in the strangest manner. Immagining that it might proceed from one of those sudden *coups de vent* so frequent in this climate, I opened the windows and walked out on the balcony. The atmosphere was still, the most profound calm prevailed, not a cloud could be seen. It was a splendid starlight night. I returned into the *salon*, and in a few seconds felt the floor alternately sinking and rising and affected like that of the cabin of a vessel which rolls and pitches. In the next room, where two young ladies had just gone to bed, I heard that they found it difficult to keep in the bed. The maid who attended them said the walls were falling. I looked at a large bronze chandelier suspended from the center of the ceiling of the *salon*, and, to my astonishment, saw it swinging exactly like a lamp suspended in the cabin of a vessel in a storm. The character of the phenomenon was no longer doubtful. I looked at my watch. The hour was a quarter past ten exactly. As the most exact means of estimating the undulation, I observed the movement of the large chandelier. This is a large bronze lustre, weighing 400 or 500 pounds. The distance from its point of suspension to the lowest point of its axis is about ten feet. Its motion at first seemed to be that of a pendulum, the arc of vibration of the lowest point being about two feet, but this immediately changed to the motion of a conical pendulum; the lowest point of the axis described a circle, or rather an ellipse, the major axis of which was about two feet. It appears, therefore, that the phenomenon began with a tremulous movement of the foundation of the house, manifested by the rattling of the doors and windows, and that this, after a short interval, was succeeded by two undulations, propagated, as it would seem by the conical swing of the lustre, in two different directions. All that I have here taken so many lines to describe, took place within two, or at the most three minutes. Of course the lustre, once thrown into a state of oscillation, continued to swing for a much more considerable time.

Such being what I witnessed personally, I ascertained afterwards that similar phenomena were presented in other apartments in the hotel. The swinging of the lustres was even greater, but this arose no doubt from the circumstance of their being smaller and their line of suspension shorter. The bells of the hotel were all set a-ringing. The pendulum of a large house-clock standing in the hall, rattled against the clock-case. A gentleman lying asleep upon a sofa on the ground-floor was flung off upon the floor.

A man-servant of ours occupied a neighboring apartment with his wife and two children. The bed of one of the children was overturned, and a lamp standing on the table was thrown on the floor. The population generally, soon after the shock, went out into the squares, places, and other open spaces. The wealthier classes ordered out their carriages, in which they passed the chief part of the night in driving on the Chiaja road, which runs along the borders of the bay wide enough to keep clear of falling houses. The people who filled the squares and other open spaces, lighted fires and passed the night around them. Many families had chairs and benches brought from their apartments into the Piazza Reale, the Largo de Castello, the Santa Lucia, and other like places, where they sat during the night awaiting a recurrence of the shocks.

In some houses the thin partitions which divide room from room and the ceilings were cracked; some damage is also said to have been done to the British Hospital.

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On the night succeeding the phenomenon, (Thursday,) the population, imagining that a repetition of the shocks might be expected about the same hour, crowded again into the squares and open spaces, where they passed part of the night.

At the Royal Observatory on the Capo di Monte, two astronomical clocks, the pendulums of which vibrate in the plane of the prime vertical, (that is, east and west,) were stopped. Other clocks in the Observatory, however, continued to go regularly. The *employés* of the Observatory estimated the continuance of the first shock to be five, and that of the second twenty-five seconds. They considered the direction of the undulations to be from south to north. They perceived two other slight shocks at three and five o'clock in the morning of Thursday.

Whether the state of the atmosphere has any connection with or dependence upon this class of phenomena is not certainly known. Here the weather for six weeks back has been like that of June in London. The rain has fallen, and the sunshine has been almost uninterrupted. The sirocco has alternated with the *venta di terra*, the one corresponding to our warm south-west wind, and the other to our cold north-east. Vesuvius has been very active, throwing up constantly showers of incandescent matter, which at night presents from time to time the appearance of what is called the "bouquet" in artificial fireworks. A slight eruption of lava took place last week; and it has been observed that the activity of the volcano was considerably abated for two days before the shock.

At Atessa, a town near Sala, half the houses are reduced to ruins. In Padula, another town in that district, more than 100 houses have been thrown down, with an unknown number of persons buried under them. In La Polla, another town of that neighborhood, the disasters have been enormous and the victims numerous, but unascertained; among them, however, is included a brigade of *gendarmerie*. In Auletta, Petrosa, and Caggiano ruin and death have occurred to an unknown extent. In Salerno, many buildings, including two churches, the Intendant's palace, and the barracks of the *gendarmerie*, are gravely damaged. Near Salerno, a church and belfry have fallen, killing two ladies. In Campagna, numerous houses are cracked, including that of the Superintendent.

In the Basilicata at Polenza, the disasters have been extensive. Numerous buildings have been thrown down, burying unknown numbers beneath their ruins. A broken telegraphic dispatch from Barl and Campo Basso has excited great alarm, as it would appear to signify that all the inhabitants of one of these places have been destroyed.

# LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—A Discourse in Commemoration of the Fifty-third Anniversary of the New-York Historical Society, and of the dedication of their new Edifice, Nov. 17, 1857, was delivered by John W. Francis, M.D., LL.D., the oldest member of the Society. (Pp. 232.) On its conclusion, the Rev. Francis L. Hawks, D.D., moved that the thanks of the Society be presented to Dr. Francis for his highly interesting address, and that a copy be requested for publication. It has been published.

It is sufficient to say that this Discourse forms a great historic chapter in the history of New-York, such as few men, if any beside Dr. F., could have so well written. His age, his public and professional life, his very extensive intercourse with public men, and his giant memory, have enabled him to gather up and condense into one great historic picture-sketch the leading events, personal, social, political, and institutional, of New-York, during "the last half century." All who take an interest in the past and present history of New-York, should possess a copy, which is full of interest and information.

STORIES AND LEGENDS OF TRAVEL AND HISTORY. For Children. By GRACE GREENWOOD. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. New-York: for sale by Stringer & Townsend. Pp. 290.

THESE Stories and Legends are written in graceful language and beautiful style, and well suited to inter-

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est, and instruct children, who, if they are young, are a very important portion of the community present and prospective. We heartily welcome all well-directed efforts and books adapted to form the character and mould the minds of those young immortalities. This book should have been in large demand for the holidays. It is not too late yet.

TWIN ROSES. A Narrative. By ANNA CORA RITCHIE. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. New-York: Stringer & Townsend. 1857. Pp. 273.

> "How have you made division of yourself?
> An apple, cleft in two, is not more twain
> Than these two creatures."—SHAKSPEARE.

The Twin Roses fills twenty chapters, and belongs to the series of narratives commenced in "Mimic Life." It is dedicated, by the fair authoress, to her nine sisters, "nine of the brightest links in life's chain."

THREE DAYS IN MEMPHIS; OR, SKETCHES OF THE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE OF THE OLD EGYPTIANS. By Dr. MAX UHLEMANN, Instructor in Egyptian Antiquities, in the University of Göttingen. Translated from the German by E. GOODRICH SMITH. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1858.

ANTIQUITIES are full of interest and instruction. They tell us of by-gone ages and generations. Who that has clambered the mouldering walls of the Coliseum at Rome—wandered along the silent and deserted streets of the exhumed cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii—does not feel as if walking side by side in the company of those who lived 1800 years ago? How much more of interest, then, to travel back 3000 years, "into the rear of time," on a visit to Ancient Egypt, to enter its cities—walk their streets—converse with their inhabitants—observe their customs—their modes of worship—their superstitions—their daily avocations—and listen to the very tones of their voices. This would be a rare luxury. As much akin to this as possible, is the design of this book of Dr. Uhlemann. As if by the wand of the enchanter, he takes his readers back to those ancient days, and shows them the wonders of the land of Egypt.

Mr. Smith has done a good service to historic literature, in bringing out from behind the German curtain this beautiful and instructive panorama of ancient scenes and objects in Egypt, before the eyes and minds of American readers. His learning, his talents, and familiarity with languages, well fit him for the work. It can hardly fail to be read with interest by multitudes.

RECOLLECTIONS OF OTHER LANDS; SWITZERLAND, ITALY, PALESTINE, ETC. By WILLIAM GIBSON, B.A. London. 1857.

THE following elegant apostrophe commemorates Mr. Gibson's approach to the shores of Italy, and seems to have been inspired by a very classical enthusiasm: "O steam, thou subtle thing! push to and fro, more quickly still, the piston-rod. Paddle-wheels! more rapidly still revolve ye. Breezes, propitious and favorable! more briskly blow ye. Bravo! Vesuvio! thou plowest well the waves; but just for once, haste thy swift course more swiftly still; for thou art carrying breathlessly expectant spirits, panting to tread the Italian soil. Sailors! prompt obey the captain's voice. Helmsman! steer well the vessel's course. Clouds! darkening the sky and dimming the vision, all clear away. Heavens! brightly shine ye, and put on your azure blue. Sun! gild the landscape all with glory; for eager we long to gaze, unhindered, upon the fair Ligurian shore." This may be termed, without disrespect, the eloquence of the pump—very ejaculatory.

ANOTHER SCOTTISH SONG-WRITER.—The *Montrose Standard* says: "Alexander Laing, the author of many beautiful Scottish lyrics, breathed his last on Wednesday morning, at Brechin. He ventured on the publication of his pieces in one volume under the title of 'Wayside Flowers,' and this has gone through two editions, and a third is now in progress. His 'Archie Allan,' 'Mary, the Maid of Montrose,' and the 'Braes of Mar,' entitle him to rank high among our Scottish writers."

TWO MILLIONS OF TONS OF SILVER.—The ocean holds dissolved two millions of tons of silver. To three French chemists the discovery is due. They took gallons of water from the coast of St. Malo, a few leagues from land, and analyzed it in two ways. A portion of the water they acted upon by the usual tests for silver, and the presence of the precious metal was clearly ascertained. The remainder of the water they evaporated, and the salt they obtained they boiled with lead. This gave them a button of impure lead, which they subjected to what is termed cupellation. This rather grand word denotes a very simple process. The button is placed upon a little tiny saucer made of lime, and is submitted to a heat sufficient to melt lead, but not high enough to affect the silver, should any be present. The lead soon begins to melt, and as it melts, it is sucked up by the porous little saucer, or cupel; it grows smaller and smaller until no lead remains, and in its place is a little brilliant speck, far brighter than the boiling lead. The cupel is then removed from the fire, and as it cools, the red-hot spark cools too, and you have a homeopathic globule of silver, very much like one of those small pills that druggists delude smokers into buying to take away the smell of the fragrant weed. The operation is very simple, and is the ordinary mode of procuring silver from the ore. Analyses are being made in this way every day at the Mint. When the presence of silver is doubtful, the work is most exciting. An English ore was so tested the other day, and, sure enough, after a few minutes of anxious watching, shone forth a bright spark about the size of a pin's head. The ore proved a very rich one, and we shall most likely soon hear more about it.

ALLOWANCES TO THE ROYAL FAMILY.—On Monday a parliamentary paper was issued, showing that in the year that ended March last, the allowances made to several members of the royal family and to the King of the Belgians, amounted to £153,705. No part is paid to the King of the Belgians, but, after certain annuities, it is repaid into the Exchequer. The sum so repaid was £34,000.

THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.—At a meeting of the Directors of the East-India House on Tuesday, the chairman said: I have to inform the Court that the deputy chairman and myself saw Lord Palmerston by appointment on Saturday morning last, and he communicated to us that it is the intention of her Majesty's Government to propose to Parliament, when it meets next year, a bill to place the government of the Queen's East-India dominions under the direct authority of the Crown.

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FALLEN MAJESTY.—Eagles are subject to diseases of the flesh, bone, and blood, just like the veriest poultry that die of croup and consumption on the dung-hill before the byredoor. Sickness blinds the eye that God framed to pierce the sun, and weakens the wing that dallies with the tempest. Then the eagle feels how vain is the doctrine of the divine right of kings. He is hawked at by the mousing owl, whose instinct instructs him that these talons have lost their grasp, and these pinions their death-blow. The eagle lies for weeks famishing in his eyry, and, hunger-driven over the ledge, leaves it to ascend no more. He is dethroned, and wasted to mere bones—a bunch of feathers; his flight is now slower than that of the buzzard; he floats himself along now with difficulty from knoll to knoll, pursued by the shrieking magpies, buffeted by the corby, and lying on his back, like a recreant, before the beak of the raven, who, a month ago, was terrified to hop round the carcase till the king of the air was satiated, and gave his permission to croaking sooty to dig into the bowels he himself had scorned. Yet he is a noble aim to the fowler still: you break a wing and a leg, and fear to touch him with your hand; your dog feels the iron clutch of his talons constricted in the death pang, and holding him up you wonder that such an anatomy—for his weight is not more than three pounds—could drive his claws through that shaggy hide till blood sprang to the blow.—*Christopher North.*

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—The French Emperor and Empress lately went to Neuilly to witness some experiments, conducted by M. Carteron, the inventor of a process for rendering wood tissues of all sorts, theatrical decorations, etc., incombustible. The experiments are reported to have been entirely successful. Fire was applied to ladies' dresses of the most gauze-like materials, but they would not burn. An officer's tent, containing a bed with muslin curtains, resisted the application of numerous flaming torches. A cottage, half of which was secured by M. Carteron's preparation, and the other half filled with straw, was set on fire on the unprotected side; the flames raged with fury, and consumed half of the building, but the fire died away when it reached the prepared part, and left it altogether intact. A theater, with all its scenery, ropes, and decorations was attempted to be burnt in vain. Their Majesties, who remained upwards of an hour, expressed great satisfaction at what they had witnessed, and the Emperor gave 500fr. to the workmen employed.

EAST-INDIA, (AREA, POPULATION, ETC.)—A return from the Statistical Office of the East-India House gives the area and population of each division of each Presidency of India, comprising the area and estimated population of native states. It appears that there is in the British States, under the government of the Governor-General of India in council, a population of 23,255,972 within an area of 246,050 square miles; under the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, 40,852,397, within an area of 221,969 square miles; under the Lieutenant-Governor of North-Western Provinces, 33,655,193, within an area of 105,759 miles; under the Madras government, 22,437,297, within an area of 132,090 miles; and under the Bombay government, 11,790,042, within an area of 131,544,911—making a total population in the British States of 131,990,901, within an area of 837,412 miles. In the Native States there is in the Presidency of Bengal a population of 38,702,206, within an area of 515,533 miles; in the Presidency of Madras, 5,213,671, in an area of 51,802 miles; and in the Presidency of Bombay, 4,460,370, in an area of 60,575 miles; making a total of population in those States in the three Presidencies of 48,376,247, within an area of 627,910 miles. In the Foreign States, there is a French population of 203,887, within an area of 188 miles; and a Portuguese population of 313,262 in an area of 1066 miles; making a total population in those States of 517,149, in an area of 1254 miles. The grand total population in all the States is 180,884,297, within an area of 1,466,576 square miles.

LIBRARIES IN PARIS.—Paris at present possesses thirty-five large libraries. Some are public; others are partly so; and the greater number are exclusively devoted to certain establishments. The public libraries are: the Bibliothèque Impériale, with 1,400,000 printed volumes, about 300,000 pamphlets, and 80,000 manuscripts; the Arsenal, 220,000 volumes and 6000 manuscripts; Sainte-Génevieve, 150,000 volumes, 4000 manuscripts; Mazarin, about 120,000 volumes and 5000 manuscripts; the Sorbonne, 80,000 volumes; the City of Paris, 65,000 volumes, 300 manuscripts; the Ecole de Médecine, 40,000 volumes; the Museum of Natural History at the Jardin des Plantes, 35,000 volumes; the Invalides, 30,000 volumes; the Conservatoire des Arts-et-Métiers, 20,000 volumes; and the Conservatoire de Musique, 8000 volumes.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM LIBRARY.—The growth of the British Museum library has been rapid since the days when the late Mr. Disraeli and two or three others were all who availed themselves of the books and manuscripts which were stored in Montague-House; and the changes since then have been great. The number of readers who now use the library annually is upwards of 30,000. In 1836, two years before the opening of the old reading-room, the library of printed books consisted of 230,000 volumes. In 1851 it consisted of 470,000 volumes, or at the rate of 16,000 volumes a year on the average. It is probable that the increase of books added to the British Museum will, as education advances amongst the masses of the people, both at home and abroad, be much more than 16,000 volumes annually; but even at that, the library in 1900 (forty-three years hence) will contain 1,270,000 volumes. In 1851 the library occupied 51,050 feet, or very nearly ten miles of shelves; at the end of this century the shelves will extend nearly thirty miles, or ten miles farther than from London to St. Alban's.

A SINGAPORE MERCHANT AND HIS WIFE.—The *Times* special correspondent, who has gone out with the Chinese expedition, went on shore at Singapore, and there, with a party of Englishmen, properly introduced, paid a visit to one Ching Tsing, the chief China merchant of the town, and the owner of a very prominently situated house just outside the Chinese quarter. The party was received by the Chinaman and his mother with great courtesy. His house was simple in its furniture, but adorned with nick-nacks that would fill many an English fine lady with envy. Sweetmeats and fruit were produced, and Ching Tsing was so obliging as to say to one of the military that he wished us all success, for we were going to defend his property. In the middle

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of the visit a silken package with a sort of thatch over it was brought in by two bearers and put down on the floor; it looked like an exaggerated handkerchief gathered up at the corners, and covered at the knotted corners by a wicker dish cover. The guests thought it was probably a dish of meat or a new course of preserves, when the thatch was removed, and at the bottom of the bundle was seen a small human figure, squatted upon its haunches. The little thing gradually picked itself up, came out of its bundle, and fell upon its knees before the master of the house, putting up its hands in the posture of a suppliant. The Chinaman rose from his seat, waved his hand with dignity, and the little lady arose. As she did so, he said to his European guests: "My wife." "My wife" made a slight salutation around, and then, retiring into her handkerchief again, was covered up, and was borne from the room as she entered. The guests were a little surprised to hear afterwards that this magnificent husband was the chief of the recent Chinese insurrections, and that one of the guns upon the Governor's hill had been laid to command this particular house.

THE FIXED STARS.—The stars are landmarks of the universe; and amidst the endless and complicated fluctuations of our system, seem placed by their Creator as guides and records, not merely to elevate our minds by the contemplation of what is vast, but to teach us to direct our actions by what is immutable in his works. It is, indeed, hardly possible to over-appreciate their value in this point of view, Every well-determined star, from the moment its place is registered, becomes to the astronomer, the geographer, the navigator, the surveyor—a point of departure which can never deceive or fail him—the same forever, and in all places, of a delicacy so extreme as to be a test for every instrument yet invented by man, yet equally adapted for the most ordinary purposes; as available for regulating a town clock as for conducting a navy to the Indies; as effective for mapping down the intricacies of a pretty barony as for adjusting the boundaries of transatlantic empires. When once its place has been thoroughly ascertained and carefully recorded, the brazen circle with which that useful work was done may moulder, the marble pillar totter on its base, and the astronomer himself survive only in the gratitude of posterity; but the record remains, and transfuses all its own exactness into every determination which takes it for a ground-work, giving to inferior instruments, nay, even to temporary contrivances, and to the observation of a few weeks or days, all the precision attained originally at the cost of so much time, labor, and expense.—*Herschel's "Essays from the Edinburgh Review."*

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—General Piobert, a member of the French Institute, has made a discovery, by which the explosion of gunpowder in magazines may be prevented. It consists simply in mixing the gunpowder with coal dust. When the gunpowder is required for use, it is only neccessary to sift it; the coal dust falls through the sieve, and the gunpowder resumes its original qualities. The experiment has been tried on a large scale with complete success. A magazine filled with gunpowder so mixed was set on fire. "No explosion took place," says the *Moniteur de l'Armee.* "The gunpowder burned like other combustible matters, such as pitch or tar, and the fire was extinguished with common pumps."

THE HOME AFFECTIONS PORTRAYED BY THE POETS. Selected and Edited by CHARLES MACKAY. Illustrated with 100 Engravings. London: Routledge and Co.

"THE subject of this volume," says the editor in his preface, "is LOVE—the one great affection of the heart that binds the human family together, irrespective of age, sex, or condition; that links the child to the parent and the parent to the child; that glows in the breast of youth, irradiates the countenance of age, and sheds a divine light on the pathway of man's life, from the cradle to the grave." No poet has more worthily sung the Affections than Dr. Mackay himself. His poems breathe of them; and no fitter man could have been found to select from the works of his brother poets compositions connected with his favorite theme. The principle by which he was guided in his choice had one object—"the exaltation of the domestic affections, not alone in the one development which is the favorite theme of the romance-writer and the lyrist, but in all its manifestations, both as a passion and as a sentiment, as a pleasure and as a duty."

It was a happy thought thus to produce a gift-book for a season that especially appeals to the affections. In such a spirit Dr. Mackay has gleaned from the works of our best poets, modern and ancient about two hundred poems, and passages from poems, all bearing upon his theme. But, with the true spirit of a poet, he has not been content with appropriateness merely. He seems to have made it a condition of choice that the poem should be in itself beautiful poetry. Dr. Mackay is too well informed to fall into the common error of mistaking a sentiment for poetry. The mere fact that it is a truism put into unexceptionable rhyme and meter does not tempt him, like so many other collectors, to transfer it to his pages. Hence, besides being a book appealing to the affections, it is also a book of beauty, and appeals to the taste.

POEMS. By WM. CULLEN BRYANT. Collected and arranged by the Author. London: S. Low and Son.

BRYANT is underrated by the critics and overrated by the public. He is a true poet, but not a great poet. He is always pleasing, often pretty, sometimes beautiful, but never grand or sublime. He excels in sentiment and description; but the strain of his sentiment is peculiarly his own. It is not so profound as that of Longfellow, nor so superficial as that of Moore. In description he excels both of them. He is the landscape poet of America. In his verses her gigantic forests, her vast prairies, her huge rivers, and her Indian summers, pass before us as in a grand panorama. He has preserved in verses that will live, pleasant memories of the native races that are dying. His sympathies are all with nature, and his teachings are all of unaffected piety and a large loving religion. In composition his poems are almost without a flaw; their rhythm is perfect, their rhyme unexceptionable; they are readily committed to memory, and not readily forgotten. Hence they are, and will long continue to be, favorites with all who have tastes and sentiments to be fed by such pleasant food as he caters for them.

EVERY one ought to have a wife. If a man is happily married, his "rib" is worth all the other bones in his body.

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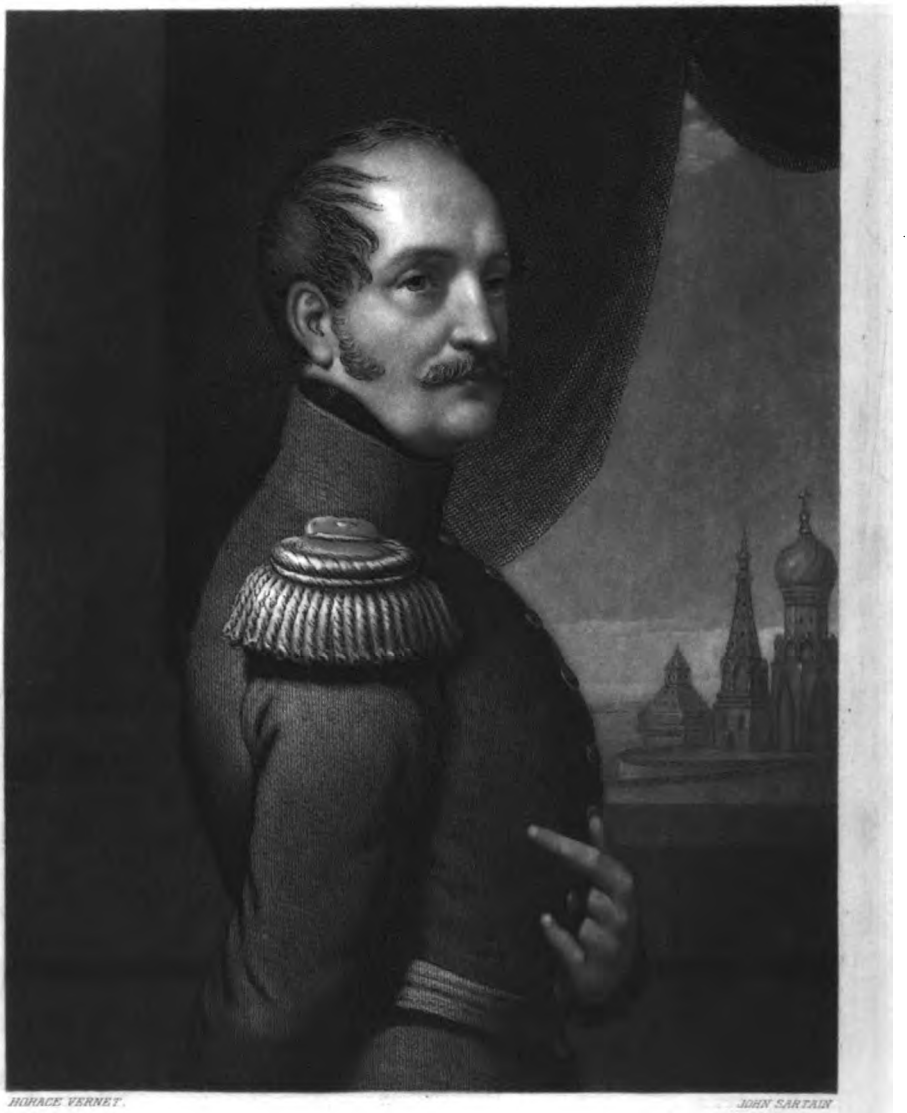

HORACE VERNET. JOHN SARTAIN

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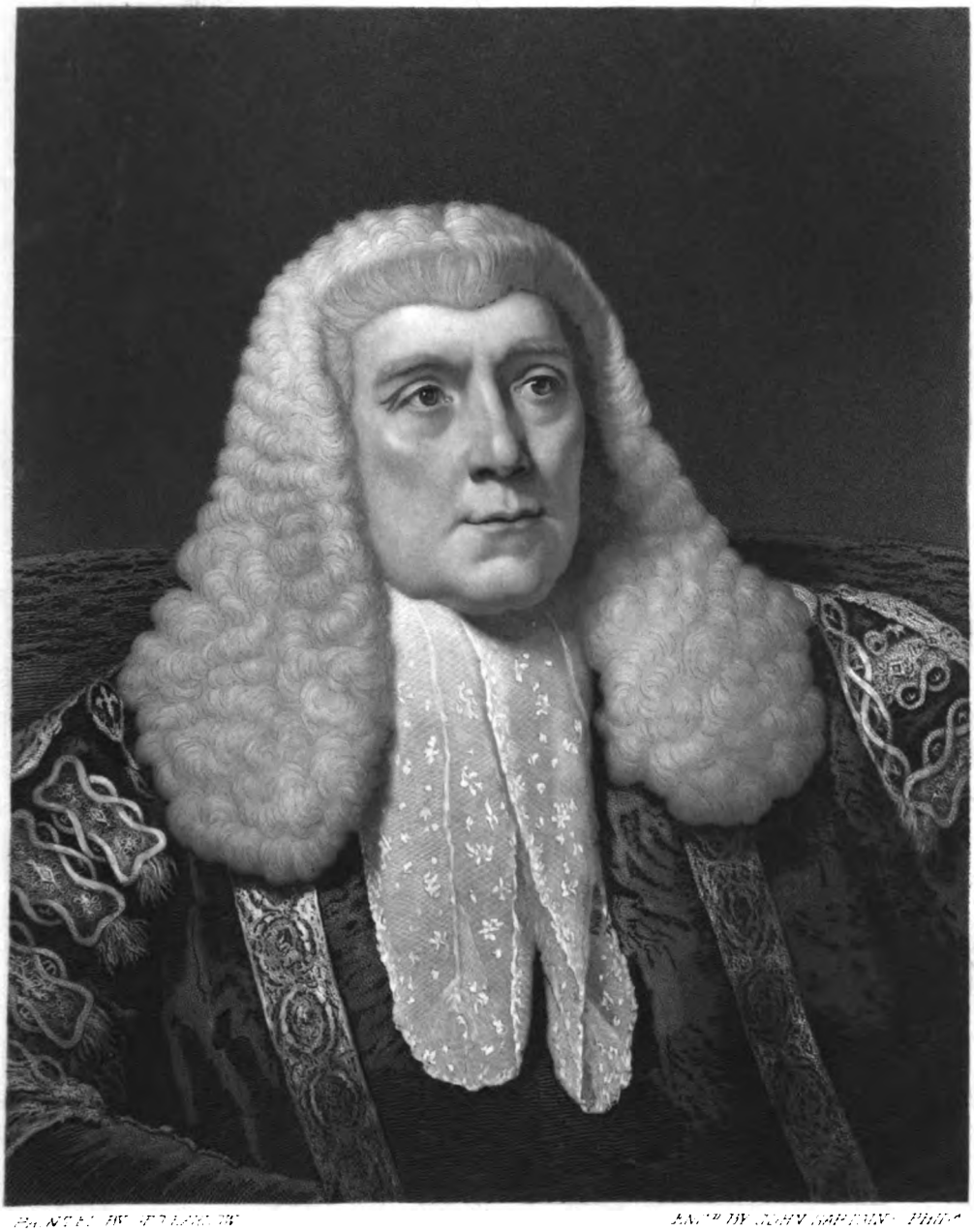

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# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

## FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MARCH, 1858.


From the National Review.

## THE CHARACTER AND TIMES OF THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.*

"If you think well of us, you will say so: but it will be useless, you will not be believed; we are ill understood, and people will not understand us better." These words, addressed by the Empress of Russia to the Marquis de Custine in the year 1839, convey a protest against the judgment of Western Europe which might well deter any lover of truth from exposing himself to a similar reproach, by drawing the conclusions which seeming facts would appear to warrant respecting the Czar and his people. Perhaps, after all, the fault lies more in the national characteristics of Russia herself than in the travelers who have successively attempted to delineate them. It is not easy for the most impartially disposed critic to arrive at satisfactory conclusions concerning men and manners in a society which he is taught by experience to regard as a vast masquerade, where the only clue to identification is the negative certainty that no one will appear in his real character. The spell which thus hangs over the scene, and defies inquisitive speculation, might well have been drawn from the famous repertory of the wizard Michael Scott:

* *The Accession of Nicholas I.* Compiled, by special command of the Emperor Alexander II., by his Imperial Majesty's Secretary of State, Baron M. Korff, and translated from the original Rusian. Third Impression, (now first published.) London: John Murray. 1857.

*The Russian Empire, its People, Institutions, and Resources.* By Baron Von Haxthausen, author of "Transcaucasia," "The Tribes of the Caucasus," etc. Translated by Robert Farie, Esq. 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1856.

*Secret History of the Court and Government of Russia under the Emperors Alexander and Nicholas.* By J. H. Schnitzler. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1847.

*Revelations of Russia in* 1846. By an English Resident. Third Edition. 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1846.



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"It had much of glamour might,
Could make a ladye seem a knight;
The cobwebs on a dungeon wall
Seem tapestry in lordly hall;
A nutshell seem a gilded barge;
A sheeling seem a palace large;
And youth seem age, and age seem youth:
All was delusion, naught was truth."

You leave your western home with honest intentions of ascertaining the actual good and evil of this great empire, which exercises so increasing an influence on the destinies of Europe. You approach the object of your curiosity by the common highway of nations; and the imposing monotony of the world of waters leaves your senses open to the impressions of immediate contrast between country and country. You pass through the ordeal of the island fortress which has lately proved itself the trustworthy sentinel over the safety of Peter the Great's "European window," and you find yourself before a stately city, with magnificent quays and wide-spreading streets, lined by palaces glittering with paint and gilding. Having once escaped from the talons of the custom-house officials, whom it would be a libel to regard any where as the representatives of the national character, you meet with nothing but obliging and even officious hospitality. Every one whom you encounter seems to inscribe himself at once as *cicerone* and host to the stranger; and his attentions are marked by a delicacy and tact which, while pleading for a favorable verdict for his country, appear proudly conscious that this is its natural due. The politeness and generosity of the East seem to be blended with the intelligence and civilization of the West, and the Russian to act as the gifted interpreter of the best virtues of each into the language of the other. As you walk down the street, your attention is drawn to an unostentatious carriage, the occupant of which does not require the profound deference of your companion and the other passers-by to distinguish him in your eyes as the autocrat from whose will every thing around you is said to derive its impulse. You become conscious that you yourself are the subject of observation and scrutiny; and probably, unaccustomed to the fixed gaze of princes and potentates, feel not a little embarrassed under the dissection which your character and disposition are so quietly undergoing. As your own look is sinking cowed before the particular attention with which you are being honored, you feel not a little relieved at discovering that the expression of the imperial countenance, at first rigidly severe, has passed without any intermediate stage into one of gentle and graceful politeness. Fully prepared to recognize the appreciation of your own merits as only matter of time, you are ready to set down to the eagle-eyed penetration of a master mind this rapidly altered bearing towards you; and the very iciness of the first glance is a guarantee to you of the trustworthiness of the ultimate judgment. You have no suspicion that so great a prince can really be guilty of the idle vanity of outstaring a bewildered foreigner, and that had your own demeanor been more composed under the imperial eye, you would have inflicted on the Czar of Muscovy a pang of angry disappointment. This, with other facts, comes gradually to your knowledge; and so much is the first favorable impression altered by subsequent observation, that you run the risk of falling into the opposite extreme, and solving every ambiguous characteristic in the sense of unmixed evil. You discover that real friendship is as remote as possible from the pleasing civility of ordinary Russian intercourse; that it is commonly only a hasty demonstration of good-will, put forth without the slightest reference to actual feeling, merely to anticipate and prevent the closer approach and introspection of a more gradual intimacy. It is the nervous movement of suspicion, which apes the simplicity of open-heartedness. You learn other things in times even less pleasing. Your urbane and conversational elbow-companion at the *restaurateur's* has led the confidential chat to the subject of Russian political institutions, and has supplied you with an easy opening to the expression of your own conviction of the superiority of Western freedom. You may be so unguarded as to follow up the hint, feeling safe in the solitude of that corner of the room and in the reciprocal frankness of your auditor; or it may be that through a constitutional reserve, or the self-restraint dictated by worldly experience, you may waive the discussion, and confine yourself to the unobjectionable remark, that your object is to gather information, and that you leave to Russians themselves, as the best judges, the task of appreciating the value of their own usages. In the latter case, you may

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be startled a few days afterwards, in talking with a superior official, whose acquaintance you have casually acquired, and whom you know to be connected with the Imperial Police, to be congratulated as a prudent man, and to learn that your tavern conversation has duly passed from bureau to bureau, through all the stages of official docketing, and has perhaps gratified the curiosity even of the imperial personage himself on whose sudden prepossession in your favor you had been pluming yourself. Should indiscretion have been your failing, you may find a monitor besides that in your own breast in the persevering attendance of some gentleman of morbid politeness and strange discontinuity of occupation, until you are fairly watched and bowed out of the dominions of the Czar. You are then made painfully aware that in Russia the old Saxon system of neighborly and "tithing" responsibility, man for man, to the State, has been developed in a peculiar manner; that the members of the same family are virtually government spies on each other's movements and words; and that the best way of satisfying the police of your own innocence is to act as the secret denouncer of the guilt of your bosom friend. Such a state of things may appear at first sight entirely destructive of all social enjoyment; but being applicable to all, it receives its natural modification in the common interest, and its evil effect, beyond the limits which it imposes on the objects of life and the subjects of discourse, is chiefly experienced by those who are bunglers at the orthodox lying and mystification which are its accompaniments. Skillful conspirators have a language of their own, to which no police-office has yet succeeded in discovering a perpetual glossary. The ordinary effect, however, of this social system is, that the Czar is tacitly understood to be present at, and a party to, the minutest details of the private life of all his subjects. It is, in short, an attempt to engraft the patriarchal idea, which lies at the root of Sclavonic nationality, upon the borrowed civilization of Western Europe. Russian life thus divides itself into two outwardly antagonistic, but intrinsically similar, phases —the life of the Sclavonic peasant in his cherished organization of "communes," and that of the noble of the capital, with his European tastes and aspirations paralyzed by his national and traditional characteristics. At the head of each system stands the patriarchal authority of the Czar—the natural complement of the one, and the uneasily accepted necessity of the other. Is it wonderful that, with this double aspect of Russia, and this conflict of ideas in the minds of intelligent Russians themselves, there should be some lack of appreciation and understanding in Western Europe of the national character, and of the extraordinary man who for so long a time was identified by Western politicians with the distinctive genius of Russia?

Of the Czar Nicholas, it would have seemed almost hypocrisy in an English writer, a year or two ago, to affect to speak with impartiality. The polemic clamor of manifestoes and parliamentary harangues, the eloquent mutual incrimination of princes and statesmen, and the popular and patriotic enthusiasm of the respective countries, had not then subsided into the calmness essential to any just discrimination of conduct and motives. Crops of Crimean heroes still sprouted forth with undiminished vigor at agricultural gatherings; and metropolitan lion-shows kept alive the remembrance of national animosities, though the belligerent cabinets had smoothed their brows again into the habitual courtesies of diplomatic intercourse. To affect to say any good of the Czar might then be not unreasonably looked upon as a symptom of lukewarm loyalty to our national cause; and to speak ill of him, was merely to follow in the wake of the countless scribes whom the din of actual war had suddenly aroused to a perception of his sins. Now, however, a new crisis of more absorbing interest has arisen to divert the overflow of our feelings from this channel; and the Russian war seems already to have passed into the domain of history as much as the prince himself by whose genius it was provoked and supported. With animosities softened and subdued by the deeper shadows of our Indian disasters, and with the advantage of a complete retrospect of the policy of the late Czar defined in its limits by the dissimilar character of his successor, we may perhaps approach the subject with better chances of arriving at truth.

The policy of the house of Romanoff would seem to have been dictated far more by natural causes of race and geographical position than by the peculiar character

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of its princes. To Peter the Great the glory may be given of having clearly perceived the exact position in which Russia stood relatively to the East and the West, her past and her prospective history, and of having carried out with unwavering decision and striking success the policy which he conceived to be the best solution of the problem. To his successors the praise is also to be allotted that, while never losing sight of the general direction in which his sagacious mind had predetermined that the national life of Russia should move, they showed themselves fully alive to the necessity of accommodating this march to the shifting contingencies of each particular epoch, and superadded their own contributions of experience and reflection to the management and development of the movement. All more or less sensual, they were none of them the mere slaves of their sensuality, but used it as an instrument of personal ambition and national aggrandisement. The favorites of Catherine II. were not mere parasites of the palace, but generals, statesmen, and even wise legislators, whose benefits to the nation are still gratefully remembered, while their allegiance to the sovereign was of a nature which necessarily identified them with her interests. The very madness of some of the Romanoffs had its political and social meaning, and was something very different from the purposeless frenzy of Asiatic despots. Thus, although the crimes and excesses which political refugees have laid at the door of this great house can few of them be denied or excused, we experience a very different feeling in reading the records of their strange and eventful reigns from that inspired by the monotonous chronicles of murder and lust which are all that some nations can give us as a substitute for national history. Of the successors of Peter the Great, including his own wife, four have been women, and a royal tragedy has ushered in and closed the reign of a large proportion; yet the helm of state has never any where been held consecutively by firmer or more masculine hands, nor has the course of the vessel ever deviated less materially from the points observed at the commencement of the voyage. We have something to consider, therefore, not only in the nature of the problem which the founder of the greatness of the empire had originally to solve, and the manner in which he set about its solution, but also in the peculiar genius of the family which enabled them to deal so successfully with the task bequeathed to them. In doing this, we shall not experience any great difficulty in arriving at the elements of the distinctive character of the Czar Nicholas, or in estimating his share in the results attained.

A glance at the map of Europe will explain in a moment the geographical difficulties with which the Czar Peter and his successors had to contend. On all sides Russia was landlocked; and at the close of the seventeenth century she was literally imprisoned within closely guarded barriers. On the north, the keys were held by Sweden; a nation flushed with the remembrance of a European reputation, gained under the auspices of the sovereigns of the House of Vasa, and guided and urged onward by one of the most gifted of that royal race, little likely to relax its hold in any quarter without a determined contest. On the south, the outlet of the Black Sea, and the road to Constantinople, were held by the powerful Khans of the Crimea—princes yielding a nominal superiority of only one horsetail to the Sultan of Turkey himself, and treating with the Sublime Porte on a virtual footing of equality. On the west, all access to the cultivated plains of Central Europe was barred by the still unbroken and hostile power of Poland; while the remaining frontier, spreading away into the boundless wastes of Asia, seemed to invite a return to the nomad habits of the first stage of national life. Within the boundaries thus circumscribed, Sclaves, Mongols, and Tahtars had long struggled for supremacy; and the eventual superiority of the first-named race had been secured at the price of protracted and bloody contests, which had postponed the formation of a Russian nation until the civilization of Western Europe had passed through some of its most important stages. For a time, indeed, Russia had a chance of emerging into the system of European nationalities as a feudatory of the Polish monarchy; but her patriotic assertion of independence broke the chain of communication with the West before its effects had been at all materially felt. The Warangian princes, the descendants of Rurik, isolated in their petty military principalities, had ceased to cherish any traditional memory of their Norse origin long before they were reduced by the policy of Ivan

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to the rank of a local nobility. Every thing stagnated or tended eastward in this shapeless empire of forest-land and prairie, when the energy of one man ventured to dispute the destiny seemingly allotted by nature, and determined that Russia should join on equal terms the confederation of European nations, and share in the material fruits of their more advanced civilization. A fierce and desperate struggle with her Scandinavian rival gained for Russia not merely a footing on the shores of the Gulf of Finland, but the prestige of great and startling success among the nations which bordered on those waters. St. Petersburg arose on ground conquered as much from nature as from the Swede, and maintained with far more difficulty against the insidious assaults of river and primitive morass than against any merely human enemy. Through this new gateway of his empire, Peter had resolved to introduce among an Asiatic population the arts and social habits of Western Europe. He had, however, to contend with an obstacle even more formidable than the physical one which he had already overcome, in the peculiarities and prejudices of the Sclavonic race. Pliant and easily moulded into an outward conformity to prescribed patterns, the Sclavonic type is essentially unyielding and unalterable in its intrinsic characteristics. The Czar Peter dressed it after the European fashion, taught it to speak in more than one European language, introduced it to European fashions of vice and European canons of morality. He drilled its army after the most approved European authorities, and called into existence the germs of a European navy. He transplanted its population into a city which in its externals rivaled the magnificence and luxury of the Western capitals; and he reproduced within its palaces and streets the semblance of an advanced state of European civilization. But he was as little able to force European feelings and habits below the surface of the national character, as he was to keep the stucco palaces from crumbling under the influence of an arctic climate, and the timbers of his infant navy from rotting during their periodical imprisonment within their icy dockyards. Upon this stubborn substratum of Sclavonic nationality, neither the varnish of French conventionalities, spread over the face of society by Catherine II., nor the German bureaucracy of subsequent sovereigns, have produced any sensible effects; and to this day the main characteristics of Sclavism remain unchanged among the peasantry of the interior, and peep forth from beneath the foreign mask of the capital itself. It has become more and more apparent with each successive century, that while the territorial aggrandisement of Russia has been achieved through the medium and at the expense of Western civilization, the national life can be developed into a corresponding degree of greatness only through the recognition and on the basis of Sclavism.

Peter the Great, therefore, was more successful in securing a wider field of action for the national life than in forcing it forward into a royal road of progress. His policy, and that of his successors, secured a southern gateway in the Crimea, and established a standing "menace" to the rest of Europe in the acquisition of the Polish outpost. But, on the other hand, the internal policy of the empire in later years has been a retrograde one from many of his favorite ideas, and Russia is still far from having realized his dream of becoming *bonâ-fide* European. He succeeded in making it a power in Europe, but not a European power. The premature and superficial civilization which he superinduced upon Russian society, while it has procured the admission of the court and cabinet of St. Petersburg into the fraternity of European princes and statesmen, has bequeathed a great and increasing difficulty to successive rulers, and has proved no small obstacle to the growth of the native and homespun character of the people.

It would be no uninteresting task to follow in detail the attempts of the successive sovereigns of Russia since the time of Peter the Great to carry out both branches of his scheme; but our present object is a more limited one, and we have perhaps said enough to render more intelligible the position of the Czar Nicholas with respect to his own people and the other nations of Europe. The third in birth of the four sons of Paul, he can scarcely be said to have been born to the purple. Considerably younger than his next brother Constantine, he could not, under any circumstances, have made his appearance in public life before the character and caliber of his elder brothers had already been tolerably well ascertained;

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and the remoteness of his chance of succession, joined to the natural subordination of his position, must have given him time to mature his views and develop his character before he was forced into the ordeal of public criticism. It is not surprising, then, that the earliest accounts which we gather of his personal appearance and mental powers far from correspond to the impression created by him when he emerged into the character of a crowned Czar. Physically, the tall, slender, unformed figure fell far short of the stately beauty which struck every one when it supported the weight of imperial dignity; nor did the thin sharp features of the young man suggest any anticipation of the same when expanded under the consciousness of autocratic power. Those who knew him in his private station (we are told) could scarcely recognize him afterwards; and it is not unlikely that the change in their mutual relations had no inconsiderable effect in producing this result. Such at least was certainly the case with the estimate formed of his intellectual capacity. No one has imputed to the countenance of the Czar Nicholas the expression of want of mind, nor have even his ordinary actions raised in observers the suspicion of merely ordinary mental powers. Yet so late as the strange interregnum which succeeded the death of Alexander, and while speculation was rife as to the comparative chances of happiness for Russia under Constantine and Nicholas, an intelligent German present on the spot, and a close observer of men and manners, speaks thus disparagingly of the future emperor. After stating his opinion that the reign of Constantine, notwithstanding his eccentricities, might prove salutary to Russia by the energy, though irregular, with which he would probably probe the diseased body-politic, M. Schnitzler proceeds:

"This might not perhaps be the case, should Nicholas ascend the throne. Still young and inexperienced, he would probably hardly have courage to enter upon a career of reform; he would perhaps be content to tread in the steps of his brother and predecessor, whom he has been accustomed to regard as a model of perfection. He has been accustomed to swear by his brother; he knows no other system than his; he has learned to love that which he loved, to esteem that which he esteemed, and to disregard all that did not merit his approbation. No great talents are recognizable in Nicholas; his studies have not been of the most serious kind, though conducted under the direction of his mother, a woman of strong sense and firm will. It was said at Gotchina, that Nicholas and his brother Michael showed so little disposition to profit by the instructions of their tutors, or to yield obedience to them, that it sometimes needed all the authority of the mother to uphold that of the master."

It is not a little creditable to the writer of the above, that he should have had the good sense to publish in later years an account which reflects so little credit on his foresight and discrimination, but which probably conveys the opinion of almost every one, except a few who were brought into closer and more confidential intercourse with the future prince. Nicholas, indeed, ascended the throne without any definite feeling respecting him in the public mind, except a little doubt as to his energy and capacity. His two elder brothers, so long previously before the public eye, had achieved each of them some amount of popularity with different classes of society. Alexander, notwithstanding the vacillation of his policy and the well-known weakness of his will, still retained, by his amiability and goodness of intention, a considerable amount of affection among the Russians generally; while his previous leanings towards liberalism, although abandoned during his later years, still rendered him personally an object of regretful hope and respectful sympathy among the more cultivated classes. He was not, however, popular with the army, nor with some of the more ardent of the reformers, who considered his fickle coquetry with the idea of progress as more fatal to the interests of their country than even an avowed and consistent opposition to liberal ideas. With the army, and to some extent with the "constitutional party," which met in deliberation at clubs and secret political societies, Constantine was the greater favorite, and was looked upon with considerable hope. The type of character presented by that singular man was evidently very similar to that of his father; but with greater capacities both for good and evil. As a child, he was the especial favorite of his grandmother Catherine, who, much as she disliked her son, took considerable pleasure in the droll eccentricities of her little grandson; and it was no mere fool who could have obtained any such hold on the feelings of

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the Czarina. Ugly and uncouth beyond the ordinary signification of these words—habitually rough and boisterous, and outrageously brutal when (as was often the case) entirely surrendered to the impulse of his ungovernable frenzies—Constantine had also alternations of the noblest feelings, and even the most tender and delicate sensibility. He was throughout his life a savage child, with a kindly frankness in his happier moods which redeemed to some extent the unrestrained impulses of his "Berserker" madness. Brought up from a boy in the ranks of the army, he was alternately adored by them for his congenial disposition, and dreaded almost beyond endurance for his capricious martinetism. Out of the army his general popularity was not great in Russia, and some amount of jealousy had been felt in that empire at the undisguised preference which he had displayed for the kingdom of Poland, which had been committed to his viceroyalty. For Poland he raised an efficient army, and drilled it to distraction; laboring only under the singular fear that a war might break out, which would spoil the uniforms of the men and ruin their parade discipline. For Poland he had done much in the general administration of the kingdom; but in this department also, by his constitutional love of minutiæ, which led him to assume the functions of chief director of the secret political police, he had alienated the affections of the national party, and eventually precipitated a contest nearly as ruinous to Russian as to Polish liberty. He had espoused for his second wife a Polish lady; and had thus placed in the public mind a great barrier in the way of his accession to the Russian empire — even though it was only imperfectly known that he had made this marriage the occasion, or it had been made for him the pretext, of a renunciation on his part of his succession to the empire.

By the side of Alexander and Constantine, thus supported and opposed, Nicholas stood alone (for his younger brother Michael was a mere feeble copy of Constantine)—if unopposed by any strong party, not able to count beforehand on the warm support of any; but although little regarded by the public, the qualities for empire which he proved subsequently to possess must have been apparent to at least three persons—to his brother, the Emperor Alexander, who secretly (by an ambiguous stretch of prerogative) designated him as his successor, to the exclusion of Constantine; to his mother Maria-Feodorowna, who strongly approved of this disposition; and to the excluded person himself. Some sparks of latent czarism must have been drawn forth by the rough wit of Constantine, even through the placid non-conducting exterior of Nicholas, to have provoked the following comic drama, the reality of which rests on the authority of the Grand-Duke Michael and of Nicholas himself. The court memorialist tells the story thus: "After suffering from a severe illness, the Grand-Duke Michael Paulovitch was advised to drink the waters of Carlsbad and Marienbad during the summer months of 1821. On his return to Russia, he visited Warsaw, the constant residence of the Cesarevitch. At that city, and at the same time, was expected the Grand-Duke Nicholas Paulovitch, with his grand-duchess, then returning from the baths of Ems. During the preparations which were being made for the latter personages, the Cesarevitch one day said to his brother, 'You see, Michael'—so he was in the habit of calling him—'with you we make ourselves quite at home, without ceremony; but when I expect my brother Nicholas, I always feel as if I were preparing to meet the Emperor himself!'" Accordingly, on the arrival of Nicholas at Warsaw, "the Cesarevitch received this new guest with his usual kindness and hospitality, but often reduced him to the greatest embarrassment by signs of honor and ceremonial respect which did not correspond to his rank. The grand-duke tried every expedient to escape from these testimonies of deference, and begged to be relieved from a degree of respect which sometimes almost took the form of extravagance and caricature; but the elder brother excused himself by saying jestingly, 'This is all because you are Tsar of Mirlikii,'" the town of which St. Nicholas was bishop—"a sort of nickname which he from that time forward began to employ frequently in speaking of Nicholas Paulovitch."

The mention of this curious scene at Warsaw, as told in the recently published official narrative, leads us to consider the complex circumstances attending the renunciation of Constantine, and the promotion of the "Tsar of Mirlikii" to a greater czarate. The facts themselves are not very clear or consistent in this *au-*

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*thorized* account, and the inferences to be drawn therefrom are still more doubtful. It is asserted, that as long ago as this visit of Michael to Warsaw, the Cesarevitch had resolved to waive his right; and that this resolution was then communicated by him confidentially to his youngest brother. In January 1822 following, the act itself is asserted to have taken place, so far as Constantine himself was concerned; though the formal document embodying and confirming it was not drawn up by the Emperor Alexander till some time afterwards. Nicholas himself is said to have received, together with his wife, an intimation from the Emperor of the honor in store for him; but no formal communication on the subject. On the point of the exact extent of the knowledge of Nicholas at the death of Alexander, there is a contradiction between the statements of the memorialist and the written declaration of the former prince himself in the *procès-verbal* of the meeting of the senate in which the question who was actually emperor was fully discussed. However this may be, it was understood that there was some difficulty in determining whether the will of Peter the Great, fixing definitely the rule of succession, could be overridden by a disposition of the reigning sovereign, if founded on a mere communication of the wish of the person renouncing. The long delay on the part of Alexander, the secresy observed by him in the matter, and the haphazard manner in which the circumstances of the hour were eventually left to work out for themselves the destiny of Russia, if not to be explained by this legal doubt, have received as yet no satisfactory commentary. The reasons for this step—setting aside the decent plea of inferior abilities — were understood to be the Polish marriage of Constantine, and the superior guarantees in the happy marriage and large family of Nicholas for an uninterrupted succession. The eccentric character of Constantine, and the remembrance of the reign and fate of Paul, no doubt weighed considerably with Alexander and his advisers. How far Constantine really entered cordially into the idea of abdication will perhaps never be ascertained; nor, indeed, is it likely that his feelings on the point were very definite or constant. There was no proportion in his wishes and their gratification. He would willingly abandon the greater object under the impulse of the present gratification of the less; and he was quite as likely to have sacrificed a throne to his affection for his beautiful Polish wife, as to have shrunk from encountering the risks and labors of so great a position. He probably would not have remained very obstinate in his refusal, had events themselves called him to it without embarrassment or difficulty on his own side, and was willing enough that the Tsar of Mirlikii should prove his capacity for government by taking upon his own shoulders the dangers and responsibility of the first step of assumption; but he had become estranged from Russia by long absence and different ties, and he was perhaps not too ambitious of entering on the task of regenerating Russia, of the extent and difficulty of which he must have long had ocular proof.

When the time, however, arrived that his resolution was to be put to the test, circumstances seemed determined to play into his hands, notwithstanding his own *insouciance*. The Emperor Alexander, we have said, was no great favorite in the army. Essentially a man of the closet, he could not vie with his brothers Constantine and Michael in the affections of the soldiery. Whatever may have been its exact causes or objects, it is certain that at the time of the death of Alexander, a dangerous and widely-spread military revolt was on the point of explosion in the south of Russia. Ultimately this movement took the form of a demonstration in favor of a constitution; but whether that was its primary and simple object we can not, in the silence of the conspirators, and with only the *ex-parte* statements of the government, pretend to determine. It was even said to have been directed against the life of the Emperor Alexander. Whether this military conspiracy was connected with, and identical in its direction with, the plans of the secret societies, which included men of the highest character and ability as well as rank, is also a moot-point. M. Tourgueneff, himself one of the principal members of these clubs, and during the whole reign of Nicholas a proscribed exile through participation in their alleged seditious intentions, denies altogether the connection of the two movements; and his recall by the present Emperor seems to lend credit to the denial. They both, however, virtually coöperated to render the position of Nicholas a very

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precarious one at the death of his brother, and to give to Constantine a chance, if he chose to avail himself of it, of withdrawing from his abdication. The conduct of Nicholas, when made definitely acquainted with the disposition of Alexander in his favor, deposited in the cathedral at Moscow and the senate-house at St. Petersburg, was unexceptionable, so far as the simple rules of private honor were concerned. Whether in a broader and patriotic sense it did not exhibit a desire to shield himself behind the personal action of Constantine at the expense of public order, and with the chance (which was unluckily realized) of exposing the common soldiers to the demoralizing effects of a mystification, is perhaps a fair question for the casuist. Constantine, however, declined to take upon himself the part assigned by his brother in either alternative. He persisted in writing from Warsaw to confirm his renunciation; he persisted in refusing to come to St. Petersburg to lend this abdication the weight of his personal attestation to its voluntary character. Michael contrived to be sent on a mission between the two brothers, and remained half-way between the two capitals, waiting to see what course events would take, and which brother would prevail in the cross game of personal disinterestedness and prudent selfishness. At last Nicholas had to take the step himself, and by himself; and now all accounts agree in admiration of his firm, dignified, and self-possessed demeanor. Whether he actually possessed much physical courage, is a disputed point between his detractors and his friends. Moral courage, however, he certainly possessed to an extent quite sufficient to compensate for and cover any want of the less noble quality. He proceeded calmly to take measures for public order; and so far as these could be looked to by himself, they were effective. The commandant of the city, however, was over-confident of tranquillity. The military conspirators, half betrayed already, thought it their wisest plan to seize the opportunity which events had made for them, and to raise the standard of a legitimate and reforming cry for "Constantine and the constitution." The troops, already sworn to Constantine as their czar, wavered; and many of them, refusing the new oath to Nicholas, seized their arms and flocked to the great square in front of the senate-house. Thither came the principal conspirators, bringing reïnforcements as fast as they could collect them; and thither with a rapid levy of faithful soldiers Nicholas himself proceeded, and, face to face with the insurgents, watched the progress of negotiations with them, and the arrival of fresh troops to his own standard. Michael now appeared on the scene, and at length took his side openly with Nicholas. The result is well known. Surrounded by the troops of Nicholas, the insurgents repelled all attacks with loss; until the artillery—first directed, it is said, (for lack of another initiative,) by the hand of Michael himself—swept through their ranks a storm of death before which they succumbed, and Nicholas became master of Russia in fact as well as name.

The troubled days of December 1825 had come to an end, and the new Emperor inaugurated his reign by a strict examination into the views and conduct of the captured insurgents, if such, under the circumstances of the case, they could properly be called. Justice or vengeance did its work on many of them—that is to say, they were either shot or sent off to spend an indefinite portion, if not the remainder, of their lives in the dismal climate of Siberia. The new Czar showed much personal interest in the examinations; but a total disregard to the sentimental, apart from political, considerations which had distinguished his brother Alexander. Perhaps this was as well in the end, although the immediate consequences were harsh and unpleasing. The mixture of vague and feeble sentimentality with the caprices of despotism is a doubtful improvement upon the cold formality of avowed political expediency. From the first it became apparent that Nicholas was a man who, without being naturally cruel, was devoid of those impulses of feeling, either one way or the other, by which the character of his brother Constantine had been raised to heroism or depressed to brutality, and by which in a milder and more intellectual fashion the susceptible heart and brain of Alexander had been affected. Kindness was not alien to his disposition, and in his own family he gave little reason for reproach in that respect. Towards those friends whom he respected he displayed lasting and firm attachments. But he had little respect (intellectually) for weakness or folly of any kind, least of all for that which subordinated the seeming necessi-

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ties of state policy to the romantic and generous impulse of the individual. This hard cast of mind—or rather this too well-guarded sensibility — colored even his more trifling actions, and gave an appearance of want of delicacy to what would otherwise in themselves have been unexceptionable proceedings enough. When to this peculiar character was added the known possession of absolute power, no wonder that pleasant jests became formidable matters to those who had the honor, or misery, of being their subjects. A story is told in one or two works which exhibits the peculiar sardonic humor of the Czar in so curious a light with reference to this point, and so broadly distinguishes it from the pleasantry of a man of more genial temperament, that we may perhaps hazard the imputation of telling again a thrice-told tale, and repeat it. A certain Jakovleff, one of the wealthiest men in Russia, and proprietor of one of the most productive iron-works, was supposed to have presumed on his wealth, and shown too independent a spirit by evading the load of honors and offices which a man in his position was expected to seek. Among other slights consequent therefrom, he was refused permission to travel; and for consolation, indulged himself on the Newsky parade at St. Petersburg in the most *outré* foreign costume which his fancy could devise. On his head was a little peaked hat, resembling a flower-pot reversed; a handkerchief with a gigantic bow was tied round his neck; a cloak reduced to the dimensions of a cape was thrown over his shoulders; and on his chin he wore a beard à *la Henri Quatre*. An enormous oaken cudgel in his hand, a glass stuck in the corner of his eye, and a bull-dog following at his heels, made a *tout ensemble* fit, one would suppose, "to set before a king." And so it did befall M. Jakovleff that, while sauntering along, he encountered the Emperor's carriage. The equipage was abruptly stopped; the Emperor himself leaned forward, and beckoning the exquisite to approach him, "Pray," said Nicholas, eyeing him with affected curiosity, "who in God's name are you, and where do you come from?" "May it please your majesty, I have the honor to be your majesty's faithful subject, Save Saveitch Jakovleff." "Indeed," replied the Emperor, "we are enchanted to have the opportunity of making your acquaintance, Save Saveitch. Oblige us by just stepping up and taking a seat beside us." Jakovleff slily let drop his cudgel, and with some misgivings took his seat. "But stop," said the Emperor, when they had driven on a little way, "where is your stick, Save Saveitch?" "Oh! never mind the stick, your majesty." "Oh! we must have your stick, Save Saveitch. Turn back," he said to the coachman. The stick picked up, they drove on straight to the palace. Nicholas alighted, and beckoned to Jakovleff to follow him. "Oh! no, Save Saveitch, don't take off your cloak; we must have you just as you are — hat, and stick, and cloak, and all." The Emperor led the way straight to the apartment of the Empress. "Pray, my dear," he inquired of her, "do you know who this is?" "No," replied the Empress, bursting into a fit of laughter. "Then allow me to inform you that this is our faithful subject, Save Saveitch Jakovleff. What do you think of him? Is he not a pretty fellow?" The unfortunate exquisite, after furnishing food for some minutes' merriment, was dismissed, half dead with terror and confusion. But before he departed, he was admonished that the Emperor did not always punish the foolery of his subjects so leniently. The man went home, took to his bed, and fell very dangerously ill. Whether the story be circumstantially true or not, there is little doubt that it reproduces accurately the temperament of the Czar.

In one direction, the Czar's want of sympathy for the more romantic and delicate considerations which other princes have admitted into their gravest counsels, had an unfortunate effect. Poland had, in the eyes of Europe generally, claims of a peculiar character to consideration, apart from mere political projects. The traditional heroism of the Poles in past days, and the deliverance of Western Europe from the Ottoman arms wrought by their great king before the walls of Vienna, had invested that country with a romantic interest, which had mitigated to some extent her unhappy lot in later times. Frederick of Prussia was, indeed, not a man to entertain such feelings; but even the cold-blooded Maria Theresa had admitted them in her conscience, though she had not firmness to act upon its dictates. Alexander of Russia had amused himself, edified the liberal party in Europe, and raised the hopes of the Poles themselves, with ideas of a revived nationality apart

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from Russia, and a perfect restitution of Polish liberty and independence. That he at one time seriously entertained this project, seems certain; and he went so far as to include the older provinces of Poland in his paper generosity. But the liberal outbursts in Southern Europe alarmed him into the extremest absolutism; and with his entrance into the Holy Alliance, disappeared his dreams about Poland. Not so with the Poles themselves. The national aspirations thus awakened went on growing in strength, until at length, they imparted some degree of turbulence to the small amount of freedom still left in that country, and roused the jealous police-fears of Constantine. This ungrateful people, for whom he had done and sacrificed so much, seemed to be only desirous of getting rid of his fatherly surveillance. Distrust provoked tyranny, and tyranny with Constantine was another name for every excess of brutality; until at length, goaded to madness, the students and army rose, were joined by the middle and upper classes, and his *congé* was quietly given to the Cesarevitch. It is not necessary to recall the struggle which ensued. Once reconquered, Nicholas was not the man to allow mere romantic recollections of the past to weigh against present sins and future security. Sternly, and with cold-blooded cruelty, the remains of the insurrection were stamped out, and the unfortunate participators in it either subjected to the *pœnæ duræ* of Siberia, or scattered over the face of Western Europe — noble petitioners for justice before every European nation, and dependents on their own industry or the unpleasingly ostentatious charity of others. Whatever their faults may have been, and however deficient their national character may be in the elements of stability and order, the returns of our criminal courts at least offer a noble testimony to the unoffending lives which they have led in their adopted countries; and if the interest once professed, if not felt, in their cause has somewhat abated with the mass, it will not have lost any thing with those who are capable of estimating broader political considerations, or who do not think the less of noble and patient endurance when not paraded as a merit before public meetings, and celebrated in Guildhall charitable festivities by city magnates. Upon the character of Nicholas the fate of Poland fixed a stain in the eyes of free Europe which has never been completely effaced; and never, perhaps, was his calculating policy less wise in its generation than in this instance. He gave, what he should have been most on his guard against giving, an alarm to Western Europe as to the possible fate of the countries bordering on Russia; and he brought before them in strong colors the autocratic tyranny congenial to, and only explained by, Russian society.

The same unshrinking resolution, however, which operated so unpleasingly in this quarter, appeared to great advantage in other crises. Upon the heels of the Polish war came the cholera—not merely destroying in its direct agencies, but demoralizing the minds of the population, and rousing their ignorant fears into the most fanatical excesses. The mysterious disease was attributed to poison, distributed by Poles, foreigners, or the authorities themselves, through the agency of the medical profession. Throughout Russia, but at St. Petersburg especially, an indiscriminate massacre of all connected with the medical profession took place; they were hurled out of windows, their heads carried on pikes, and their bodies torn to shreds. The police sought safety in concealment; and the mob proceeded from one extravagance to another, till the Emperor rode out alone into the midst of the infuriated ranks of the soldiery, (who had been affected by the general madness,) addressed the rioters in the sternest tones of his sonorous voice, and commanded them to kneel in the dust, and endeavor to propitiate the wrath of the Almighty, who had sent this visitation for their sins, and not increase His anger by their lawless conduct. The crowd, awed by his imposing and majestic manner, kneeled down as one man, followed him in the prayer which he offered up, and, quite humbled by his subsequent reprimand, returned to order and obedience.

The indignation of Western Europe at his treatment of Poland may have had some effect in turning the thoughts of Nicholas more especially to the development of the national, as opposed to the exotic, European element in his empire. But it is certain that he had already entered on this task; and that from the beginning of his reign he had committed himself to the wise, though to observers perplexing, plan of working out a Russian national policy through the medium of

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German advisers. The laws of Russia were, at his accession, in a most confused and heterogeneous state, and codification of some sort seemed imperatively called for. Alexander, who had perceived this necessity, had thrown the labor on various commissions, which, without single directing energy, and composed of men destitute of independent energies, lingered on without resulting in any legislative production. The commissioners had vacillated between a digest of existing laws and usages, and a new philosophical system of legislation. Between these there was a wider dissidence in this country than elsewhere on the continent of Europe; for Russia, to use the words of a Russian, "had received no part of the Roman inheritance" of jurisprudence. "We have been obliged," he continues, "to derive our whole legislation from our national sources—from our customs, traditions, and experience. Civil laws, criminal laws, laws of administration and interior police—every thing had to be erected and constructed anew, and with our own materials." Nicholas, guided by his counselor Speranski, did not hesitate for a moment between the task of this reconstruction from existing materials and a new code, but decided for the former, and thus put himself in harmony with the real usages of Russia. He gave orders for the immediate completion of a preliminary *collection* of the existing laws. Many of these were no doubt exotic in their character; but some preserved the national spirit, and all had gained the *prestige* of time and custom. The printing of this collection began on the 1st of May, 1828, and was finished (in its first stage) on the 1st of April, 1830. Besides the titles of the code of 1649, it was composed of 35,993 acts, of which 30,920 were anterior to the accession of Nicholas, whilst no less than 5073 belonged to the seven years from 1825 to 1832, the date of its publication. This first labor finished, there ensued a second, that of coördination, which was performed with similar diligence. They were directed to restore with all speed the primitive text, even at the expense of conciseness; to curtail the preambles of every ukase and act whatever; to expunge all the acts positively abrogated by subsequent enactments; to avoid tautology; to arrange all the laws in force, in order of subject-matter, methodically, and so as to form several codes; to give separately such as govern certain provinces, to the exclusion of others, and thus to form codes of a local application apart; and, lastly, to submit every part of the work to the revision of competent authorities. Such was the concordance of the laws, called in Russian "*Svod*," which the genius of Nicholas conceived, and his energy alone carried to a successful and steady completion. As early as February 12, 1833, an imperial manifesto solemnly announced that the work was completed. It did not make the Svod immediately obligatory; but it prescribed that it should come into force on the 1st of January, 1835. But the work of legislation did not end here. Provision was to be made for the codification of future legislative acts; and for this purpose a series of annual labors was appointed, to bring the new laws into the same system of order and uniformity.

If the existence of a system of positive laws could be in itself a sufficient protection to the citizen, here assuredly we might have expected to find it. Nor were, on the whole, the injunctions of the Czar himself to his judges and administrators less in accordance with a just regard to private rights. But, unfortunately, the commands of an autocrat are least obeyed where they would be attended with most benefit to a third party; nor can the most anxious introspection of the eye of an imperial master secure any thing like the same substantial realization of the blessings he seeks to bestow on his people, that is attained by the subtle working, through continuous years, of the spirit of free institutions among a self-governing community. We have already alluded to the false surface of refinement which had been spread over Muscovite barbarism. Nurtured by this, and increased by the perpetual pressure of imperial authority, corruption had sunk too deeply into the very grain of official minds to be eradicated by an imperial ukase to deal justly between man and man, in simple accordance with the new Svod. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* The Emperor might command and threaten, and, when he had the means of discovering the culprit, severely punish; but how futile and how few would these convictions be, in the face of a community of administrators bound together by the sure tie of common profits in roguery! A story in one of the volumes before us will illustrate

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the working of this system: A poor nobleman had been carrying on a lawsuit for several years, when he received an intimation from the secretary of the tribunal, that unless he paid over 10,000 roubles (£450) to the president, the case would be decided against him. The unfortunate litigant, who could not raise as many pence, bethought him of applying to Count Benkendorff, the chief of the secret-service, who he had been led to believe was personally anxious to make an example of some of the delinquents, and who was one of the four or five men holding office in the empire who were deemed incorruptible by the common rumor. The party referred to offered the Count to furnish him with an unquestionable proof of the venality of the president of the court of appeal; and for that purpose, proposed that he should be intrusted with the amount of the bribe demanded, in notes privately marked. He undertook that these notes should be found on the president's person. The Count consented. Since the good old times of Alexander I., the officials never make their bargains, or receive any money, before a third party. Their dread of the anger of Nicholas ever occasioned them to resort to many precautions formerly not dreamed of; and in this instance the president declined receiving the money in his house, but proposed that the litigant should invite him to dinner at a tavern which he indicated, and there pay over the amount to him. The proposition was acceded to; and his host caused an officer of *gendarmerie* to be stationed in an adjacent closet. The president made his appearance; he signified by the action of his fingers that their pecuniary transaction had better precede the gastronomic entertainment: the host accordingly handed him a small roll of bank-notes; the president counted them over in a very business-like way, and tossed them into his hat. As this was not yet quite satisfactory, in the hope that his guest would finally transfer the money to his person, his Amphitryon deferred giving the signal for the appearance of the secret-police agent, and they sat down to dinner. At this moment some one knocked; it was the president's nephew, come to him with some trifling message from his lady. The judge gave him a brief answer, and bowed him out. At the conclusion of their dinner, he was preparing to depart; he had pulled on his over-coat, and put his hat on his head, when, on the preconcerted signal, the officer of *gendarmerie* rushed into the apartment with an order from the Count Benkendorff to search his person. "Do not give yourself the trouble to search him," said the excited nobleman, "you will find the bank-notes in his hat." The president smiled blandly, and took his hat off at once; it was empty: when his nephew went out, he had taken up his uncle's hat instead of his own. The judge thus not only avoided the trap laid for him, but secured the bait; and doubly punished the informer—firstly, by deciding the case against him; and secondly, because, not having subtantiated his charge, he was obliged to refund the 10,000 roubles advanced by the police. Can any one doubt, says the writer who supplies the anecdote, that this worthy minister of public justice had received a private hint from Count Benkendorff's office? In any case, what a state of things must have existed, when such a story could be currently told, and generally accepted as true!

Some of the blame of interference with the legitimate consequences of his own legislative efforts must be shared by the Czar Nicholas himself with his corrupt officials. In calling into existence a fixed rule of justice, the Emperor had given new authority to a power inconsistent with pure autocracy. Nicholas, however, was not very much troubled at this; and leaving the general operation of justice to be guided by law, never scrupled himself to interpose his own will, in utter defiance of law, whenever it suited his purposes or wishes. He might have remembered, and probably did remember, that such an evil example in the highest quarter would not be lost on the lower grades of authorities; but he was conscious that this was one of the limitations which the preservation of his despotic authority imposed on his better plans for the welfare of his country. The same was the case elsewhere; in the military and commissariat departments of the state he was conscious of the government being grossly robbed and cheated, but found it necessary to wink at a large amount of peculation and deception, rather than hazard an entire reform which might entail upon him the diminution of his personal authority by the interposition of other tribunals of account. Alexander, more amiable, but less sagacious, played

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with liberal ideas, and tampered with the structure of despotism, without having the courage to remove it entirely, and evoke a new organization from the rising spirit of the nation. Nicholas saw clearly how much good he could effect without injury to his autocracy; and was not overpowered with anxious regret because he also saw the great imperfections which he must necessarily allow to remain. In considering the measures which he initiated or carried out, these facts should be remembered, or we may fall into the mistake of considering him much less far-sighted and well-intentioned than he really was. He endeavored to the utmost of his physical and mental powers to supply the want of other supervision over the administration of the empire; and by rapid and sudden journeys from point to point, tried to impart a sense of that ubiquity in the censorship over abuses which it is the boast of popular systems of government to be able to supply.

It is generally allowed that the system and policy of Nicholas were much more Muscovite than that of any of his predecessors. This must be understood always however, with reference to the double object which Peter the Great had in view, and which his successors still try to carry out, of civilizing Russia somewhat after the standard of Western Europe, and of giving her a European territorial and moral preponderance. The leading idea of Sclavism—the patriarchal authority—had been already introduced by the Czars into the modern system of government. Its rival, the ecclesiastical authority, had been effectually crushed by Peter, and has since become a pliant tool in the promulgation among the people of the Sclavonic notion of the sacred character attaching to the person of the great father of the State. The nobility, originally military chiefs, had passed into the stage of proprietors of land—not landed proprietors in our sense of the term—city residents either at Moscow or St. Petersburg, dependent for their revenue on land in the country, but not resident on their estates, and having no territorial influence in their neighborhoods corresponding to that of an English landed gentleman. Their lands are cultivated by the members of the communes, their serfs, whose allegiance easily passes from one proprietor of the soil and of themselves to another, without any feeling of attachment or fealty to their landlord's family.* Many of the nobility have become the heads of manufactories in the cities, and in that capacity have gathered around them bodies of workmen, often their own serfs; for the spirit of aggregation holds good as well in the city as in the country, and a Russian citizen of the upper middle-class, in our sense of the term, has been hitherto found to be an impossibility. The native private merchant degenerates rapidly into the mere huckster. Nicholas encouraged the manufactories, which seem more akin to the genius of the country; although they are still very deficient in internal organization, and in giving that solidity and value to the articles manufactured which honesty and individual pride in the workman can alone secure. He also fostered, by every means in his power, the settlement of foreign merchants in St. Petersburg, either hoping that their spirit would beeome in time contagious, or wishing thereby to bind more firmly to Russia the commercial interests of the West. He has been accused, indeed, of sacrificing much of the Western trade to his jealousy of England; and in the same point of view, he is said to have endeavored to establish an eastward trade, which might in time realize the favorite idea of Peter the Great, of a trade with India. Still there can be no doubt, that during his reign, and under the auspices of his general policy, the commercial interests of Russia and the West were much more closely intertwined, and that the fluctuations of the mercantile community in either were much more sensibly felt in the other than was wont to be the case. If projects of railways across Russia, after the English fashion, have been somewhat fallacious and double-faced in the more recent schemes, there can be little doubt that the Czar Nicholas had a more shrewd idea than most of his predecessors as to the best manner in which the arts and inventions of the West might have become acclimated on the soil of his empire.

The position of the serfs throughout the empire, with the exception of the Baltic provinces, in which the experiment of enfranchisement had been already tried, could not but arrest the attention of such

* It is said however, that a change is beginning to take place in the habits of the nobility in this respect, and that many of them have established themselves in the country, after the English fashion.

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a prince as Nicholas, and seems to have touched his sympathies more closely than most questions. He even dropped unguarded hints at one time of an enfranchisement, which led to melancholy consequences. Vague reports spread among the serfs that their great father wished to enfranchise them, nay, had even given the orders, but that the nobles withheld its execution. In several quarters the peasants flew to arms, massacred all of their masters whom they could come across, and looked for support and reward, instead of punishment and coercion, from the government of the Czar. Of course they were grievously disappointed; and after that time the Czar maintained a prudent reserve as to his intentions in this respect. He, however, made a considerable advance towards the enfranchisement of the serfs from slavery to individual masters, by increasing largely the number of state-peasants, who had especial privileges, though of course they also were affected by the despotic character of the state-government. The communistic principle is so strong in Russia, that individual enfranchisement becomes a less easy matter than elsewhere; and it is chiefly by moving the peasants forward into more privileged communes that the process of a general removal of serfdom can be satisfactorily achieved. Their personal slavery to their masters especially is being destroyed little by little; and one of the last announcements of the new reign is, that serfs are to be allowed to marry without the consent of their lords.

We have left ourselves little space to speak adequately of the increase and reorganization of the military and naval strength of Russia under the late Czar, and of the foreign policy which the Court of St. Petersburg has pursued during the last quarter of a century. So far as the mind and eye of the Emperor could effect any thing, the army has been greatly improved. There has been (after the fashion of military autocrats) too much stress laid on the freedom of soldiers' coats from creases upon the parade-ground, and too little attention paid (from causes we have already alluded to) to the regulation of the commissariat. But on the whole, the experience of the last war, considering the nature of the materials from which the army was drawn, can not be said to derogate from the reputation of the Russian army. Although they have found themselves unequal to the picked troops of Western Europe, they have not altogether failed in maintaining the honor of their country; and the forced marches and desperate aggressive movements, both so alien to the physical character of the Russian soldier, by which the struggle was marked, prove that the energy of the Czar had succeeded in calling into play new qualities in his army. It must be remembered, that the Russian army has been subdivided into several distinct portions; and that besides the army of reserve, there are distinct services for the frontiers of Western Europe, and for the southern provinces of the empire. The victories of Paskevitch in Hungary and in Persia were gained with quite distinct divisions of the service; and it was not until the last war that any thing like the whole of the military force of Russia was called into service at the same time. The navy has made less progress, although the exploits of one or two Russian captains would seem to imply that there also a new spirit has been called into existence.

The foreign policy of Russia requires less careful elucidation on the present occasion, as it has of late years necessarily been the subject of much careful examination and comment. That Nicholas acted in the spirit of the famous will of Peter, there can be little doubt; but he was not hasty or indiscriminate in his plans of aggression. He was content to await the natural course of events; and if he assisted their progress towards the desired point where direct action became possible on his part, he seldom forcibly precipitated them towards it. His most wanton and least excusable aggressions on Turkey had generally some more or less plausible pretext in the ill-regulated councils of the Divan, or in the ambiguous movements of other "protecting" powers. In his Greek policy, he was eminently successful against some of the cleverest of European diplomatists. In the Egyptian affair he was less fortunate, owing probably rather to the subsequent turn of events, which displaced Louis Philippe from the throne of France, than to any other cause. His alliance with England on that occasion was rather a preliminary step towards the meditated attack on Turkey, by effecting a decided breach between the two Western powers, than a distinct policy in itself. In the Menchikoff demands, which precipitated the last European contest, there

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were good grounds for hoping that no firm alliance could be formed between England and France, and that Prussia would be neutralized by her family alliance, and Austria by the recent service in Hungary and the recollection of her still unsettled position in that country and in Italy. It is very doubtful whether, after all, the Czar was not right in his conjecture respecting the Western alliance; nor is it easy to decide the point whether, had his life been prolonged, and the genius which presided over the destinies of Russia had not been removed in the very crisis of the contest, the alliance between England and France—already growing lukewarm through mutual jealousies—would have outlasted the sustained determination of Nicholas. We must remember, in estimating the late Czar's merits as a foreign statesman, that he had throughout his entire Eastern policy to contend against the excess and hasty fervor of Muscovite zeal, and yet to retain this enthusiasm as a fitting agent in his ultimate design. Looked at in this point of view, his long self-command will probably seem as remarkable as his eventual boldness of action. Persia in a great degree provoked the contest which lost her some valuable provinces. The war in Hungary was a politic step and a politic degradation to Austria; and, as it seemed, at the same time a very convenient mode of getting some sort of footing in the Sclavonic provinces along the Austrian portion of the Danube. The politic conduct of the Russian officers in the campaign did as much to weaken the respect of the population for their Austrian masters as it enhanced with them the reputation of the northern invaders. This is not the only instance in which Nicholas contrived to intermix political diplomacy with the actual operations of war.

The private life of Nicholas may be treated of in a few words; and then our sketch, however imperfect, may be brought to a conclusion. His handsome person and stately demeanor have been spoken of. We believe that the general report of writers and travelers, that these personal advantages were not unattended by some of the sensual habits of his race, is not unfounded. There may be exaggeration in the stories told; but the fact of the infidelity of Nicholas to his marriage-vows has been frequently commented on, and sometimes palliated by the infirm state of health of the Empress. It is agreed, however, that if not a faithful husband, the Czar was a kind one; and that he consulted the actual decencies of society out of regard to her feelings, concealing the extent, though not the fact, of his irregularities.

His sons had no reason to complain of a want of paternal affection; and if state considerations to some extent directed the choice of his daughters' consorts, they did not do so in every case. The imperial circle—so far as the tyranny of court etiquette would allow—was a happy one, and there were fewer scandals within its precincts than in many others. The same perhaps can not be said of the wider circle of the court; but it must be borne in mind, that the corruptions of Western Europe received in this point a strengthening rather than a weakening influence in the natural temperament of the Sclave.

As an administrator of that race and the races associated with them on the extensive soil of Russia, the Czar Nicholas may, on the whole, challenge comparison with any sovereign placed in circumstances of similar difficulty. It would be folly to portray him as either a very mild or entirely just ruler. He has committed many crimes, in a position where the large majority of men would probably have committed many more. His crimes, as well as his errors, have been those of policy and a naturally cold temperament. If, on this account, his actions strike us occasionally with horror and indignation, they are not inconsistent with a large amount of beneficent and disinterested policy in other directions. His littleness sprang rather from the untoward position of autocrat than from his own particular character. He was certainly a worthy successor of Peter the Great, and the most successful of those who have endeavored to perfect that monarch's ideas of empire. With the founder of St. Petersburg, and with Catherine II., he will be hereafter looked upon as one of the greatest, though not exactly one of the best, of Russia's sovereigns.

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From the National Review.

# HASHISH; OR, THE FIVE GREAT NARCOTICS.*

GOETHE says:

"They are not shadows which produce a dream:
I know they are eternal, for they *are*."

The phenomena of the human mind, in transient and abnormal states, derive a startling interest from the reflection, that under certain conditions these states may possibly become normal and permanent. At all events, dreams, insanities, opium-visions, moments of poetic and religious ecstasy, and so forth, are revelations of the *capacity* of the soul for degrees of pain, bliss, and spiritual activity, which life in its ordinary course gives no conception of; and as such, these exaltations and perturbations of the spirit have a significance which no one, who is not wholly absorbed in secular interests, will be disposed to disregard. An apprehension of this significance has, with some nations, surrounded the madman with a divine awe; and has at all times, and with all people, produced a curiosity in the observation of such phenomena, which the ridicule of a material philosophy has not been able to subdue. There are few persons who have not received, in dreams, in moments of religious contemplation, or during some passing gust of unaccountable emotion, such revelations of what they are capable of, for good or evil, as, if they are wise, will be treasured up in their memory as the pearls of their experience. But the higher or deeper these revelations are, the more difficult does it become to retain any effectual impression of them. The poet says of such experiences:

"What's that, which, ere I asked, was gone—
So joyful and intense a spark,
That, whilst o'er head the wonder shone,
The day, before but dull, grew dark?
I do not know; but this I know,
That, had the splendor lived a year,
The truth that I some heavenly show
Did see could not be now more clear.
This know I too: might mortal breath
Express the passion then inspired,
Evil would die a natural death,
And nothing transient be desired;
And error from the world would pass,
And leave the senses pure and strong
As sunbeams. But the best, alas!
Has neither memory nor tongue."

Very nearly resembling these, for the most part unaccountable and indescribable moods of the spirit, are the states of mind which are sometimes produced in persons of highly intellectual and imaginative constitution, like Coleridge and De Quincey, by the use of narcotics. The states so produced seem generally to have been of a lower, and therefore more communicable, nature than those which arise involuntarily; and we have several brilliantly written records of the "happiness which may be bought for a penny, and carried in the waist-coat-pocket; the portable ecstasies that may be had corked-up in a pint bottle; and the peace of mind that can be sent down in gallons by the mail-coach." The interest attaching to these states, though inferior, is, however, of the same class and kind; and no one can read the accounts of Coleridge, De Quincey, Bayard Taylor, Dr. Madden, Dr. Moreau, M. Berthault, and others, without an increased sense of the mysteries and capabilities of his spiritual being.

The temperament which is susceptible of exaltation by narcotics into a rapturous or vision-beholding condition, seems happily to be rare in northern climates. A predisposing warmth and activity of ima-

* *The Chemistry of Common Life.* By J. F. W. Johnston. 1856. 8vo.

*Pictures of Palestine, Asia Minor, Sicily, and Spain; or, the Lands of the Saracen.* By Bayard Taylor. London. 1855. 8vo.

*Thèse pour le Doctorat en Médecine: Du Haschisch, son Histoire, ses Effets physiologiques at thérapeutiques.* Par J. M. E. Berthault. Paris. 1845. 4to.

*The Elements of Materia Medica and Therapeutics.* By J. Pereira. Fourth Edition. London. 1855. 8vo.

*The Travels of Marco Polo.* Edited by H. Murray. New-York. 1845. 8vo.

*Du Haschisch, et de l'Aliénation mentale.* Par J. Moreau. Paris. 1845. 8vo.



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gination—a common quality with eastern races, but a rare one with us—is absolutely necessary to enable a man to become an "opium-eater" to any purpose. The ordinary effect of the more powerful narcotics upon an Englishman, when they do not make him simply very ill, "is," says Dr. Christison, in his *Treatise on Poisons*, "merely to remove torpor and sluggishness, and to make him, in the eyes of his friends, an active and conversable man." The reäction of narcotics upon the nerves, when largely used, is, however, so immediate and disagreeable a penalty, that the English are in no danger whatever of becoming a nation of opium or hashish debauchees; and we feel no compunction in placing before them an account of some of those exceptional cases in which the results have been sufficiently delightful to constitute a temptation to one of the most ruinous species of debauchery.

The statistics of narcotics, and the phenomena attending the use of them in the climates to which they seem to be more particularly suited, deserve more attention as an element of "general knowledge" than they have received. Those who would be fully informed upon the subject, will find it very well treated of in Nos. 8 and 9 of Johnston's *Chemistry of Common Life*. The five great narcotics, which are articles of national consumption in one part of the world or another, are—tobacco, opium, hemp, betel, and coca. Tobacco is the one universal narcotic; the others are consumed by the human race in the following proportions: opium, by four hundred millions; hemp, (that is, hashish,) by between two and three hundred millions; betel, by one hundred millions; and coca by ten millions. Besides these, Siberia has its narcotic fungus; the Polynesian Islands their ava; New-Granada and the Himmalayas their thorn-apples; the Florida Indians their emetic holly; Northern Europe and America their ledums and sweet gale, etc. "No nation so ancient," says Johnston, "but has had its narcotic soother from the most distant times; none so remote or isolated, but has found within its own borders a pain-allayer and narcotic care-dispeller. . . . . No other crops, except corn, and perhaps cotton, represent more commercial capital, or are the subjects of a more extended and unfailing traffic, and the source of more commercial wealth."

Besides the various effects which are common to all the principal narcotics, each has characteristics of its own. Hashish produces real catalepsy, and exaggerates rather than perverts the reports of the senses as to external objects; the thorn-apple, on the other hand, causes truly spectral illusions, and enables the Indian to converse with the spirits of his ancestors. The Siberian fungus gives insensibility to pain without interfering with consciousness. The common puff-ball stops all muscular action, but leaves the perceptive powers untouched. Cocculus indicus makes the body drunk, without affecting the mind. Coca has the wonderful power of sustaining muscular strength in the absence of food, and of preventing the wasting of the tissues of the body during the greatest and most prolonged exertion. The effects of the different narcotics are not only peculiar, but often opposed. Opium and hashish, common in many of their effects, are opposite in this, that the former diminishes sensibility to external impressions, whereas the latter almost infinitely increases it. Betel is even an antidote to opium, as tea is to alcohol. Tobacco suspends mental activity; opium and hashish increase it a thousand-fold.

Psychologically, opium and hashish are by far the most interesting of the narcotics; and of these two, hashish, though the less known, indubitably bears the balm. They have, however, many qualities in common. We seem to be reading of the Eastern "hashishins" in Lord Macartney's description of the Japanese opium-eaters. "They acquire an artificial courage; and when suffering from misfortune and disappointment, they not only stab the objects of their hate, but sally forth to attack in like manner every person they meet, till self-preservation renders it necessary to destroy them." The term "running a-muck" is said to be derived from the cry, "Amok, amok!" meaning "Kill, kill," with which they accompany their fantastic crusade. On one occasion a Japanese was "running a-muck" in Batavia, and "had killed several people, when he was met by a soldier, who ran him through with his pike. But such was the desperation of the infuriated man, that he pressed himself forward on the pike, until he got near enough to stab his adversary with a dagger, when both expired together." While such is not uncom-

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monly the effect of opium, as of hashish, in the East and in tropical climates, the ordinary influence of both these drugs in northern countries is described by De Quincey in the contrast he draws between the effects of opium and alcohol: "Wine robs a man of his self-possession; opium greatly invigorates it; wine unsettles and clouds the judgment, and gives a preternatural brightness and a vivid exaltation to the contempts and the admirations, the loves and the hatreds, of the drinker; opium, on the contrary, communicates serenity and equipoise to all the faculties, active or passive; and with respect to the temper and moral feelings in general, it gives simply that sort of vital warmth which is approved by the judgment, and which would probably always accompany a bodily constitution of primeval or antediluvian health." Dr. Madden's description of his feelings under the influence of opium exactly corresponds to the effect of a dose of hashish just insufficient to produce the *fantasia:* "My faculties appeared enlarged; every thing I looked at seemed increased in volume; I had no longer the same pleasure when I closed my eyes which I had when they were open; it appeared to me as if it was only external objects which were acted on by the imagination, and magnified into images of pleasure. . . . . In walking I was hardly sensible of my feet touching the ground; it seemed as if I slid along the street, impelled by some invisible agent, and that my blood was composed of some ethereal fluid, which rendered my body lighter than air. . . . . The most extraordinary visions of delight filled my brain all night. In the morning I rose pale and dispirited; my head ached; my body was so debilitated, that I was obliged to remain on the sofa all day." When however, hashish is taken in large doses, it produces effects more extraordinary than those of any other drug of its class; and, as being the most singular and the least known of the narcotics, it deserves a special notice.

The narcotic principle of hemp is very imperfectly developed in northern climates, although the plant rivals wheat and the potato in its power of self-adaptation to almost every soil and temperature. The narcotic quality resides in the sap; it is a resin. The odor of a hemp-field, and the giddiness and headache which attack persons remaining long in it, prove the existence of this resin in the northern plant; but it is only in the East that it exists in such quantities as to render its extraction practicable. In India, Persia, and Egypt, however, the resin spontaneously exudes from all parts of the herb in sufficient quantities to be gathered by the hand. In Central India, men with leather aprons rush about among the hemp-plants, which deposit their balsam upon that primitive garment. This even is dispensed with sometimes, and the Coolies receive the precious gum upon their naked skins. The "churrus" of Herat, which is one of the most powerful species of the narcotic, is obtained by pressing the hemp in cloths. The resin is not always separated from its parent plant, which is in some places gathered when in flower, dried, and sold in bundles. In this state it is the *gunjah* of Calcutta. The larger leaves and seed-pods are denominated *bang*. The tops and tender shoots, and the pistils of the flowers, are *hashish par excellence;* and this is the form in which it is usually smoked. The name *hashish* also belongs to an extract from the *gunjah*, obtained by boiling it with butter. The *gunjah*—that is to say, the entire plant—when boiled in alcohol, yields as much as one fifth of its weight of pure resin. In the East the hashish is made up into various kinds of sweetmeats.

In one form or another, hashish seems to have been known to Eastern nations from very early times. The following is the passage of Herodotus which is alluded to by most of those who have written about the resin of hemp:

"They who have been engaged in the performance of these [funeral] rites, [of the Scythians] afterwards use the following mode of purgation. After thoroughly washing the head, and then drying it, they do thus with regard to the body: they place in the ground three stakes inclining towards each other; round these they bind pieces of wool as thickly as possible, and finally, into the space betwixt the stakes they throw red-hot stones. They have among them a species of hemp resembling flax, except that it is both thicker and larger. . . . . The Scythians take the seed of this hemp; and placing it beneath the woolen fleeces, . . . . they throw it upon the red-hot stones, when immediately a perfumed vapor ascends stronger than from any Grecian stove. This to the Scythians is in the place of a bath; and it excites from them cries of exultation."

Dioscorides and Galen allude to certain

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properties of hemp as a pain-allayer. M. Virey has endeavored to show that the

"Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,"

must have been no other than hashish. This drug seems always to have been known to the Egyptians; who of old argued, according to Diodorus Siculus, that Homer must have lived in their country, from his possession of the secret known to the women of Egyptian Thebes. Pliny mentions hemp as adverse to virile power. In the "Arabian Nights" hashish is mentioned under the name of *beng*. But the chief historical interest of the drug is in connection with the strange and formidable sect of the Ishmaelites, who, in the time of the Crusades, spread throughout and beyond the Mussulman world a terror out of all proportion to their numbers. By means of this narcotic, the chief of the sect, the "Old Man of the Mountain," obtained over his followers an influence more absolute than has ever, before or since, been possessed by one man over others. Henry Count of Champagne visited the leader of the sect, who took him to the top of a high tower, on the battlements of which were stationed men in white robes. "I doubt," said the Old Man, "whether you have any subjects so obedient as mine;" and, making a sign to two of the sentinels upon the tower, they precipitated themselves from it, and were dashed to pieces. Summoned by the envoy of a powerful enemy to submit, the sheik called a soldier, and ordered him to kill himself, which he forthwith did. "Tell your master," said the Ishmaelite, "that I have sixty thousand men who would do the same." Marco Polo's romantic and picturesque account of the discipline by which this terrible sect of the "Assassins" was created and maintained seems to be true in its main features:

"You shall hear all about the Old Man of the Mountain, as I Marco Polo heard related by many persons. He was called in their language Alaodin; and had caused to be formed in a valley between two mountains the largest and most beautiful garden that ever was seen. There grew all the finest fruits in the world; and it was adorned with the most beautiful houses and palaces, the interior being richly gilded, and furnished with finely colored pictures of birds and beasts, and the most striking objects. It contained several conduits, through which flowed water, wine, honey, and milk. Here were ladies and damsels, unequaled in beauty and the skill with which they sang and played on instruments of every description. Now the Old Man made his people believe that this garden was Paradise; and he formed it there because Mohammed had given the Saracens to believe that those who went into that place would meet great numbers of beautiful women, and find rivers of water, wine, milk, and honey: hence the visitors were led to think that this was really Paradise. Into this garden he admitted no man, except those whom he wished to make assassins. The entry to the spot was commanded by a castle so strong, that he did not fear any power in the world. He kept in his court all the youths of the country between twelve and twenty years of age; and when he thought proper, selected a number who had been well instructed in the description of Paradise. He gave them a beverage which threw them into a deep sleep, then carried them into the garden and made them be awakened. When any one of them opened his eyes, saw this delightful spot, and heard the delicious music and songs, he really believed himself in the state of blessedness. When again, however, he was asleep, he was brought out into the castle; when he awoke in great wonder, and felt deep regret at having left that delightful abode. He then went humbly to the Old Man, worshiping him as a prophet. . . . . The chief then named to him a great lord whom he wished him to kill. The youth cheerfully obeyed; and if in the act he was taken and put to death, he suffered with exultation, believing that he was to go into the happy place. . . . . Thus scarcely any one could escape being slain, when the Old Man of the Mountain desired it."

Marco Polo's account is corroborated by Arabian writers; and the historian Von Hanmer does not dispute its probable veracity. Sylvestre de Sacy has demonstrated that the word "assassin" is a corruption of *hashishin*, and has provided us with much curious information on the subject of hashish. The following account of the discovery of the herb—or rather one of its discoveries, for we have seen that it was known to the ancients—is taken by M. Sylvestre de Sacy from the Arabic:

"In the year 658 [of the Hegira] I asked the Sheik Djafar Schirazi, the son of Mohammed, and monk of the order of Haïder, how the properties of this drug came to be discovered; and how, after being confined to the Fakirs, its use became general. This was his answer: 'Haïder, the chief of all the sheiks, practiced many exercises of devotion and mortification. He took but little nourishment, carried his detachment from every thing belonging to the world to a

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surprising extreme, and was of the most extraordinary piety. . . . . He himself lived alone in a corner of his convent, and there passed more than ten years without going out or seeing any one but myself. One very hot day the sheik went out alone into the country; and when he returned, we remarked an air of joy and cheerfulness on his countenance very different from its usual appearance. He allowed his Fakir companions to visit him, and began conversing with them. When we saw the sheik thus humanized . . . . we asked him the cause of so surprising a circumstance. . . . . He replied: . . . . "I noticed that every plant was in a state of perfect calm, without experiencing the least agitation, by reason of the extreme heat, and the absence of the slightest breath of wind; but, passing by a certain plant, I observed that it waved gracefully with a gentle swaying, as if inebriated by the fumes of wine. I began plucking the leaves of this plant and eating them; and they have produced in me the gayety you have noticed."' "

The poet Mohammed Dimaschki, the son of Ali, also attributes the discovery to the Sheik Haïder, in an ode of which these are specimen passages:

"Leave wine, and take instead the cup of Haïder, which exhales the smell of amber. Never has wine evoked the delight which is produced by this beneficent cup: close your ears, then, to the madman who would dissuade you from the draught. . . . . Never has the priest of a Christian sacrifice mingled the juice of it in his profane goblet."

Another poet, Ahmed Halebi, likewise attributes the discovery to Haïder; and celebrates particularly one of the properties for which the herb is famous in the East, in verses which M. S. de Sacy thus renders into French:

"Telle jeune beauté a la taille légère, que j'avais toujours vue prête à prendre la fuite, dont jamais le visage ne s'était offert à mes regards qu'avec les traits farouches d'une fierté cruelle.

"Je l'ai rencontrée un jour avec un visage riant, une humeur douce et facile, et toutes les grâces d'une société pleine de douceur et de charmes.

". . . . . Je lui ai témoigné ma reconnaissance de ce qu'à tant de rebuts avait enfin succédé un accueil favorable.

"Tu n'en es pas redevable, m'a-t-elle répondu, au caractère que j'ai reçu de la nature. Rends grâces à celui qui t'a concilié mes faveurs, au vin de l'indigent:

"C'est le haschischa, l'herbe de la joie . . .

"Veux-tu te rendre maitre à la chasse d'une jeune et timide gazelle? aie soin qu'elle paisse le feuillage du chauvre."

As a set-off against the praises of hashish by the Arabic poets, let us hear what an Arabic physician says: "Let us turn aside from the erroneous paths of men. The truth is, that there is nothing more injurious to the human constitution than this herb." Alaeddin, son of Nefis, also bears witness: "I have had ample experience; and I have seen that the use of this drug produces low inclinations, and debases the soul. The faculties of those who take it are degraded more and more; so that at last, so to say, they have none of the attributes of humanity left." Makrizi (translated by M. de Sacy) tells us, that for a long period it was considered disgraceful to eat hashish; and that laws were made against the use of it, one of which was, that the offender should have all his teeth extracted. "But at last, in the year 815, this cursed drug began to be publicly used, . . . and the most refined persons were not ashamed of making presents of it to one another. The consequence was, that vileness of sentiment and manners became general; shame and modesty vanished from among men; they learned to boast of their vices; and nothing of manhood remained but the form."

Let us now set before our readers such authentic personal experiences as we have been able to collect from books and otherwise. These accounts of the "pleasures of hashish" carry their antidote with them; and few, we imagine, will be disposed to become "assassins" under penalties so unpleasant as we shall set before them.

M. Moreau, who has gone more fully into the subject of the effects of hashish upon the human system than any other writer, concludes that there is not only an analogy, but an identity, between the mental conditions of insanity and *fantasia* produced by this narcotic. Even the general exhilaration, which is the result of a moderate dose of hashish, closely resembles that which is very frequently the precursor of a paroxysm of madness. This exhilaration is thus described by M. Moreau:

"It is real *happiness* which is produced by hashish; an enjoyment entirely moral, and by no means sensual, as might be imagined. . . . For the hashish-eater is happy, not like the gourmand, or the famished man when satisfying his appetite, or the voluptuary in the gratification of his desires; but like one who hears

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news that fill him with joy, or like the miser counting his stores, or the successful gambler or the ambitious man in the moment of attainment."

In a more advanced stage of the intoxication:

"We become the sport of impressions of every kind. The course of our ideas may be broken by the slightest cause. We are turned, so to speak, by every wind. By a word or a gesture, our thoughts may be successively directed to a multitude of different subjects with a rapidity and lucidity truly marvelous. The mind becomes possessed with a feeling of pride corresponding to the exaltation of its faculties. Those who make use of hashish in the East, when they wish to give themselves up to the *fantasia*, withdraw themselves carefully from every thing that could give a melancholy direction to their delirium. They take all the means which the dissolute manners of the East place at their disposal; . . . and they find themselves almost transported to the Paradise of the Prophet."

Under the influence of hashish M. Moreau has frequently found distance immensely exaggerated, every thing appearing to the eye as it does through the wrong end of an opera-glass. Such are frequently the illusions of true insanity. But in nothing are the hashish-visions and lunacy so curiously identified as in the consciousness and partial power of will which commonly characterizes both. For a time the power of hashish may be yielded to or not, at the choice of the will; and it is only in extreme intoxication that the visions are wholly uncontrollable. "The marked correspondence," says a writer in the *British and Foreign Medical Review*, "between the phenomena of insanity and those which are induced by the introduction of such substances into the blood, must not be overlooked in any attempt to arrive at the true pathology of the former condition, or to bring it within the domain of the therapeutic art."

M. Berthault, in his *Thesis for the Doctor's Degree*, gives the best summary of the physical and psychical effects of hashish which we have met with; he also adds some interesting experiences of his own as to the *fantasia*. One day he had swallowed a large dose; and while under the effect of it, the band of a regiment of dragoons suddenly began to play beneath his windows. Never, he tells us, had he known what music was till then. His perceptive powers were so much intensified, that he became able to distinguish the part taken by each instrument in the band as well as the best leader of an orchestra could have done. He experienced, in a remarkable degree, that extraordinary *materialization* of ideas, which seems to be one of the most constant effects of the drug when taken in large quantities. The elements of the harmonies heard by him assumed the form of ribbons of a thousand changing colors, intertwisting, waving, and knotting themselves in a manner apparently the most capricious: "untwisting all the chains that tie the hidden soul of harmony," says Milton; and what occurs to the poet as the best figure under which to represent his idea, with the hahish-eater assumes reality. The experience of Theodore Gaultier, the artist, when under the effects of hashish, was curiously the converse of that of M. Berthault. Colors to him represented themselves as sounds which produced very sensible vibrations and undulations of the air. M. Berthault's hallucination of the ribbons after a while changed; but only to become more material and tangible. Each note became a flower; and there were as many different kinds of flowers as notes; and these formed wreaths and garlands, in which the harmony of the colors represented that of the sounds. The flowers soon gave place to precious stones of various kinds; which rose in fountains, fell again in cascades, and streamed away in all directions. The next phase of the vision will at once suggest Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*, which, our readers will remember, was written under a similar inspiration. The band began to play a waltz: with the change of the measure the vision entirely changed; M. Berthault found himself in a multitude of saloons gorgeously decorated and illuminated. All these apartments merged into one, surmounted by an enormous dome, which was built of colored crystals, and supported by a thousand columns. This dome dissolved, and beyond its vanishing walls appeared another far more glorious. This gave way to a third, more splendid still; and this again to a congeries of domes one upon the other, and each more gorgeous than any of its predecessors. At the same time there appeared the vision of an innumerable assemblage executing a frantic waltz, and rolling itself like a serpent from hall to hall.

From a great number of experiments

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made on himself and others, M. Berthault concludes that the most constant effect of hashish is a great exaggeration of the perceptions of the senses or the emotions of the mind, *whatever these may be* at the time. Sorrow, according to his experience, is not dissipated by hashish, as its eastern panegyrists say, but intensified. The slightest feeling of personal irritation or resentment becomes a deadly revenge; the gentlest affection is transformed to the most passionate love; ordinary fear is changed into overwhelming terror; courage to headlong rashness, and so forth. Of all means of illustrating the powers of hashish, there is nothing, he says, like music. He professes to have repeatedly witnessed persons carried through the most opposite conditions of mind, in a space of time incredibly short, by variations of music played to them during their hallucination. He further remarks, that persons in this condition can be *guided* in their visions by a looker-on; a condition reminding us strongly of that strange state of mind produced by the manipulations of the "electro-biologist." With the following curious extract we take our leave of M. Berthault:

"Plusieurs de mes amis m'ont raconté que dans les Dombes à l'époque où l'on recolte le chanvre, (hemp,) les femmes chargées de cette besogne entrent parfois dans les accès de fureur, attaquent les passants, et, semblables à des Bacchantes, se livrent à des débauches; . . . . elles emploient, dit-on, la violence contre ceux qui voudraient les résister; on les a même vues parfois se livrer à des actes d'une barbarie et d'une cruauté digne des temps anciens."

The following account we give from a private source. The friend who sends it to us is a man of highly nervous temperament:

"My experience of the effects of hashish is as follows. I have taken it six or seven times in the solid form, as pills, and about as many times as alcoholic extract. The latter seems to act more powerfully than the former, the quantities being alike. Five drops of the alcoholic extract, taken on a lump of sugar after tea, produce a very appreciable and agreeable exhilaration, resembling, more than any thing else I know, the effect upon the spirits of the first real spring day in the year. The circulation of the blood seems to be increased, the beats of the heart become perceptible, and a peculiarly *genial* condition of moral and physical being is induced, which does not at all resemble the improved state of feeling that arises from the seasonable use of wine, tea, or coffee. I have taken five or ten drops every evening for several days, without any apparent reaction upon the nervous system. A dose of fifteen drops increased the pulsations of the heart so as to produce a feeling of anxiety and restlessness; though, taken five or six hours before going to bed, it kept me awake half the night, and when I went to sleep caused a succession of very vivid and distressing dreams. The following day my nerves were sensibly the worse; any sudden noise or movement startled and annoyed me, and I felt *blasé* and indisposed to exertion, mental or bodily. A similar dose on another occasion produced similar effects. I have twice tried to produce the *fantasia* by taking large doses, but have failed each time; and the effects upon my nerves have been so evidently injurious, that I have not thought it prudent to repeat the experiment with a larger quantity. On one occasion I swallowed five hashish-pills (each an ordinary dose;) and went straight to bed, in order to avoid betraying the effects, which I expected would follow, to others. I experienced no exaltation or derangement of mind whatever, but found that my senses were rendered extraordinarily acute. The ticking of my watch sounded louder than that of a kitchen-clock; and the slight noises one hears at night, from changes of temperature in the timbers of the house, etc., were quite startling. The nearest approach to the hashish-visions I experienced was on looking at the picture of a lady, which hung near me; the countenance, to the best of my faculty of seeing, really did smile and laugh and vary its expression from moment to moment, and the figure became rounded and living and seemed to stir in its frame; and now and then the face, which was a very beautiful one, assumed a ghastly or ludicrous expression. After a while I put the light out, and tried to get to sleep; but could not, on account, as it seemed, of the strong palpitations of my heart. I had no true sleep the whole night; but only a condition of doze, disturbed by unpleasant and half-conscious dreams. The next day, and for two or three days after that, my nerves were miserably unstrung. I was incapable of thinking two consecutive thoughts; I was quite untouched by ordinary causes of interest and pleasure; my temper was irritable in the extreme, and altogether I felt as I had felt only once before, when several weeks of severe illness had prostrated my mental and physical strength, and left my nerves relaxed and incapable of any but disagreeable impressions. On another occasion I took a still larger dose, that is, sixty drops of the alcholic extract;' but still failed to evoke the spirit of hashish. I experienced, indeed, something of that extraordinary exaggeration of the idea of time which most hashish-eaters have described: actions and movements which could not have occupied seconds, seemed to occupy minutes; but besides this, nothing wonderful happened. The subsequent nervous effect—I can not call it reaction, when there had been so little action—was as

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unpleasant as before; and I can thoroughly comprehend how a course of hashish-eating must end in the degrading deterioration of the mental and moral character described by eastern travelers and others. The following day, in the presence of a very slight danger—one which would not have in the least degree affected me at another time—I felt cowed, incapable, and terrified. I have resolved not to repeat an experiment which has twice proved so disagreeable. As to the very small doses, they seem to be harmless and agreeable in their effect, under one condition, that while their action lasts, the mind and body remain inactive. Any exertion of thought, even so much as in writing a letter, destroys the agreeable effect, and changes it to a feeling of impatience and feverishness."

Mr. Bayard Taylor has placed on record the results of two experiments on the effects of hashish. The first was while he was in a boat upon the Nile. He took the narcotic in a mild form and moderate quantity, and describes his sensations as being "physically, of exquisite lightness and airiness; mentally, of a wonderfully keen perception of the ludicrous in the most simple and familiar objects." While the fit lasted, he was perfectly able to observe and reflect upon his feelings. "I noted with careful attention the fine sensations which spread through the whole tissue of my nervous fiber, each thrill helping to divest my frame of its earthly and material nature, until my substance appeared to me no grosser than the vapors of the atmosphere. The objects by which I was surrounded assumed a strange and whimsical expression. My pipe, the oars which my boatmen plied, the turban worn by the captain, the water-jars and culinary implements, became in themselves so inexpressibly absurd and comical, that I was provoked into a long fit of laughter. The hallucination died away as gradually as it came, leaving me overcome with a soft and pleasant drowsiness, from which I sank into a deep refreshing sleep." This experiment, Mr. Bayard Taylor tells us, only excited his curiosity, and prompted him for once to throw himself wholly under the influence of the drug. Being at Damascus with an English gentleman and his wife and a brother American, he determined upon a repetition of the narcotic dose in an intenser form; and the two other gentlemen of the party agreed to join him in the trial. A dragoman, on being commissioned to procure the drug, demanded, in the *lingua franca* of the East, whether he should purchase hashish "*per ridere, o per dormire.*" "Oh! *per ridere*, of course," was the answer. It seems that it is the custom with the Syrians "to take a small portion immediately before the evening meal, as it is thus diffused through the stomach, and acts more gradually, as well as more gently, upon the system. The Englishman objected to Mr. Taylor's proposal to take it, following the Syrian example, at dinner; and it was agreed that it should be in the evening, when the parties under its influence might be more in private, and retire, if they pleased, to their separate apartments. Not knowing the proper quantity to take, and finding that a teaspoonful of the preparation had no immediate effect, an additional dose was swallowed by each of the three, and its effect hastened by a cup of hot tea. It appeared afterwards, that they had taken at least six times the proper quantity. We have to thank this accident for by very much the most curious and amusing account we have read of the effects of this extraordinary drug:

"I was seated alone nearly in the middle of the room, talking with my friends who were lounging upon a sofa placed in a sort of alcove at the further end, when the same fine nervous thrill of which I have spoken suddenly shot through me. But this time it was accompanied by a burning sensation at the pit of the stomach; and instead of growing upon me with the gradual pace of healthy slumber, and resolving me, as before, into air, it came with the intensity of a pang, and shot throbbing along the nerves to the extremities of my body. The sense of limitation, of the confinement of our senses within the bounds of our own flesh and blood, instantly fell away. The walls of my frame were burst outward and tumbled into ruin; and, without thinking what form I wore—losing sight even of all idea of form—I felt that I existed throughout a vast extent of space. The blood pulsed from my heart, sped through uncounted leagues before it reached my extremities; the air drawn into my lungs expanded into seas of limpid ether and the arch of my skull was breader than the vault of heaven. Within the concave that held my brain were the fathomless deeps of blue; clouds floated there, and the winds of heaven rolled them together, and there shone the sun. It was — though I thought not of that at the time—like a revelation of the mystery of omnipresence. It is difficult to describe this sensation, or the rapidity with which it mastered me. In the state of mental exaltation in which I was then plunged, all sensations as they rose suggested more or less coherent images. They presented themselves to me in a double form: one physical, and therefore to a certain extent

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tangible; the other spiritual, and revealing itself in a succession of splendid metaphors. The physical feeling of extended being was accompanied by the image of an exploding meteor, not subsiding into darkness, but continuing to shoot from its center or nucleus—which corresponded to the burning spot at the pit of my stomach — incessant adumbrations (?) of light, that finally lost themselves in the infinity of space. . . . . My curiosity was now in a way of being satisfied; the spirit (demon shall I not rather say?) of hashish had entire possession me. I was cast upon this flood of his illusions, and drifted helplessly whithersoever they might choose to bear me. The thrills which ran through my nervous system became more rapid and fierce, accompanied by sensations that steeped my whole being in unutterable rapture. I was encompassed by a sea of light, through which played the pure harmonious colors that are born of light. While endeavoring, in broken expressions, to describe my feelings to my friends, who sat looking upon me incredulously, not yet having been affected by the drug, I suddenly found myself at the foot of the great pyramid of Cheops. The tapering courses of yellow limestone gleamed like gold in the sun; and the pile rose so high, that it seemed to lean for support upon the blue arch of the sky. I wished to ascend it; and the wish alone placed me immediately upon its apex. . . . . I cast my eyes downward, and to my astonishment saw that it was built, not of limestone but of huge square plugs of Cavendish tobacco. . . . . I writhed in my chair in an agony of laughter, which was only relieved by the vision melting away like a dissolving view; till another and more wonderful vision arose. . . . . I despair of representing its exceeding glory. I was moving over the desert, not upon the rocking dromedary, but seated in a barque made of mother-of-pearl, and studded with jewels of surpassing lustre. The sand was of grains of gold; the air was radiant, though no sun was to be seen; I inhaled the most delicious perfumes; and harmonies, such as Beethoven may have heard in dreams, but never wrote, floated around me. The atmosphere itself was light, odor, music; and each and all sublimated beyond any thing the sober senses are capable of receiving. Before me, for a thousand leagues, as it seemed, stretched a vista of rainbows. . . . . By thousands and tens of thousands they flew past me, as my dazzling barge sped down the magnificent arcade. . . . . I reveled in a sensuous elysium, which was perfect, because no sense was left ungratified. But beyond all, my mind was filled with a boundless feeling of triumph. My journey was that of a conqueror, . . . . victorious over the grandest as well as the subtlest forces of nature. The spirits of light, color, odor, sound, and motion were my slaves; and I was master of the universe. . . . . Those finer senses, which occupy a middle ground between our animal and intellectual appetites, were suddenly developed to a pitch beyond what I had ever dreamed, and gratified to the fullest extent of their preternatural capacity. Mohammed's paradise . . . . . would have been a poor and mean terminus for my arcade of rainbows. Yet in the character of this paradise, in the gorgeous fancies of the Arabian Nights, in the glow and luxury of all oriental poetry, I now recognize more or less of the agency of hashish. The fullness of my rapture expanded the sense of time; and though the whole vision was probably not more than five minutes in passing, years seemed to have elapsed."

Hashish-eaters agree in this curious experience of the exaggeration of the idea of time. M. Moreau, an habitual swallower of this narcotic, states that one evening, in traversing the passage of the Opera under its influence, the time occupied in taking a few steps seemed to be hours, and the passage interminable. But to return to Mr. Taylor's visions:

"By and by the rainbows, the barque, etc., vanished; and, still bathed in light and perfume, I found myself in a land of green and flowery lawns. . . . . The people who came from the hills, with brilliant garments that shone in the sun, besought me to give them the blessing of water. Their hands were full of branches of the coral-honeysuckle, in bloom. These I took; and breaking off the flowers one by one set them in the earth. The slender trumpet-like tubes immediately became shafts of masonry; the lip of the flower changed into a circular mouth of rose-colored marble; and the people lowered their pitchers, and drew them up again, filled to the brim and dripping with honey."

Strange to say, all the time these visions were going on, Mr. Taylor was perfectly conscious that he was seated in an apartment of Antonio's hotel in Damascus, and that his dreams were all simply the result of having taken hashish.

"Metaphysicians," he remarks, "say that the mind is incapable of performing two operations at the same time, and may attempt to explain this phenomenon by supposing a rapid and incessant vibration of the perceptions between the two states. This explanation, however, is not satisfactory to me; for not more clearly does a skillful musician with the same breath blow two distinct musical notes from a bugle than I was conscious of two distinct conditions of being in the same moment. Yet singular as it may seem, neither conflicted with the other. My enjoyment of the visions was complete and absolute, and undisturbed by the faintest doubt of their reality; while, in some other chamber of my brain, Reason sat coolly watching them, and heaping the liveliest ridicule on their fantastic features."

It will occur to many of our readers,

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that the only phenomenon that resembles the above, in a normal mental state, is that of what is commonly and expressively called poetic inspiration, in which the most lively and passionate realization of a series of events and images goes on simultaneously with the conscious exercise of the cold skill of the artistic intellect.

"The drug, which had been retarded in its operation on account of having been taken after a meal, now began to make itself more powerfully felt. The visions were more grotesque than ever, but less agreeable; and there was a painful tension throughout my nervous system. . . . . I was a mass of transparent jelly, and a confectioner poured me into a twisted mould. I threw my chair aside, and writhed and tortured myself for some time to force my loose substance into the mould. At last when I had so far succeeded that only one foot remained outside, it was lifted off, and another mould, of still more crooked and intricate shape, substituted. I have no doubt that the contortions through which I went to accomplish the end of my gelatinous destiny would have been extremely ludicrous to a spectator, but to me they were painful and disagreeable. The sober half of me went into fits of laughter over them. . . . . I had laughed until my eyes overflowed profusely. Every drop that fell immediately became a large loaf of bread, and tumbled upon the shop-board of a baker at Damascus. The more I laughed, the faster the loaves fell, until such a pile was raised about the baker that I could hardly see the top of his head. 'The man will be suffocated,' I cried; 'but if he were to die, I can not stop.' My perceptions now became more dim and confused. I felt that I was in the grasp of some giant force, and in the glimmering of my fading reason grew earnestly alarmed; for the terrible stress under which my frame labored increased every minute. A fierce and furious heat radiated from my stomach throughout my system; my mouth and throat were as dry and hard as if made of brass; and my tongue it seemed to me, was a bar of rusty iron."

In this condition Mr. Taylor remained for some time, deriving no alleviation from great draughts of water, "heaving sighs that seemed to shatter his whole being;" and yet, at this crisis of his insanity, he was fully able to remark that "there was a scream of the wildest laughter, and my countryman sprang upon the floor, exclaiming: 'Ye gods, I am a locomotive!' This was his ruling hallucination; and for the space of two or three hours he continued to pace to and fro, with a measured stride, exhaling his breath in violent jets; and, when he spoke, dividing his words into syllables, each of which he brought out with a jerk; at the same time turning his hands at his sides, as if they were the cranks of imaginary wheels." The Englishman, on finding the drug begin to act, characteristically retired to his apartment, and could never be prevailed upon to relate the results. Midnight arrived, though every minute appeared centuries, and the terrific trance still continued:

"By this time I had passed through the paradise of hashish, and was plunged into its fiercest hell. . . . . The excited blood rushed through my frame with a sound like the roaring of mighty waters. It was projected into my eyes until I could no longer see; it beat thickly in my ears; and so throbbed in my heart, that I feared the ribs would give way under its blows. I tore open my vest, placed my hand over the spot, and tried to count the pulsations; but there were two hearts, one beating at the rate of a thousand beats a minute, and the other with a slow dull motion. My throat, I thought, was filled to the brim with blood, and streams of blood were pouring from my ears. . . . . I fled from the room, and walked over the flat terraced roof of the house. My body seemed to shrink and grow rigid, and my face to become wild, lean, and haggard. . . . . Involuntarily I raised my hand to feel the leanness and sharpness of my face. O horror! the flesh had fallen from my bones, and it was a skeleton-head I carried on my shoulders. With one bound I sprang to the parapet, and looked down into the silent courtyard, then filled with the shadows thrown into it by the rising moon. Shall I cast myself down headlong? was the question I proposed to myself; but though the horror of the skeleton delusion was worse than the fear of death, there was an invisible hand at my breast which pushed me away from the brink. I made my way back to the room in a state of the keenest suffering. My companion was still a locomotive, rushing to and fro, and jerking out his syllables with the disjointed accent peculiar to a steam-engine. His mouth had turned to brass, like mine, and his hand raised the pitcher to his lips in the attempt to moisten it; but, before he had taken a mouthful, set the pitcher down again with a yell of laughter, crying out: 'How can I take water into my boiler, while I am letting off steam?'"

Mr. Taylor tells us that he was too far gone to fall into the absurdity of this. He felt himself sinking deeper and deeper into unutterable agony and despair. There was nothing resembling ordinary pain; but a distress, from tension of nerve, which could not be described, because unlike any previous experience, and which was far worse than any pain. The remnant of the will was gradually disappear-

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ing, without any corresponding diminution of consciousness; and a dreadful fear arose that what he was now suffering was real and permanent insanity. Indeed, it appears from a fact mentioned by Dr. Madden in his *Travels in Turkey, etc.*, that this fear was not so groundless as Mr. Taylor afterwards came to regard it. Dr. Madden assures us that out of thirteen male inmates of a Turkish mad-house, no fewer than four had gone mad from over-doses of hashish. The rest of this profoundly interesting and vividly-expressed description, which we have reluctantly abridged, must be given in Mr. Taylor's words:

"The thought of death, which also haunted me, was far less bitter than this dread. I knew that in the struggle which was going on in my frame, I was borne fearfully near the dark gulf; and the thought that, at such a time, both reason and will were leaving my brain filled me with an agony, the depth and blackness of which I should vainly attempt to portray. I threw myself on my bed, the excited blood still roaring wildly in my ears, my heart throbbing with a force that seemed to be rapidly wearing away my life, my throat dry as a potsherd, and my stiffened tongue cleaving to the roof of my mouth. My companion was approaching the same condition; but as the effect of the drug upon him had been less violent, so his stage of suffering was more clamorous. He cried out to me that he was dying, and reproached me vehemently because I lay there silent, motionless, and apparently careless of his danger. 'Why will he disturb me?' I thought. 'He thinks he is dying, but what is death to madness? Let him die; a thousand deaths were more easily borne than the pangs I suffer.' While I was sufficiently conscious to hear his exclamations, they only provoked my keen anger; but after a time, my senses became clouded, and I sank into a stupor. As near as I can judge, this must have been three o'clock in the morning, rather more than five hours after the hashish began to take effect. I lay thus all the following day and night, in a state of blank oblivion, broken only by a single wandering gleam of consciousness. I recollect hearing François' voice. He told me afterwards that I rose, attempted to dress myself, drank two cups of coffee, and then fell back into the same death-like stupor; but of all this I did not retain the least knowledge. On the morning of the second day, *after a sleep of thirty hours*, I awoke again to the world, with a system utterly prostrate and unstrung, and a brain clouded with the lingering images of my visions. I knew where I was, and what had happened to me; but all that I saw still remained unreal and shadowy. There was no taste in what I ate, no refreshment in what I drank; and it required a painful effort to comprehend what was said to me, and return a coherent answer. Will and reason had come back, but they still sat unsteadily on their thrones. My friend, who was much further advanced in his recovery, accompanied me to the adjoining bath, which I hoped would assist in restoring me. It was with great difficulty that I preserved the outward appearance of consciousness. In spite of myself, a vail now and then fell over my mind; and after wandering for years, as it seemed, in some distant world, I awoke with a shock to find myself in the steamy halls of the bath, with a brown Syrian polishing my limbs. . . . . A glass of very acid sherbet was presented to me, and after drinking it, I experienced instant relief. Still the spell was not wholly broken, and for two or three days I continued subject to frequent involuntary fits of absence, which made me insensible for the time to all that was passing around me. I walked the streets of Damascus with a strange consciousness that I was in some other place at the same time, and with a constant effort to reünite my divided perceptions. Previous to the experiment, we had decided on making a bargain for the journey to Palmyra. . . . . But all the charm which lay in the name of Palmyra, and the romantic interest of the trip, was gone. I was without courage and without energy, and nothing remained for me but to leave Damascus.

"Yet, fearful as my rash experiment proved to me, I did not regret having made it. It revealed to me deeps of rapture and of suffering which my natural faculties never could have sounded. It has taught me the majesty of human reason and of human will, even in the weakest; and the awful peril of tampering with that which assails their integrity."

The action of hashish, like that of opium, is very different with different persons. We have heard of several attempts to excite the fantasia proving utter failures; indeed, failure seems to be far more frequent than success. Probably the experience of M. de Saulcy and his friends, recorded in his *Journey round the Dead Sea*, would be that of at least nine English, or French, hashish-eaters out of ten. "The experiment," says this traveler, "to which we had recourse for an amusement, proved so extremely disagreeable, that I may say with certainty that none of us is likely to wish to try it again. Hashish is an abominable poison, . . . which we had the folly to take in excessive doses one New-Year's day. We expected a delightful evening; but were nearly killed through our imprudence. I, who had taken the largest dose, remained insensible for above twenty-four hours; after which I woke to find myself completely shattered in nerves, and subject

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to nervous spasms and incoherent dreams, which seemed to last hundreds of years."

It is to be observed, that almost all the foregoing experiments were made with doses far greater than are usually taken by habitual hashish-eaters in the East. According to Dr. O'Shaughnessy, half a grain is considered a sufficient quantity to be taken at a time in India. There is no proof that, when taken with moderation, and with the purpose only of causing the gentle exhilaration produced by a prudent use of wine or tea, the one would be more damaging than the others. The testimonies of Dr. Burnes, Dr. Macpherson, and Dr. Eatwell, (quoted by Johnston,) concerning the amount of effect produced by opium in countries where it is habitually taken, might probably stand good for hashish also. Dr. Burnes, long resident at the court of Scinde, writes, that "in general the natives do not suffer much from the use of opium. It does not seem to destroy the powers of the body, or to enervate the mind, to the degree that might be imagined." Dr. Macpherson observes of the Chinese, that "although the habit of smoking opium is universal among rich and poor, yet they are a powerful, muscular, and athletic people; and the lower orders more intelligent, and far superior in mental acquirements, to those of corresponding rank in our country." Dr. Eatwell writes:

"The question to be determined is, not what are the effects of opium used in excess, but what are its effects on the moral and physical constitution of the mass of individuals who use it habitually, and in moderation, either as a stimulant to sustain the frame under fatigue, or as a restorative and sedative after labor, bodily or mental? Having passed three years in China, I can affirm thus far, that the effects of the abuse of the drug do not come very frequently under observation; and that when cases do occur, the habit is frequently found to have been induced by the presence of some painful chronic disease, to escape from the sufferings of which the patient has fled to this resource. . . . There are doubtless many who indulge in the habit to a pernicious extent, led by the same morbid influences which induce men to become drunkards in even the most civilized countries; but these cases do not, at all events, come before the public eye. As regards the effects of the habitual use of the drug on the mass of the people, I must affirm that no injurious results are visible. . . . . I conclude, therefore, that proofs are wanting to show that the moderate use of opium produces more pernicious effects upon the constitution than the moderate use of spirituous liquors; whilst, at the same time, it is certain that the consequences of the former are less appalling in their effects upon the victim, and less disastrous to society at large, than the consequences of the abuse of the latter." (*Pharmaceutical Journal*, Vol. 11.)

Hashish is now in considerable use as a medicament, under the name of *Cannabis indica*; and its therapeutic application seems destined to be much extended, particularly in connection with nervous derangements, as its properties become better understood. Indeed, the above statements with reference to the comparative innocuousness of moderate opium-eating, and the facts, that hashish is habitually used by between two and three hundred millions, and that it is, if any thing, less injurious than opium, and much more generally palatable, suggest the possibility of its one day becoming an article of extensive consumption among us. Its effects, when moderately taken, greatly resemble those of tea; and it is a curious fact, that the effects of tea, in excessive strength, are not unlike those of hashish. Most persons have their nervous system unstrung and shattered for a time by excess in the beverage "which cheers but not inebriates," and such seems to be the effect on most persons of too much hashish; but furthermore, insensibility and hallucination are produceable by tea as well as hashish. The friend who supplied us with his hashish-experiences also supplies us with the following account of the result of an excess in tea-drinking. The resemblance to some of the most peculiar effects of hashish in large doses will strike all who have read the foregoing pages:

"Being under an unusual stress of work, which demanded great activity of brain, I had recourse, as usual, to tea for excitement. For several days successively I took a basin of very strong tea four or five times a day. One night, as I was sitting alone with my mother, and writing, I felt a sudden dizziness overcome me immediately after a draught of tea stronger than any I had taken yet, and requested my mother to get me a glass of sherry from the sideboard. Consciousness of surrounding objects left me, and I fell into a dream, which I can only describe by saying it was indescribably terrific. It seemed to last for ages, and I awoke with the horror of a soul which had been an eternity in hell. My mother was standing before me with the sherry. I asked her how long I had been insensible. She asked me what I meant; she had just returned with the sherry, not having been absent half a minute."

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From the London Quarterly.

# DR. LIVINGSTONE'S RESEARCHES IN SOUTH-AFRICA.*

[THE article in two previous Numbers of THE ECLECTIC was on Northern and Central Africa, by Dr. BARTH. This article, it will be observed, is on Southern Africa, by Dr. LIVINGSTONE, which "balances" the historical account of that vast continent.—EDITOR ECLECTIC.]

WITH a brief sketch of the adventures and discoveries of Dr. Livingstone, the public have long ago been supplied by the kindness of the Directors of the London Missionary Society; but the national interest in African discovery was only stimulated by that contribution, and is not even now abated. A proof of this we have in the sale of more than twenty thousand copies of an octavo volume of seven hundred pages—a demand which is as creditable to the public taste, as it must be satisfactory to the publisher, and to Dr. Livingstone himself. And now that we are in possession of the book, so long expected, and so eagerly desired, we find, contrary to ordinary experience, that it far exceeds our sanguine anticipations, and surpasses in interest the most exciting narratives of modern travel and adventure. Our great difficulty is, how to do justice to the labors and discoveries of this great man within the ordinary limits of an article like the present. The volume contains the narrative of no less than FIVE important journeys of exploration; and in presenting to our readers a comprehensive view of these, and of their results, with as much brevity as will be consistent with definiteness and correctness of outline, we shall allow the author, as much as possible, to speak for himself. Should space permit, we purpose to add a few remarks explanatory of the importance of these extraordinary discoveries in Central South-Africa, in connection with the missionary and other civilizing agencies which in all probability will, ere long, be brought to bear upon this long-neglected portion of our world.

The author's autobiography is a gem which we should like to have set in our pages; but the space allowed to us forbids. His grandfather fell at Culloden, fighting for the Stuarts. His father, born at Ulva, one of the Western Highlands, removed to the Blantyre Cotton Works, near Glasgow, where Dr. Livingstone, at the age of ten, began to work as a piecer. The narrative of his early life is a true and remarkable history of the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," of which Scotch students especially have given us so many noble examples. By the labor of his own hands, he supported himself while attending the Medical and Greek classes in the University of Glasgow, and the Theological Lectures of Dr. Wardlaw. At length, having been admitted a Licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, he offered himself to the London Missionary Society, and was by them accepted, and sent to South-Africa in the year 1840.

The years from 1840 to 1849 were spent in the discharge of the duties of a Missionary at or near Kolobeng, (25° south latitude, 25° east longitude,) situated about two hundred miles north of the Kuruman, the Station of the well-known Rev. Robert Moffat, who, in due time, became the father-in-law of our author. The quiet, unexciting routine of ordinary missionary labor in South-Africa is described to the life, as our experience can testify. But this was not to be the only sphere in which, to the end of his days, our author was to serve his generation by the will of God: and thus we have to explain the circumstances which all but compelled Livingstone the Missionary to become an explorer and pioneer of discovery in South-Africa. The vicinity of the emigrant Boers, their enmity to missionaries, and their determination to shut

* *Missionary Travels and Researches in South-Africa, including a Sixteen Years' Residence in the Interior of Africa.* By DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL.D., D.C.L. With Portrait, Maps, and numerous Illustrations. Murray. 1857.

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up the native tribes in the locality of Kolobeng from all intercourse with the Cape Colony, led the thoughtful and enterprising missionary to consider whether other positions might not be found, equally healthy, and having the additional advantage of communicating, by means of a navigable river, with the sea. He had as the chief of his station a man of remarkable intelligence, named Sechele, who ruled over the Bakwains, and who enjoyed the friendship and confidence of the chief of the Makololo, Sebituane, the Napoleon of Central South-Africa, whose authority was afterwards found to extend to the Zambezi, and beyond as far as 14° south latitude. Sechele appreciated and sympathized with the enlarged views of his spiritual teacher. The great point was to cross the dreaded Kalahari Desert, and reach the Lake Ngami, which, for half a century past, the natives had described as existing beyond, but which no native or European had as yet reached from Kolobeng. Dr. Livingstone, accompanied by Messrs. Oswell and Murray, commenced the *first* of his exploratory journeys on the 1st of June, 1849, skirting the Desert as far as possible, rather than passing through it. It is described as "by no means destitute of vegetation and inhabitants; for it is covered with grass and a great variety of creeping plants." It has, however, no running water, and very little in wells. Travelers have to depend upon the wild water-melon for liquid support for their cattle, etc. A journey of two months over this arid plain was followed by the discovery, first of the Zouga River, which flows from Lake Ngami, and on the 1st of August, 1849, by the discovery of the lake itself. In the *second* journey to the lake, which commenced April, 1850, Dr. Livingstone was accompanied by Mrs. Livingstone and family, and by the chief Sechele, hoping to be able to pass beyond, and visit the Chief of the Makololo, Sebituane: but the fever which afflicted his children prevented the farther prosecution of his journey. He had so far accomplished the crossing of the Desert, hitherto deemed impracticable, and had found a noble river, and a fresh-water lake. The river is a fine stream, running through a fertile country, sufficient of itself to vindicate the character of the central plateau of Southern Africa from the reproach of barrenness. The lake is shallow, and is from seventy to one hundred miles in circumference. From Kolobeng to Lake Ngami is a gradual descent of two thousand feet; and this lake and its rivers are, in fact, the beginning of the basin of the great river system of the central plateau of Southern Africa, which is here nearly three thousand feet above the level of the sea. Beyond the lake, large tracts of country are annually inundated by the tropical rains, and the lake and its rivers form the extreme southern drainage of this river district. The inhabitants of this part of South-Africa, called Bakoba, are "the Quakers of the body politic in Africa," always submitting to their warlike neighbors, navigating the rivers in their rude canoes, hollowed out of the trunk of a tree, and forming a nation of inland sailors, in this respect resembling other tribes residing near the rivers of this part of South-Africa, as Dr. Livingstone afterwards discovered, and differing from the Kaffir tribes nearer the Cape Colony.

The *third* journey, in which Dr. Livingstone was accompanied by Mr. Oswell, and by his own family, commenced in the spring of 1851. The route followed was directly north, leaving the lake to the westward. Great sufferings were endured from the absence of water; and when they reached the Mababe River, other troubles awaited them. The oxen were bitten by the poisonous fly *tsetse*, an insect which is also found on the banks of the Limpopo River, which runs into Delagoa Bay. Many traders and explorers from the Cape have suffered from this little nuisance. In all cases the bite is fatal to oxen and horses, while human beings, wild animals, the ass, the mule, and the goat, escape with impunity. We must copy the description of this insignificant yet formidable insect, which was found by Dr. Barth in and near Lake Tshad, has been noticed by travelers in Abyssinia, and is, perhaps, alluded to by the Prohet Isaiah, (7 : 18.)

"It is not much larger than the common house-fly, and is nearly of the same brown color as the common honey-bee; the after-part of the body has three or four yellow bars across it; the wings project beyond this part considerably, and it is remarkably alert, avoiding most dexterously all attempts to capture it with the hand, at common temperatures; in the cool of the mornings and evenings it is less agile. Its peculiar buzz when once heard can never be forgotten by the traveler whose means of loco-.

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motion are domestic animals; for it is well known that the bite of this poisonous insect is certain death to the ox, horse, and dog. In this journey, though we were not aware of any great number having at any time lighted on our cattle, we lost forty-three fine oxen by its bite. We watched the animals carefully, and believe that not a score of flies were ever upon them.

"A most remarkable feature in the bite of the tsetse is its perfect harmlessness in man and wild animals, and even calves so long as they continue to suck the cows. We never experienced the slightest injury from them ourselves, personally, although we lived two months in their *habitat*, which was in this case as sharply defined as in many others; for the south bank of the Chobe was infested by them, and the northern bank, where our cattle were placed, only fifty yards distant, contained not a single specimen. This was the more remarkable, as we often saw natives carrying over raw meat to the opposite bank with many tsetse settled upon it." (Pp. 80, 81.)

It may be that this plague of the intertropical regions of Africa has not been altogether without its compensating advantages. May it not have compelled the native tribes to become agricultural? But for this check upon the keeping of cattle, the central plains of Africa might have been occupied by tribes of wandering Negro-Tartars, instead of being crowded with nations who are all cultivators of the ground. From the Mababe, our travelers proceeded to the Chobe River, and at Simyati met with the great Chief Sebituane, who is too remarkable a man to be passed over without due notice. Notwithstanding the length of the ensuing extract, our readers will, no doubt, pardon its insertion; indeed, many will probably thank us for not attempting to abridge, and not venturing to omit, a portraiture so full of character and interest:

"Sebituane was about forty-five years of age; of a tall and wiry form, an olive or coffee-and-milk color, and slightly bald; in manner cool and collected, and more frank in his answers than any other chief I ever met. He was the greatest warrior ever heard of beyond the colony; for, unlike Mosilikatse, Dingaan, and others, he always led his men into battle himself. When he saw the enemy, he felt the edge of his battle-axe, and said: 'Aha! it is sharp, and whoever turns his back on the enemy will feel its edge.' So fleet of foot was he, that all his people knew there was no escape for the coward; as any such would be cut down without mercy. In some instances of skulking, he allowed the individual to return home; then calling him, he would say: 'Ah! you prefer dying at home to dying in the field, do you? You shall have your desire.' This was the signal for his immediate execution.

"He came from the country near the sources of the Likwa and Namagári rivers in the south; so we met him eight hundred or nine hundred miles from his birth-place. He was not the son of a chief, though related closely to the reigning family of the Basútu; and when in an attack by Sikonyéle the tribe was driven out of one part, Sebituane was one in that immense horde of savages driven back by the Griquas from Kuruman in 1824. He then fled to the north with an insignificant party of men and cattle. At Melita the Bangwaketse collected the Bakwains, Bakátla, and Bahurutse, to 'eat them up.' Placing his men in front, and the women behind the cattle, he routed the whole of his enemies at one blow. Having thus conquered Makábe, the Chief of the Bangwaketse, he took immediate possession of his town and all his goods.

"Sebituane subsequently settled at the place called Litubaruba, where Sechele now dwells, and his people suffered severely in one of those unrecorded attacks by white men, in which murder is committed and materials laid up in the conscience for a future judgment.

"A great variety of fortune followed him in the northern part of the Bechuana country; twice he lost all his cattle by the attacks of the Matabele, but always kept his people together, and retook more than he lost. He then crossed the Desert by nearly the same path that we did. He had captured a guide; and, as it was necessary to travel by night in order to reach water, the guide took advantage of this and gave him the slip. After marching till morning, and going as they thought right, they found themselves on the trail of the day before. Many of his cattle burst away from him in the frenzy of thirst, and rushed back to Serotli, then a large piece of water, and to Mashūe and Lopépe, the habitations of their original owners. He stocked himself again among the Batletli, on Lake Kumadau, whose herds were of the large-horned species of cattle.* Conquering all around the lake, he heard of white men living at the west coast; and haunted by what seems to have been the dream of his whole life, a desire to have intercourse with the white man, he passed away to the south-west, into the parts opened up lately by Messrs. Galton and Andersson. There, suffering intensely from thirst, he and his party came to a small well. He decided that the men, not the cattle, should drink it, the former being of most value, as they could fight for more, should these be lost. In the

* "We found the Batauána in possession of this breed when we discovered Lake Ngami. One of these horns, brought to England by Major Vardon, will hold no less than twenty-one imperial pints of water; and a pair, brought by Mr. Oswell, and now in the possession of Colonel Steele, measures from tip to tip eight and a half feet."

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morning they found the cattle had escaped to the Damarás.

"Returning to the north poorer than he started, he ascended the Teoughe to the hill Sorila, and crossed over a swampy country to the eastwards. Pursuing his course onwards to the low-lying basin of the Leeambye, he saw that it presented no attraction to a pastoral tribe like his; so he moved down that river among the Bashubía and Batoka, who were then living in all their glory. His narrative resembled closely the *Commentaries of Cæsar*, and the history of the British in India. He was always forced to attack the different tribes, and to this day his men justify every step he took, as perfectly just and right. The Batoka lived on large islands in the Leeambye, or Zambesi; and, feeling perfectly secure in their fastnesses, often allured fugitive or wandering tribes on to uninhabited islets on pretense of ferrying them across, and there left them to perish for the sake of their goods. Sekomi, the chief of the Bamangwato, was, when a child, in danger of meeting this fate; but a man still living had compassion on him, and enabled his mother to escape with him by night. The river is so large, that the sharpest eye can not tell the difference between an island and the bend of the opposite bank; but Sebituane, with his usual foresight, requested the island chief who ferried him across to take his seat in the canoe with him, and detained him by his side till all his people and cattle were safely landed. The whole Batoka country was then densely peopled, and they had a curious taste for ornamenting their villages with the skulls of strangers. When Sebituane appeared near the great falls, an immense army collected to make trophies of the Makololo skulls; but instead of succeeding in this they gave him a good excuse for conquering them, and capturing so many cattle that his people were quite incapable of taking any note of the sheep and goats. He overran all the high lands towards the Kafúe, and settled in what is called a pastoral country, of gently undulating plains, covered with short grass and but little forest. The Makololo have never lost their love for this fine healthy region.

"But the Matebele, a Kaffir or Zulu tribe, under Mosilikatse, crossed the Zambesi; and, attacking Sebituane in this choice spot, captured his cattle and women. Rallying his men, he followed and re-captured the whole. A fresh attack was also repulsed, and Sebituane thought of going further down the Zambesi, to the country of the white men. He had an idea, whence imbibed I never could learn, that if he had a cannon he might live in peace. He had led a life of war, yet no one apparently desired peace more than he did. A prophet induced him to turn his face again to the westward. This man, by name Tlapáne, was called a 'senoga'—one who holds intercourse with the gods. He probably had a touch of insanity; for he was in the habit of retiring no one knew whither, but perhaps into some cave, to remain in a hypnotic or mesmeric state until the moon was full. Then, returning to the tribe quite emaciated, he excited himself, as others do who pretend to the prophetic *afflatus*, until he was in a state of ecstasy. These pretended prophets commence their operations by violent action of the voluntary muscles. Stamping, leaping, and shouting in a peculiarly violent manner, or beating the ground with a club, they induce a kind of fit, and while in it pretend that their utterances are unknown to themselves. Tlapáne, pointing eastwards, said: 'There, Sebituane, I behold a fire: shun it; it is a fire which may scorch thee. The gods say, Go not thither.' Then, turning to the west, he said: 'I see a city and a nation of black men, men of the water; their cattle are red; thine own tribe, Sebituane, is perishing, and will be all consumed; thou wilt govern black men, and, when thy warriors have captured red cattle, let not the owners be killed; they are thy future tribe, they are thy city; let them be spared to cause thee to build. And thou, Ramosinii, thy village will perish utterly. If Mokari removes from that village, he will perish first, and thou, Ramosinii, wilt be the last to die.' Concerning himself, he added: 'The gods have caused other men to drink water, but to me they have given bitter water of the *chukuru*, (rhinoceros.) They call me away myself. I can not stay much longer.'

"This vaticination, which loses much in the translation, I have given rather fully, as it shows an observant mind. The policy recommended was wise, and the deaths of the 'senoga' and of the two men he had named, added to the destruction of their village, having all happened soon after, it is not wonderful that Sebituane followed implicitly the warning voice. The fire pointed to was evidently the Portuguese fire-arms, of which he must have heard. The black men referred to were the Barotse, or, as they term themselves, Baloiána; and Sebituane spared their chiefs, even though they attacked him first. He had ascended the Barotse valley, but was pursued by the Matebele, as Mosilikatse never could forgive his former defeats. They came up the river in a very large body. Sebituane placed some goats on one of the large islands of the Zambesi, as a bait to the warriors, and some men in canoes to coöperate in the maneuver. When they were all ferried over to the island, the canoes were removed, and the Matebele found themselves completely in a trap, being perfectly unable to swim. They subsisted for some time on the roots of grass after the goats were eaten, but gradually became so emaciated, that, when the Makololo landed, they had only to perform the part of executioners on the adults, and to adopt the rest into their own tribe. Afterwards Mosilikatse was goaded on by his warriors to revenge this loss; so he sent an immense army, carrying canoes with them, in order that no such mishap might occur again. Sebituane had by this time incorporated the Barotse, and taught his young men to manage canoes; so he went from island to island, and watched the Mate-

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bele on the mainland so closely that they could not use their canoes to cross the river any where without parting their forces. At last all the Makololo and their cattle were collected on the island of Loyélo; and lay all around, keeping watch night and day over the enemy. After some time spent in this way, Sebituane went in a canoe towards them, and, addressing them by an interpreter, asked why they wished to kill him; he had never attacked them, never harmed their chief: 'Au!' he continued, 'the guilt is on your side.' The Matebele made no reply; but the Makololo next day saw the canoes they had carried so far, lying smashed, and the owners gone. They returned towards their own country, and fever, famine, and the Batoka completed their destruction; only five men returned to Mosilikatse.

"Sebituane had now not only conquered all the black tribes over an immense tract of country, but had made himself dreaded even by the terrible Mosilikatse. He never could trust this ferocious chief, however; and, as the Batoka on the islands had been guilty of ferrying his enemies across the Zambesi, he made a rapid descent upon them, and swept them all out of their island fastnesses. He thus unwittingly performed a good service to the country, by completely breaking down the old system which prevented trade from penetrating into the great central valley. Of the chiefs who escaped, he said, 'They love Mosilikatse, let them live with him: Zambesi is my line of defense;' and men were placed all along it as sentinels. When he heard of our wish to visit him, he did all he could to assist our approach. Sechele, Sekomi, and Lechulatebe, owed their lives to his clemency; and the latter might have paid dearly for his obstructiveness. Sebituane knew every thing that happened in the country; for he had the art of gaining the affections both of his own people and of strangers. When a party of poor men came to his town to sell their hoes or skins, no matter how ungainly they might be, he soon knew them all. A company of these indigent strangers, sitting far apart from the Makololo gentlemen around the chief, would be surprised to see him come alone to them, and, sitting down, inquire if they were hungry. He would order an attendant to bring meal, milk, and honey, and, mixing them in their sight in order to remove any suspicion from their minds, make them feast, perhaps for the first time in their lives, on a lordly dish. Delighted beyond measure with his affability and liberality, they felt their hearts warm towards him, and gave him all the information in their power; and as he never allowed a party of strangers to go away without giving every one of them, servants and all, a present, his praises were sounded far and wide. 'He has a heart! he is wise!' were the usual expressions we heard before we saw him.

"He was much pleased with the proof of confidence we had shown in bringing our children, and promised to take us to see his country, so that we might choose a part in which to locate ourselves. Our plan was, that I should remain in the pursuit of my objects as a missionary, while Mr. Oswell explored the Zambesi to the east. Poor Sebituane, however, just after realizing what he had so long ardently desired, fell sick of inflammation of the lungs, which originated in and extended from an old wound, got at Melita. I saw his danger; but, being a stranger, I feared to treat him medically, lest, in the event of his death, I should be blamed by his people. I mentioned this to one of his doctors, who said: 'Your fear is prudent and wise; this people would blame you.' He had been cured of this complaint during the year before by the Barotse making a large number of free incisions in the chest. The Makololo doctors, on the other hand, now scarcely cut the skin. On the Sunday afternoon in which he died, when our usual religious service was over, I visited him with my little boy Robert. 'Come near,' said Sebituane, 'and see if I am any longer a man; I am done.' He was thus sensible of the dangerous nature of his disease: so I ventured to assent, and added a single sentence regarding hope after death. 'Why do you speak of death?' said one of a relay of fresh doctors; 'Sebituane will never die.' If I had persisted, the impression would have been produced that by speaking about it I wished him to die. After sitting with him some time, and commending him to the mercy of God, I rose to depart, when the dying chieftain, raising himself up a little from his prone position, called a servant, and said, 'Take Robert to Maunku,' (one of his wives,) 'and tell her to give him some milk.' These were the last words of Sebituane.

"We were not informed of his death until the next day. The burial of a Bechuana chief takes place in his cattle-pen, and all the cattle are driven for an hour or two around and over the grave, so that it may be quite obliterated. We went and spoke to the people, advising them to keep together and support the heir. They took this kindly; and in turn told us not to be alarmed, for they would not think of ascribing the death of their chief to us; that Sebituane had just gone the way of his fathers; and though the father had gone, he had left children, and they hoped that we would be as friendly to his children as we intended to have been to himself.

'He was decidedly the best specimen of a native chief I ever met. I never felt so much grieved by the loss of a black man before; and it was impossible not to follow him in thought into the world of which he had just heard before he was called away, and to realize somewhat of the feelings of those who pray for the dead. The deep dark question of what is to become of such as he, must, however, be left where we find it, believing that, assuredly, the 'Judge of all the earth will do right.'" (Pp. 84–90.)

The death of Sebituane occasioned some delay; but on receiving permission from



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his successor to visit any part of the country, Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Oswell proceeded one hundred and thirty miles in a north-easterly direction to Sesheke; and there, in the end of June, 1851, "we were rewarded," writes Dr. Livingstone, "by the discovery of the Zambezi in the center of the continent. We saw it at the end of the dry season, at a time when the river is about at its lowest; and yet there was a breadth of from three hundred to four hundred yards of deep flowing water. Mr. Oswell said he had never seen such a fine river even in India. At the period of its annual inundation it rises full twenty feet in perpendicular height, and floods fifteen or twenty miles of lands adjacent to its banks." The country between the Chobe and the Zambezi is occasionally flooded, and abounds in swamps; but these are the favorite localities with the Makololo, as they form a formidable line of defense against the Matebele under Mosilikatzi. But such a country was unsuited for the residence of Europeans. It was desirable to look beyond for a healthy site; and the fact that the slave-trade had already reached this part of Africa the preceding year, was an additional stimulus to the enterprise. These slavers were Mambari men, from Bihe, a country about two hundred miles east of Benguela.

"In talking with my companion over these matters, the idea was suggested that, if the slave-market were supplied with articles of European manufacture by legitimate commerce, the trade in slaves would become impossible. It seemed more feasible to give the goods, for which the people now part with their servants, in exchange for ivory and other products of the country, and thus prevent the trade at the beginning, than try to put a stop to it at any of the subsequent steps. This could only be effected by establishing a highway from the coast into the center of the country.

'As there was no hope of the Boers allowing the peaceable instruction of the natives at Kolobeng, I at once resolved to save my family from exposure to this unhealthy region by sending them to England, and to return alone, with a view to exploring the country in search of a healthy district that might prove a center of civilization, and open up the interior by a path to either the east or west coast. This resolution led me down to the Cape in April, 1852, being the first time during eleven years that I had visited the scenes of civilization." (Page 92.)

"Having placed my family on board a homeward-bound ship, and promised to rejoin them in two years, we parted, for, as it subsequently proved, nearly five years. The directors of the London Missionary Society signified their cordial approval of my project, by leaving the matter entirely to my own discretion; and I have much pleasure in acknowledging my obligations to the gentlemen composing that body for always acting in an enlightened spirit, and with as much liberality as their constitution would allow." (P. 93.)

The *fourth* journey of Dr Livingstone, from Cape Town to Loanda, in the Portuguese colony of Angola, commenced on the 8th of June, 1852. While he was traveling slowly through the Cape colony, the emigrant Boers attacked the chief Sechele, and destroyed the mission station at Kolobeng. The missionary was then free from any pastoral charge, the door was closed against any further labors in that quarter, and he was at liberty to pursue his grand scheme of opening a path from the interior to the sea-coasts for Christianity and for commerce. He reached Linyati on the 23d of May, 1853, made an experimental journey up the Leeambye River (another name for the Zambezi) as far as the junction with the Leeba, (14° 11′ south latitude,) and then returned to Linyati. After some time spent in making arrangements for his journey, he left Linyati, November 11th, with a party of twenty-seven natives. Dr. Livingstone imagined that as the Coanza River, which empties itself into the Atlantic in the Portuguese territory of Angola, was placed in a Portuguese map as rising from the very center of the continent in latitude 9° south, he should not be far from it when he had ascended the Leeba (latitude 14° 11′ south) a few degrees, and would then find no difficulty in following it down to the coast near Loanda. 'This,' he remarks, 'was the logical deduction; but as is the case with many a plausible theory, one of the premises was decidedly defective.' The outfit for this journey was scant enough.

"I had three muskets for my people, a rifle and double-barreled smooth bore for myself; and, having seen such great abundance of game in my visit to the Leeba, I imagined that I could easily supply the wants of my party. Wishing also to avoid the discouragement which would naturally be felt on meeting any obstacles if my companions were obliged to carry heavy loads, I took only a few biscuits, a few pounds of tea and sugar, and about twenty of coffee, which, as the Arabs find, though used without either milk or sugar, is a most refreshing beverage

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after fatigue or exposure to the sun. We carried one small tin canister, about fifteen inches square, filled with spare shirting, trowsers, and shoes, to be used when we reached civilized life, and others in a bag, which were expected to wear out on the way; another of the same size for medicines; and a third for books, my stock being a Nautical Almanac, Thomson's Logarithm Tables, and a Bible; a fourth box contained a magic lantern, which we found of much use. The sextant and artificial horizon, thermometer and compasses, were carried apart. My ammunition was distributed in portions through the whole luggage, so that, if an accident should befall one part, we could still have others to fall back upon. Our chief hopes for food were upon that; but in case of failure I took about twenty pounds of beads, worth forty shillings, which still remained of the stock I brought from Cape Town; a small gipsy tent, just sufficient to sleep in; a sheepskin mantle as a blanket, and a horse-rug as a bed. As I had always found that the art of successful travel consisted in taking as few 'impedimenta' as possible, and not forgetting to carry my wits about me, the outfit was rather spare, and intended to be still more so when we should come to leave the canoes. Some would consider it injudicious to adopt this plan, but I had a secret conviction that if I did not succeed it would not be for lack of the 'nicknacks' advertised as indispensable for travelers, but from want of 'pluck,' or because a large array of baggage excited the cupidity of the tribes through whose country we wished to pass.

"The instruments I carried, though few, were the best of their kind. A sextant, by the famed makers, Troughton and Sims of Fleet Street; a chronometer watch, with a stop to the seconds hand—an admirable contrivance for enabling a person to take the exact time of observations: it was constructed by Dent of the Strand (61) for the Royal Geographical Society, and selected for the service by the President, Admiral Smythe, to whose judgment and kindness I am in this and other matters deeply indebted. It was pronounced by Mr. Maclear to equal most chronometers in performance. For these excellent instruments I have much pleasure in recording my obligations to my good friend Colonel Steele, and at the same time to Mr. Maclear for much of my ability to use them. Besides these, I had a thermometer by Dolland; a compass from the Cape Observatory, and a small pocket one in addition; a good small teleoscope with a stand capable of being screwed into a tree." (Pp. 230, 231.)

We can not detail the particulars of the canoe voyage up the Leeambye through the fertile valley of the Barotse, which "is as capable of supporting millions of inhabitants as it is of its thousands." The river abounds in hippopotami and alligators. At the confluence of the Leeba and the Makonda, (13½° south latitude,) a piece of a steel watch-chain of English manufacture was picked up, probably brought up by the Mambari slave-traders, of whom we have the following account:

"These Mambari are very enterprising merchants: when they mean to trade with a town, they deliberately begin the affair by building huts, as if they knew that little business could be transacted without a liberal allowance of time for palaver. They bring Manchester goods into the heart of Africa: these cotton prints look so wonderful that the Makololo could not believe them to be the work of mortal hands. On questioning the Mambari they were answered that English manufactures came out of the sea, and beads were gathered on its shore. To Africans our cotton-mills are fairy dreams. 'How can the irons spin, weave, and print so beautifully?' Our country is like what Taprobane was to our ancestors—a strange realm of light, whence came the diamond, muslin, and peacocks. An attempt at explanation of our manufactures usually elicts the expression, 'Truly! ye are gods!'" (P. 271.)

Not far from Makondo, Dr. Livingstone left his canoe, and journeyed on ox-back through a country like the preceding, a succession of forests and open lawns. The territory of the Makololo was left behind, and our traveler is now in the Balonda country, which is of great extent, and is governed by a powerful chief, Matiamvo, whose vassals border upon the Portuguese possessions on both sides of the African continent. The Balonda are real negroes; every village has its idols near to it, in this and in other respects widely differing from the Kaffir and Sichuana tribes. Human sacrifices are not uncommon, and superstition increases, and is more bloody, as we advance further north. In this journey Dr. Livingstone suffered much from scarcity of food, from its unsuitability even when procurable, and from incessant attacks of fever, which the rainy season rendered more trying. Game was scarce; the forests became more dense as they advanced, but happily without thorns. In these forests the artificial bee-hives were first observed.

"They consist of about five feet of the bark of a tree fifteen or eighteen inches in diameter. Two incisions are made right round the tree at points five feet apart, then one longitudinal slit from one of these to the other; the workman next lifts up the bark on each side of this slit, and detaches it from the trunk, taking care not to break it, until the whole comes from the tree. The elasticity of the bark makes it assume the form it had before; the slit is sewed or pegged

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up with wooden pins, and ends made of coiled grass-rope are inserted, one of which has a hole for the ingress of the bees in the center, and the hive is complete. These hives are placed in a horizontal position on high trees in different parts of the forest, and in this way all the wax exported from Benguela and Loanda is collected. It is all the produce of free labor." (Pp. 284, 285.)

Beyond the Leeba, a plain of twenty miles in extent had to be crossed, covered with water ankle-deep; while to the left were the plains of the Lobale, yet more extensive, and more densely flooded, (latitude 12° south.) A little further to the north (in latitude 11½° south) is the water-shed between the rivers which flow south and those which flow north. One small stream, the Lotembroa, between Lake Dilolo and the Kasye River, flows in opposite directions—a novelty in physical geography. In crossing the streams which flow to the north, and from the Kasye River, the evil influence of the Mambari slave-dealers is felt in the stinginess and inhospitality of the population, and in the avidity with which gunpowder was sought in payment for provisions. Attempts were made to shake the confidence of Dr. Livingstone's native attendants in his trustworthiness. The Chiboqes were particularly distinguished by their incivility and opposition to the progress of the exploring party. Each tribe demanded payment for leave to pass through the country—demands which our traveler's resources were not in a condition to meet. The population is dense. "To one who has observed the hard toil of the poor in old civilized countries, the state in which the inhabitants here live is one of glorious ease. The country is full of little villages. Food abounds, and very little labor is required for its cultivation: the soil is so rich that no manure is required." On the 30th of March, the party began to descend from the high land indented by deep narrow valleys, over which they had been traveling since they began to ascend from the water-shed level, (in 11½° south latitude.) The descent was steep into the valley of the Quango.

"It is about a hundred miles broad, clothed with dark forest, except where the light-green grass covers meadow lands on the Quango, which here and there glances out in the sun as it wends its way to the north. The opposite side of this great valley appears like a range of lofty mountains, and the descent into it about a mile, which, measured perpendicularly, may be from a thousand to twelve hundred feet. Emerging from the gloomy forests of Londa, this magnificent prospect made us all feel as if a weight had been lifted off our eyelids." (P. 360.)

Some difficulty was found in crossing the river, one hundred and fifty yards wide and very deep; but by the friendly advice and influence of a half-caste Portuguese sergeant of militia, the ferrymen were propitiated, and, on the 4th of April, our traveler found himself in the territory of the Bangala, called also Cassanges, who are subjects of the Portuguese Government, and happily all his difficulties with the border tribes were at an end. He arrived at Loanda on the 31st of May, 1854, where he was received with great kindness by the Portuguese authorities and population generally. He thus records his approach to that city:

"As we were now drawing near to the sea, my companions were looking at every thing in a serious light. One of them asked me if we should all have an opportunity of watching each other at Loanda. 'Suppose one went for water, would the others see if he were kidnapped?' I replied: 'I see what you are driving at; and if you suspect me, you may return, for I am as ignorant of Loanda as you are; but nothing will happen to you but what happens to myself. We have stood by each other hitherto, and will do so to the last.' The plains adjacent to Loanda are somewhat elevated and comparatively sterile. On coming across these we first beheld the sea: my companions looked upon the boundless ocean with awe. On describing their feelings afterwards, they remarked that 'we marched along with our father, believing that what the ancients had always told us was true, that the world has no end; but all at once the world said to us: "I am finished; there is no more of me!"' They had always imagined that the world was one extended plain without limit." (Pp. 388, 389.)

Our author's stay in Angola, and his return journey, enabled him to form a tolerably correct opinion of this obscure portion of Africa. Of its soil, and agricultural and grazing capabilities, he speaks in the highest terms. Fruit trees and vines yield two crops annually, so also grain and vegetables. Coffee, cotton, and all the productions of the tropics, flourish with little attention from the cultivator. With the exception of Loanda, there are no towns of any importance, but only native villages. In the interior the Portuguese are not so much colonists as traders, having no European wives, but

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cohabiting with native women. The trade is carried on by means of native agents sent into the interior; and the main articles purchased with European goods are wax and ivory. There are sugar manufactories; and cotton cloth in small quantities is produced by the natives, after the fashion of the ancient Egyptians. Rich magnetic iron ore of superior quality is worked for the government. The general neglect of this fine territory by its rulers is surprising. A railway from Loanda to Massangano, (on the Coanza River,) and prolonged to the edge of the Cassange basin, would, in Dr. Livingstone's opinion, secure the trade of South Central Africa. The drawback to European settlers is found in the unfavorableness of tropical climates to health, and in the peculiarities of colonial mal-administration. The Roman Catholic religion seems not to have maintained its ground since the expulsion of the Jesuits by the Marquis of Pombal, as there are no priests in the interior, and only a bishop and three or four priests in Loanda. The natives are pure negroes, addicted for the most part to their ancient superstitions. Neither politically nor morally have the Portuguese retained a strong hold of their possessions, either on the western or eastern coast of South-Africa. We have the following description of the capital of Angola:

"St. Paul de Loanda has been a very considerable city, but is now in a state of decay. It contains about twelve thousand inhabitants, most of whom are people of color.* There are various evidences of its former magnificence, especially two cathedrals, one of which, once a Jesuit College, is now converted into a workshop; and in passing the other we saw with sorrow a number of oxen feeding within its stately walls. Three forts continue in a good state of repair. Many large stone houses are to be found. The palace of the Governor and government officers are commodious structures; but nearly all the houses of the native inhabitants are of wattle and daub. Trees are planted all over the town for the sake of shade; and the city presents an inposing appearance from the sea. It is provided with an effective police; and the custom-house department is extremely well managed. All parties agree in representing the Portuguese authorities as both polite and obliging; and if ever any inconvenience is felt by strangers visiting the port, it must be considered the fault of the system, and not of the men.

"The harbor is formed by the low sandy island of Loanda, which is inhabited by about thirteen hundred souls, upwards of six hundred of whom are industrious native fishermen, who supply the city with abundance of good fish daily. The space between it and the mainland, on which the city is built, is the station for ships. When a high south-west wind blows, the waves of the ocean dash over part of the island, and, driving large quantities of sand before them, gradually fill up the harbor. Great quantities of soil are also washed in the rainy season from the heights above the city, so that the port, which once contained water sufficient to float the largest ships close to the custom-house, is now at low water dry. The ships are compelled to anchor about a mile north of their old station. Nearly all the water consumed in Loanda is brought from the River Bengo by means of launches, the only supply that the city affords being from some deep wells of slightly brackish water. Unsuccessful attempts have been made by different governors to finish a canal, which the Dutch, while in possession of Loanda during the seven years preceding 1648, had begun, to bring water from the River Coanza to the city. There is not a single English merchant at Loando, and only two American. This is the more remarkable, as nearly all the commerce is carried on by means of English calico brought hither *viâ* Lisbon." (Pp. 394, 395.)

The return journey from Loando to Linyanti in the Makololo country commenced on the 20th of September, 1854, in which even greater hardships and annoyances were endured than before, during the twelve months of patient, persevering toil which elapsed before the arrival of the party at Linyanti, September, 1855. The generous reception they met with from their old friends was highly creditable to the better feelings of our nature, of which the black man has his fair share. In passing down the Barotse valley presents of provisions were showered upon the party; and this liberality, as Dr. Livingstone remarks, could not be even suspected of any reference to an ample repayment in the future, as it might in the case of their forward journey; for our travelers were now returning poor as when they set out; yet no disappointment was expressed and no assistance denied.

During our author's long absence, the Rev. Dr. Moffat had paid a visit to Mosilikatzi, the chief of the Matebele, and the

* "From the Census of 1850–51 we find the population of this city arranged thus: 830 whites, only 160 of whom are females. This is the largest collection of whites in the country; for Angola itself contains only about 1000 whites. There are 2400 half-castes in Loanda, and only 120 of them slaves; and there are 9000 blacks, more than 5000 of whom are slaves."

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dreaded enemy of the Makololo, and induced him to send a party of his people with certain packages of goods, as far as the south bank of the Zambezi, (near the Victoria Falls.) The Makololo looked with some suspicion upon this proceeding of their enemies, believing the parcels contained matter for bewitching their tribe.

"When the Matebele on the south bank called to the Makololo on the north to come over in canoes, and receive the goods sent by Moffat to 'Nake,' the Makololo replied: 'Go along with you, we know better than that: how could he tell Moffat to send his things here, he having gone away to the north?' The Matebele answered: 'Here are the goods; we place them now before you, and if you leave them to perish, the guilt will be yours.' When they had departed, the Makololo thought better of it, and, after much divination, went over with fear and trembling, and carried the packages carefully to an island in the middle of the stream; then, building a hut over them to protect them from the weather, they left them; and there I found they had remained from September, 1854, till September, 1855, in perfect safety." (Pp. 499, 500.)

Among other items of intelligence, Dr. Livingstone learnt by this opportunity, that Sir Roderick Murchison, from the study of Mr. Bain's geological map, and of other materials furnished in part by the discoveries made by our traveler and Mr. Oswell, had arrived at the same conclusion respecting the form of the African Continent as had been reached by himself in June, 1855, while near the Lake Dilolo on this his return journey from Loanda. We can not state all our author's facts and inferences, but he clearly makes out his theory, if such it may be called, that the central plateau of South-Africa (although elevated in its lowest point of depression about 2500 feet above the level of the sea) is of far less elevation than the ranges flanking it on the east and west. Thus, on entering this part of Africa from the east or west, there is an ascent more or less gradual or precipitous over sundry ranges which run nearly parallel with the sea, until the highest range is attained, say 5000 feet, from which the descent is into the central plain. The western ranges were crossed by Dr. Livingstone twice in his journey to Loanda, and on his return: the eastern ranges on his journey to Quilimane. On very reasonable grounds he supposes the whole central valley from the falls of the Zambezi (Victoria Falls) to the ridge beyond Libebe westwards, to Lake Ngami and the Zonga southwards, and beyond Nchokotsa eastward, to have been one large fresh-water lake, the valley of the Barotse another, a third lying beyond Masiko, and a fourth near the Orange River.

"The whole of these lakes were let out by means of cracks or fissures made in the subtending sides by the upheaval of the country. The fissure made at the Victoria Falls let out the water of this great valley, and left a small patch in what was probably its deepest portion, and is now called Lake Ngami. The Falls of Gonye furnished an outlet to the lake of the Barotse valley, and so of the other great lakes of remote times. The Congo also finds its way to the sea through a narrow fissure, and so does the Orange River in the west; while other rents made in the eastern ridge, as the Victoria Falls and those to the east of Tanganyenka, allowed the central waters to drain eastward. All the African lakes hitherto discovered are shallow; in consequence of being the mere *residua* of very much larger ancient bodies of water. There can be no doubt that this continent was, in former times, very much more copiously supplied with water than at present, but a natural process of drainage has been going on for ages." (Pp. 527, 528.)

This great lake theory serves to explain the singular network of rivers found in Central South-Africa, which are laid down in Dr. Livingstone's map, partly verified by actual observation, and partly established by very respectable native authority.

We now proceed to the narrative of Dr. Livingstone's *fifth* journey, from Linyanti down the Zambezi to Tete, Senna, and Quilimane on the east coast, which appears likely to prove the most important of all his labors. It was obvious that the distance from Linyanti to Loanda, and the great break in the water passage which necessitated so long a land journey through unfriendly tribes, rendered intercourse with the west for the present all but impracticable. The choice lay between an attempt to reach Zanzibar by a route pointed out by a friendly Arab visitant, or to follow the course of the Zambezi to the eastern coast. The prospect of discovering permanent water conveyance by the Zambezi turned the scale in favor of this latter route. Sekeletu, the Makololo chief, the successor of Sebituane, favored the scheme, and acted with munificent liberality, for which he deserves to be celebrated among the number of princely and royal patrons of geographical discovery. He had received no return for his

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previous outlay in the western journey, except certain donkeys that had been brought safe from Loanda—animals which, as they are not affected by the bite of the *tsetse*, may prove useful agents in the development of the resources of Central Africa. They commenced their residence among the Makololo with a decided public opinion in their favor. Dr. Livingstone's attendants admired their knowledge of the different kinds of plants, which, as they remarked, "the animals had never before seen in their own country;" and "when the donkeys indulged in their music, they startled the inhabitants more than if they had been lions." However, nothing dismayed, Sekeletu furnished our traveler with 114 men, and a large amount of ivory, and sent with these an intelligent chief named Sekwebu, who was well acquainted with the country along the Zambezi as far as Tete. Leaving Linyanti, on the 3d of November, accompanied by Sekeletu, Dr. Livingstone turned aside to view the Falls of the Zambezi, (*Mosi oa tunya*, or Victoria Falls,) the position of which was pointed out by "columns of vapor, appropriately called *smoke*, rising at a distance of five or six miles, exactly as when large tracts of grass are burned in Africa." The river here is about 1000 yards broad, and this large body of water falls down into a large rent which had been made from bank to bank: the fall is at first about 100 feet, and then the stream is suddenly compressed into a space of 15 or 20 yards, and prolonged from the left bank through thirty or forty miles of hills. Here Sekeletu returned to Linyanti, and on the 20th of November our traveler left the river, and cut across in a northeasterly direction towards the junction of the Kafue with the Zambezi, the country gradually rising. This is the favorite country of the Makololo, consisting of elevated healthy ridges, open and yet woodland, adorned with a sufficient number of shady trees. These high eastern ranges rising 5000 feet above the level of the sea are an important fact in connection with future operations in Eastern and Central Africa.

"It is impossible to say how much farther to the N. these subtending ridges may stretch. There is reason to believe that, though the same general form of country obtains, they are not flanked by abrupt hills between the latitude 12° S. and the equator. The inquiry is worthy the attention of travelers. As they are known to be favorable to health, the Makololo, who had been nearly all cut off by fevers in the valley, declaring that here they never had a headache, they may even be recommended as a sanatorium for those whose enterprise leads them into Africa, either for the advancement of scientific knowledge, or for the purposes of trade or benevolence. In the case of the eastern ridge, we have water-carriage, with only one short rapid as an obstruction, right up to its base; and if a quick passage can be effected during the healthy part of the year, there would be no danger of loss of health during a long stay on these high lands afterwards. How much farther do these high ridges extend? The eastern one seems to bend in considerably towards the great falls; and the strike of the rocks indicating that further to the N.N.E. than my investigations extend, it may not, at a few degrees of latitude beyond, be more than three hundred or three hundred and fifty miles from the coast. They at least merit inquiry; for they afford a prospect to Europeans of situations superior in point of salubrity to any of those on the coast: and so on the western side of the continent; for it is a fact that many parts in the interior of Angola, which were formerly thought to be unhealthy on account of their distance inland, have been found, as population advanced, to be the most healthy spots in the country. Did the great Niger Expedition turn back when near such a desirable position for its stricken and prostrate members?

"The distances from top to top of the ridges may be about 10° of longitude, or six hundred geographical miles. I can not hear of a hill *on* either ridge, and there are scarcely any in the space inclosed by them. The Monakadze is the highest, but that is not more than a thousand feet above the flat valley. On account of this want of hills in the part of the country which, by gentle undulations, leads one insensibly up to an altitude of five thousand feet above the level of the sea, I have adopted the agricultural term 'ridges;' for they partake very much of the character of the oblong mounds with which we are all familiar. And we shall yet see that the mountains which are met with outside these ridges, are only a low fringe, many of which are not of much greater altitude than even the bottom of the great central valley. If we leave out of view the greater breadth of the central basin at other parts, and speak only of the comparatively narrow part formed by the bend to the westward of the eastern ridge, we might say that the form of this region is a broad furrow in the middle, with an elevated ridge about two hundred miles broad on either side, the land sloping thence, on both sides, to the sea. If I am right in believing the granite to be the cause of the elevation of this ridge, the direction in which the strike of the rocks trends to the N.N.E. may indicate that the same geological structure prevails farther north, and two or three lakes which exist in that direction, may be of exactly the same nature with Lake Ngami; having been diminished to their present size by the same kind of agency as

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that which formed the Falls of Victoria." (Pp. 543–5.)

Half-way between the Falls and the Kafue junction, the descent was gradual to Semalembue, which has about the same elevation as Linyanti. Beyond the Makololo boundary, the population became more numerous, but was equally friendly: at the confluence of the Loangwa with the Zambezi were found the remains of an old Portuguese settlement, called by the natives Zumbo. It seems to have been well chosen as a site for commerce. Our traveler gives a brief history of this station, but our limits forbid us to extract it.

On the 17th of January, 1856, Dr. Livingstone met with a Portuguese black from Tete, and for the first time learned that the settlement was on the other, that is to say, the southern, bank of the river, and that the Portuguese had been fighting with the natives for the last two years. A petty chief named Mpende, mistaking our traveler for a Portuguese, seemed disposed to oppose his progress: convinced of his error, the remark of one of his people was: 'Ah! you must be one of the tribe that loves the black men.' Here the party were assisted to cross to the south side of the Zambezi. The Portuguese are at enmity with all the tribes north of the river as far as the Lake Maravi, but the English character is said to stand high. Some old delusions, which have for two centuries deformed the map of Africa, disappeared before the investigations of our traveler. The famous "Emperor" of Monomotapa, of whose wealth and power such extravagancies have been written by the Portuguese historians, is a petty chief of no great consequence among the Banyai. The Monemugi, equally celebrated, are a tribe to the north, noways different or superior to other African tribes. Among the Banyai who inhabit the southern bank of the Zambezi, west of Tete, the women possess no small influence.

"When a young man takes a liking to a girl of another village, and the parents have no objection to the match, he is obliged to come and live at their village. He has to perform certain services for the mother-in-law, such as keeping her well supplied with firewood; and when he comes into her presence, he is obliged to sit with his knees in a bent position, as putting out his feet towards the old lady would give her great offense. If he becomes tired of living in this state of vassalage, and wishes to return to his own family, he is obliged to leave all his children behind—they belong to the wife. This is only a more stringent enforcement of the law from which emanates the practice which prevails so very extensively in Africa, known to Europeans as 'buying wives.' Such virtually it is; but it does not appear quite in that light to the actors. So many head of cattle or goats are given to the parents of the girl, 'to give her up,' as it is termed, that is, to forego all claim on her offspring, and allow an entire transference of her and her seed into another family. If nothing is given, the family from which she has come can claim the children as part of itself; the payment is made to sever this bond. In the case supposed, the young man has not been able to advance any thing for that purpose; and, from the temptations placed here before my men, I have no doubt that some prefer to have their daughters married in that way, as it leads to the increase of their own village." (Pp. 622, 623.)

Our traveler arrived at Tete on the 3d of February, 1856, and was kindly received by the commandant; and as this was the unhealthy season at Quilimane, he remained with him until the following month. This settlement consists of a fort, 30 European houses, and 1200 native huts, with a population of about 100 Europeans, chiefly soldiers, and 1200 natives. Fine seams of coal and iron are found in the neighborhood. Here Dr. Livingstone left most of his men, and on the 22d of April proceeded down the Zambezi to Senna, which he reached on the 27th. This place is "ten times worse" than Tete; every thing is in a state of ruin. The Landines, a native tribe, levy fines on the inhabitants, considering the Portuguese to be a conquered people. The revenues are not equal to the expenditure, and the officers had not been paid for four years. In approaching the delta of the Zambezi, Dr. Livingstone was seized with fever, but reached Quilimane on the 20th of May, 1856, within a few days of four years since he started from Cape Town: having thus accomplished a journey which, taking all the circumstances into account, is one of the most extraordinary ever performed by any man, and which we believe in its proximate and final results will be second in inportance to none. Of the value of the Zambezi as a high road into the interior, and of our author's proposals for the rendering his discoveries beneficial to the nation and the world at large, we must allow him to speak for himself.

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"If the reader has accompanied me thus far, he may perhaps be disposed to take an interest in the objects I propose to myself, should God mercifully grant me the honor of doing something more for Africa. As the highlands on the borders of the central basin are comparatively healthy, the first object seems to be to secure a permanent path thither, in order that Europeans may pass as quickly as possible through the unhealthy region near the coast. The river has not been surveyed, but at the time I came down there was abundance of water for a large vessel, and this continues to be the case during four or five months of each year. The months of low-water still admit of navigation by launches, and would permit small vessels equal to the Thames steamers to ply with ease in the deep channel. If a steamer were sent to examine the Zambezi, I would recommend one of the lightest draught, and the months of May, June, and July, for passing through the delta; and this not so much for fear of want of water, as the danger of being grounded on a sand or mud-bank, and the health of the crew being endangered by the delay.

"In the months referred to, no obstruction would be incurred in the channel below Tete. Twenty or thirty miles above that point we have a small rapid, of which I regret my inability to speak, as (mentioned already) I did not visit it. But taking the distance below this point, we have, in round numbers, three hundred miles of navigable river. Above this rapid we have another reach of three hundred miles, with sand, but no mud-banks in it, which brings us to the foot of the eastern ridge. Let it not, however, be thought that a vessel by going thither would return laden with ivory and gold-dust. The Portuguese of Tete pick up all the merchandise of the tribes in their vicinity; and though I came out by traversing the people with whom the Portuguese have been at war, it does not follow that it will be perfectly safe for others to go in, whose goods may be a stronger temptation to cupidity than any thing I possessed. When we get beyond the hostile population mentioned, we reach a very different race. On the latter my chief hopes at present rest. All of them, however, are willing and anxious to engage in trade; and, while eager for this, none have ever been encouraged to cultivate the raw materials of commerce. Their country is well adapted for cotton; and I venture to entertain the hope that by distributing seeds of better kinds than that which is found indigenous, and stimulating the natives to cultivate it by affording them the certainty of a market for all they may produce, we may engender a feeling of mutual dependence betwen them and ourselves. I have a twofold object in view; and believe that, by guiding our missionary labors so as to benefit our own country, we shall thereby more effectually and permanently benefit the heathen. Seven years were spent at Kolobeng in instructing my friends there; but the country being incapable of raising materials for exportation, when the Boers made their murderous attack and scattered the tribe for a season, none sympathized except a few Christian friends. Had the people of Kolobeng been in the habit of raising the raw materials of English commerce, the outrage would have been felt in England; or, what is more likely to have been the case, the people would have raised themselves in the scale by barter, and have become, like the Basutos of Moshesh and people of Kuruman, possessed of fire-arms, and the Boers would never have made the attack at all. We ought to encourage the Africans to cultivate for our markets, as the most effectual means, next to the Gospel, of their elevation.

"It is in the hope of working out this idea that I propose the formation of stations on the Zambesi beyond the Portuguese territory, but having communication through them with the coast. A chain of stations admitting of easy and speedy intercourse, such as might be formed along the flank of the eastern ridge, would be in a favorable position for carrying out the objects in view. The London Missionary Society has resolved to have a station among the Makololo on the north bank, and another on the south among the Matebele. The Church—Wesleyan, Baptist, and that most energetic body, the Free Church—could each find desirable locations among the Batoka and adjacent tribes. The country is so extensive there is no fear of clashing. All classes of Christians find that sectarian rancor soon dies out when they are working together among and for the real heathen. Only let the healthy locality be searched for, and fixed upon, and then there will be free scope to work in the same cause in various directions, without that loss of men which the system of missions on the unhealthy coast entails. While respectfully submitting the plan to these influential Societies, I can positively state that, when fairly in the interior, there is perfect security for life and property among a people who will at least listen and reason." (Pp. 674–6.)

We regret that Dr. Livingstone is not to remain identified with the noble Society in whose service he has accomplished such great things for Africa: we wish that it had been possible to reconcile his strictly missionary character with the official position he is about to occupy in the grand scheme for opening the Zambezi to Christianity and commerce. His own statement is as follows:

"While I hope to continue the same cordial coöperation and friendship which have always characterized our intercourse, various reasons induce me to withdraw from pecuniary dependence on any Society. I have done something for the heathen; but for an aged mother, who has still more sacred claims than they, I have been able to do nothing, and a continuance of the connection would be a perpetuation of my inability to make any provision for her declin-

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ing years. In addition to 'Clergyman's sore throat,' which partially disabled me from the work, my father's death imposed new obligations; and a fresh source of income having been opened to me without my asking, I had no hesitation in accepting what would enable me to fulfill my duty to my aged parent as well as to the heathen." (Pp. 677.)

Some remarks referring to the peculiar relations arising out of the positions which the missionaries and directors of Missionary Societies occupy towards each other, are in our opinion quite unworthy of our author. Men of great piety and zeal, though perhaps not possessing the extraordinary enterprise and scientific knowledge of Dr. Livingstone, have managed to labor usefully and to spend prolonged lives in the service of the London Missionary Society, without feeling themselves injured by its economical arrangements. The whole case is not given by Dr. Livingstone; for it is not exactly true that the missionaries of the London Society in South-Africa are left to subsist upon a salary of £100 a year: they have additional sums for children, and occasional grants for other purposes. Dr. Livingstone has contemplated the status of a missionary from his point of view, and the responsible directors of Missionary Societies view the same objects from theirs. It is very natural that some little discrepancy of feeling and opinion should be found between those who spend the money and those who have to find it. With the details of missionary toil the public are tolerably familiar, but they know comparatively little of the cares and anxieties and labors of the managers of Missionary Societies. So much by way of caution to our readers not to be misled by partial statements, which, even when they are true as far as they go, do not contain the whole truth.

After waiting nearly six weeks at Quilimane, Dr. Livingstone left on the 12th of July, in H.M. brig Frolic, which had been sent to meet him from the Cape, and arrived at the Mauritius on the 12th of August, 1856. Here poor Sekwebu fell a victim to the excitement of a life so strange and of scenes so wonderful. With this painfully interesting fact the volume concludes. Dr. Livingstone arrived in England *viâ* the Red Sea and Egypt on the 12th of December, 1856.

We have gone through this excellent book with *almost* unalloyed satisfaction: but we are compelled to take exception to the censure cast by our author upon the British colonists on the eastern frontier of the Cape Colony, in connection with the frequent reference made by our author to the Kaffir wars. These opinions we thought were confined to that class of partisans, who manage, in the course of a long life, neither to learn nor unlearn, and consequently remain *in statu quo*, while all the rest of mankind are progressing. Dr. Livingstone does not appear to have resided in, or even to have visited, Kaffirland, or the eastern frontier of the Cape, and can have no personal acquaintance with the affairs upon which he expresses himself so decidedly; he is merely retailing the opinions of others. We regret that even the headings of the chapters have been subjected to the influence of some pro-Kaffir advocate, who, in the table of contents of chapter iv., has made a ludicrous mistake. We read, "*Safe transit* through *the Caffre country* during hostilities;" when, on referring to the narrative, we are merely informed that Dr. Livingstone traveled *through the center of the Colony*, in the twentieth month of a Kaffir war, and that he traveled "*with as little sense or sign of danger*" as if he "*had been in England.*" This is not to be wondered at, since he was not within two hundred miles of the Kaffir frontier. The impression left upon the minds of parties unacquainted with Cape localities is, that the accounts of the misery and distress occasioned by Kaffir inroads are *myths* sung by colonist bards, for the purpose of more easily taxing the credulous generosity of the parent State; and the proof alleged is, that Dr. Livingstone traveled *through the Cape Colony* while the war was raging two hundred miles off! The logic is worthy of the scandal. Had these censures occurred but once or twice, we should not have deemed them deserving a notice; but through the volume it is repeatedly intimated that Kaffir wars are the result of the insolence and injustice of the colonists on the frontier, and are opportunities longed for by parties who desire to profit by the increased Government expenditure. These charges will be read by thousands who are not aware that they have been refuted in Parliamentary papers, to say nothing of other less bulky productions of the press. In common justice, we feel

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it right to state, that the frontier colonists of the Cape have been, since 1834, the victims of three Kaffir wars, fearfully destructive of life and property, for which they have received no compensation and little sympathy. We have witnessed one Kaffir inroad upon the Colony, and our heart bleeds at the reminiscence of the wide-spread desolation, misery, and ruin. After twenty years of bootless experiments in systems of frontier policy, as if to ascertain with how little wisdom or manliness a colony might be governed short of actual ruin, our legislators have at last returned substantially to the admirable arrangements made in 1836 by Sir Benjamin D'Urban, and Colonel (now Sir Harry) Smith. The intermediate experiments have, however, cost the British Government about five millions sterling; and the colonists and the natives have had their fair share of loss of property and life. There is scarcely a family on the frontier which has not lost some of its members in these border wars. We regret that at this time, when even such an intractable thing as a Cape Colonial Government is beginning to learn wisdom, a distinguished traveler like Dr. Livingstone should be betrayed by one-sided representations into censures upon the frontier colonists, who, as a community, are second in intelligence, philanthropy, and moral worth, to none in the world.

We looked for some information respecting the languages spoken by the Balonda, and by the various tribes in and near Angola, and along the Zambezi. Dr. Livingstone passed through the country in which the Bunda language is spoken, a language which evidently belongs to the Kaffir family. We suppose that the Balonda people speak a dialect of this language, or some tongue which may be a connecting link between the Kaffir family and other languages of Central or Western Africa. We are curious to know whether the tribes on the Zambezi and beyond speak languages which, in their grammatical structure, resemble the Kaffir. We know that as far as Mombas, traces of the Kaffir and Sichuana languages are observable in the vocabularies of the various tribes, according to the report of travelers. From Dr. Livingstone we should have had a sensible matter-of-fact statement on these points, which we could have understood; he would have told us what we want to know, namely, how verbs are conjugated, nouns declined, adjectives compared, and sentences arranged: he would not have attempted to travestie the philosophy of "Varronianus," or "The New Cratylus," by way of illustrating the accidence of a barbarous tribe. We wish he had in this way given a lesson to some recent compilers of first grammars, by showing them how facts, intelligibly classified and unencumbered by speculations foreign to the purpose, are by far the most valuable contributions to philology. The state of Dr. Livingstone's health, we suppose, did not admit of these additional labors.

We can not over-estimate the importance of Dr. Livingstone's discoveries, a sense of the value of which grows upon us, the more we reflect upon the new light we have received, and the improved position we can now take in advance of the blundering speculations into which our ignorance betrayed us a few years ago. (1.) The fact that within two or three hundred miles of the East and West Coasts of Africa, there are elevated ridges rising five thousand feet, more or less, above the level of the sea, and embracing a large extent of country in which Europeans may live in perfect health and vigor even within the tropics, as in Abyssinia, had long been surmised, but is now placed beyond doubt. Here mission stations, trading settlements, and even European colonies, may in process of time be formed, all laboring to develop the resources of Central Africa, and to impart to its dark millions the blessings of Christianity and civilization. (2.) The light thrown upon the singular river system of the central plateau of Africa is suggestive of the future use to which this curious network of rivers may be applied. Already it is obvious that by the Zambezi there is a highway into the heart of Africa, notwithstanding the falls which may necessitate occasional portages, as in the Hudson Bay Territory. By the rivers which flow westward or northward, near the Portugese territory of Angola, there is communication between the West Coast and the interior. The Kasai and Quango are supposed to flow northward into the Zaire, and by occasional portages would open a large extent of country to commerce. Other rivers connected with the Zambezi, or with the Lakes Maravi and Taganyika, far to the north-east, may be navigable at least for canoes as far as the source of the Nile; and it is probable,

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from the appearance of the central plateau, and the direction taken by its watercourse, that rivers which flow farther northward will facilitate access to Soudan and Darfur, and the lake Tshad. Dr. Barth (in his third volume) describes the country south of the lake as level, abounding in rivers, which at certain seasons overflow their banks, leaving marshes and swamps similar to those on the Chobe, Leeambye, and Leeba. It is probable that from the water-shed near the Lake Dilolo in 11½° south latitude, as far as the latitude of Lake Tshad, a distance of fifteen hundred miles, the fall from the level of Lake Dilolo (four thousand five hundred feet) to that of the latter lake, (Tshad,) which is one thousand feet above the sea, is continuous, and uninterrupted by any lofty mountain ranges. If so, we may expect to find lakes and river systems connected with them, until we reach the Nile and the Niger. These rivers will form the easiest and most natural channels of commerce and civilization; and surely British enterprise, starting from the Niger on the one hand, and from the Zambezi on the other, will supersede the Arab peddler in the monopoly of the trade of regions as extensive and probably as populous as the whole of Europe. Instead of a barren desert, or a range of lofty inaccessible mountains, we find Central Africa to be a land of rivers and broad streams, fertile beyond belief, and capable of producing the articles we most need, inhabited too by populations born as it were traders, and anxious for the productions of Europe. (3.) The proposal to establish missions with the Matebele, south of the Zambezi, and with the Makololo to the north, and to open a water communication with them, and with trading marts, from the east coast by the way of the Zambezi, appears to us to be perfectly practicable, from the evidence adduced by Dr. Livingstone as to the state of the Zambezi, and, from what is sufficiently obvious, the influence of Dr. Livingstone and of the Rev. Mr. Moffat with the Makololo and Matebele people and chiefs. Positions on the Zambezi would stand on the dividing line between the Kaffir and Sichuana races and those of Negroland. Beginning with the Balonda, a great negro power, there is no doubt a series of similar negro states, as yet free from the influence, political and religious, of the Mohammedan Arabs, as far as the neighborhood of Darfur, Wadai, and Begarmi. What locality in Africa so important for Christian missions and British traders? It is just half way between Graham's Town, the capital of South-East Africa, and Abyssinia. One half of the distance accomplished, how long will it take to pass over what remains? That cotton and other desirable products may be grown by the African tribes at a cheap rate, is beyond doubt: the greatest hindrance is the Slave Trade, and the general insecurity of life and property under barbarous governments. We may hope that missions and trading emporiums may exercise an influence which will in due time be felt from the least to the greatest. Sure we are that a line of mission and commercial establishments planted inland on the healthy ridges, on the East and West Coasts of Africa, which were advocated fourteen years ago by an experienced African missionary, would do more for the prevention of the slave trade than our cruisers, which cost us half a million annually. They would appeal at once to moral influences and self-interest, the weight of which Africans can understand as well as Europeans. If the destruction of the slave trade be a European object in which our nation represents the moral feeling of Christendom, surely the most effectual means would be for the nation to patronize agencies which will get to the rear of the slaver, and cut off his supplies. Time and patience will be requisite, and much outlay will have to be incurred, before any returns can be reasonably expected from the measures originated by Dr. Livingstone; but then, let it be remembered, the object in view is the development of the resources of a vast continent; and no outlay, however large, is thrown away, if it be the means of introducing us to millions of producers and customers. We consider this movement of Dr. Livingstone's for the opening of the Zambezi, and the similar undertaking of Mr. Laird's with reference to the Niger, as the "signs of the times" pointing to Africa, and indicating that the set time to favor her is come. We trust that the friends of the negro races, the patrons of Christian missions, and the advocates of extended commerce and civilization, will cordially cooperate in any measures which may seem requisite to give efficiency to these noble undertakings.

Our cheerful anticipations are some-

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what damped by the remembrance that there are two Dutch Republics to the north of the Cape Colony, the independence of which has been acknowledged by the British Government since the year 1853. We know not which most to lament, the infatuation of the Executive, or the supineness of the Christian public, at the time this miserable blunder was brought before the notice of Parliament. No doubt the exaggerations of misinformed philanthropy, in 1835 and following years, produced a natural reäction in the minds of our statesmen, and among the British people generally: and thus it was that the future interests of the Cape Colony, and of the native tribes beyond, were permitted to be sacrificed to suit a present convenience. The two Republics, consisting of the Orange River Sovereignty and the Trans-Vaal Boers, occupy a splendid territory from the northern frontier of the Cape as far as the ridges which are found at the sources of the streams which feed the Limpopo River, in about 24° south latitude. Free from the control of the British Government, impervious to the public opinion of the civilized world, these men are a law unto themselves, believing the black and colored races, as the children of Ham, to be destined to perpetual servitude, and consequently hating missionaries "for their work's sake." That this, with some few exceptions, is the feeling of the Boers beyond the Colony, no one can deny. To get rid of a little trouble and expense, the British Government has given up *its allies*, the Griquas, the Borolongs, the Basutus under the great chief Moshese, and such men as Sebituane and Sechele, who are an honor to our race, to the tender mercies of their avowed enemies. To some of these tribes we were bound by treaties which they had faithfully kept, but which we have shamefully broken. We guarantee to the Boers the right to purchase supplies of guns and ammunition, and we bind ourselves to deny this advantage to the native tribes. For this mistake, to call it by no harsher name, the next generation of Cape colonists will suffer; and as to the native tribes, the results will be fatal to their highest interests. We, as a nation, spend half a million annually in counteracting the slave trade on the coasts of Africa, and we have legalized the existence of two slave states in South-Africa. So much for political consistency! Slavery disguised under the name of "apprenticeship" is the rule, free labor the exception, so far as the colored people are concerned in these *pseudo* Dutch Republics: and regular inroads are made, on various pretenses, upon the native tribes, for the sake of procuring young children to be trained as slaves. We see no limit to the extent of country over which this curse of Africa may reach, now that all British control is withdrawn; for a population of forty thousand, rapidly increasing, and which can even now muster eight thousand fighting men, all adapted by early training for native warfare, can find nothing in Africa to resist it. No time is to be lost, if we are to secure the heights of the Zambezi, and the navigation of that river, for Christianity and legitimate commerce. In a few years the Boers, unless checked by the introduction of a higher civilization, will gradually occupy the elevated ranges far to the north of their present position, and will lord it over the poor inhabitants of the plains below. They also will grow cotton and tropical productions, but it will be by the labor of slaves; and the next generation may witness a slave cotton-growing field, as extensive as that of the United States of America, established in South-Eastern Africa. If the Portuguese Government understand their interests, they will gladly second Dr. Livingstone's plans, and make use of this opportunity to establish their almost extinct settlements on the sure sound basis of a free labor and free trade policy. If Romish intrigues or other sinister influences should interfere and prevail, and the Portugese Government prove adverse, we see no reason why the native tribes should not be appealed to, as they are *de facto* independent of Portugal or any foreign power. Without their goodwill, the consent of the Portuguese Government would be of no value, and with their coöperation any opposition, from whatever source, may safely be disregarded. It is earnestly to be desired that no obsolete claim of Portugal may be permitted to interfere with the carrying out of one of the most rational and glorious enterprises of the philanthropy of the nineteenth century.

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

# THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.*

Mr. Atherstone has here given us, not a romance, but a poem in prose. He has been happy in choosing for a subject that which, considering all the attendant circumstances, is, perhaps the most striking event in ancient history, the Fall of Babylon. There is not, indeed, even in the book of Daniel, a more sublime narrative than that in which we are told how the riotous feasting of Belshazzar and his thousand lords, and their impious mockery of the God of Israel, were changed suddenly into trembling and paleness, when there came forth the fingers of a man's hand, and wrote upon the wall in characters unknown—how Daniel, long forgotten, and now, by the queen's request, consulted, boldly reproved the king, and read in the writing the doom of his kingdom; and which concludes with the simple words: "In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain. And Darius, the Median, took the kingdom, being about threescore and two years old." On this narrative, combined with what profane history tells us, Mr. Atherstone has founded his work.

Although narrative in form, it has very much of the dramatic spirit; and, indeed, with a little transposition, might be transformed into a trilogy, after the manner of the ancients. The time occupied by the action is only three days, and the scene is constantly either in Babylon itself, or in the camp of Cyrus. As was the case with the spectators of the ancient dramas, we know, beforehand, the catastrophe; but this by no means diminishes the interest of the story, although it advantageously prevents us from being continually carried away by violent and transient emotions. It places us, indeed in the position of a Jew, who rested with unswerving faith on the predictions of Isaiah, which pointed at Cyrus as the destined conqueror of Babylon. We sympathize with this faith. We, too, in reading, feel a faith as strong, though not so tried; and though for a moment we may forget our firm belief, or doubt whether it includes the matters which for the time are in question, yet we feel confident that truth and justice will finally triumph; and in this confidence we are conscious of a high superiority to the changes and chances which may seem to tend to a different result. And this is the highest office of poetry; to elevate our souls for a time above the weaknesses and temptations incidental to our condition, but not essential to it, by appealing to, and exercising, the higher principles within us. In our sympathy with the hero, Michael, we stand without awe in the presence of the impious tyrant, and our feet, fixed upon the truth of God, we take no account of death or torture, when the path of duty lies before us. Where our sympathy is so entire, it is, perhaps, desirable that the hero should be immaculate; and where the action occupies so brief a space, no truth of character is thereby violated. Mr. Atherstone has, indeed, two heroes—Cyrus, the virtuous and great-souled, philosophic, but perplexed with doubts on things beyond this earthly sphere, such as relevation alone can solve; and Michael, a hero of the stamp of young David, fearless and full of faith. In their conversation, Cyrus' language is such as we may often hear, even now, from the lips of men calling themselves Christians, though Cyrus has the advantage in point of tone.

Belshazzar is depicted as a sensual, unfeeling, brutish tryant; and this character is sufficiently borne out by the brief notices which we possess. His mother Nitocris, is the bright spot in the darkness of the court; a woman just and religious according to her knowledge, and led by strange events, at last to pray to the one God of Israel.

We proceed to give a sketch of the story.

The hero, Michael, a young man of

* *The Handwriting on the Wall.* A Story, by Edwin Atherstone, Author of "The Fall of Nineveh," etc., etc. "Thou art weighed in the balance, and found wanting." London: Bentley. 1858.

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giant stature, had formerly served, with high distinction, under Cyrus, seeing in him a divine instrument, and by his great achievements, and, especially by saving the conqueror's life in the battle of Thymbra, had gained his warmest friendship. He had just returned from Jerusalem, whither he had journeyed to procure a ransom for his father, Adad, unjustly imprisoned by a debauched lord of Babylon. In Cyrus' tent he finds Crœsus of Lydia, and Tigranes of Armenia, both princes conquered by Cyrus, but who, by his noble conduct, had been made his devoted servants. The time of supper is passed in recounting the generous acts of Cyrus to his adversaries; of oracles and prophecies too is their discourse; but one, at least, there is who does not, for philosophy, neglect his supper. Thus speaks the epicurean, Crœsus:

"Babylon may fall, or it may not; that is a thing pertaining to the future and to the uncertain; but this delicious drink is a thing of the present and the absolute; and he is not a wise man who neglecteth a real and existing good while musing upon one that is possible and future. I drink to thy health, then."

Meantime, Cyrus and Michael have been conferring beneath the calm moonlight. They talk of the approaching attack on Babylon, in which Cyrus confidently looks for success, but for which he needs the aid of Michael. The latter will only promise to visit Cyrus again within two days; and after some further discourse on matters philosophical and astrological, they part.

The same evening King Belshazzar dreamed a dream of warning, but which, as interpreted by his Magi, (who tell him of the Jewish prophecies of Cyrus,) only exites him to further cruelty towards the Jews. He seizes two lovely maidens, Ruth and Naomi; the latter majestic, yet gentle, the betrothed of Michael; the former musical as a nightingale, and tender as a dove, the beloved of Araspes, Crœsus' nephew. The reader will pardon the insertion of the following exquisite picture:

"Ruth, the younger by one year only, was somewhat above the common height of woman; and could, at times, look with much of the stately grace of her sister: but the prevailing expression of face, form, and motion, was that of a sweet cheerfulness; an acute sensibility to all impressions, whether upon sense or upon spirit. The love of music was, in her, as a very principle of life. Even in her dreams, was there an outpouring of sweet sounds from her soul, as from a fountain always full and overflowing. So melodious was her voice, that her simplest speech sounded like music; and, even amid grave discourse, would snatches of sweet melody distill unconsciously from her; like the few soft notes breathed forth at intervals, as in his own despite, by the nightingale, when he fears danger to his nest, and will not give forth his song. Beauteous, perhaps, as her sister was she: but that beauty was of different order—the beauty of a garden filled with sweet flowers, as compared to that of a majestic, cedar-topped hill. Lambently blue were her quick, mild eyes; her hair like a streak of golden cloud. As a rose among thick leaves, was her smile-loving mouth, embedded in dimples, ever changing and shifting, as the wind-dots on a clear water: and like the rose-tinge on a white lily, was the bloom on her cheeks."

To render intelligible what follows, it is necessary to observe that Belshazzar had been endeavoring to persuade Crœsus to withdraw his allegiance from Cyrus, and to promise to betray him in the heat of battle. Crœsus puts him off, from time to time, with ambiguous answers; and with one of these is Michael now intrusted, to be conveyed in the first instance, to Araspes. The latter has, therefore, ready access to the king; and now, by pleading his influence with Crœsus, obtains the king's promise that the maidens shall be released, if Crœsus promise to do battle for him in the next conflict. Michael then is ushered into the despot's presence that he may be questioned about the Persian camp.

Michael amazes the king with his great strength; he strings the bow of the great giant Samgarnebo; and though he refuses to shoot an old slave who had been set up as a target, he pierces in the eye, at three hundred paces, a wooden god of Ind. His reward is the jeweled sword of Arphaxad, and five score shekels of silver. Belshazzar would have him then, as the price of Naomi's freedom, engage to take the life of Cyrus. "Not, O king! were thy crown and empire to be the reward, would I do that wickedness," is Michael's answer. "And for thee, king of Assyria, if this thing should be spoken abroad, would not all nations of the earth cry shame upon thee?" For these words, and that he may not publish Belshazzar's shame, Michael must die speedily and secretly. With fair words he is dismissed;

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but after him are the assassins sent, to dog his footsteps, and slay him unexpecting. They, however, return, declaring that by magic he had escaped their hands. By magic truly: by their terror at the good sword of Arphaxad, wielded by Michael's giant arm, and the charm of the silver shekels, the royal present, which Michael flung on the ground before them. The king, in his rage, orders that fifty of the chief men among the Jews be seized, and proclamation to be made that those fifty shall be hanged, if Michael be not given up. Obal, however, a Phrygian soldier attached to Michael, informs him that the king seeks his life, and warns him to flee. He accordingly betakes himself to the camp of Cyrus, leaving with his family orders to follow him, for his father Adad has before this been ransomed. Scarcely, however, has he reached the camp, when Araspes comes in haste to inform him that fifty chief men of the Jews are standing in the public place, with ropes around their necks, the king mocking them, and threatening them with death, if Michael is not given up. Forthwith, Michael resolves to surrender himself to death, in order to save the lives of these fifty. In the mean time, these men have been already slain, in spite of the king's promise; but neither Michael nor Araspes is aware of this, and so the former submits to be bound and cast into prison. First, however, he hears Belshazzar's scheme of persecution:

"'Ha!' cried the tyrant, with a fiendish grin; 'then rare sport shall there be for the people, during many a day. Hearken thou to me now. To-morrow hold we the great festival to Baal; and much merriment, as thou knowest, will there be throughout the city—eating, and drinking, and dancing, and music, and amorous delights; even through the day, and through the night; so that, for the morrow, sufficient of such pastime will it be for them, to see *thee* alone in the midst of the fire; and to hear thy yellings: but, while thou shalt be thus making for them sport, fifty of thy brethren, as thou callest them, shall be taken out of prison; and be brought where they also can see thee, and hear thy music; and command shall be given them, on pain of like torment, to deny your God of Israel, and to bow down before Baal. Methinks that, when they shall see thy flesh, and hear thy voice, they will not disobey; but, if they dare to refuse obedience, then, on the day after, shall there be fifty fires, like thine; and those fifty Jews shall burn therein: and from the prison shall there be brought another fifty of thy brethren; and they shall stand nigh, and see the burning, and hear the howling: and then they, too, shall be commanded to deny your God of Israel, and to bow down before Baal: and if they also, like the first, refuse to obey, then, on the next morrow, shall fifty fires be again lighted; and those fifty Jews shall stand in them; and another fifty shall be brought forth to look upon them. How long, thinkest thou, sorcerer, will your headstrong madmen, hearing and seeing these things, remain rebellious to the king's command? But, by Baal, and all others gods do I swear, that, if they bend not their stiff necks, and give worship to the true gods, every day shall fifty of them roar in the fire, even till the last man of your hateful race shall have gone up in smoke and stench; and the earth shall be purified from their presence.'"

Michael is conducted to the river-dungeon. Between the ancient and the more recent palace of Babylon, there was a passage by means of tunnel beneath the river, and in this passage, at a short distance from the entrance of the vault, was dug a dungeon. To this was Michael brought, and though the door, which for three years had stood ajar, had become so warped by the damp, that it could not be closed; yet was he securely bound by the same chain which had held the giant Lapidoth. Here he walked within the narrow limits which his chain allowed, buried in meditation, and confiding that God would rescue him from death; for had not Daniel charged him, by message, to do his work, even as Cyrus had desired him? Obal, the Phrygian, having stolen the key of the fetter-lock from the drunken Nebuzaradan, now offers liberty to the prisoner; who refuses to purchase his own life at the price of the possible death of the fifty, who, though he knows it not, have already ceased to live. But after Obal left him, in the thick darkness, the dead, down-pressing darkness, horrible thoughts and fearful doubts assail him. Had his hope in the word of the prophet been but a dream? Does God indeed regard the affairs of men? Surely his hours are numbered, and the rising sun will bring to him death; and what a vision of death!

Suddenly the vision ceased, and he beheld a form of light, beautiful beyond all beauty of man: "the roseate tint of morn was on the face; the eyes seem embodied love; the lips as a smile from heaven." This angelic being reproves Michael for his unbelief in Baal; tells him that Israel's unbelief it is which has led to

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their sufferings and their captivity; reminds him of the great antiquity of Baal-worship, which an erring man, who thought himself inspired, led Israel to abandon; and foreshows the sufferings which will be the lot of Michael's loved ones, if he lay not hold on the true faith. In proof of his divine mission, this being loosens his fetters, and, opening the dungeon-door, brings in Naomi, who avows that she has this day abjured Jehovah, and fallen down before Baal; and now beseeches her beloved to shake off his hitherto blind belief, and follow her example. Manfully he resists. "The fire-pang is as nothing to this misery. 'O God of Israel! have mercy upon her.' Swift as thought, the cords were again on his limbs; the chain, with furious clangor, begirt his body: the dungeon was dark and silent as the grave." With more propitious vision was he presently rewarded.

Naomi, by a feigned message from the queen, who had shown great favor to her and Ruth, had been brought to the chamber of the vile, drunken Belshazzar. He threatens her, if she do not yield, with the death of her father, her mother, and her lover; but she inly resolves that the dagger which she has concealed in her bosom shall, if needful, free her from the loathsome importunities of the monster. Thus terminates the interview:

"'Hast thou answer for me?' he demanded, at length, standing directly before her.

"'I have,' she replied. 'Could I believe thy words all truths, I still should answer, "NEVER!" but false as the fiends do I believe thee to be, and thy promises all lies. I will not now do evil, that good may come, else had it been worse for thee; still less will I do evil, knowing that the tempting good is a hollow deceit, like that poor falsehood which lured me hither. King, though thou may slay me, yet shalt thou not bring pollution upon my soul. I am in the hand of God; and, in him trusting, I tell thee that, to my latest breath will I resist thee.'

"'She-devil!' cried the infuriate monster, with every moment more and more maddened by the drink; 'submit in quietness, or I will summon hither a score of women, who shall rend the raiment from thee, as a wild cat rends the feathers from a dove.'

"'Never will I submit to thy infamy, baser than beast!' cried Naomi, her brow contracting now, her eyes sparkling, and her right hand buried in her vest.

"'Then, by Baal,' roared he out, 'I will strike thee down, and trample on thee, and use thee like a harlot.'

"'He sprang towards her, and grasped her by the left hand. In a moment, the dagger gleamed over his head; in another moment would it have fallen; but, suddenly, a look of terror inexpressible shot over his face; his eyeballs started and stared, yet not at the dagger; he saw it not; he saw no longer the hand that grasped it: on something behind that threatening form his look was fixed. His face grew pale as the dead; he shrank together, like a leaf before the fire; he howled, like the dying dog, in his last feeble cry; and at last dropped to the floor, collapsed and helpless, as a corpse drops from the gallows, when the rope has been cut.

"Naomi sheathed her dagger, stooped, took from his vest the key, unlocked the door, drew it wide, and sent forth her voice, 'Help, help! the king is smitten with sickness.'"

Naomi's first thought was, how to find her brother in the dungeon of the river-vault. She knew not the way, but as she walked onward, she reached a descending flight of steps, which she resolved to follow, lead whithersoever they might. Soon she was in darkness; and in fear and doubt she felt her way down and along until her hand touched a door. It yielded not, however, to her touch; nor to her anxious call, "Michael," was there any reply. Searching with her palm, at last she touched a key; but neither would that yield to her feeble force. While waiting and doubting what to do, a sound reached her ears, as of another person approaching with stealthy tread. It was Obal the Phrygian, again seeking the dungeon of Michael. He led Naomi thither, and now conveyed the information of the slaughter of the fifty chief men, and the royal feast which had been provided at the place of execution. Enraged at this news, Michael puts forth the strength of his forefather, Samson, and wrenches the chain-ring violently, until the hard ancient bricks are torn asunder, and he stands free. Obal then leads him to the gate which opens on the river bank, and, having promised that Ruth and Naomi shall be conducted to the same gate on the morrow, at midnight, Michael casts loose a boat, and, lying down in it for safety, floats down the stream until he reaches the camp of Cyrus. To Cyrus he is able to communicate most welcome and important information: first, that access to the very center of the palace can be readily obtained by means of the gate through which he himself escaped; and next, that the following day will be the great festival



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of Baal, when every man in the whole city will be drunken, so that the river gates will certainly be left open. Cyrus accordingly charges him to select a thousand of the bravest, who shall follow his guiding into the river-vault. Then he reflects on the new course which events are now taking.

At early dawn on the following morn the whole city was astir, for the high festival of Baal was come; and, to add to the splendor of the feast, the great Jewish sorcerer would be, as they expected, burned alive, while fifty other Jews would be brought to behold the spectacle; and if they worshiped not Baal, then they too, on the following day, would be condemned to the fire.

But we must hasten to the description of the royal feast. Let the reader judge of the author's powers of describing such a scene.

"In the greatness of his glory, Belshazzar sat at the feast. In the vast and gorgeous hall of Baal he sat; and, with him, a thousand of his lords, his ministers, and counselors; the chief among the Magi, and the captains over his hosts. But not nigh unto the king's majesty sat these.

"Against the southern wall, midway 'twixt east and west—a blaze of gold and gems—stood the great throne of state. On a spacious platform of cedar, two cubits high above the floor; and covered with a thick carpet of purple cloth, interwoven with gold did it stand: and, in front of the throne, and alike glorious to see, stood the table of beaten gold; and the couches of purple silk, stiff with gold, on which sat the king, and his wives, and his princes, and his concubines—a bed of jewel fire. Steps of cedar wood, covered also with cloth interwoven with threads of gold, ran along three sides of the raised floor; so that, if need were, might the eunuchs, in great numbers, ascend, or descend together, and no confusion rise.

"Five hundred serving men, attired in white linen, edged with silver; with collars of silver round their necks; armlets and anklets of silver; and belts of burnished silver round their waists—ministered to the guests. But, for the table of the king, were there eunuchs, attired in pale blue tunics, of fine linen, that descended to the ankles: round their loins, and across their shoulders, were silken belts, thickly embroidered, and fringed with gold. Ear-rings, armlets, bracelets, and necklaces, of gold and gems, also had they upon them; so that for splendor, looked they even as lords.

"Of gold, or of silver, were all the dishes, the plates, and the wine-cups for the guests: but the goblet of the king was of finest gold, studded with diamonds and rubies; and, at the royal table, was every vessel of the finest gold.

"Ever and anon, as he ate and drank, did the king from his high seat, look proudly from end to end of that bright hall; magnificent more than aught of architectural glory throughout the earth beside. Few were the arms that with strongest bow, could from east to west, have driven the steel-headed arrow; few that from north to south, could have sent the rounded pebble from the sling; or with it reached the gold-fretted roof. Great as was the number of the feasters, ample room for thrice their sum had there been; so that in the center of the hall directly before the royal platform, was left a great space; and at either end, wide apart were placed the tables; and for every guest was there a couch; and for the serving men was there room, as on a highway, to go to and fro.

"Over the lower windows that faced the west, were hung curtains of crimson silk; so that on the floor fell not the burning rays of the sun; but, through the windows high aloft, its glory entered; and glancing down on the enameled walls emblazoned with gold; on the brightly colored paintings, and sculptures; the numerous statues of alabaster, of silver, and of gold; the great golden image of Baal; the richly embroidered, and many-hued garments, and thickly-sown jewels of the guests; and, brightest of all, on the gem-blazing throne, the table of gold, the jewel-flashing garments of the king, his wives, and his concubines—kindled up a very fire of splendor, such as, in dreams alone, may the eye of man ever again behold.

"In galleries, at the eastern and western ends of the hall, were musicians, who played upon the harp, and the tabor, and the flutes, and the sackbut, and the trumpet, and the cymbals; and all other instruments of music; and singing men, and singing women, in great numbers; who, when the sign was given to them, played and sang together in loud concert, to make pleasure for the king and his guests.

"With all manner of savory foods were the tables covered, again and again: and wines of rarest delicacy, the vintages of every land in the wide East, were brought freely, as though they had been water; nor was any stint at all thought of; for, dishonor to Baal, would it have been deemed, if on that night, should one man of them all walk with steady foot to his bed.

"At the right hand of the king, and on the same roomy couch sat the youngest of his wives; and, at his left, the chief favorite among his concubines—she who the least feared, with free tongue, to speak unto the dreaded monarch; and now, with arch smile, eyes bright as diamonds, and alas! with heart as hard, thus said she:

"'Pleasanter, O king! is the air of this magnificent hall to those who sit in the sunshine of thy greatness, than the breath of their dark dungeon, to those misbelieving Jews, who lie in the shadow of thine anger; and who to-morrow will be cast into the fire. What if their magicians should suddenly transport them thence; and bring them hither, to look upon the glory

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and the happiness of those who believe in the true God!'"

She tells the king of the wonder wrought on the bodies of the murdered men, for which Sarsechim, the prime minister, is called to account. The king, on hearing his story, makes a proclamation, that if the fifty bodies, and also Michael the sorcerer, be not delivered up, five hundred more shall be seized, and half-burned alive, half-crucified, in the sight of Cyrus' camp.

Sarsechim and Hadoram suggest meanwhile a new means of obtaining money from the Jews, and vexing them to the heart. It is, that the sacred vessels of fine gold taken by king Nebuchadnezzar, from the temple at Jerusalem, be brought forth, that the king and his concubines may drink therein, and that thereafter they may be offered to the Jews at a great price. Then might they be induced, in order to save the holy vessels from profanation, to bring forth great wealth, which would otherwise have been concealed beyond discovery. A hundred Jews are brought from the prisons to witness the pollution, and to furnish mirth to the king's guests. His concubines, too, at his command mock the Jews.

"Down the steps, almost at one leap, sprang the wild-eyed girl; and, singing aloud an amorous song, and with wanton gesture dancing, held aloft the sacred vessels, even close to the faces of the horrified Jews, dancing along the whole line, and, ever and anon, ceasing her song, and crying out, to one or other of them: 'Wilt thou drink? Wilt thou drink?' Then, as the wretched men turned aside, with loathing and with horror, vehemently laughed the king, and all the guests laughed with him; and again was there heard aloft a laughter, as from things not of this world; a laughter heavy and deep; a sound as of the voices of mirth, and of great torment, mingled in one."

In the midst of their tumult of mirth, and as the king drank, "Glory to Baal, and overthrow to the God of Israel," there fell a darkness throughout the hall, and the gigantic golden statue of Baal fell from its broad pedestal, and plunged headlong through floor and beam, and was lost to sight! For a time there was a hush and a trembling through the hall; but soon the natural cause of the accident was supposed to be discovered, and the impious feast again proceeded. Presently the lamps are lighted, yet Hadoram informs the king that the sun shineth as bright as noon, for it is not the fifth hour after midday. But thicker waxeth the darkness, the lamps go out, and then—

"'Ha—a—a! look! look!'

"The priest turned; and every eye within the hall turned to gaze; and a low sound of shuddering, and quick-drawn breath, arose throughout the assembly: for, high on the wall, over against the throne, amid the thick darkness, was seen a hand—an armless hand—fashioned like that of a man, but of size more than gigantic; and of substance unlike aught of earth!

"And while yet they looked, behold! with extended finger, the hand began to write upon the wall; and, as it wrote, the letters blazed out like fixed lightning: so that, on the solid blackness, followed a great radiance, as of a present sun: and men covered their eyes; or turned away, unable to endure its splendor.

"In their terror, some cried out aloud; and cast themselves on the ground; and some ran like madmen through the doors; fearing they knew not what. But others were there who, though well nigh blinded by the great light, could not turn away from that mysterious hand their quivering eyes. And while yet they looked, behold! the hand vanished! but the burning letters remained on the wall.

"With glaring eyes, dropped jaw, and corpse-like face, stood Belshazzar; idiot-like, with the excess of terror. *The joints of his loins were unloosed; and his knees smote together.* Turning, at length, with vacant stare, he beheld, close to his right hand, the black eunuch; and strove to speak to him: but his tongue lay dead; and a moaning sound and a chattering of the teeth only, came from his mouth. But he lifted feebly his arm, and looked in the face of Ashkenaz; and his desire was understood. Signing to another eunuch to support the left arm of the king, Ashkenaz sustained him on the right; and thus, staggering at every step, and moaning heavily, was Belshazzar borne to his couch; and laid down, with his face turned away from the terrible writing."

The astrologers fail to read the mystic words; then the queen-mother, Nitocris, comes before the king, and asks that Daniel may be sent for.

"Now, because he knew that Daniel was the chief man among the Jews, and greatly beloved, and reverenced by that people; his purpose it was, to speak sternly and proudly unto him: but when, with slow, firm step, the prophet had ascended the stairs; and stood, at length, before him, utterly was the spirit of the king subdued. The pale, majestic, power-beaming face; the dark, clear, soul-reading eyes; the lips, eloquent even in silence; the noble form; the long snow-white hair and beard; the dark, flowing robe; the whole grand presence was that of a being as much superior to kings as kings esteem

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themselves greater than their slaves; so that, when Belshazzar looked upon him, his tongue for a while failed; and he sat mute, and shifting uneasily upon his seat; turning his eyes this way and that; and knowing not what to do. The prophet gazed upon him for a time; then spake."

Having reproved the king for his wickedness and impiety, he proceeds, in the words recorded in the Book of Daniel, to interpret the writing.

Soon as he is gone the Magi and Soothsayers conspire to take his life. The king, indeed, will have naught to do with the deed directly, for he fears his mother, who highly esteems the prophet; but he sanctions the design of the murderers, who persuade him that it is written in the stars, that this night either Daniel or Belshazzar shall be slain.

Meantime come messengers, in breathless haste, saying, that a great host is marching silently up the bed of the river, as on dry land. None regard the strange announcement except Hammalech, the chief captain of the armies of Babylon. He hastens out to ascertain the truth of the report; as speedily as may be assembles the palace guard. But of an enemy within the palace itself, naught dreamed he. Michael, at the head of his thousand has entered the river-vault. Placing his guard at the doors, he entered the banqueting hall alone, just as the lords were shouting "Great is Belshazzar, the God of the Assyrians!" and stood before Belshazzar. After a short parley, he hurled the monarch into the vault into which the statue of Baal had fallen. Leaving a guard at the doors, he then went out to meet Cyrus. Before Hammalech had sufficient time to collect his soldiers the Persians had nearly reached the palace walls. But soon was heard the great voice of Michael from within, calling for a cessation of the fight, for that Belshazzar was dead. Hammalech having learned the truth, surrendered. The first thought of Sarsechim was of his master's jewels. He helps, therefore, another lord to descend into the vault to secure this priceless booty. Balak was let down by cords, but when again brought into sight, "behold his face was ghastly as that of a corpse; his eyes glared, as though he had beheld a spirit; and his voice was feeble as that of a far-off echo, when, with a shudder, he said, 'THE KING LIVETH.'" He had fallen on soft bales of merchandise below. Sarsechim would have him left below as if for safety, but he insists on brought up. Before, however, he had time to disguise himself, Cyrus entered. He expounds to the lords the rules of justice by which his future conduct will be governed, and which he expects that they also will follow. Hadoram, then, and his fellows, who had been intercepted in the river-vault by Michael, are brought in for trial. They plead that they had but done the king's bidding, and had even begged earnestly that Daniel might be spared; but the testimony of the soldiers condemns them. Ashkenaz too eagerly offered his testimony in Belshazzar's favor, and this excited in Cyrus' mind a strange suspicion. "Thinkest thou," said he to Michael, "that solely for the memory of a dead king would that poor black slave have so earnestly spoken?" Search is made for the king. As Michael walks about the hall he is followed by the fierce, hate-inflamed eye of Belshazzar.

"An icy fear, at one moment freezing his heart; in the next, was it burned with the fire of vengeance. Dreading to die—he thirsted to slay. But, greater than even that dread was the fiery thirst. If the cup should be put to his lips, drink he must; though to drop the next moment a corpse! His brain was in a blaze; and with blood only could it be quenched. The keen dagger of Damascan steel, that would pierce, as he thought, through iron armor, as through a robe of linen, was hidden within his vest. Should the detested Israelite draw near, and see him—as a tiger on a fawn, would he leap upon him; and drive it deep into his breast! Let but that be done, and in his own heart would he strike it next; and so mock and foil the avenger!"

Soon as Michael came near, he was struck, but his good armor well defended him; and the blow served but to discover to him the object of his search. The lately worshiped god of the Assyrians is forthwith condemned to be hanged on the gallows prepared for the Jews. But this night he must pass in the river-dungeon, with the condemned astrologers for his companions. The account of his leading thither, we must pass by; but the scene in the dungeon we can not omit.

"'Wherefore art thou brought hither, O king?' were the words of the voice.

"As though, from head to foot, a great spasm had seized him—stiffened, and motionless, and mute, stood the horrified tyrant. The voice of the grim questioner, about to begin the tor-

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ments, it seemed to him; and he would not, he could not reply. Flashes of flame appeared to come from his eyes: but they showed him naught. Great noises began to sound in his ears. Fire, and flood, and howling tempest, seemed raging all together; but he knew not where: and horrible cries, as of men in the extreme of torture, began to mingle with them: and anon, the terrific yells of the Ethiopian giant, Lapidoth; as, with clapping hands, and shouts of laughter, he had himself heard, and gloated over them, on that day when, at last, the wretch ended life and misery together, by dashing out his brains against that very wall, towards which his swollen eye-balls were now turned.

"Madness had begun.

"Soon, to terrific sounds, succeeded sights yet more horrifying. Distinct appeared to him the horrible dungeon, as though by a huge red fire it had been lighted up. Yet that which really was present, saw he not. In the utter darkness and silence were the priests; seated on the floor, their backs against the wall; but them he beheld not. It was the many victims of his damnable cruelty on which he stared; yet not with pity or remorse; but with a terrible assurance, that all the torments which they had endured from him, were now about to be inflicted upon himself. He heard their shrieks and howlings; and himself began, like them, to howl and shriek. Down to the floor then he cast himself and struggled, as though the red-hot pincers were already eating out his flesh; or the press of iron were crushing his bones.

"'What aileth thee, king?' said aloud the voice that had before spoken.

"'Ha — torturer,' shrieked the madman; 'darest thou mock at a king in his agony? . . . Take off the saw; and I will give thee a kingdom! . . . Ha! my feet are made cinders! . . . My hands have dropped off! . . . . Help! help! help! they are thrusting the red-hot steel into mine eye-balls. . . . Help! help to the king! they are forcing him into the iron press! Help! help! help! Ha—a.'

"Again, and louder than before, called out the voice: 'What aileth thee, king? Art thou beside thyself?'

"But the wretch heard not now; so strong was the torture upon him; so hideous his own yelling.

"The door at length was opened, and, with lamps in their hands, two of the soldiers entered. On the ground lay Belshazzar; his hands clenched; his body, from head to foot, struggling as in the death-agony; his countenance fiery red, and horribly disfigured; his eyes bursting from the sockets; his mouth drawn wide, covered with foam and blood; and sending forth, as from the hollow of some infernal trumpet, shrieks and howlings, fittest for the damned."

His death soon followed.

Mr. Atherstone is often very successful in his analysis of thoughts and feelings.

For the free use of the supernatural, which the author excuses in his preface, we think no apology is necessary. He has indeed managed it so judiciously, that it appears almost natural; and, in its connection with the great fact which the Bible records, adds essentially to the general harmony of the whole.

We have observed, that with slight alteration the work might be put into the form of an ancient drama. We may add that the part of the chorus is often taken by Cyrus.

His discourse, too, on the duties of a king, and on his own intentions, as governor, would make a fine Euripidean chorus-song. Nor is the poetic diction, fine imagery, or gorgeous painting wanting in Mr. Atherstone's work. How far he has been successful in his attempt to approach the diction of the Sacred Books, our readers may judge from the specimens we have laid before them. For ourselves we need only say, that we think his style is worthy of his matter, and that is no mean praise. We thank him for having given new life to characters and events so interesting, and for having made us as familiar with the captive Jews, and their Babylonian masters, as if we had even known them. We thank him especially for placing before us, in so clear a light, the strong unwavering faith of the pious Jews, which teaches (for it is no fiction) such an important lesson to the more enlightened but less spiritual Christians of our own time.

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From the London Quarterly.

# HOMER AND HIS TRANSLATORS.*

If any man would fully estimate the triumph of art over science and philosophy—its ultimate, perpetual, and perfect triumph—it will behove him to study the works and ponder the renown of Homer. The names of Plato and Aristotle, it is granted, may challenge no unworthy rivalry with his; for each is the symbol of a mighty intellect, and awakens the memory of an influence and a sway beyond all calculation. But they are names—echoes. They belong only to the past. Like the image of Sesostris in the chamber of Thebes, they inspire a barren sense of awe and wonder; or if their empire be not wholly passed away, if, by their majestic thoughts, they in some degree still "rule us from their urns," it is a partial and disputed sovereignty which they enjoy, and a faint and dubious homage which the modern world can render. But Homer is still a king. He is not only a name, but a power. His statutes are all unrepealed. Time, that has brought him a vast accumulation of renown, has abated none of his authoritative claims. He has many critics; but they find no fault in him, and can do no more than reverently confirm his laws. His very existence has been stoutly denied; but none has been able to dissolve the integrity or challenge the perfection of his works. And is any greater honor possible to the poet than this, that his enemies should rush forward in the spirit of atheism, and fall back under its silent but perpetual rebuke?—that the author of the Tale of Troy divine should lie under the same imputation as the Maker of this goodly frame, the earth, and "this brave overhanging firmament," and be permitted to leave in his defense a humble counterpart and copy of the same, testifying at once to its divine original and its human author and artificer?

This is high ground to assume from the beginning; but we shall hardly need to lower the pretensions of Homer if we come to examine separately the features of his poetic character. It will then be found that in a sense peculiar to the order to which he belongs, and in a degree peculiar to himself, his faculties have implicitly worked after a divine manner as well as in open emulation of a divine model. With him the secondary inspiration of the poet, acting in its unimpeded simplicity and force, and subject to none but the most favorable conditions, has issued in something like infallible presentments of human character and life — in pictures distinguished by beauty of expression, by variety of incident, by unity of tone; and in which, above the coil of fierce and brutal passions, may yet be gained some intimation of that serene and constant triumph of the moral over the material, which is perhaps the most general lesson breathed by poetic art. Nor are the circumstances of this ancient poet found to militate against the operation of his genius, or to detract from the order of his merit. It is true that his position cut him off from the profoundest sources of emotion and experience now opened in the hearts of Christian men. Born in a pagan country, and familiar only with the world before the Cross, he could have no adequate idea of the dignity or destiny of the human race—no conception of the sublime morality of temperance, meekness, and charity—no anticipation of a more than golden age of righteousness and peace, in which the wrongs and conflicts of mankind are all eventually to merge.

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* *The Iliads of Homer, Prince of Poets, never before in any Language truly translated, with a Comment on some of his chief Places. Done according to the Greek.* By George Chapman. With Introduction and Notes by Richard Hooper, M.A. Two Vols. J. Russell Smith. 1857.

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*The Iliads of Homer.* Faithfully rendered from the original Greek, by F. W. Newman. London. 1856.

*Homer and his Translators. Essays, Critical and Imaginative,* of Professor Wilson. Vol. IV. Blackwood. 1857.

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But this great personal deprivation brought some compensating advantages to the minstrel of the olden world. Considering the just limitation of the sphere of art—which is conversant only with the moral significance of nature and society—it is quite possible that even a heathen poet should attain the truest if not the highest kind of excellence. In point of clearness and precision, of unity of feeling and distinct moral tone, he may well be superior to the poet of our own more favored era, whom the many cross-lights of civilization and religion tend often to bewilder or distract. It was eminently so with Homer. Dwelling in a land of shadows, it was to him also a land of vision; what his eye could compass his mind could distinctly comprehend; and thus, in his poetic character, he had an absolute advantage over the prophet flung into the midst of this seething and tumultuous generation—just as men see farther in a clear night than in a foggy day, and not farther only, but better.

But we have intimated that the Iliad may be regarded as a poetic microcosm, and that some analogy may be traced betwixt its general conduct and prevailing features, and those which obtain in the order of the natural world. It may not be without advantage to pursue this thought a little farther.

The highest qualities of Homer pertain to him in his character of poet or creator. And the first of these is *affluence*. The poet is privileged to imitate in some sort the abundance manifested in the realm of nature. What this abundance is, we may every moment learn on every hand; yet how little do we appreciate either its extent or its significance! Occupied with the trivial concerns of our personal existence, we lose sight of the divine economy of things in which it is imbedded. Yet our surroundings are in harmony with the character of a good and infinite Creator. Such is the brevity of human life, that if our blessings came either singly or slowly from the hands of God, they would barely indicate the fact of his power and goodness; they could not suggest the striking truth that both are inversely proportioned to our deserts, and "neither know measure nor end." We live therefore in a world that is literally built of blessings, that is suspended on them from day to day, that is covered with them from the equator to the poles. They form the basis as well as the ornament of life. They lurk in a thousand disguises, but all have a friendly mission. They are so wondrously ordered and disposed, that we do not suspect how thickly they crowd every corner of existence. They are continuous, like the atmosphere which is our instant life; they are successive, like the waters of the sparkling and unfailing spring; they are simultaneous, like the stars which break together from the vault of heaven; they are crowded and inlaid, like the golden daisies on the velvet turf. The naturalist traces them as so many features of Infinite Intelligence; but they are this and something more; they are faithful imprints of the creative mind in yet another sense, and the final cause of their very beauty and utility is faintly shadowed forth in their aspect of divine goodness.

But how, it may be asked, is this beneficent profusion any way imitable by the stinted resources and enfeebled faculties of man? and how, above all, by the luxurious exercise of his poetic fancy? We answer, that this imitation is accomplished by a process of inversion.

> "Nature with man is Art with God;
> And Art among the sons of men
> Nature translated to His thoughts again."

All the thoughts of the great Author have their instant realization in his threefold kingdom of nature, providence, and grace. We can not conceive of the mind of God as inert or inoperative, but only as the source of perpetual and infinite manifestations. His complacency and displeasure, his smile and frown, are the immediate light and shade of his creation. He prints his glory on the enameled field and in the starry heavens; every gift of his providence is the spontaneous expression of his fatherly care. And the *ideas* of the poetic artist are in some sort representative of these the *embodied thoughts* of God. The Christian may aspire to imitate their quality of goodness more directly; but even the poet is privileged to entertain them in the sphere of mind, and it is by a faithful presentment of their relations and proportions that he preserves no small degree of their moral virtue and significance. Hence the poet is allowably styled the priest or interpreter of nature. It is he who vivifies it by the power of his own

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imagination, and passes all its wonderful phenomena through that refining and exalting medium, so that they fall upon the receiving mind with heightened meaning and with increased effect. The fidelity insured by such a process may inspire, we say, a just confidence in the *moral significance* of all true works of art, even when we have most reason to dispute their moral *power*. But it is more to our present purpose to remark the fullness and opulence of thought which is so prominent a feature in the general result. It will always be found that the poet's picture notably reflects the amplitude and profusion of material nature, and all the copious variety of human life; that poverty of thought and dearth of interest have no place in his vivid, teeming, and abounding world; and that even its minutest corner and its meanest product will more than reward the most intimate research. This will appear by a simple reference to the process just considered. The poet's work, like the poet's mind, becomes a center for the convergence of a world of rays, reflected from every object on every side, all differing in character, in power, in direction, in effect, each printing itself in some peculiarity of line or curve, and every variation fulfilling, heightening, or balancing some part more evidently associated with the whole. There is nothing lost, and nothing redundant, and even nothing to spare; but you can no more exhaust all the ideas than you can crop and send away the last bushel of earth's flowers to market—than you can dot the last star upon your celestial map, and say it is complete. No: the garden of the world is still teeming, whether we repair to it or not; the observatory will be the proud seat of some advanced and happier student, when we no longer live to explore and sweep the heavens: and so, far away in time, is the last scholiast who shall give yet new degrees of meaning and of beauty, and find yet more profound relations and congruities, in the world of Homer, of Dante, and of Shakspeare. For God has been pleased to put this honor on his poets, few but chosen, that being pure in life, simple in aim, and diligent in function, their works shall bear no faint resemblance to his own, but yield a related and subordinate pleasure to mankind, without stint and without end.

Of course, the terms of this description rarely apply; and if they were not exclusive, they might be deemed extreme. We speak only of a privileged order; it is the brightest in the natural family of man, and its members are proportionably few. Many born to its honors and immunities are never solemnly installed into the one because they shamefully abuse the other. Of those in whom all the conditions—intellectual and moral, active and passive—meet and coöperate, how small the number, and how great the distinction! But if we look for the greatest of these, we must cast our eyes upon the first; if he be equal in genius, he will be highest in authority and power; for although the archetype which lies before him is without limit of any kind, the human artist is restricted to certain rules of operation. The first great poet, therefore, will be found in a certain important sense to have "exhausted worlds;" and those who come after him, pondering the old materials and combining them in newer forms, will never quite depart from his example even when they have learned to "imagine new."

It was the fortune of Homer to have this rare advantage of priority, and thus to "get the start of the majestic world." If Chaucer and Shakspeare are the fountains of Gothic art, so far as it obtains in modern poetry, Homer is the first grand master of poetic art in general; he deals in larger and sublimer types of men, and prescribes to every one of his successors no small number of constructive laws. To ancient literature he stands in a position paramount. His genius literally ruled by anticipation all the future of Hellenic song, as his mighty invention embraced and magnified every legend of the past. In Homer is the germ of all the heroic fables of Greece. From his pages alone may be gathered the entire mythology of classical antiquity. We know not to whom *he* was indebted; but the tragedians and poets plainly derived their august and thrilling stories from his works; and often, at the best, they do but amplify his beautiful and pregnant hints. From Æschylus to Apollonius, from Aristophanes to Lucian, we may trace under different states of growth the seeds which his affluent invention scattered. Nor was his influence confined within the limits of his race and country. When Greece, conquered by the arms of Rome, shone forth to her subduer like Pallas Athene, and took captive

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his imagination and his heart forever, Homer had no small share in this glorious retaliation. To the poets of Italy he became a revelation and an oracle; their colder natures warmed, and their less fertile minds grew fruitful, under the welcome stimulus; but still the product testified to his prevailing genius, and an episode of Homer became the national epic of Virgil.

But it is not in the larger matters of invention only that the fertility of the poet's mind appears. His resources are equally displayed in a marvelous variety of character, incident, and descriptive detail. If we duly consider the comparative simplicity of social life in the rude and early ages, we shall be astonished at the number of well-marked characters which animate the Homeric poems. Some of them have become typical of large and general classes, but none of them is without an individuality more or less expressed; and those most likely to be confounded by the vulgar are really discriminated by the nicest touches. In the same manner are the minor incidents—whether of counsel or of war—abundantly diversified. No two wounds received in conflict are quite identical; no two warriors fight under the same circumstances, or fall regretted in the same terms. The author's command of proper names, of descriptive terms, and indeed of appropriate language in general, springs from the same great qualities of invention; it testifies in every place to an active and observant mind, to a judgment which discriminates the characteristic and the true, to a taste which eliminates the feeble and the false, and to a genius which orders and subdues all knowledge to its own purpose.

Another feature of cosmical excellence, distinct but not remote from this of opulent variety, has been already glanced at by the way. It is that of extreme significance, reaching even to minutiæ. Not often are the works of man allowed to emulate this perfection of nature. When the naturalist wishes to distinguish a textile fabric from an organic product, the means which he adopts are simple and decisive. He steps at once within the point of view for which such fabrics are contrived; he brings the power of optics to his aid; and when he has magnified its proportions, he detects with ease the coarse and clumsy workmanship of his fellow-man. How far otherwise is it with the wonderful tissues thrown from the loom of nature! Their beauty challenges the broadest daylight; their texture invites and bears the severest scrutiny. You can not approach them on the wrong side, or examine them too closely or too well. What splendor in the wing of a bee! what cunning in the structure of a leaf! Nay, even a drop of pellucid water is found to be a little world, *imperium in imperio;* we may abstract ourselves from every thing besides, and not live to exhaust its wonders or its lessons; if our faculties permitted, our brief time forbids; but, with grander powers and an indefinite term of life, we might possibly detect within this little round the rudiments of all things, animate or inanimate, that exist or flourish at large in God's creation.

We claim something of this microscopic beauty for the poet's web of verse. Nothing of human origin will bear so prolonged a study, or gain so largely by intimate acquaintance, as the genuine product of imagination, working in secret, and guided by reason in her highest mood. Every note consents to the whole harmony; every touch contributes to the finished picture; every word confers perfection on the poem. If this be so, we may cease to wonder at the attentions lavished by commentator and critic on a simple phrase or particle. That which is so important in its place can not be insignificant in itself. It is just, it is wise, it is time well spent, to secure by every means the right word in its place as it issued from the poet's mind and pen. We may blame the critic's method, and dissent from his conclusions, but his object merits only praise. If he can furnish a genuine text, he does the best thing in his power, and the only thing worth doing. All beside springs from the mere superfluity of zeal. All explanations are a dull impertinence—for a true reading will authenticate itself; and a great poet whose language is obscure, is merely an author whose text is corrupt. No substitution can repair the loss of the right word; every other is foreign to the purpose, and infinitely inferior. Nothing else will serve us but the *ipsissima verba* of the poet.

The number of Homer's commentators is exceeded only by that of his readers and encomiasts; and they all agree in ascribing to him unrivaled powers of expression. His language is nervous as well as delicate, and copious as well as choice. He seems to have invented language as well

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as circumstance, and made the one commensurate with the utmost requirements of the other. In both we find the stamp of individual genius. So marked are the characters of the Homeric language, that no author affords so legitimate a scope for constructive criticism. Between two readings of equal authority, the right one vindicates itself—the genuine word fits into its place like a portion of tesselated pavement, not merely leaving no gap, but duly aiding the principal design or pattern. Our limits forbid us entering upon an illustration of this remark, but the memory of every scholar will confirm its truth.

But the highest merit of these ancient poems—and one quite as remarkable in the conduct of the *Odyssey* as in that of the *Iliad*—must be referred to the unity, consistency, and moral purpose with which the fable is in each case ordered and evolved. To take only the last-named and most comprehensive of these features: the Homeric poems afford eminent examples of the value of poetic justice as a ruling moral. This old-fashioned virtue—once thought indispensable to a great work of art—is practically slighted in much of the influential literature of the present day. Novelists, at the best, are unequal substitutes for true poets; but in this regard the humorist stands lowest in the rank of novelists. Both in an ethical and an artistic point of view there is a great descent from Walter Scott to Mr. Thackeray. Our humorists seem to have no moral principles as the basis of their ideal; instead of the moral they aim only at the picturesque. If we name Mr. Thackeray, it is because he is the most distinguished member of this class, and only too likely by his influence and example to cause the literature of fiction to degenerate more and more from the elevated ground it has been wont to occupy. With great natural powers he is content to be a mere humorist and sketcher; he holds not the mirror up to nature, but a hand-glass to society, and turns it mocking in this direction and in that. The consequence is that no comprehensive truth, and no great moral power, lifts any of his compositions into the epic region. His good feeling insures a certain amount of truth in separate parts; but who could ever judge from any of his writings, as a whole, that the moral government of God is coëxtensive with the life and history of man? To him a poor drunkard or a battered worldling is an object of artistic curiosity, and sometimes of keen satire, but never of deliberate disapproval. In his most severe moments he is ready to defend such a character, as holding his proper place in this interesting world of light and shade, and will turn upon his reader with a *tu quoque*, by way of stopping every thought of condemnation. With him, too, every character is left to follow out the bent of his own disposition, and virtue and religion make no stand in his behalf. We will not pause to inquire if this be in accordance with true principles of art; we would only ask: Is it in keeping with the fact, as open to daily observation and experience? So also with the awards of Providence. It may be said that temporal and material success do not uniformly wait on virtue in this life. We answer, that as a rule they do so; that the constitution of things sufficiently approves the dignity and wisdom of a righteous course; and that the work in which the same great moral teaching does not equally appear is false throughout, and no genuine reflection of the world in which we live.

A heathen author shall teach us purer ethics than writers of this stamp. Considering the disadvantages of his position, the moral sense of Homer was eminently sound. His works, no doubt, reflect the morality and the creed of his country at their best; for such a nature would be likely, by virtue of its aspiration, to refine upon the coarser elements of a religion so crude and so corrupt. Accordingly, we find that the public virtues and domestic charities are both asserted in his page; that the rule of Providence is recognized, and the long-reaching arm of Justice makes an ultimate and equal distribution of awards to men and nations. It is not true, as some critics seem to think, that the *Iliad* glorifies brute strength and passion in the person of Achilles. Even the triumphant wrath of that hero is inspired by a singular depth of friendship. But he is only a means to work out the retributive anger of the gods. It is the guilt of Paris which brings doom on Troy—a doom which neither the virtues nor the valor of Hector can avert. More than once do we meet with the sentiment that the battle is not decided by strength of arms, but according to the will of the gods. The spirit of justice prevails throughout the poem. It would be unfair to estimate

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the poet's faith by the personal character of his deities. Justice rules Jove himself. Higher than Olympus, and stronger than the gods, is enthroned an inflexible and righteous power; and if it bears the awful name of Fate, it still assumes the intelligible form of Justice.

We feel that these imperfect hints—mere outlines of the truth respecting Homer and his works—require a volume of illustration and detail to answer their design; and in the absence of such desirable particulars, our general estimate may seem to err on the side of exaggeration. Yet it is certain that we have stopped far short of the whole truth. We have treated the Homeric poems as master-pieces of art, but we have scarcely hinted at the fact that they are besides the chief fountains of general literature; giving origin and laws, not only to lyric, elegiac, and dramatic poetry, but to fiction in all its branches, to history in all its moods, nay, even to language itself. From the sublime and rigorous order of the poetic unities, to the simplest rules of syntax and prosody, Homer is our first and best authority. The antiquary, the philologist, the geographer, the historian, the humorist, and the moralist, have each repaired to him in turn, and found something pertinent to his familiar study. It was in admiration of his wonderful completeness that Lord Roscommon, using a pardonable hyperbole of speech, indited the well-known epigram:

> "Read Homer once, and you will read no more,
> All other books will seem so mean, so poor;
> Read him again, and you may cease to read,
> For Homer will be all the books you need."

What the noble author thus coined into verse (of no great merit) had frequently been affirmed in downright prose.

Some reader may object that we have assumed the personality of Homer; but may it not be quite as reasonably said that we have proved it? If these ancient poems are really distinguished by beauties and perfections such as we have ascribed to them, it will not be easy to resist the inference of their individual authorship. This would have yet more strikingly appeared, if we had found ourselves at liberty to enlarge upon the admirable conduct of the fable, the consistency of character, and harmony of facts, always in strict subservience to a final purpose, which confer alike upon the Iliad and the Odyssey the deepest and most lasting charm of which human writings are susceptible. No patchwork ever exhibited such comprehensiveness of plan, especially in connection with such truth of detail: these are signs, not only of the highest intelligence, but of the strictest individuality; they could only have resulted from the operation of one marvelous organ, drawing from every influence of nature the selectest elements of truth. Let who will refer to the legends of King Arthur, and the ballads of Robin Hood, as analogues of these noble compositions; with us the bare allusion is sufficient to confirm our faith in Homer. It will be time enough to reconsider the grounds of this belief, when some literary antiquary shall produce an ancient poem on the subject of King Arthur and his Knights, equal both in volume and in unity to the story of Ulysses' wanderings; or a work in celebration of the exploits of Robin Hood that shall rival in variety, consistency, and grandeur, the miraculous Tale of Troy. Even such a discovery could not have the effect supposed. We should not be called upon to resign one Homer, but to divide our allegiance and our wonder betwixt two.

Homer has long been accessible to English readers. In this, however, his fortune—or rather theirs—is by no means singular. Nothing more strikingly displays the energy of English literature in the reign of Elizabeth and her successor, than the number of copious and vigorous translations which then appeared—not to the omission or discouragement of original works, but in generous rivalry of these, and even with the effect of stimulating and inspiring them. The *Virgil* of Thomas Phayer, the *Ovid* of Arthur Golding, and the *Plutarch* of Sir Thomas North, are noble specimens of this class. They give evidence of the greatest industry and the most various learning. But the labor bestowed is not more remarkable than the genius lavished on these works. In many cases the ancient or foreign author appeared to new advantage in his English dress. Something, indeed, was necessarily lost in the process of translation; but something more than equivalent was gained. This praise at least is due to the English version of *Tasso* by Edward Fairfax. If Spenser was so far indebted to

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the Italian muse as to forfeit somewhat of the poet's claim, Fairfax imparted so largely of his own as to earn more than a translator's meed. But the bulk of these early versions are of rude and unequal merit. When men like Philemon Holland — whom Fuller styles "translator general of the age"—turned folio after folio from the groaning press, it was not to be expected that the nicest criticism and the purest taste could find no blemish on their pages. They did more, however, than a mere fastidious imitation of the ancients could effect. They set up, for the admiration and delight of our ancestors, huge plaster copies of noble works; and when the character of this nation was forming, and the genius of her language and literature receiving its great and permanent direction, it was no light advantage that such studies occupied and enriched the minds of her first authors, and that such models were reared in the path of eager youth and busy manhood.

To this noble band of laborers belonged George Chapman, the first translator of the works of Homer into English. Through a long life of seven-and-seventy years, this author was diligently devoted to the Muse; and although many of the productions of his pen are such as we may fairly deem unworthy of his acknowledged gravity—for Antony Wood describes him as "a person of most reverend aspect, religious, and temperate,"—yet we cheerfully take into our estimate the character and demands of the age in which he lived, and believe that in the main he served his generation faithfully and well. The era of Elizabeth was that of the ascendency of dramatic literature; and no servant of the Muse declined his contribution to the scenic triumph. Chapman wrote many plays, and parts of many others; but we need not regret the oblivion which has settled down upon them, nor stir its sullen waters by plunging for the recovery of some superior fragment. For the rest, his original productions consist of sonnets, elegies, and panegyrical verses; and these have no distinguished or characteristic merit; their name is legion, and their memory merely tedious. In the year 1616 he published a translation of *Musæus*, and after Marlow's death he wrote under the same name a continuation of that author's original and unfinished poem. Other translations followed—the *Georgics of Hesiod* in 1618, and the *Fifth Satyre of Juvenale* in 1629. But long before the earlier of these dates, he was famous as the translator of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey. The first installment of this great work consisted of the *Shield of Achilles*, and *Seven Bookes of the Iliad of Homer, the Prince of Poets*, these last being not consecutive, but the first and second, with the seventh to the eleventh inclusive. The remainder followed at short intervals; and the last part of this undertaking, consisting of the Hymns of Homer, appeared without date, in a thin folio, that is now extremely rare.

Chapman's Homer was not reprinted for a period of two hundred years; but many tributes to its merit relieved the obscurity of that long interval. Waller assured Dryden that he never read it without "incredible transport." Dryden himself both praised and copied it: for that great writer commenced a translation of the Iliad; and perhaps, if Chapman had met with less success, Dryden would have found more encouragement. Pope, too, speaks of "the daring, fiery spirit" that animates this translation, and rather happily describes it as "something like what we might imagine Homer himself to have wrote before he arrived to years of discretion." In days more recent it has found admirers still more ardent, and praises more unqualified. William Godwin pronounced it "one of the greatest treasures the English language has to boast." When Keats first read it in the company of his friend Mr. Cowden Clarke, "his delight was intense, even to shouting aloud," and on the following morning a noble sonnet with which it had inspired him was left on his friend's table. This is testimony of a very genuine sort; but still higher measures of applause were meted to it. Coleridge the most subtle, and Lamb the most exquisite of modern critics, united in its favor; their praise is more valuable, as it is evidently more discreet; and it is not a little curious, that the same striking observation upon the subject should be made by both. "What is stupidly said of Shakspeare," remarks Coleridge, "is really true and appropriate of Chapman—*mighty faults counterpoised by mighty beauties.*" Lamb makes the same remark in very similar language.

We believe the opinion last adduced contains the sum of all that may be justly said of the genius of George Chapman. His translation of Homer is a great but

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most unequal work, marked by a rugged and commanding strength, rather than by accuracy, grace, or finish; and in a retrospect of that imposing literature which soars on the horizon of our history and intellectual heritage, it forms no mean part of the vast mountain range — the whole being an abundant quarry in that goodly land which Englishmen possess, "a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass." Like other great works of that age, we say, it is rather a quarry to which modern writers, and indeed all students of our language, may profitably repair, than a model of correct and elegant translation. It contains ore of true value, but little metal of the rare or brilliant sorts. It is a great, but rugged and unequal monument of genius. To be induced to explore it throughout, the reader must not merely have an enthusiastic love of Homer, a passion to catch some fresh glimpses of him under any and every form; but he must be one who has turned with distaste from the feeble, trite, and colorless language of the present time—from language so long traduced by mediocrity and convention, that our sentences are only a patchwork of approved phrases, which fail even to arrest the mind, much more to arouse the imagination and penetrate the heart. To one whose ear is thus wearied, and whose taste thus thwarted, the obscure and uncouth verses of Chapman will be very welcome. But even his interest will be apt to flag; he will often be disposed to return to the civilized world of letters, after he has toiled some miles through brambles and holly, and fed for some days upon wild honey from the rock. Few but Charles Lamb could say, "I have just finished Chapman's Homer," or add, with any thing like simplicity or truth, "It has the most continuous power of interesting you all along." For that is what it eminently lacks; it has almost every kind of power but that. We beg the reader not to be deceived by such authority. If you will study it, well; but it will never draw you on like that; it is ten to one that it beats you off ten times in the day; whether Iliad or Odyssey, it will task your patience to the utmost—and, all things considered, it is not likely to reward it. This general advice admits, indeed, of special exceptions; but it is only right to qualify the expectations which ordinary readers may be apt to form. The true lover of poetry will find in Chapman a delightful study.

Familiar as the opening of the Iliad is to all our readers, they will still be gratified to learn how Chapman pitches the first note of his performance.

"Achilles' baneful wrath resound, O goddess,
that imposed
Infinite sorrows on the Greeks, and many
brave souls losed
From beasts heroic; sent them far to that invisible cave
That no light comforts; and their limbs to
dogs and vultures gave:
To all which Jove's will gave effect; from
whom first strife begun
Betwixt Atrides, King of men, and Thetis'
godlike son."

These lines have evidently been sounding in the ears of subsequent translators. They are distinguished by directness and fidelity, which was not usual with Chapman. But let us read a little further on. The fierce quarrel of Achilles and Agamemnon is rendered by our author with much spirit; but the reader may judge of the translator's style by a shorter passage, which relates the return of Chryseis to her father by the hands of Ulysses. It is on the whole a favorable specimen.

"Ulysses, with the hecatomb, arrived at Chrysa's shore;
And when amid the haven's deep mouth
they came to use the oar,
They straight struck sail, then rolled them
up, and on the hatches threw;
The topmast to the kelsine then with halyards down they drew;
Then brought the ship to port with oars;
then forked anchor cast;
And 'gainst the violence of storm for drifting
made her fast.
All come ashore, they all exposed the holy
hecatomb
To angry Phœbus, and with it Chryseis welcomed home;
Whom to her sire, wise Ithacus, that did at
the altar stand,
For honor, led, and, speaking thus, resigned
her to his hand:
Chryses, the mighty King of men, great Agamemnon, sends
Thy loved seed by my hands to thine; and
to thy god commends
A hecatomb, which my charge is to sacrifice,
and seek
Our much-sigh-mixed woe his recure, invoked by every Greek.
Thus he resigned her, and her sire received her highly joyed;
About the well-built altar then they orderly
employed

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The sacred offering, washed their hands, took salt cakes; and the priest,
With hands held up to heaven, thus prayed:
O thou that all things seest,
Fautour of Chrysa, whose fair hand doth guardfully dispose
Celestial Cilla, governing in all power Tenedos,
O hear thy priest, as thy hand in free grace to my prayers
Shot fervent plague-shafts through the Greeks, now hearten their affairs
With health renewed, and quite remove th' infection from their blood.
He prayed, and to his prayers again the god propitious stood.
All, after prayer, cast on salt cakes, drew back, killed, flayed the beeves,
Cut out and dubbed with fat their thighs, fair dressed with double leaves,
And on them all the sweet-breads pricked. The priest with small sere wood
Did sacrifice, poured on red wine; by whom the young men stood,
And turned, in five ranks, spits. On which (the legs enough) they eat
The inwards; then in jiggots cut the other fit for meat,
And put to fire; which roasted well they drew. The labor done,
They served the feast in that fed all to satisfaction.
Desire of meat and wine thus quenched, the youths crowned cups of wine
Drunk off, and filled again to all. That day was held divine,
And spent in peans to the Sun, who heard with pleased ear;
When whose bright chariot stooped to sea, and twilight hid the clear,
All soundly on their cables slept, even till the night was worn.
And when the lady of the light, the rosy-fingered Morn,
Rose from the hills, all fresh arose, and to the camp retired.
Apollo with a fore-right wind their swelling bark inspired,
The top-mast hoisted, milk-white sails on his round breast they put,
The mizens strooted with the gale, the ship her course did cut
So swiftly, that the parted waves against her ribs did roar;
Which, coming to the camp, they drew aloft the sandy shore,
Where, laid on stocks, each soldier kept his quarter as before."

There is something eminently picturesque in this description, and the quaintness of the language rather aids in that effect. Only two words occur that are either difficult or obsolete; namely, *fautour*, in the sense of "aider" or "protector;" and *strooted*, in the sense of "swelled." In Baillie's Dictionary we have "*To strout*, to swell out, to puff;" and this probably affords the more correct orthography of the word. With these slight exceptions the passage may be read as modern English.

Chapman's version is said to be eminently Homeric. If all that this epithet implies were intended by its use, it is certain that no more could be desired; and even in the most restricted sense it carries no small compliment along with it. What the praise in this really amounts to we may readily discover. The language of this version has much of that originality and graphic force which marks the original as a poem of the heroic age. Chapman had this advantage over succeeding translators, not merely that he came before them in respect of order, and so had no temptation to write at second-hand, but that the times in which he lived more nearly resembled the Homeric era: society was yet unwasted by luxury, and the language yet unweakened by iteration and convention. The use of artifice and false ornament in literary composition was unknown, because mediocrity and dullness did not intercept the patronage of simplicity and sense. There was no Pope because there had been no Ogilby. But a kindred advantage arose out of old Chapman's theory of translation. His version was spirited because his genius was untrammeled; for he refused the bond of a faithful sworn translator. He speaks with scorn of "word-for-word traductions;" but also, it must be added, he expresses abhorrence at "more license from the words than may express their full compression."

But although Chapman's version is unusually free, it is not as a whole either weak or diffuse. His chief defects are harshness and obscurity. His sentences are awkwardly involved, and his language either obsolete or strained to a foreign sense. His epithets are for the most part full of spirit; but often they are grotesque, and sometimes absurdly tame. Thus "bright-light'ning Jove" is finely treated; but who is not disappointed in seeing him pair off with "respected Juno"? Yet the readers of Homer have no reason to complain of such disparity. The King of gods himself is not more royal than Saturnia, the beautiful and majestic partner of his throne.

The preface and notes which Chapman

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published with his translation of the *Iliad* are characteristic, and not unworthy of a cursory remark. Though our author's prose is even more crabbed and involved than his verse, it is otherwise distinguished by the same great qualities. We notice especially how his study of Homer induces the habit of making compound epithets. Thus he speaks of "the never-enough-glorified poet," and again of "our with-all-skill-enriched poet"—of course, in both cases referring to his author. His commentary appears to have been written with the design of vindicating his knowledge of Greek, impudently questioned by his enemies; it gives proof of average scholarship and various learning, but is more remarkable for original criticism of a higher sort. A specimen of these notes will afford the reader some notion of their general merit. On the passionate grief of Achilles, in appealing to his divine mother against the injurious treatment of Agamemnon, we have the following comment:

"Ὡς φάτο δακρυχέων, κ.τ.λ. *Sic dixit lachrymans, etc.* These tears are called by our commentators unworthy, and fitter for children or women than such a hero as Achilles; and therefore Plato is cited in *iii. de Repub.*, where he saith, Ορθως αρα, κ.τ.λ. *Merito igitur clarorum virorum ploratus è medio tolleremus, etc.* To answer which, and justify the fitness of tears generally (as they may be occasioned) in the greatest and most renowned men, (omitting examples of Virgil's Æneas, Alexander the Great, etc.,) I oppose against Plato only one precedent of great and most perfect humanity (to whom infinitely above all other we must prostrate our imitations) that shed tears, namely, our All-perfect and Almighty Saviour, who wept for Lazarus. This, then, leaving the fitness of great men's tears generally, utterly unanswerable, [that is, unquestionable,] these particular tears of unvented anger in Achilles are in him most natural; tears being the highest effects of greatest and most fiery spirits, either when their abilities can not perform to their will, or that they are restrained of revenge, being injured; out of other considerations, as now the consideration of the state and purity of the counsel and public good of the army-curbed Achilles. Who can deny that there are tears of manliness and magnanimity as well as womanish and pusillanimous? So Diomed wept for curst heart when Apollo struck his scourge from him, and hindered his horse-race, having been warned by Pallas before not to resist the deities; and so his great spirits being curbed of revenge for the wrong he received then..... Nor must we be so gross to imagine that Homer made Achilles or Diomed blubber, or sob, etc., but in the very point and sting of their unvented anger shed a few violent and seething-over tears. What ass-like imprudence is it then for any merely vain-glorious and self-loving puff, that every where may read these inimitable touches of our Homer's mastery, any where to oppose his arrogant and ignorant castigations, when he should rather (with his much better understander, Spondanus) submit where he oversees him faulty, and say thus: *Quia tu tamen hoc voluisti, sacrosanctæ tuæ authoritati per me nihil detrahatur!*"

In this thorough and somewhat belligerent spirit does old Chapman magnify his author. We may add, that the commentator whom he cites is very frequently referred to throughout the work, and seems to have been almost the only authority to whom Chapman had recourse. They served his purpose indifferently well; but the commentaries of Spondanus are held in no esteem, being chiefly remarkable for the early age at which they were composed. It is to the praise of the Latin scholiast that he constantly evinces a religious spirit, and in this also his English follower fully sympathizes.

The popularity of Chapman's "Iliads," appears to have been considerable; yet it was not altogether of the smoothest kind. We learn from the Preface to the Reader, issued with the collective volume, that the author's labors had met with unfriendly criticism, and even coarse disparagement. Chapman was far from feeling indifference to these attacks; but they could not daunt his courage or interrupt his purpose. He answered scorn for scorn, and went on his way. "Homer himself," quoth he, "hath met with my fortune, in many maligners; and therefore may my poor self put up with motion. And so little I will respect malignity, and so much encourage myself with my own strength, and what I find within me of comfort and confirmance, (examining myself throughout with a far more jealous eye than my greatest enemy, imitating this:

"*Judex ipse sui totum se explorat ad unguem,*" *etcetera.*)

that after these Iliads I will (God lending me life and any meanest means) with more labor than I have lost here, and all unchecked alacrity, *dive through his Odysseys.*" These brave words smack of Milton's undaunted spirit, and even of his language, breathing only strength and dignity; and the pledge which these conveyed was presently redeemed. The first

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twelve of the "Odysseys" appeared in the spring of 1614; and in November of the same year the whole twenty-four books were registered at Stationers' Hall; the latter moiety seems then to have been issued in conjunction with the remaining copies of the former. There is every reason to believe that the undertaking was compassed in a very brief space of time—probably in one long heat of study.

In his version of the Odyssey our author adopted a different measure, and Pegasus subsides from a rough canter into an awkward march. The fourteen-syllable line of the Iliad is changed for the heroic couplet, afterwards brought to such perfection by Dryden and Pope. Perhaps this was a concession to his enemies, the critics; perhaps also it is due in part to a misgiving of his own respecting his former choice. Opinion is divided in our day on the advantage of this change. Coleridge preferred the Odyssey of Chapman to his Iliad; but then (as the modern editor remarks) Coleridge had always a preference for that work in the original, and his partiality would naturally extend to the translation. We agree more nearly with the late Dr. Maginn in the judgment which he thus expresses: "I am sorry that Chapman, whose version must be considered the most Homeric ever attempted in our language, did not apply to the Odyssey the fourteen-syllable verse which had succeeded so well in the Iliad. There appears to me greater opportunity for its flowing use in the more discursive poem; and Chapman had by no means the same command of the ten-syllable distich." It is obvious, indeed, that our author resigned a great advantage in changing the verse over which he had obtained a certain mastery, for one in which he was quite unpracticed; and, therefore, we should remember to carry to the credit of his industry and courage what we must reluctantly deduct from his discretion. It was the fault of a great soul. The more the history of this man is studied, the more he rises in the student's estimation. We may be sure that such moral energy could not go wholly unrewarded. Accordingly, we find in this version of the Odyssey some of the most terse and graphic passages to be found in the whole range of translated poetry. The following beautiful lines occur in the fifth book, where Mercury is sent by Jupiter to the cave of Calypso:

"Thus charged he; nor Argicides denied,
But to his feet his fair-winged shoes he tied,
Ambrosian, golden, that in his command
Put either sea, or the unmeasured land,
With force as speedy as a puft of wind.
Then up his rod went, with which he declined
The eyes of any waker, when he pleased,
And any sleeper, when he wished, diseased.
This took; he stooped Pieria, and thence
Glid through the air, and Neptune's confluence
Kissed as he flew, and checked the waves as light
As any sea-mew in her fishing flight,
Her thick wings sounding in the savoury seas.
Like her he passed a world of wilderness;
But when the far-off isle he touch'd, he went
Up from the blue sea to the continent,
And reached the ample cavern of the Queen.
Whom he within found, without seldom seen.
A sun-like fire upon the hearth did flame,
The matter precious, and divine the frame;
Of cedar cleft and incense was the pile,
That breathed an odor round about the isle.
Herself was seated in an inner room,
Whom sweetly sing he heard, and at her loom
About a curious web, whose yarn she threw
In with a golden shuttle. A grove grew
In endless spring about her cavern round,
With odorous cypress, pines, and poplars crowned,
Where hawks, sea-fowls, and long-tongued bittours bred,
And other birds their shady pinions spread;
All fowls maritimal; none roosted there
But those whose labors in the waters were.
A vine did all the hollow cave embrace,
Still green, yet still ripe bunches gave it grace.
Four fountains, one against another, poured
Their silver streams; and meadows all enflowered
With sweet balm-gentle, and blue violets hid
That decked the soft breasts of each fragrant mead.
Should any one, though he immortal were,
Arrive and see the sacred objects there,
He would admire them, and be overjoyed;
And so stood Hermes ravished powers employed."

There is no subsequent translation of the Odyssey in which this passage appears to more advantage; but it has been rendered with eminent success by Mr. Leigh Hunt, in an isolated specimen of that poem. This favorite author has not attempted an undertaking which, perhaps, threatened to fatigue his gentle and fastidious muse: but his peculiar taste and talents would have led us to expect a very admirable translation of the Odyssey from his hands. His genius is far better fitted to succeed in such a labor, than in the more onerous

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task of original composition: for the latter he has not sufficient strength or largeness of invention; but his picturesque, and delicate, and meandering style of verse would enable him to follow in the wake of some great author with peculiar advantage, and never more so than when called to trace the footsteps and fortunes of Ulysses. Of this our readers may convince themselves by a perusal of the specimen referred to; and as the volume of poems in which it occurs (entitled "Foliage") is seldom met with, we print it for that purpose at the foot of the page.*

The occasion of this brief paper, no less than its allotted space, would limit our remarks to the first and last translations of Homer into the English tongue — to that of old George Chapman just reprinted, and that of Mr. Newman now first published. But we are tempted to say a few words upon the intermediate versions. Some of these are well known, and need not detain us; others are deservedly obscure, and of them the briefest mention is the best.

To the latter class belong the Homeric labors of Hobbes and Ogilby, who appeared about the same time, as Chapman's rivals and successors. The dumpy duodecimo of Hobbes, bearing the date of 1675, forms a contrast to the ponderous pair of folios which Ogilby sent forth in 1669; but in the empire of Dullness they would doubtless fall together to the ground. The specific gravity of the philosopher's production has, indeed, been questioned, but not, as it seems to us, with sufficient reason. His work has been styled "a burlesque of the sublime and beautiful;" but it is far too dull and level for burlesque, and will not remind one of the sublime even by contrast. It is written in the English quatrain of the *Annus Mirabilis*—a style of verse so dead that the genius of Dryden could not animate it, nor the muse of Gray do more than set it to funeral marches. No wonder if the verses of old Hobbes of Malmesbury have no more life in them than so many blocks of the new wooden pavement of another genius. Besides being remote from all his former studies, it was written in the author's eightieth year, and without the slightest motive either of necessity or reason. It was only a petty piece of pastime for this vigorous old man, who had fought dragons in his younger days. He tells us candidly, that he wrote it "because he had nothing else to do." We commend it to the reader's attention under similar circumstances.

The translation of Ogilby is without even the recommendation of a famous name; and therefore even curiosity is at fault—that pardonable weakness which has prompted many to inquire after the aforesaid duodecimo of Hobbes. Alas for Ogilby! His bulk and prosiness — his outward and his inner man — are both against him. If any thing be said in his favor, it must be of a negative kind: as he raises no expectations, so he causes no disappointment; he excited no cloud of dust in his day; and why should we in ours disturb that which covers him and his? Yet we are very far from saying that Ogilby's translation is without merit; and that the reader may form his own opinion, we give a few lines from the opening of the second book of the Iliad:

"Whilst gods and crested heroes soundly slept,
Distracting cares great Jove from slumber kept;

* "He said; and straight the herald Argicide
Beneath his feet the feathery sandals tied,
Immortal, golden, that his flight could bear
O'er seas and lands like wattage of the air;
His rod, too, that can close the eyes of men
In balmy sleep, and open them again,
He took, and holding it in hand went flying;
Till from Pieria's top the sea descrying
Down to it sheer he dropped and scoured away
Like the wild gull, that fishing over the bay
Flaps on with pinions dripping in the brine:
So went on the far sea the shape divine.
And now, arriving at the isle, he springs
Oblique, and landing with subsided wings,
Walks to the cavern 'twixt the tall green rocks,
Where dwelt the goddess with the lovely locks.
He paused; and there came on him, as he stood,
A smell of citron and of cedar wood,
That threw a perfume all about the isle;
And she within sat spinning all the while,
And sang a lovely song that made him hark and smile.
A sylvan nook it was, grown round with trees,
Poplars, and elms, and odorous cypresses,
In which all birds of ample wing, the owl
And hawk, had nests, and broad-tongued waterfowl.
The cave in front was spread with a green vine,
Whose dark round bunches almost burst with wine;
And from four springs, running a sprightly race,
Four fountains, clear and crisp, refreshed the place;
While all about a meadowy ground was seen
Of violets mingling with the parsley green:
So that a stranger, though a god were he,
Might well admire it, and stand there to see:
And so admiring, there stood Mercury."



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How he upon the slaughtered Greeks might raise
To stern Achilles everlasting praise.
On this, at last, as best he did conclude:
A fatal dream Atrides should delude:
Whom thus he charged: Deceitful vision, fly
Where now the Grecian fleet in safety lie;
There enter Agamemnon's royal tent,
And what I order punctually present.
Straight bid him all his long-haired Grecians arm,
Now he shall take broad-streeted Troy by storm;
No more in parties factions gods divide,
Nor in close junctoes counter-plotting side;
Solicited by Juno all appear
Now for the Greeks, and Troy's destruction's near."

It may be worth mentioning, that Ogilby's volumes formed one of the most handsome publications of their day. They are adorned with many sculptures; the type is large and clear; the margin is especially wide; and down its ample field wanders a rivulet of notes, which alternately swells and dwindles, sometimes wholly disappearing, but ever and anon revisiting the light, like the classic stream of Arethusa.

Then followed the most popular translation of Homer which has appeared in any language—namely, that of Alexander Pope. The first volume of this brilliant performance appeared in the year 1715, and the sixth and last in 1720. A notable circumstance attending its publication, was its great pecuniary success. That old Bernard Lintot found his account in it no one will doubt, who remembers that *his author* reaped a harvest of four thousand pounds. The work was published by subscription, in handsome quarto volumes, at one guinea each; and Pope probably derived the bulk of his profits from subscribers who were friendly to himself, and personally interested in his fortunes. On the literary character of this production it is not necessary to enter, since its peculiar merits and defects are very generally known; the former as consisting in the ringing verse of Pope, and the latter in the absent simplicity and truth of Homer. For ourselves, we have not much pleasure in its perusal. If we want Pope, we repair to Windsor Forest, to the Essay on Criticism, to the Elegy on an unfortunate Lady, and especially to the Rape of the Lock. If we want Dan Homer, we elsewhere.

After this master, came another original genius to devote himself to the honorable service of our poet. Cowper's Homer was published in the year 1791. It had been the favorite occupation and diversion of the six preceding years, and was dismissed out of hand with some apprehension and regret by the frail genius to whom it had brought a cheerful health of mind. Of this work, too, the prevailing estimate is something like the proper one. We suspect, however, that it is more often praised than read, and rather esteemed than admired. Yet it is, in all essentials, the most Homeric version which we have of the Homeric poems. It is characterized by the strictest fidelity of tone and language. It must be owned, however, that it is wanting in Homeric fire. This defect, we think, may be distinctly traced to the bonds which the author's particular choice of meter imposed. All that the stately blank verse measure would allow, has been effected in this beautiful and classic version. It is Homer in still life; we see the coil of battle or the stir of festive courts, but only through a glass, distantly, silently. The whole composition is pure and good, and worthy of being matched and illustrated by the beautiful outlines which have proceeded from the pencil of Flaxman.

In the year 1830 were published some specimens of a translation of Homer by William Sotheby; in the year following appeared the Iliad in two volumes octavo by the same, and in 1834 the Odyssey. This version is written in heroic couplets, and is doubtless the finest which we possess, in that measure. It bears the same relation to the work of Pope, which Symmons's translation of the Æneid bears to that of Dryden. Both the modern writers have had the example of their great predecessor's labors, and to these they bring the additional advantages of superior scholarship and taste. The work of Symmons is not widely known, but it is by far the noblest rendering of Virgil which has yet appeared; and the preface and notes, we may add, form a very elegant body of classical poetic criticism. Mr. Sotheby was very similarly qualified for his important undertaking, and met with corresponding success. Deficient in originality and power, he was endowed with no small measure of poetic sensibility; he had besides considerable learning, and

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had attained some skill in the practice of verse. These are just the requisites of a good translator. Sotheby had made his first essay in that character by a version of the Georgics of Virgil, published in the year 1800, and universally admired. In his more elaborate undertaking, of course, a greater variety of gifts would be required, and a sustained effort of strength; but he proved himself equal to the occasion. Under the inspiration of Homer, he rose at once from the tamest of poetasters to the most vigorous of the sons of song. The following lines will bear comparison with the best of Pope:

"Then, as she waved her wing, and passed above,
Up rose Pelides, the beloved of Jove,
Swift on his breadth of shoulders Pallas spread
The ægis fringed with death's o'ershadowing dread,
Enwreathed a cloud of gold his brow around,
And with wide dazzling flames its circle bound;
As when the smoke's dark columns heaven ascend
From some far isle where hosts with hosts contend,
And through the city gates, in mailed array,
The natives pour, and war the livelong day;
But where, at sunset, through each nightly hour,
The watch-fires blaze, and crest with flame the tower,
And to the neighbor isles the sign repeat,
The beacon beckoning to some friendly fleet:
Thus from Pelides' brow a stream of light
Flowed forth, and far illumed th' ethereal height.
The hero passed the wall, and, seen from far,
Towered o'er the fosse, but mixed not with the war.
Forewarned of Thetis, there Achilles staid—
There shouted—and a sound that Troy dismayed
Burst as Minerva's shout his outcry swelled,
And with unearthly fear the host repelled;
Clear as the trumpet's voice, whose signal sound
Forewarns, ere gathering hosts the town surround,
Thus clear Pelides' voice; from man to man,
Swift through the ranks appalling horror ran,
Started each war-steed, and with wild affright,
Foreboding slaughter, wheeled the car for flight,
Cowered every guide, who o'er that crest illumed
Saw blazing forth, in brightness unconsumed,
The flames by Pallas fed. As thus his brow
Flashed o'er the tumult in the fosse below,
Thrice burst his shout, and thrice, as doomed to fall
On Troy, and Tro's allies, fear fell on all.
Then twelve, the noblest Trojans, bit the plain,
By their own darts and cars confusedly slain;
And joyfully the Greeks withdrew the dead,
And laid Patroclus on a peaceful bed.
His warriors round him poured their loud lament,
But mute with woe behind Achilles went,
While o'er his ghastly death-wounds gushed his tear,
Gushed o'er his brother, bleeding on the bier,
Whom, sent by him, his car, his coursers bore,
Beaming with valor, but brought back no more."

But we are tempted to afford a longer illustration of Sotheby's merits, especially as the work itself is not very accessible at the present time. We quote now one of the most elaborate passages from the Odyssey:

"On stepped the chief, but with deep thought o'ercast,
Paused, ere his foot the brazen threshold passed.
Resplendent as the moon, or solar light,
Alcinous' palace awed the o'erdazzled sight.
On to its last recess, a brazen wall
That from the threshold stretched illumed all,
Round it of azure steel a cornice rolled
And every gate, that closed the palace, gold.
The brazen threshold golden pillars bore,
A golden ringlet glittered on the door,
The lintel silver, and, to guard his gate,
Dogs in a row, each side, were seen to wait,
In gold and silver wrought, by Vulcan made,
Immortal as the god, and undecayed.
From the far threshold, to its last retreat,
Ranged round the wall, rose many a lofty seat,
With fine-spun carpets strewed, by virgins wrought,
Where, as each new-born day new pleasures brought,
Phæacia's chiefs from thought and care released,
Sat throned, and lengthened the perpetual feast.
Stood on bright altars golden youths, whose hands
Lit through the night the guests, with flaming brands:
And fifty maids administering around,
Some the ripe grain beneath the millstone ground,
Some whirled the distaff, and the fleeces wove
Swift as the leaves, that shake the poplar grove:
And ever as they plied their radiant toil,
The glossy web shone like transparent oil.
Nor less expert their course the seamen kept,
Than through the loom the female shuttle swept,
The gift of Pallas, who had there combined
The skillful hand with the inventive mind—

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Without the court, yet nigh the city's bound,
A garden bloomed, four-acred, walled around;
Tall trees there grew, the red pomegranate there,
Each glossy apple, and each juicy pear,
Sweet figs, and living olives: none decayed
Or in the summer blaze, or winter shade;
While western winds unfolding every flower,
Here gemmed with buds the branch, there filled with fruits the bower,
Pears ripen pears, the apples apples breed,
Figs follow figs, to grapes the grapes succeed:
The fruitful vineyard there, where, spread today,
The raisin dries beneath the solar ray:
Here jocund labor gathers in the fruit,
There the stamped clusters gush beneath the foot,
And while the grape here blossoms on the spray,
The swelling orbs there blacken day by day.
There at its confine many a cultured bed
And flowers, all kind, undying fragrance shed.
Two fountains there: this in perpetual play
Through all the garden winds its ordered way;
That glides beneath the threshold of the King,
And fills each urn from its o'erflowing spring.
Such were the gifts that they whose realm is heaven
Had to that favored man profusely given.
Long stood the chief, with awe each wonder viewed,
Then to the palace swift his way pursued,
And found the chiefs, who, mindful of their bed,
To Hermes now their last libation shed.
Onward he passed unseen, in mists obscured
That still around his path Minerva poured,
Till reached the royal thrones, where bending low
He clasped Arete's knees, and breathed his woe;
The goddess then at once the night dispelled,
And all in silent awe the chief beheld.
'Oh! deign,' the suppliant said, 'Arete, hear,
Born of Divine Rhexenor, bow thine ear!
Queen! at thy knees I bend, with woe oppressed,
And sue thy lord, and each high-honored guest:
So may the gods in bliss their lives extend,
And all their honors to their heirs descend:
But deign convey to his paternal soil
A wanderer worn with unrelaxing toil.'
Then, in the ashes, on the hearth reclined,
While the chiefs gazed, to silent awe resigned—
At last Echeneus, on whose reverend head
Time had the snow of many a winter shed,
A man for eloquence and wisdom famed,
Thus, kindly counseling the King, exclaimed:
'Ill suits, Alcinous, that a stranger guest
Should, seated at thy hearth, in ashes rest—
We wait thy word—King! raise him, though unknown,
And seat him on the silver-studded throne:
Bid crown the goblet, and 'mid rites divine
Pour to the thundering God the votive wine:
Be Jove, who hears the suppliant's prayer, adored,
And feed the stranger from thy present board.'
The Monarch clasped Ulysses' hand, and raised
The suppliant from the hearth that brightly blazed,
Displacing for the stranger from his throne
The young Laodamas his favorite son.
From a gold chalice on a silver stand
A maid showered water on Ulysses' hand,
And a smooth table fixed the guest before,
Where the house-guardian heaped his ready store;
And when the Chief sat satiate at the board,
Thus to the herald spake Phæacia's lord:
'Pontonoüs! mix the wine, and pass around
From guest to guest the cup with nectar crowned,
Then pour it forth, and to the Thunderer pray,
The god who guards the wanderer on his way.'"

Since the date of Sotheby's translation certain portions of Homer have been selected, both in this country and America, with a view to metrical experiment. The first book of the *Iliad* has been most frequently essayed with this object; but perhaps the most successful effort of the kind was made by the late Dr. Maginn in his *Homeric Ballads*, drawn exclusively from the Odyssey. These fine pieces were originally published in *Fraser's Magazine*, but appeared in a collected form in the year 1850. It was the opinion of this variously-gifted writer that either the old ballad measure or the Spenserian stanza should be employed in the translation of the ancient poet. Many readers, however, will judge that where so wide a difference is allowed, no intermediate style at least is reasonably excluded. In his own practice Dr. Maginn justified the choice he made betwixt the alternatives proposed. But now that we come in due course to Mr. Newman's volume, which presents us with the largest experiment in this direction, our remarks on the theory of translation will be more in place.

We have nowhere seen the principles upon which the complicated business of a translator ought to be conducted, so simply and satisfactorily stated as by Mr.

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Newman, our latest translator of Homer, in the preface to his remarkable work. After all, it seems that they may be summed up in one word, expressing the one requisite — *honesty*. A translator undertakes work of a different kind from original composition, and by acknowledgment requiring different powers. He is not, as a part of his duty, to study to produce in his reader the illusion that he is reading an original work. This is to thrust himself before his author; to obtrude a new mind and new habits of thought, when we want, as nearly as may be, to be reminded of the old. On the contrary, the translator, having undertaken peculiar, though most valuable and necessary, work, must look for success in the exhibition of a no less peculiar method. He must study to be faithful, irrespective of other consideration. He must not study to be popular; he must not study to be elegant; nor even to be idomatic, except so far forth as the peculiarities of his original may happen to be identical, in spirit or expression, with something already familiar to his own language. The value at which he is to aim is twofold — first, the literal rendering of the thought, style, and tongue of his original; second, the enriching his own language by the naturalization of foreign idioms. This can only be accomplished by conscientious exactitude. Sometimes it has been found expedient, even by men of great original power, to strengthen themselves by infusing into their style a copious element of foreign idioms. We all know how much the English language is indebted to the Latinism and Hellenism of Milton. The mixture of tongues, like that of races, is the source of incalculable strength and beauty.

We bid a warm welcome to Mr. Newman's Iliad on this account, independently of its merit as a translation. Nothing can be better timed and more needed than a bold attempt to invigorate the English language by some foreign elements. Have our readers ever observed the remarkable contrast between the mass of the prose and of the poetry of the present day? The one is mechanical to an intense degree; as antithetic as a pendulum; clipped short from the expansiveness and endless variety which mark the structure of the sentences of our earlier authors: while the other is equally intense in its refusal of mechanism, and therefore, being still unable to escape the *concision* which must befall every advanced language, results only too often in losing the one grace of perspicuity, of which, at any rate, we may boast. The discrepancy, the inequality between the two species of composition, as now practiced, is at least singular; and is proof that the shades and degrees of meaning which association and long usage have painted upon words, are no compensation for the ample structural capacity which belonged to an earlier stage of our language. The English of the present century is confessedly unequal to many of the highest forms of composition. Mr. Newman, then, whether he has translated Homer in a readable and popular manner or not, has at least rendered service in attempting to restore the quaintness and indefinable freshness which, with a sense of strange delight, we find in the earlier writers of our own and other countries. We discover, however, that the two ends or services of faithful translation are unfortunately sometimes at variance one with another. For example, in the work before us, as a translator of Homer, Mr. Newman, of course, aims at rendering his work as acceptable and readable to the present generation as he can do consistently with fidelity to his original; in fact, to render it as far as possible a finished work of art: but this laudable desire at times manifestly impairs his usefulness as an enricher of the English language. For instance, nothing is more inconvenient or debasing in our language than its miserable poverty in personal and possessive pronouns. This is the torment of newspaper reporters, amongst others, who are constantly compelled to supply it by the clumsy expedient of parentheses inclosing a proper name. Mr. Newman would have been a real benefactor to the language, had he supplied it by any really effective means, however outrageous they might have appeared at first, rather than by resorting to *italics*. As a translator of the copious fund of the Greek, he had a right to do it, if possible. One passage will illustrate:

"When here arrived they were, inside the copious depth of harbor,
Furling the sails, they stowed them close within the dusky galley;
Then in its case the mast they lodged, by shroudings greatly lowered,
Right handily; and *her* with oars pushed forward into moorings." *Iliad*, 1: 432.

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Mr. Newman's work, we venture to pronounce, is unfitted for popularity. Its chief pleasure will be afforded to those who can trace the accuracy with which the spirit of Homer, in poetry, in morality, and in the exhibition of the social condition of ancient Greece, has been rendered into modern English; the delicacy with which the flowing line of the Homeric sentence has been preserved, and apt equivalents found for the debated Homeric expressions. To scholars this work will give high delight, as presenting in great richness the foreign color inseparable from the earliest of the great poets of Greece, while removing the painful difficulty of reading the original—a difficulty which no amount of practice can altogether overcome in a language so essentially strange to English eyes. Other readers will be those to whom the spirit of ancient Hellas is something both unknown and incomprehensible: they will not have grown up into familiarity and fondness in watching its various developments; and will be better pleased with the varnish of Pope, or the originality of Chapman, than with the fidelity of Mr. Newman.

We are inclined to think that Mr. Newman, on the whole, has been happy in his choice of meter. He has given in his preface an interesting account of the exhaustive process by which he arrived at it. His remarks are so ingenious that we extract them entire.

"The moral qualities of Homer's style being like to those of the English ballad, we need a meter of the same genius. It must be fundamentally musical and popular. Only those meters which, by very possession of these qualities, are apt to degenerate into doggrel, are suitable to reproduce the ancient epic. To say this, is to say that our meter must be composed of systems of either *three* or *four* beats; for it is of such lines that English ballads or *ditties* are composed. Indeed, musicians tell us that all simple melodies are found in eight bars—even what is called the *subject* in the most complicated pieces of Mozart or Beethoven. I imagine that the 'long meter' of our Hymn Books—(the meter of Walter Scott, by far the most Homeric of our poets)—is in fact founded on this musical principle; while our 'common meter' is the same, with merely a rest at the end. How naturally one generates the other, is seen in Scott's own practice, who intermingles lines of three beats, as a sort of *close* to those of four. The same thing appears in Greek anapæsts, which close with a 'parœmiac' verse. Indeed the Homeric line itself is composed of two shorter lines, with three beats in each, and is undoubtedly founded on 'ditty,' or sing-song, like our own ballads. On the contrary, the verse with five accents, which Pope, Cowper, and Sotheby use, is adapted to the terse, polished, oratorical, or philosophical poetry of a cultivated age. To such a meter (and peculiarly without rhyme) a high subject is necessary, and an artificial, if not an ornamental, style; even with tender sentiments simplicity is not easily borne, unless there is something elevated or rare in the thought; while the homely and prosaic, even for a few lines, is offensive. Shakspeare knew this so well, that he chooses rather to break into plain prose, than put common thought into five-foot meter. Indeed, with this meter, the instinct of every translator at once sacrifices as inadmissible all the repetitions of epithets, half-lines and whole lines, which so characterize the Greek epic. So glaring a proof of the incongruity of their form might have suggested that the mischief must go far deeper, and that they sacrifice inner qualities of the original life, as well as the external badges. The affinity of the five-foot meter for Latinized words, which the ballad rejects, is another criterion which of the two is suitable to the epic: for the entire dialect of Homer being essentially archaic, that of a translation ought to be as much Saxo-Norman as possible, and owe as little as possible to the elements thrown into our language by classical learning.

"These considerations convinced me *à priori* that the English meter fitted to translate Homer's hexameter, must be a long line, composed of two short ones, having each *three* beats, or *four* beats. The nature of our syntax, which habitually begins sentences with unaccented words, (such as, And, Or, It, But, For, When, etc.,) further proved to me that the line must not be constrained to begin with an accent, as in the meters which we call Trochaic. It remained to inquire what should be its *compass;* and a series of trials showed that it was best to compose the line of *four* beats added to *three*. Many passages of Homer can be got into an Alexandrine, that is, into three and three; but I found, first, this could not be kept up systematically, without becoming too terse, whereas the genius of Homer is to be loose and expansive; secondly, my meter could not be right, unless it would render also the polished hexameter of epigrams and epitaphs; but while 'four and three' had compass enough for this, the 'three and three' often failed entirely; next, I fancied that many even of the Homeric lines by no compression could be brought into the Alexandrine, and that beauty and effect were sometimes largely lost, if it was impossible to render line by line; lastly, no long trial made it certain to me that the monotony of the Alexandrine is unendurable in a long poem, where the first part of the line has no facility of various subdivisions. Such were the general arguments which forced me to believe *four beats* and *three beats* to give the elementary solutions of my problem." (P. vi.)

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The abandonment of rhyme, because its exigencies are incompatible with fidelity, was the next step; together with the adoption of a double ending to the verse, as giving a close with strong effect. So that the meter is common meter, with one additional unaccented syllable, and without rhyme. Mr. Newman had the pleasure of discovering afterwards, that he had elaborated the very meter which the modern Greeks adopt for the Homeric hexameter, every time they have abandoned quantity for accent. Thus, to take his own instances, while our common metre has—

"The Queen sits lone on Lithgow hill,
And weeps the weary day;"

Mr. Newman's meter, as the modern Greek epic, has—

"They heid to go, as lions twain,
Amid the mighty darkness,
O'er carcases and dusty gore,
Through weapons and through carnage."

This peculiar meter being thus happily struck out, many things follow, inseparable from it; of which, however, Mr. Newman finds it necessary to offer defense. Such are inverted forms of speech, archaisms, quaintness, and rigorous simplicity. The meter, of course, determines the style. The inversions, however, are not violent, nor mere metrical expedients; nor are the words archaic, or compounded, in a manner too forced to mar the pleasure of reading. Indeed, we regret that the caution which is, in one point of view, an excellence, is in another, subversive of what might have been of great benefit to the English language.

It remains to inquire how the meter and style adopted have been successful in the actual work of translation. The passages in Homer which most try the strength and flexibility of a meter are the formularies and rituals. We think that Mr. Newman has succeeded admirably in combining truth and spirit; but let our readers judge for themselves from one or two examples. Here is the formulary of feasting:

"Then after prayer was made, and they the barley cakes threw forward,
The victims' necks they backward drew, and slaughtered them and skinned them.
And parted out the thighs; but these in double fold they covered
With fragrant fat, and over them arranged the choicer pieces,
And these they roasted with the flame from hapless fagots kindled,
But pierced the vitals, and above the might of Vulcan held them.
Now, when the joints were roasted well, and they the vitals tasted,
The rest they slashed in smaller bits, and spitted every morsel,
And broiled them all right cleverly, and threw them off perfected.
After the toil had found its end, and all the feast was ready,
They banqueted, nor did their soul lack well proportioned banquet."*

A comparison with the original will show that this difficult passage is rendered verse for verse, almost word for word, losing in the process nothing of the spirit of the original; our mono-syllabic Saxon running side by side with the long bound of the 'voweled Greek.' As an example of the spirit of Mr. Newman's version, take the following:

"And as around the shining moon the little stars of heaven
Glister with radiance distinct, when all the sky is breathless,
And every lofty peak is shown, and headland edge and forest,
And from behind the cloven blue uncounted heaven bursteth,
And all above thee seemeth stars, and joyful is the shepherd;
So many fires between the streams of Xanthus and the galleys
Shone then in front of Ilium, by hands of Trojans kindled.
A thousand fires along the plain, I say, that night were burning,
And close to every glaring blaze sat fifty foes of Argos.
And by their chariots the steeds, rye and white barley munching,
Stood, waiting patiently the rise of gorgeous-throned Morning." 8 : 555.

Observe, in this magnificent passage, how

* Αὐτὰρ ἐπεί β' εὔξαντο, καὶ οὐλοχύτας προβάλοντο,
Αὖ ἔρυσαν μὲν πρῶτα, καὶ ἔσφαξαν καὶ ἔδειραν,
Μηρούς τ' ἐξέταμον, κατά τε κνίσῃ ἐκάλυψαν,
Δίπτυχα ποιήσαντες· ἐπ' αὐτῶν δ' ὠμοθέτησαν·
Καὶ τὰ μέν ἀρ' σχίζῃσιν ἀφύλλοισιν κατέκαιον·
Σπλάγχνα δ' ἀρ' ἐμπείραντες, ὑπείρεχον Ἡφαιστοιο.
Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατὰ μῆρ' ἐκάη, καὶ σπλάγχνα πάσαντο,
Μίστυλλόν τ' ἄρα τ' ἄλλα, καὶ ἀμφ' ὀβελοῖσιν ἔπειραν,
Ὤπτησάν τε περιφραδέως, ἐρύσαντό τε πάντα.
Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ παύσαντο πόνου, τετύκοντό τε πάντα,
Δαίνυντ', οὐδέ τι θυμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὸς ἴσης.—
*Iliad*, 2 : 421.

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well imitated is the flexible current sentence of the Greek, less elaborately balanced than it became in the Attic time, but full of life and freedom, and, in reality, best suited to the genius of the English language. How Greek, and equally how English, is the long and winding structure, struck into vigor by the redoubled use of the simple connecting particles, without any of the participial involution which came to belong to the more modern stages of both languages!

A reader conversant with Homer in the original will observe continually the prominent sense of the doubtful words seized and rendered with force and perspicuity by the happy tact of Mr. Newman, who, in the general style of the translation, as well as in the few notes appearing at the foot of his pages, evinces profound erudition. He understands the real peculiarities of either language, and accepts their destiny in the boldest manner, uniting or separating the modern and the archaic, as suits his purpose. He has produced a work which will, we hope, exercise no small influence upon the present generation of writers, both of poetry and prose. The structure of our sentences is what does undoubtedly call for reform Homer is the easiest of the Greek poets; and he was so to his countrymen, as he is so to us, simply by virtue of the unlabored, yet close and sufficient, structure of his sentences. Thucydides, amongst all the prose writers of antiquity, is the one whose meaning is always clearest and most unmistakable: his style is of gigantic compass, and capable of saying any thing. Yet his sentences are so carelessly composed, that to reduce them to the rules of grammar has been the labor in vain of of all critics. We may rest assured, that the present mechanical style of prose writing is wrong: it is chilling and cramping to great excellence in composition, inasmuch as it is inimical to freedom of thought.

Mr. Newman is already known in this walk by a successful translation of Horace's Odes. His faith in the English language is justifiably very great. He states, at the end of the preface to his present great work: "I now more distinctly feel, that the English language may cope with even the choral songs of Æschylus, and perhaps with every serious Greek poet except Pindar." We trust the satisfactory completion of the present important undertaking is the augury of future success.

If our readers should desire to pursue this subject any further, they can not do better than accept the guidance of Christopher North, in the volume whose title we have given at the head of this paper. His masterly and eloquent critiques afford the English reader the best possible idea of Homer's genius; and while this is done with characteristic gusto, the merits of the several translators are most happily distinguished. Chapman, Cowper, and Sotheby are those whom he delights to honor.

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From the Weekly London Times.

# SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.

The glorious news from India will bring relief and joy to many an English hearth at this Christmas time. However high our confidence in the valor and endurance of British troops, it was not possible to shake off a heavy load of anxiety respecting the fate of Outram, Havelock, their brave companions, and their helpless charges, shut up in the Residency of Lucknow, and hemmed in by a ferocious enemy outnumbering them by nearly thirty to one. Even with that enormous

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disproportion, and although the rebels were said to have three hundred guns, we had little fear that the place would be carried by assault. But it was known that the defenses were weak, and it was feared that the small band of defenders might be destroyed in detail, in constant combat. The enemy could afford to expend men, but in Havelock's ranks the loss of a single man was an irreparable calamity. More even than the fire and sword of the enemy, we dreaded the slow and wearing influence of famine, for it was certain that the garrison had but short supplies, and they were effectually blockaded. All this abiding dread has been removed, and we now enjoy the certainty of their safety. The garrison are free to pursue their career of victory and glory in the open field, free to exact a terrible vengeance for their wives and children outraged and massacred at Cawnpore. The account of Sir Colin Campbell's triumph at Lucknow is the best news that has come from India since the outbreak of the revolt.

Sir Colin Campbell was provided with heavy artillery, including Captain Peel's 32-pounders, which we have no doubt he used in clearing a road for his infantry. From the 13th to the 19th the fighting continued, and on the latter day we have no doubt that the rebels were driven completely out of the whole of Lucknow. The Government telegram states that on that day Sir Colin Campbell's force amounted to twenty thousand men, but that must be an error, and we think the dispatch from our own correspondent, which gives the number as twelve thousand, is nearer to the truth. In either case, however, Sir Colin Campbell would be able to take the field and to scatter the enemy wherever they ventured to make a stand. The complete subjection of Oude was expected to occupy many months, but the reduction of that province will be the final extinction of the rebellion. Indeed, the main force of the insurrection is now, so to speak, imprisoned within the confines of Oude. The rebels are placed within our armies on three sides, and to the north is Nepaul, whose prince has proved himself our good and faithful ally throughout the war. Large bodies of British troops are arriving in India every week, and the Government was sending them on to Sir Colin Campbell as speedily as the means of transport would allow. There can be no doubt that in a short time the insurgent troops would be inclosed and cut to pieces, or condemned to yield themselves to our mercy.

One paragraph of the telegram will be read with a thrill of pleasure, that which states that on the 20th of November the women and children, and the sick and wounded were sent under an escort to Cawnpore. What terrors, what anxieties, what sickening apprehensions must have tortured wives, mothers, and maidens through the long months that they were shut in under the protection of a few hundred resolute men, but surrounded by tens of thousands of ruffians thirsting to make them their prey. How their hearts must have fainted within them as days, weeks, months passed, and no relief, while their small store of provisions and ammunition dwindled away. What despair, when they learned that Havelock had twice advanced to their rescue, and had twice been forced to retire. What deep gloom on that dreadful day when they knew that their position was undermined and that they could only hold out for a few hours, when within the British entrenchment there was but one prayer from the women, but one stern resolve amongst the men, that none should fall alive into the hands of the enemy! At that supreme moment, when all had committed themselves to the mercy of Heaven, the pibroch of the Highlanders piercing through the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry told them that succor was near. Imagination can scarcely conceive the rebound — the joy, the gratitude, the exultation of the beleaguered community who were lifted out of the valley of the shadow of death. And scarcely less must have been the delight of the women and children at finding themselves free to go forth, to leave the scene of their long trial, and to feel that once again they were safe under the protection of their country. The story of the siege of Lucknow has yet to be told, but we can anticipate that it will surpass in lofty interest any previous narrative of fortitude and heroism.

From all parts of India we receive only tidings of success. Brigadier Steuart, at the head of the Malwa field force, had relieved Nusseerabad, dispersed the Neemuch and Mundesore rebels, and was clearing Malwa of insurgents. Showers, Cotton, and Tindal, at the head of flying columns, were scouring Rohilcund, and

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success attended all their operations. There was no longer any alarm respecting garrisons at outlying stations, and reïnforcements were pouring into India in large numbers. We may now say, without fear of disappointment, that the great Indian rebellion has been crushed, and that nothing remains but the work of punishing the guilty, rewarding the meritorious, and reëstablishing the civil authority. We have passed through a fiery trial, and the result must show to India and to the world how vast are the resources, and how mighty is the power of the British people.

From Titan.

# ADVENTURES IN ORIENTAL AND WESTERN SIBERIA.*

## THE TRAVELER IN SIBERIA.

When the journey narrated in the following pages was undertaken, it was not with the intention of publishing either a book of travels, or any other work. My sole object was to sketch the scenery of Siberia—scarcely at all known to Europeans. While thus employed, I passed out of the Emperor of Russia's Asiatic dominions; having been provided with an especial passport by command of his Imperial Majesty, Nicholas I., which enabled me to cross the frontier, as well as to reënter the empire at any other points to which my rambles might lead me.

I have brought back faithful representations of the scenery, without taking any artistic liberties; preferring nature in her own attractions, to snatching a grace within the reach of art.

Mine has been a tolerably wide field, extending from Kokhan on the west to the eastern end of the Baikal, and as far south as the Chinese town of Tchin-si; including that immense chain Syan-shan, never before seen by any European; as well as a large portion of the western part of the Gobi, over which Genghiz Khan marched his wild hordes towards the west—scenes on which no pencil has previously been employed—comprising a distance traversed of about 32,000 versts in carriages, 7100 in boats, and 20,300 on horseback—in all, 59,400 versts (about 39,500 miles) in the course of seven years. Neither the old Venetian nor the Jesuit priests could have visited these regions—their travels having been far to the south; nor am I aware that they brought back any pictorial representations of the scenes throough which they wandered. Even the recent travelers, Huc and Gabet, who visited "the land of grass," (the plains to the south of the great desert of Gobi,) did not penetrate into the country of the Kalkas; and the illustrations to their works were evidently fabricated in Paris.

Mine is a simple narrative of facts, taken from journals kept with scrupulous care during the whole journey, often under the influence of great fatigue, and amid the pressure of numerous difficulties. I suffered much both from hunger and thirst, have run many risks, and on several occasions have been placed in most critical situations with the tribes of Central Asia — more particularly when among the convicts escaped from the Chinese penal settlements — desperate characters, who hold the lives of men cheap. I have several times looked upon what appeared inevitable death, and have had a fair allowance of hairbreadth escapes, when riding and sketching on the brinks of precipices with a perpendicular depth of 1500 feet below me.

* *Oriental and Western Siberia: a Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and part of Central Asia.* By Thomas Witlam Atkinson. Royal 8vo, 612 pp. London: Hurst & Blackett.

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With these accompaniments, I traversed much of the hitherto unexplored regions of Central Asia, and produced 560 sketches of the scenery, executed with the moist colors made by Winsor & Newton—invaluable to an artist employed under such circumstances. I have used them on the sandy plains of Central Asia, in a temperature of 50° Réaumur, (144° Fahrenheit;) and in Siberia have had them frozen as solid as a mass of iron, when the temperature was 43° Réaumur of frost, 11° below the point where the mercury became solid, when I could make it into balls in my bullet-moulds. Some of my largest works have been painted with colors that have stood these severe tests; and for depth and purity of tone, have not been surpassed by those I have had fresh from the manufactory. With cake colors all my efforts would have been useless.

I am deeply indebted to the late Emperor of Russia; for without his passport I should have been stopped at every government, and insurmountable difficulties would have been thrown in my way. This slip of paper proved a talisman wherever presented in his dominions, and swept down every obstacle raised to bar my progress.

### THE PRECIOUS STONES OF SIBERIA.

After passing Chaitansk, it is one continuous forest to Neviansk, where I arrived at two o'clock in the morning, and was taken to the Castle.

This is one of the oldest Zavods in the Oural; it was built on the small river Neva, under the direction of Nikite Demidoff. Sent from Tula by Peter the Great, about the year 1701 or 1702, to examine the mines in these regions—near which he soon after established himself—Demidoff may truly be considered the founder of the iron and other works in the Oural. He did more towards developing the mineral wealth of these mountains than any other man. His sound practical knowledge, and untiring industry in examining this country, enabled him to select those parts best suited for mining, smelting, and other operations, and he has left the stamp of his foresight and genius on several Zavods.

The Castle, as it is called, was partly built by the first Demidoff, and was long the family residence; it was extended by his successor into a magnificent mansion. The rooms have all groined ceilings in brickwork; some of them with ribs, and bosses at the intersections, in very good taste, and admirably executed. In a room, which I may now call my bed-room, there is a fine arched recess, in which stood an iron bedstead elegantly fitted up. The furniture had once been splendid, but is somewhat faded. In front of the recess, a beautiful painted iron table was standing, and iron chairs were round the room. There is a large saloon with fresco-paintings, on the walls, as well as several other apartments which have been richly furnished. The whole are now kept for the accommodation of travelers, and every thing is provided for the table free expense. Much used to be thought of the "horn of ale" given at some of the noble mansions in England, but in this Zavod the traveler takes up his abode, and at whatever hour he may arrive, night or day, he is certain to find a welcome. His table is covered with excellent fare and delicious wines—port, sherry, Rhine wine, and champagne. Such is the generous hospitality of the Oural, evidence of which may be found in every private Zavod.

It is said that the Castle was once much more extensive, but that a part of it was destroyed by one of the Demidoffs, many years ago, out of caprice. The government had some suspicion that Demidoff was working other metals than iron in this Zavod, and sent a certain Count —— to examine into the matter. On his return, the two met at the palace in St. Petersburg, when the count congratulated Demidoff on the taste and splendor of his noble mansion in the Oural. Demidoff asked if his excellency was as well satisfied with the hospitality as with the appearance of the mansion. The reply was: "Enchanted with both." This sealed its doom. Demidoff wrote immediately to his agent at the Zavod to pull down the rooms which had been occupied by the count. They were demolished immediately, and no member of the family has ever resided at the Zavod since.

About two hundred paces from the Castle stands a very fine brick tower much out of the perpendicular; there is a subterraneous passage to it, now closed up. In this building the silver brought from the Altai was refined, and after-

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wards coined on the island in the lake at Tchernoistotchinsk. It also said that the first Demidoffs concealed here the fugitives who escaped from Tobolsk and other regions of Siberia, employing them in the mines and iron-works; if true, it was a grave offense, considering the formidable injunctions of the Emperor.

To the east of the road around Mursinsk lies the region in which the following precious stones of the Oural are found—emerald, amethyst, beryl, christoberyl, topaz, rose tourmaline, and garnets; all highly interesting to the crystallographer in their natural state, and much more so to the ladies when cut into gems.

Ekaterineburg is the capital of the Oural, and, on entering the town from the north, a church and some large mansions are seen on a high hill to the left, overlooking the lake—a beautiful sheet of water, which extends several versts in a westerly direction, until hid behind the woods of Issetzskoï. One of these mansions, built by a very rich man, who accumulated his immense wealth from gold mines, is of enormous dimensions, and from its elevated situation has a most imposing effect, commanding views of the Oural far to the north and west, until lost in distant haze. The Zavod of Verkne Issetzskoï, with its churches and public buildings, stands out beautifully in the center of the view; while in the foreground and beneath is the lake, with several public and private edifices on its shores. The gardens belonging to this mansion, with the greenhouses and hothouses, are extensive and well laid out; they are open to the public in summer, and form a pleasant promenade. Formerly there was a splendid and choice collection of plants in the greenhouses, but for many years past they have been neglected. The owner, notwithstanding his enormous wealth and elegant mansion, was banished and punished for flogging some of his people to death; another man implicated in this crime shared the same fate. Both had risen from peasants.

There are many honorable exceptions to these men in Ekaterineburg — merchants and owners of mines who would do credit to any country. They have accumulated very large fortunes, and have built themselves mansions equal to any found in the best European towns; the rooms are spacious, lofty, and beautifully finished; their decorations executed with excellent taste; they are also splendidly furnished — indeed, supplied with almost every luxury, as well as comfort. With many of these fortunate persons, their mode of living equals the splendor of their habitations. Attached to most of their dwellings are large conservatories, in some of which are very choice collections of tropical plants and flowers, such as few would expect to find in so severe a climate.

Nearly in the center of the town, a high embankment is carried across the valley of the Issetz, and at this point stand the mechanical works belonging to government. They are built upon an enormous scale, and fitted up with machinery and tools from the best makers in England. Here are found Nasmyth's steam-hammer, large lathes, planing-machines, with punching, drilling, grooving, and slotting machines for every purpose. The entire arrangement of this establishment has been carried out, regardless of expense, under the superintendence of a good practical English mechanic, who has served the government for about fifteen years. He executed the whole of the excellent machinery of the Mint, in which copper money to a large amount is coined annually, and sent into Russia. The furnace for smelting gold is in a building connected with the Mint, to which all the precious metals found in the Oural are brought. Here they are smelted and cast into bars, and sent to St. Petersburg.

Near these works stands the Granilnoï Fabric—the building in which the jaspers, porphyries, aventurine, and other stones found in the Oural, are made into columns, pedestals, vases, and tables, unrivaled in workmanship, either in ancient or modern times; the lathes, saws, and polishing-machines used are turned by water-power. The whole establishment belongs to the crown, and is worked by peasants.

The jaspers are found in a great variety of colors; the most beautiful, a deep green, dark purple, dark violet, gray, and cream-color; also a ribbon jasper with stripes of reddish-brown and green. The porphyries are equally fine and varied—some of most brilliant colors. Orlite is also a splendid stone of a deep pink color, with veins of yellow and black: when made into vases, it is semi-transparent. Malachite is also used in making tables,

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and various other articles. The vases are usually of a most classic design — this, with the rich materials in which they are executed, gives them a most magnificent effect; but to be able fully to appreciate such works, they must be seen in the splendid collections at the imperial palaces in St. Petersburg. I have frequently found and painted huge masses of these splendid rocks, of which I have now seventy-two varieties.

Most magnificent jasper tables are made in this Zavod, inlaid with different-colored stones in imitation of birds, flowers, and foliage. In 1853 I saw one of them in Ekaterineburg on which four or five men had been employed for six years—not an uncommon circumstance; indeed, some examples have occupied a longer period. The cost of labor alone in England (provided the material were found there) would effectually prevent such work ever being executed in our country. Here wages are almost nothing; I have seen a man engaged carving foliage on some of the jasper vases, in a style not excelled any where in Europe, whose wages were *three shillings and eighteen pence per month*, with two poods, or thirty-six pounds, of rye-flour per month, to make into bread—meat he is never supposed to eat. I have seen another man cutting a head of Ajax, after the antique, in jasper of two colors—the ground a dark green, and the head a yellowish cream color—in very high relief, and intended for a brooch. It was a splendid production of art, and would have raised the man to a high position in any country in Europe, except Russia. *He* also, poor man! received his three shillings and eightpence per month, and his bread. There are many men employed in these productions possessing great genius; were they free to use their talents for their own benefit, this country might send into civilized Europe numerous works of vast merit. A married man with a family receives two poods of black flour for his wife and one pood for each child, on which they live and look stout.

I have watched men cutting the emerald, topaz, amethyst, aquamarina, and other stones into different shapes; which they do with perfect accuracy and in good taste. Some of these brilliant gems have no doubt ere this adorned imperial majesty. These men also receive a like remuneration.

The following is the rate of wages paid to the superintendents and workmen employed in the cutting and polishing works. Two superintendents or master workmen, each of whom receives 240 roubles banco per annum, (about £11 sterling,) and their "black flour," (rye.) There are also 160 workmen employed, divided into four classes:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| A first class workman receives | 4 | roubles banco | per month | = 3s. 8d. |
| A second-class | ditto | 3 | ditto | ditto | = 2s. 9d. |
| A third-class | ditto | 2 | ditto | ditto | = 1s. 10d. |
| A fourth-class ditto, or boys, | | 1 | ditto | ditto | = 11d. |

and their black bread.

Ekaterineburg being the capital of the Oural, and the center of the mining districts, here is established the *Gornoi-pravlania*, or General Board for the Direction of the Mines; which consists of a great number of officers who live in Ekaterineburg with their families. At present the chief of the Oural is a general of artillery—most probably appointed to this position in consequence of nearly all the iron-works belonging to the crown having been employed for many years past in casting and boring large guns, casting shot and shells, and in preparing other munitions of war. There is another general of artillery stationed in Ekaterineburg, who is independent of the chief, and holds his appointment from the Minister of War. His duty is the general supervision and a close inspection of all the guns and arms of whatever kind made in the Zavods of the Oural. This gentleman has artillery officers resident in many of the Zavods, to watch every process in the manufacture of these destructive implements.

There is also a Berg Inspector, or chief director of Mines — a most important office, filled during my visit by one of the most intelligent mining engineers in the empire; not only eminent for his talents, but also for his kind disposition and gentlemanly conduct.

### LIFE IN THE OURAL.

A traveler from the most civilized parts of Europe, who should come here to gratify his curiosity, would not find a very remarkable difference between the style of living in this region among the wealthy, and that of the same class in his own country. He would find the ladies handsomely clad in dresses made from the best

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products of the looms of France and England; and would be welcomed at the fireside, and on all occasions, with a generous hospitality seldom met with elsewhere. If asked to dinner, he would find placed on the board a repast that would not disgrace the best hotels of the same countries. Fish and game of every kind are most abundant here, and luxuries from far distant regions are not wanting. Wines of the finest quality, and in great variety, are ever found at their tables; the only draw-back to comfort being the quantity of champagne the traveler is obliged to drink.

Their balls are elegant, and conducted with great propriety, and they dance well. The elder members of society spend their time at cards, risking much money in this way. It is deeply to be regretted that the young men are also much addicted to gambling—a pursuit which often ends in ruin here as elsewhere. During my stay in the Oural, a young officer shot himself on account of his losses at cards.

Even the fair sex in Ekaterineburg pass much of their time in card-playing. I am acquainted with one family where there are no less than eleven children; there is not a day in the year during which their mother spends less than five or six hours at cards, unless prevented by sickness; and when once she sits down to the card-table, husband, children, and all, are forgotten I know another lady here, the principal business of whose life is card-playing. She has a moderate income, and passes her days and most of her nights at cards; she has her daily rounds, and goes with as much exactness to her haunts as the most punctual merchant to his office. Ten o'clock in the morning is her hour of business: the tables are opened and the cards placed. If no one calls before this hour, she goes forth to her usual occupation, and seeks some one among her friends who will indulge her in a second rubber; and so the time passes until dinner. After dining she sleeps a couple of hours, and wakes quite fresh for her favorite pursuit. In the evening she has no difficulty, for many are willing to play: thus the time is spent until a late hour.

At one of the large mining towns in the Altai, there lives a man who has become rich from gold mines, and is a celebrated card-player. It is no unusual circumstance for him to visit St. Petersburg; and as Ekaterineburg is about midway between the capital and his place of residence, he is sometimes obliged to stop on the way to repair carriages, after a run of more than two thousand versts—in fact, it is often absolutely necessary. This man's fame having spread far and wide, his detention in the town for the first time was an event which afforded the lady I have just alluded to the utmost delight; she could not permit such an opportunity to pass without trying a rubber with so renowned a champion. At her particular request a friend arranged that they should meet at dinner. She has been heard to say, no hours ever dragged on so slowly as on that forenoon—still the sun ran his course, and, directly dinner was over, down they sat to cards. The evening went on with varied success, the lady was enraptured, and rose from the table the winner of a large sum. She invited her opponent to play the next day; after some demur he consented, and the following day the contest was renewed, and continued until she had lost all. Nothing daunted, she urged him again to defer his journey for four-and-twenty hours, as her half-year's income would arrive by the post the following morning. But then came a difficulty about getting the money at once, as there was some formality which would delay it a day or two. After much trouble, she persuaded the person to whom it was consigned to waive the usual form, and let her have the money immediately. She got it, and so strong was her ruling passion, that every moment seemed lost until seated at the card-table. In a few hours she left it without a kopeck—her half-year's income entirely gone!

Speaking with some of the most intelligent men on this subject, their reply was: "In England you have the daily papers, the monthly periodicals, a literature unequaled, and the liberty of discussing every subject with freedom; if we had such things to occupy our minds, we should not care for cards."

The government employs a great number of its serfs in this Zavod in the machine-shop and on other works. None of them can be said to be "poor," if by this word is meant want of bread—black bread they have, and salt; these, with a draught of quass, (a drink made from rye,) is the food of hundreds who work hard for twelve hours in the day, and receive for their labor *fourpence*. The Russian peasants have most undoubtedly great imita-

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tive genius, and nothing daunts them. Men are brought from a village, never having seen any mechanical operations before, and are taken into the Zavod. One is told he must be a blacksmith—he goes to his anvil without the least hesitation and begins his work: another is ordered to be a fitter in the machine-shop—he seats himself at his bench, looks at the work his neighbor is doing, takes up his file, and commences his new, and to him wonderful, occupation. So they go on through many branches.

There is one great drawback to the efficiency of the machine works in Ekaterineburg—at present there is no practical head to direct. It is not, as the authorities suppose, sufficient that a man has been educated in the School of Mines in St. Petersburg, and that, after serving a few years either in the Altai or the Oural mines, he is sent to England, and visits the different mechanical engineering manufactories—walking through them occasionally, and taking notes, during a period of twelve or eighteen months. This is not the training necessary to fit a man to direct efficiently and practically a great establishment. He must acquire the requisite knowledge by the toil of his hands. Great mechanics are not made in any other way, nor is it in the power of epaulets, of whatever size or material, to accomplish this object. In all our great machine-works there are good practical mechanics able to direct, who have worked with their own hands. The great men of England have all done so—there are Fairbairn, Roberts, Nasmyth, Whitworth, and a host of others, as distinguished examples. How much better it would be to select a hundred youths, and send them as apprentices for seven years into different establishments, either in England or elsewhere—they would learn something, and return competent to take charge of the different departments: his Imperial Majesty and the country would then profit by their acquirements. I have been induced to make these remarks, as I have not been an idle spectator on my rambles through the Zavods. On the other hand, I have seen, and deeply regret being compelled to admit, that in some of the iron-works near the Oural, certain departments have been conducted by my own countrymen, who were evidently quite incompetent, as the Russian Government have learned to their cost.

### THE LAPIDARIES' SKILL.

The lapidaries of Ekaterineburg deserve most honorable mention — they have brought their art to great perfection, in cutting the various stones found in Siberia, and some of them may vie with the best in Europe.

About twenty-five or thirty years ago, several fine crystals of emerald were discovered by some children, while playing near the village of Takovaya, and were tossed about in the cottage for a considerable time before their character was recognized. At length they were sent to Ekaterineburg, and were most splendidly cut in the Granilnoï Fabric. They proved to be gems of rare beauty and great value. As all precious stones, wherever found in Siberia, are the property of the Emperor, these ought to have been sent to the imperial palace in St. Petersburg; but they never reached the imperial jewel-case. They were sent into Germany, where they were bought by a prince of one of the first reigning families. Some years afterwards, his consort, on some great occasion, visited the Emperor of Russia, and while staying in St. Petersburg wore these magnificent and rare gems. They were of such surpassing beauty as to attract the notice of the Empress, who admired them very much, and inquired whence they were obtained. To the great astonment of her Imperial Majesty, she was told they came from Siberia. This caused a great sensation; without giving time for any communication to be made to Ekaterineburg, the Emperor sent an officer to search the works, and the houses of all persons connected with the Granilnoï Fabric. He found in the house of the director several gems of great value, which the latter declared were there for safe custody. This was thought somewhat strange, as other gems and valuable works were lying at the museum in the Fabric. The director was, without any investigation, sent to prison, and after many years' confinement, died there; nor is it known to this day by whom these emeralds were stolen. In Siberia it is still believed that the man was innocent, but that for the safety of persons of more consideration, it was absolutely necessary he should be imprisoned; in short, it has been hinted that the offense was committed by parties much nearer his Imperial Majesty. Since this period

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few emeralds of value have been discovered.

Amethysts are still found at Tushakalva, a village near Mursinsk; these stones are far superior to the Brazilian amethysts, have a much greater brilliancy and are more valuable. Beryl is found in several parts of the Oural—some crystals exceedingly fine, of a blue, yellow, and rose color; those of the latter kind are rare, and when perfectly transparent, of considerable value. I have seen some splendid specimens in Ekaterineburg, most beautifully cut. Chrysoberyl is met with in the same locality as the emerald; occasionally very fine crystals are obtained and cut into beautiful gems. Topaz is found at Alabaska, and near Maïass; some of these magnificent crystals have been discovered six inches long, perfectly transparent, and sold at a very great price. I have seen fine specimens cut as gems, and exceedingly brilliant. Pink topaz is rare—up to this time only five small crystals have been met with at one of the gold-mines in the South Oural; one of these was presented to me: I deeply regret to say, that it is either mislaid, or has been lost on the journey.

Rose tourmaline is found at the village of Sarapulsk, near Mursinsk. This is also a rare mineral—I have seen but one crystal pure and transparent. Small specimens cut into gems are sometimes to be got in Ekaterineburg under the name of "malina sherl." Smoke topaz is met with in many places in the Oural—some beautifully transparent, which they cut into seals of most elegant form. Pure transparent quartz also passes under the name of topaz—large quantities of seals are made of this, and sold in Ekaterineburg, on which the lapidaries cut figures, coats-of-arms, or ciphers, at a very moderate cost. This forms quite a trade, as the workmen employed in the Granilnoï Fabric cut these articles at home in the evenings and holidays, using a small foot-lathe. Malachite is also worked into a variety of beautiful ornaments, such as vases, work-boxes, tables, paper-weights, brooches, and beads, for which they find a ready sale.

Aquamarina is brought to Ekaterineburg from Eastern Siberia. It is obtained near Nertchinsk—sometimes in very fine crystals of great value; these are cut into bracelets, brooches, ear-rings, stones for pins, rings, and other ornaments, and have a most sparkling and brilliant effect. Besides gems and seals, the lapidaries make tables, small vases, and paper-weights, in great numbers, of the different jaspers and porphyries—many of great beauty both in design and color. Some of the jasper paper-weights have a bunch of grapes in amethyst, with foliage on the top, beautifully executed.

### ANNA, THE BEAR-HUNTER.

I shall frequently have occasion to speak of Cossack and Kalmuck hunters, also of the daring of the Siberian peasant in his combats with the bear; but shall now introduce to my readers one of my acquaintance of the softer sex, who was not surpassed in courage and daring by either Kalmuck or Cossack. In one of my rambles after leaving Pavdinska, which led me to the east of Verkoturia, and as far as the river Tavda, I came upon a party of peasants in the forest cutting wood, and among them were several women. It was here that I first made the acquaintance of Anna Petrovnaia, the bear-hunter. Her fame has spread far from the scenes of her conflicts with Bruin, who has not in the wide range of Siberia a more intrepid or dangerous enemy. At this time she was about thirty-two years of age, neither tall nor stout, but her step was firm, and she was strong and active. Her countenance was soft and pleasing; indeed, there was nothing in her appearance that indicated her extraordinary intrepidity. It is true she came of a good stock, her father and brothers being famous hunters. I was informed that very early in life she had displayed a love for the chase, and having been taught how to use the rifle, many wolves and other animals had fallen by her hand. Each time that bear-skins were brought home by the different members of her family, her desire increased to add one to her other spoils. Without breathing a word to any one, and with this object in view, she set out on a sporting ramble, the conversations of her family having afforded sufficient intimation of the course she ought to take.

One day a large black bear had been seen by one of her brothers, when ranging through the forest with his pea-rifle in quest of smaller game. This was spoken of in her presence, and the plan of a campaign arranged, to be carried into effect

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in a day or two. The next morning, long before any member of the household had left their beds, she had put on her hunting-gear, saddled a horse, slung her rifle over her shoulder, and rode away. Anna was so erratic in her movements, that her absence caused no uneasiness, and before day-dawn she was many versts from the cottage. Early in the morning she reached the forest, and secured her horse, so that he might feed while she penetrated the thick and tangled wood before her.

There was a heavy dew on the grass in the open glades, and she observed that Bruin was taking his morning ramble, his track being quite fresh. Looking to the priming of her rifle, and adding powder from her flask, she went on with a firm step. The bear had made many turnings on his march, but she followed him with all the sagacity of a bloodhound, and never once lost his trail. Hour after hour passed, however, and she had not caught a glimpse of him. As it threatened to be a long chase, Anna had recourse to her little bag, sat down by a small stream, and made her breakfast on a piece of rye-bread, washed down with a draught from the pure liquid flowing at her feet. Having ended her frugal meal, she shouldered her rifle, and again pushed on. She had another long and fruitless walk. Satisfied, however, that she was on his track, she pursued it till she arrived at a bed of high plants, that included the giant fennel, of the flowers of which the bears are very fond. While proceeding along the edge of this bed, a fresh indication, well known to the hunters, assured her that the long sought-for game was at hand. As she was creeping cautiously forward, out rushed the bear, with a loud growl, about twenty yards in front. Quickly she threw forward the prongs of her rifle, dropped on one knee, and got a good sight—the animal staring at her, almost motionless. She now touched the trigger, there followed a flash, a savage growl succeeded, then a struggle for a minute or two, and her wish was accomplished—the bear lay dead!

After taking off his skin, she started in search of her horse, which she found at no great distance; for she had been brought back nearly to the spot where she had commenced the chase. She was shortly on her way home, and astonished her family, on her entrance to the cottage, by throwing the skin on the floor. Since this time Anna Petrovnaia has engaged with, and killed, *sixteen bears*.

### AMONG THE KIRGHIS.

As we rode along, the Kirghis eyed us keenly — no doubt wondering who and what we were. A Cossack had been sent on to announce our coming to the chief; approaching nearer, the dogs began to greet us with a very loud barking: they were a pack of savage-looking rascals, who would bite as well as bark when the opportunity served. They kept close in attendance with their music till we nearly reached the *aoul*, and were only induced to retreat by the whips of the Kirghis, who had ridden out to meet us. They led me up to a large *yourt*, at the door of which a long spear, with a tuft of black horse-hair on it, was standing. A fine old man took hold of the reins of my bridle, and gave me his hand to dismount—to refuse his assistance would have been an insult. He then conducted me into his *yourt*, a beautiful Bokharian carpet was spread, on which he placed me, seating himself on the *voilock* near. I invited him to a seat on his own carpet, which afforded evident satisfaction to all those assembled in the *yourt*.

This was Mohammed, and the three Kirghis who had met us were his sons; they were seated near to us. My arms were matter of great interest to them, when a Cossack brought my saddle into the *yourt*, and took the pistols out of the holsters. The old man and his sons being anxious to examine them, I removed the caps to prevent any accident, and they were scrutinized with intense interest. They could not understand why I had taken the caps off, and seemingly thought there was some secret in these which I did not wish them to comprehend. To satisfy them, I drew the shot from both barrels of my gun—this was equally a curiosity; I then put a cap on one nipple and wiped the other; cocked both locks, and went out of the *yourt*, followed by all. I pulled the trigger and let the hammer strike the nipple without a cap; they looked at it, and wished me to pull the trigger again. I now pulled the other trigger, when they were all startled by the report. I then put a cap on the first nipple, cocked the lock, and handed the gun to one of the sons, who held it to his shoulder, touched the trig-



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ger, and was much astounded when the report rang in his ears. With this exhibition they were highly delighted. When we returned into the *yourt* my tea was ready; I poured it out, handed a tumbler of the beverage and a piece of sugar to the old chief, also one to his wife, who seemed perfectly astonished. I could not understand why at the time, but I was wiser in a day or two.

Having taken a liberal quantity, my Cossack added water to the pot, and made tea for the sons, giving them sugar from the box, to their infinite satisfaction. It was now quite dark, and the fire gave very little light to the *yourt*. Presently a Kirghis came in with a large bundle of small bushes, put them on the floor, sat down by the fire, took a handful, placed it on the ashes, and blew the embers into a flame. These twigs burned brightly for some time; as soon as the flame began to die away, he added another small portion, and thus he kept up a continual blaze, which gave me an opportunity of examining the chief, his family, and their dwelling.

He was upwards of sixty years old, stout, and square-built, with broad features, a fine flowing gray beard, a pair of small piercing eyes, and a countenance not disagreeable. He wore on his head a closely-fitting silk cap, beautifully embroidered in silver; his dress being a long robe, or kalat of pink and yellow-striped silk, tied round the waist with a white shawl; his boots were of reddish-brown leather, small, with very high heels, causing him, I thought, some difficulty in walking. His wife was much younger, I supposed not more than thirty, or at most thirty-five years of age: she wore a black *kanfa* (Chinese satin) kalat, with a red shawl tied round the waist, boots of the same color and make as her husband's; a white muslin cap rather pointed, with lappets hanging down at the sides nearly as low as her waist, beautifully worked on the edge with red silk. Her face was broad, with high cheek-bones, little black twinkling eyes, a small nose, and a wide mouth; nor was there any thing either prepossessing or pretty in her appearance. While examining her features, I could not help thinking how much a Russian bath would improve the tints of her yellow skin and complexion. There were three young children, one boy about five years old, dressed in a yellow and red striped kalat, his only garment; the other two little sturdy urchins were younger—they were rolling about on the *voilocks* perfectly naked, and playing with a young goat, who every now and then stepped back, made a spring forward, and sent one of them sprawling.

Near the door a fine hawk was chained to a perch stuck into the ground. The *yourt* was formed of willow trellis-work, put together with untanned strips of skin, made into compartments which fold up. It was a circle of thirty-four feet in diameter, five feet high to the springing of the dome, and twelve feet in the center. This dome is formed of bent rods of willow, one and a quarter inch diameter, put into the mortice-holes of a ring about four feet across, which secures the top of the dome, admits light, and lets out the smoke. The lower ends of the willow-rods are tied with leathern thongs to the top of the trellis-work at the sides, which renders it quite strong and secure. The whole is then covered with large sheets of *voilock*, made of wool and camel's hair, fitting close, making it water-tight and warm. A small aperture in the trellis-work forms a doorway, over which a piece of *voilock* hangs down and closes it; but in the daytime this is rolled up, and secured on the top of the *yourt*. Such is the dwelling of a great and wealthy chief in the Steppe.

The furniture and fittings of these dwellings are exceedingly simple; the fire being made on the ground in the center of the *yourt*, directly opposite to the door *voilocks* are spread: on these stand sundry boxes, which contain the different articles of clothing, pieces of Chinese silk, tea, dried fruits, *ambas* of silver (small squares about two and a-half inches long, one inch and a half wide, and about three tenths of an inch thick.) Some of the Kirghis possess large quantities of these *ambas*, which are carefully hoarded up. Above these boxes are bales of Bokharian and Persian carpets, some of great beauty and value. In another part of the *yourt* is the large leathern *koumis* sack, completely covered up with *voilock*, to keep it warm and aid the fermentation. This is a most important piece of furniture in a Kirghis domestic establishment, I have seen one five feet eight inches long, and four feet five inches wide, with a leathern tube at one corner about four inches in diameter, through which they pour the milk into the bag, and draw the *koumis*

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out. A wooden instrument is introduced into the bag, the handle passing through the tube, not unlike a churning-staff; with this the *koumis* is frequently agitated. This bag is never washed out; it would be spoiled by doing so.

Near the *koumis* bag stands a large leathern bottle, sometimes holding four gallons, often much ornamented; so are the small bottles made to carry on the saddle. In another place stands the large iron caldron, and the trivet on which it is placed when used for cooking in the *yourt*. There are usually half-a-dozen Chinese wooden bowls, often beautifully painted and japanned. These are used to drink the *koumis* from: some of them hold three pints, others more. On entering a Kirghis *yourt* in summer, one of the Chinese bowls full of *koumis* is presented to each guest. It is considered impolite to return the vessel before emptying it, and a good Kirghis is never guilty of this impropriety.

The Kirghis begin making *koumis* in April. The mares are milked at five o'clock in the morning, and at the same hour in the evening, into large leathern pails, which are taken immediately to the *yourt*, and the milk poured into the *koumis* bag. The first fourteen days after they begin making this beverage very little of it is drunk; but with fermentation and agitation it is considered by this time in perfection, when it is drunk in great quantities by the wealthy Kirghis, as a man must have a large stud of brood-mares to afford a corresponding consumption of this beverage. Almost every Kirghis has a *koumis* bottle slung to his saddle in summer, which he loses no opportunity of replenishing at every *aoul* he visits.

The saddles are placed on the bales of carpets. Rich horse-trappings being highly prized by the wealthy Kirghis, many of their saddles are beautiful and costly. If of Kirghis workmanship, they are decorated with silver inlaid on iron, in chaste ornamental designs, and have velvet cushions; the bridles and other trappings covered with small iron plates inlaid in the same manner. I saw one set of this decorated harness which cost the owner fifty horses. The battle-axe is also richly inlaid with silver, and the iron rings round the handle are ornamented in a similar style. This is really a formidable weapon. The head of the axe is moderately heavy, and sharp; a handle about four feet six inches long being secured by a leathern thong round the wrist. The Kirghis is very expert with the use of this weapon, which he wields with terrible effect.

Leathern thongs and ropes made of camel's hair are hung up on the trellis-work, common saddles, saddle-cloths, and leathern *tchimbar*. This part of a Kirghis costume is frequently made of black velvet, splendidly embroidered with silk, more especially the back elevation. They are made so large that a Kirghis can tuck the laps of his three or four kalats into them when he rides, and are tied round his waist with a leathern strap; thus giving to the center part of his person a globe-like form, out of which a very diminutive head and legs protrude, and to the whole figure a most unwieldy appearance.

### KALMUCK SACRIFICES.

In the spring the Kalmucks offer up sacrifices to their deity: the rich give horses, those who are poor sacrifice sheep or goats. I was present at one of the ceremonies. A ram was led up by the owner, who wished for a large increase to his herds and flocks. It was handed to an assistant of the priest, who killed it in the usual manner. His superior stood near, looking to the east, and began chanting a prayer, and beating on his large tamborine to rouse up his god, and then made his request for multitudes of sheep and cattle. The ram was being flayed; and when the operation was completed, the skin was put on a pole, raised above the framework, and placed with its head to the east. The tamborine thundered forth its sound, and the performer continued his wild chant. The flesh was cooked in the large caldron, and the tribe held a great festival.

The dress of the priest was a leathern coat, over the laps of which are hung hundreds of strips, and leathern tassels on the breast. He wears a girdle round his waist, with brass balls on his back; and scraps of iron hang on the front, producing a jingling sound. To accompany his other instruments I added a key to his stock, which he received with great delight. His cap was of crimson velvet, with brass beads and glass drops hanging on his forehead, and feathers from the tail of the crane, at the back.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

# THE PHYSICIAN'S ART: DR. WATSON.

MEDICINE has been styled the most extensive and most complex of sciences, the most noble and most difficult of arts; a double glory which demands from its professors the highest development of intelligence and tact. But although it is usual to speak of the Science of Medicine, meaning thereby the scientific principles on which the Art reposes, the term is, strictly speaking, no more justifiable than a Science of Architecture would be. Medicine is, and always must remain, an Art guided by principles derived from the science of Physiology, as Architecture is guided by principles of Geometry and Mechanics; and when once this relation is distinctly conceived, there is an end to the many disputes incessantly agitated respecting the value of anatomical and physiological researches; these researches, although apparently removed from all practical application, really underlie and profoundly modify the daily methods of treatment. Medicine must always remain an Art, and its methods of cure must always be more or less empirical. The physician is called in to a patient now sick, and must treat him according to the knowledge of our day; he can not wait till Science shall have finally settled its inquiries: "while the grass grows—" the proverb is somewhat musty. Skeptical as the wise physician must ever be of the certainty of his methods, he is forced to employ them as the best known to him; nor can Science ever attain that precision and comprehensiveness which will enable him to deal with disease in other than a tentative way. The reason is simple. Every organism is a separate problem. No two constitutions are absolutely alike; many are profoundly dissimilar. The idiosyncrasies are incalculable. One man is poisoned by white of egg, another by mutton chops, a third by turnips. The ordinary dose of mercury which cures some maladies, causes death in certain peculiar constitutions. Dr. Watson relates the case of a lady attended by the late Dr. Farre, who earnestly entreated him not to give her mercury because it poisoned her. A few days afterwards she allowed another physician to prescribe for her, and the next day sent for Dr. Farre, begging him to look at the prescription. He did so, and found mercury among the ingredients. "I feared so," replied the patient, "for I have a metallic taste in my mouth." In a short while she was salivated, and in eighteen months afterwards died, poisoned by this one dose. We were informed by Dr. Farre of another case, where two grains of mercury caused a child's jaw to drop off. These appalling idiosyncrasies are beyond all calculation, beyond the reach of Science. Let us suppose Physiology and Pathology to be as perfect in their general laws as Astronomy or Physics, and let us further suppose that the effect of mercury, or any other drug, be ascertained with all possible precision, and we are still helpless in the presence of each special organism, because we can not be sure of its idiosyncrasy. The tact and insight of the physician must fill up the lacunæ of knowledge; the Art must vindicate its own claims. Every one knows that the best practitioners are by no means the most illustrious physiologists; that success depends more on the individual tact and sagacity of the physician, than on his acquaintance with the latest results of scientific research; in a word, that his Art is more important than his Science. And the knowledge of this fact leads many to suppose that Science can have but little practical bearing on the art of Medicine, and, consequently, may be left uncared for, especially in its remoter investigations.

This is a very serious error. It is always dangerous to disdain the labors of men when directed towards the investigation of truth, however trivial or remote from practical application their results may seem. No accurate knowledge is trivial. In the vast web of things every thread has its place, and every fact its importance. Many speculations seemingly remote turn out at last to be the basis of results the

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most obviously practical. What could be more idle, to an uninstructed observer, than the labor of mathematicians? Yet had not mathematicians toiled over their abstract relations of lines and surfaces, few of our mechanical inventions would have seen the light. To see the cause of any thing we have generally to look far away from it; just as we ascertain that the moon is seventy-five times lighter than the earth, *not* by considering the moon, but by minutely watching the oscillations of the sea! In like manner we learn something of the human organism, less by direct study of it than by comparative study of it, and the simpler organisms; and, startling as the phrase may sound, we already owe many of our curative methods to the revelations of the microscope, and are directed to the seats and causes of disease by the light which has issued from minute investigations of the elementary structures of tissues.

But this is only one aspect of the general question. Look where we will, we find medical Practice necessarily resting on physiological Science. Except in the prescriptions of insolent quacks, or in those dictated by traditional experience, the *rationale* of which is avowedly hidden from us, all treatment whatever is founded on a theory of the functions of certain organs, and of the action of certain influences on those organs. Thus it is that, apart from the empirical methods traditionally handed down from age to age, the physiological doctrines of every epoch necessarily determine the medical treatment practiced in that epoch. No one will maintain that a correct theory is not better than a false theory; and if practice must be grounded on a knowledge of the organism, the more accurate our knowledge the better will be our practice. To take a very familiar example: many a man suffering from the tortures of toothache loses the tooth, which can never be restored to him, because the surgeon or the dentist assures him that the tooth is the cause of his pain; whereas in nine cases out of ten the stomach is the offending organ, and a moderate aperient would remove the pain. Here is a simple case of false physiology prompting injudicious treatment. It would of course be easy to multiply examples indefinitely, but our object is merely to call attention to the necessary dependence of practice on theory.

The conclusion elicited by these observations is that Medicine is an Art, drawing its principles from Physiology, but applying them according to its own light; consequently, that a Physician will be eminent in proportion to the success with which he combines tact with knowledge: the ready seizure of minute yet significant indications, and the felicitous boldness with which sudden occasions are turned to account, or novel remedies applied, constitute his tact, his Art, which can not be taught, can not even be explained to others. The accurate and careful study of organs and functions, both in health and disease, constitutes his Science.

Dr. Thomas Watson has long held an eminent position among the physicians of our country, and his book has from the first been regarded as one of the most comprehensive and authoritative treatises we possess.* In its lucid pages we have a good example of that combination of Art with Science which distinguishes the physician from the physiologist on the one hand, and from the charlatan on the other. The professional value of these *Lectures* we must leave to the decision of the profession; as laymen we can have no authority, but as laymen we can speak of those general characteristics which belong to all works, and render them acceptable or not acceptable to all classes. We can have no misgiving, for example, respecting the lucid style and easy exposition of the work, the candid and gentlemanly tone which pervades it, the absence of all affectation or pretension, and the presence of abundant experience. It is probable that the diagnoses are sometimes inaccurate, and that the treatment recommended is often questionable: Dr. Watson would be the first to confess it. But the knowledge here conveyed is conveyed with such modesty, with so complete an absence of dogmatic dictation, that he would be a very querulous critic who could do more than express a difference of opinion in each disputable case. Leaving the work, however, to professional critics, we may render our readers a general account of its contents, since the subject of the work extends beyond the professional circles, and comes "home to the business and

* *Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Physic.* By THOMAS WATSON, M.D. Fourth edition, revised and enlarged. 2 vols. 8vo. London: John W Parker and Son. 1857.

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bosoms" of those who pay for prescriptions, but do not write them.

Dr. Watson commences with a statement of the laws of Hypertrophy and Atrophy, and notices, among other curious points, how these tally also in their exceptions, being alike inapplicable to the organs of special sense. It is asserted that if one gland be injured or destroyed, the other gland having double duty to perform, increases in bulk, so that one kidney becomes hypertrophied on the atrophy of its fellow. This is by no means the case with the eye, which gains no increase of bulk by being forced to do duty for two. "Neither does the eye dwindle under mere disuse. Of this we have a remarkable illustration, as Mr. Simon has pointed out, in the boy who, born blind, was couched at the age of fourteen by Mr. Cheselden. His organs of vision were perfect in function and bulk, after the almost total suspension of their office for many years." It is Dr. Watson's aim to state principles and facts, not to explain them, unless where the explanation is of utility in practice. He has not therefore explained why one kidney grows larger when its fellow is diseased; nor why one eye retains its original bulk. The single kidney has double work to do; but the single eye has really no increase of labor thrown upon it. A man with one eye will not see as well as a man with two; but neither will he use that eye more than when he had both eyes. We may add, that the exception noted by Dr. Watson is not confined to the organs of sense. The teeth on one side of the jaw are often called upon to masticate for both sides, without presenting any hypertrophy.

After graphically indicating the principal changes to which the solids of the body are liable, Dr. Watson passes on to the consideration of the changes noticed in the fluids. And first of the blood. Any serious alteration in the blood must necessarily induce a serious alteration in one or more of the tissues which are constructed from that blood; and this alteration may take place either by the *introduction* of foreign substances through the digestive and respiratory channels, or by the *retention* of substances which, once forming constituent parts of the tissues, are now noxious ingredients, and are carried by the blood to the various eliminating organs. We may mention by the way, that Dr. Watson includes bile among those deleterious substances in the blood, "naturally separated therefrom in the liver.' This is probably a sentence from the earlier editions which Dr. Watson has overlooked. Recent investigations have placed quite beyond all doubt that the bile is formed *in* the liver and *by* the liver, and does not preëxist in the blood.

Besides various alterations in its composition, the blood will exhibit variations of quantity. There may be too much blood in general, or too much in particular spots. The first is named Plethora, the second Congestion. All the various forms of Inflammation begin in congestion; and Dr. Watson explains, after Kaltenbrunner, what are probably the first steps in the process. Place the web of a frog's foot under the microscope, and watch the circulation; after which prick the web, and this irritation will be seen to produce the following appearances: There is an increased afflux of blood to the part, so that arteries, veins, and capillaries receive a column of blood two or three times as great as usual; the velocity of the blood is accelerated; the sides of the distended vessels seem to tighten round the stream of blood which they contain. With this alteration of the circulation the natural functions of the part begin to be modified. *The change of the blood from the arterial to the venous* is interrupted. The globules passing with great rapidity through all the vessels, retain the characters of arterial globules even when they arrive at the veins. One of the natural functions of the web is the secretion of a peculiar kind of lymph; but this secretion is now suspended. The parenchyma itself begins to be slightly tumid, and assumes a brighter tint. Dr. Watson reasonably conjectures that the process here seen in the foot of a frog is the same as that which takes place, unseen, in our opaquer tissues. A theory of inflammation seems to us suggested by these facts. Why is the arterial blood prevented from becoming venous? Simply because the natural functions of the parenchyma are suspended, that is, it retains its waste matter, and is poisoned by it, instead of exchanging its disintegrated matter for new matter supplied by arterial blood. Thus poisoned, a morbid action is soon set up, and inflammation declares itself.

Dr. Watson next passes to a very interesting subject—"the various modes of dying"—which he treats with his usual

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clearness, and is thence led to the "causes of disease." Here we pause awhile to listen to him on the great subjects of heat and cold, as external agencies of disease. The power possessed by the organism of resisting enormous variations in temperature, for a time, is well known; and for a brief space of time man is capable of enduring a temperature considerably higher than is ever reached by our atmosphere in the hottest regions of the earth; but it is exceedingly questionable whether he could resist a degree of cold much more intense than occurs on the surface of the globe. Of the capability animals possess of resisting heat, let the following extract speak:

"In the years 1760 and 1761, MM. Duhamel and Tillet were appointed to devise some means of destroying an insect which consumed the grain in the province of Angoumais, in France. They found that this could be done by subjecting the corn, and the insects contained in it, in an oven, to a degree of heat great enough to kill the insect, but not so great as to hurt the grain. In order to ascertain the precise heat of the oven, they introduced into it a thermometer placed upon the end of a long shovel. The mercury, when the thermometer was withdrawn, was found to indicate a degree of heat considerably above that of boiling water. But M. Tillet was aware that the thermometer had sunk several degrees as it was drawn towards the mouth of the oven. While he was puzzled to invent some way of determining more exactly the actual degree of heat, a girl, who was one of the attendants on the oven, offered to go in, and to mark with a pencil the height at which the mercury stood. And she did enter the oven, and remained there two or three minutes, and then marked the thermometer at 100° of Reaumur, which nearly equal 260° of Fahrenheit. M. Tillet then began to express some anxiety for the safety of the girl, but she assured him that she felt no inconvenience, and staid in the oven ten minutes longer, during which time the mercury reached the 288th degree of Fahrenheit's scale—denoting 76° of heat above that of water when it boils. When she came out, her complexion was considerably heightened, but her respiration was by no means quick or laborious. This experiment was afterwards repeated. Another girl remained in the oven as long as the former had done, at the same temperature, and with the same impunity. Nay, she even breathed, for the space of five minutes, air heated to about 325° of Fahrenheit—or 113° above that of boiling water.

"The publication of these facts naturally excited the curiosity of scientific men, and other experiments were soon instituted. Dr. Dobson, of Liverpool, and several other persons with him, shut themselves up in the sweating-room of the public hospital there, the air having been heated till the quicksilver stood at 224° of Fahrenheit. They did not experience any oppression or painful sensation of heat. Dr. Fordyce and Dr. Blagden made some remarkable trials of the same kind. They entered rooms artificially heated to a very high degree, sometimes naked, and sometimes with their clothes on, and bore the extraordinary temperature of 240°, and even 260°, for a considerable time, with very little inconvenience. In all these experiments it was found that the animal heat as ascertained by thermometers placed under the tongue, or grasped in the hand, was scarcely increased at all; and the respiration but little affected: but the pulse was very much quickened. The frequency of Dr. Blagden's pulse in one instance was doubled. You may read a detailed account of these experiments in the *Philosophical Transactions;* but to give you a more lively notion of the degree of heat to which the bodies of these gentlemen were exposed, I may tell you that their watch-chains, and other pieces of metal about them, became so hot that they could scarcely be touched; when they breathed upon the thermometer, the mercury immediately *sank* several degrees; each act of expiration produced a pleasant feeling of coolness in the nostrils, and they cooled their fingers by breathing upon them. In and by the same heated air which they respired, eggs were roasted quite hard in twenty minutes, and beef-steaks were dressed in thirty-three minutes; and when the air was blown upon the meat by means of bellows, it was sufficiently cooked in thirteen minutes.

"It is ascertained then, beyond all doubt, that the human body is capable of sustaining these very high degrees of temperature, *for a short time*, without detriment."

The effect of heat is to quicken the pulse, and consequently to over-accelerate all the functions; the effect of cold is precisely the reverse, and its first dangerous symptom is extreme drowsiness, followed by mortification of the extremities. Very striking and curious is the story of Dr. Solander's escape, when in company with Sir Joseph Banks among the hills of Terra del Fuego. They had walked a considerable way through swamps, when the weather became suddenly gloomy and cold, fierce blasts of wind driving the snow before it. Finding it impossible to reach the ships before night, they resolved to push on through another swamp into the shelter of a wood, where they might kindle a fire. Dr. Solander, well experienced in the effects of cold, addressed the men, and conjured them not to give way to sleepiness, but at all costs to keep in motion. "Who

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ever sits down," said he, "will *sleep;* and whoever sleeps will wake no more." Thus admonished and alarmed, they set forth once more; but in a little while the cold became so intense as to produce the most oppressive drowsiness. Dr. Solander was the first who found the inclination to sleep—against which he had warned the others so emphatically—too irresistible for him, and he insisted on being suffered to lie down. In vain Banks entreated and remonstrated; down he lay upon the snow, and it was with much difficulty that his friend kept him from sleeping. One of the black servants began to linger in the same manner. When told that if he did not go on he would inevitably be frozen to death, he answered that he desired nothing more than to lie down and die. Solander declared himself willing to go on, but said he must first take some sleep. It was impossible to carry these men, and they were therefore both suffered to lie down, and in a few minutes were in a profound sleep. Soon after some of those who had been sent forward to kindle a fire returned with the welcome news that a fire awaited them a quarter of a mile off. Banks then happily succeeded in awaking Solander, who, although he had not been asleep five minutes, had almost lost the use of his limbs, and the flesh was so shrunk that the shoes fell from his feet. He consented to go forward, with such assistance as could be given; but no attempts to rouse the black servant were successful, and he, with another black, died there.

It is curious that mere exposure to cold does not produce this drowsiness if the patient be in water. Dr. Currie, quoted by Dr. Watson, describes a shipwreck in which fourteen men were immersed to a considerable depth in water for twenty-three hours, the temperature of which was believed not to exceed 33° or 34° Fahrenheit; and yet not one of the men was drowsy. Perhaps the drowsiness observed in other cases was owing to preliminary exhaustion of the nervous energies by long-continued exercise: men who succumb after many hours' march are in a condition less able to resist the cold than men exposed to it in the suddenness of shipwreck. Dr. Watson further calls attention to a point necessary to be borne in mind by all of us, namely, that the effect of cold has often the appearance of intoxication. "It is very necessary," he adds, "that you should be aware of this, for there is too much reason to believe that poor wretches who have been picked up by constables in the streets at night, during periods of hard frost, have been supposed to be drunk when in truth they were only stupefied by cold."

After stating the capabilities of the organism of resisting heat and cold, and the effects produced by prolonged endurance of either, Dr. Watson proceeds to consider these agents in relation to disease. And first he notices the vulgar error that *sudden vicissitudes* of temperature are dangerous. Although it is true that sudden changes often induce disease, the truth is not expressed in the foregoing formula, since the principle of the Russian bath, and the experience of daily life, assure us that mere change in itself is innocuous or even beneficial:

"It is plain, therefore, that the proposition which assigns danger to sudden vicissitudes of temperature requires limitation. The effects of a sudden descent from one point to another in the scale of atmospheric temperature vary according to the state of the body at the time. Without going into any physiological discussion respecting the source of animal heat, I may just remind you of the faculty of evolving heat possessed by man and the warm-blooded animals; by which faculty very nearly the same degree of inward temperature is steadily maintained under very different degrees of outward temperature. If the external temperature be lower than that of the body, the caloric thereby carried off is speedily replaced, in a healthy adult, by this evolution of heat from within, aided by clothing, or by exercise. When the external temperature approaches the standard heat of the body, sweat soon breaks forth, and the superfluous heat is removed by evaporation: for so constant is the internal evolution of caloric, that an atmosphere which does not as constantly abstract any of it is excessively incommoding. An external temperature of 98°, which is about the average heat of the blood in man, is, as you know, extremely oppressive. The terms hot, warm, cool, cold, as applied to the surrounding air, are regulated by the sensations that it produces upon the average of persons. If the heat be carried off as fast as it is generated, and no faster, no particular sensation is felt, and the bodily powers are neither stimulated nor exhausted. This equilibrium is maintained (supposing that no extraordinary exertions are made) when the thermometer stands at 62°, or thereabouts. We call that point in the scale *temperate.* All degrees above that point up to 70°, are reckoned *warm;* all above 70° *hot.* Descending in the scale, we speak of the temperature denoted by any degree between the 60th

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and the 50th, as being *cool;* and every lower degree of temperature is *cold*. I am speaking of the average of healthy men; for remarkable diversities occur among individuals in respect to the epithets which they assign, under the guidance of their sensations, to particular degrees of the thermometric scale; their sensations differing according to the power which their constitutions respectively possess of evolving heat. Now if this power of evolving heat, thus inherent in the system, be entire, and active, and persistent—if it have not been weakened by any of those circumstances which are known to have the effect of weakening it—no peril need attend even violent alternations of external temperature. Unusual heat of the body at the time when the cold is applied, so far from implying danger, is really the condition of safety, provided the heat is steady and permanent. You may read, in Dr. Currie's book numerous instances of the cold affusion being employed in the hot stage of fever, and particularly in cases of scarlet fever, not only with impunity, but with great benefit to the patient. The same holds true of the application of cold when the body has been heated by exercise — and, indeed, whatever may have been the cause of the increased heat—provided always that that cause remains steadily in action, that there is no local disease, and that the body is not fatigued. and fast losing its heat. But if a person be already exhausted and weakened by exercise—if he be sweating and rapidly parting with his heat—and especially if the exercise be over, and he remain at rest immediately after and during the application of the cold — then it becomes highly perilous, and likely to produce internal mischief.

"The more correct statement, therefore, respecting the application of cold is, that it is dangerous—not when the body is *hot*—but when the body is *cooling after having been heated.*

"This principle obtains alike, I say, whether the cold be applied externally or internally; to the surface of the body, or to the mucous membrane of the stomach. Very many instances are recorded of death taking place immediately after a copious draught of cold water. I believe it will be found that in all these cases, the body after having been much heated and enfeebled by severe exertion, was losing its preternatural heat from profuse perspiration, and, in general, from the cessation also of the exertion by which this heat was accumulated."

The reason is, that the heated body is in a condition to reäct upon the cold, converting it into a *tonic* instead of into a source of depression; but the cooling body is no condition thus to reäct, and cold only increases the depression.

"By attending to the principles now laid down, you will be enabled to furnish those whom it may be your business to advise with many useful suggestions, and to caution them against some common mistakes: mistakes which have had their origin in the unqualified credit given to the maxim, that sudden vicissitudes of external temperature, and exposure to cold while the body is hot, are dangerous; whereas, these things are dangerous under certain circumstances only. Thus, you may tell the sportsman that wet feet or a wet skin need cause him no apprehension, so that he continues in active exercise; and changes his clothes, and avoids all further application of cold, as soon as his exercise ends. You may admonish the bather that after walking on a hot day to the river's side, he had better *not* wait, to cool himself a little, before he plunges into the stream; and in like manner you may venture to counsel the young lady who has heated herself with dancing, not to linger in the entrance-hall till the glow has somewhat subsided, but to make the best of her way to her carriage, and thence to her bed; and you may tell your male friends who happen to be similarly circumstanced, that the best thing they can do is to walk briskly home in their great-coats."

The evil effects of cold are seen to be due entirely to the depression of the vital activity in this, that "we are seldom the worse for a momentary sensation of cold, however intense it may have been; whereas even slight feelings of chilliness, if long protracted, are apt to terminate in some form of disease."

We pause over the lectures on Inflammation, for the sake of noticing what Dr. Watson says of the cause of the *pain* it produces in different organs—a difference with which unhappily we are all but too familiar. It is owing, he thinks, to the amount of *stretching* induced in the textures:

"Speaking generally, there is more pain felt in external inflammations, and in the inflammation of serous membranes, than in inflammation of the substance of the viscera, or of the mucous membranes: and it has been conjectured that this may be because, in the latter cases, the parts affected have fewer nerves of common sensation. But I do not think this explanation satisfactory. If it were well founded we should not have such exquisite pain in some of the textures already mentioned, which appear to be furnished with very few nerves of common sensation, and scarcely feel at all in their healthy states: tendons, ligaments, and cartilages, I mean. I think it will be found that most pain is felt in those parts which are least capable of yielding—in which the tension produced by the swelling, or the tendency to swell, is the greatest. The substance of the liver, spleen, and viscera generally, is soft and extensible—the mucous membranes are spongy in their texture, and often attached to the subjacent parts in loose folds, and they allow of an accumulation

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of blood within them without becoming much stretched, or very tense. The investing serous and fibrous membranes are more tightly applied, and much less capable of yielding: and their inflammation is usually attended with severe pain."

Dr. Elliotson has a good illustration: "If you have a blister upon the sole of the foot," he says, "or at the ball of the great toe, and you rest gradually upon the part, the pain becomes mitigated, till at last it seems to be almost entirely removed; but the moment you take off the pressure and raise the foot from the ground, you feel the part begin to throb —to throb with violent pain." What is this gradual pressure but a driving away of the blood, and thereby lessening the distension, which recurs when the blood returns on removal of the. pressure? It is on the same principle that an inflamed hand is suspended in a sling.

Although these lectures on Inflammation contain matter of the very highest interest to medical readers, we must confine ourselves in these pages to topics more generally intelligible, and consequently pass over much which in another place would demand attention. There is one point, however, touched on in the concluding note, which although exclusively technical may be with advantage selected by us, as it falls in with the general argument expounded at the beginning of our review —that, namely, of the distinction between Medical Science and Medical Art. Dr. Watson is combating the somewhat unphilosophic application of statistics to medicine in the method known as the "numerical method," which, according to its advocates, is the Calculus of Probabilities in the therapeutic art:

"The 'numerical method,' as it is called, though of excellent use in many researches, and indispensable to the acquirement of exact information of some kinds, has no conclusiveness at all, but, on the contrary, may easily mislead, when it is applied to the *treatment* of separate cases of disease. To be be guided by statistical results here, is to adopt the irrational and dangerous rule of prescribing after the *name* of a disorder; whereas, *each case requires its special study, speaks its proper language, furnishes its peculiar indications, and reads its own lesson.* Take the very disorder considered by Dr. Bennett—take pneumonia, as certified to exist by its ausculatory signals. Surely no sane person professes to treat all instances of it in the same manner. The great majority of such cases are by common consent, treated without venæsection, and probably much as Dr. Bennett would himself treat them; some are properly treated by stimulants even; some by opium; some with mere 'expectation.' The exceeding value of statistical returns in determining the *causes* of disease has been admirably set forth by Dr. Alison; but, for directing the treatment of individual cases, it is far more profitable (as some one has well expressed it) to *watch* than to *count.* To use or to withhold a given remedy simply because it is found, by numerical calculation, that in cases nominally the same, recoveries have been more frequent when that remedy was employed on the one hand or omitted on the other, would be to sacrifice the plain and perhaps pressing indications of a particular case, to the statistical averages of diseases having merely a common denomination."

Had not men first deceived themselves with the conception of medicine as a Science, they could never have committed the mistake of supposing that statistics could furnish it with any thing more than figures; had they clearly seen that it was an Art, they would have seen what Dr. Watson so forcibly says in the passage we have italicized, that each separate case is a separate problem, not to be solved by numbers and averages. We know from the evidence of statistics that there are constant averges of crime. In any given number of clerks there will be a per-centage of peculation. But suppose we have to choose a clerk for ourselves, of what value is this statistical knowledge in guiding us to an honest man? The question we have to settle is not how many dishonest clerks are there in every thousand, but—Is this individual clerk an honest man? We may have more or less of the art

"To read the mind's construction in the face,"

which will perhaps afford us a clue; but no accuracy of statistics will advance us one step. It is the same with disease. In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, a drug may produce a well-known effect; but the case before us is the exceptional hundredth, and our statistics are baffled. Our proceedings must all be tentative, and their success will mainly depend on the art which guides them—the tact which readily detects a favorable or unfavorable symptom, and changes its course in consequence. Of this tact there is a good example related by the celebrated Broussais. He was seized with a violent fever, for which two of his colleagues prescribed

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diametrically opposite remedies. Embarrassed by such contradictory recommendations, he would follow neither. Believing himself in the utmost danger, he got out of his bed, and, almost naked, sat down to his writing-desk and arranged his papers. This was in the month of January, and the streets were covered with snow. While thus arranging his affairs, the fever seemed to abate; a sensation of freshness and comfort suffused itself throughout his frame. Struck by this unforeseen result, Broussais boldly converted his imprudence into an experiment. He opened the window, and inspired the cold air which rushed upon him. Finding himself still better, he concluded that a cold drink would be as refreshing to his stomach as the cold air had been to his body. He drank quantities of cold lemonade, and in eight-and-forty hours he was well.

Our diminishing space warns us not to attempt even the meagerest outline of the topics handled in these two bulky and well-filled volumes; and passing over the lectures on the Nervous System, which might detain us too long, we alight on the subject of Hydrophobia, interesting in itself, and suggesting practical applications. First, let us consider the mad dog himself —the cause of all the mischief:

"'Give a dog a bad name (says the proverb,) and hang him;' and it is literally so with the imputation of madness. A wretched dog is perhaps ill, or weary, or cross, or he may have been worried already by mischievous boys; the cry of mad dog is raised; and then he can expect no mercy. There are gross errors prevalent with regard to the signs of madness in the dog. If a dog be seen in a fit in the street, some person charitably offers a conjecture that perhaps he may be mad; the next person has no doubt of it; and then, woe to that dog! But Mr. Youatt assures us that the rabid dog never has fits: that the existence of epilepsy is a clear proof that there is no rabies. Again, it is a very common belief that a rabid dog, like a hydrophobic man, will shun water; and if he take to a river, that is thought to be conclusive evidence against his being mad. But the truth is, that the disease, in the quadruped, can not be called *hydrophobia:* there is no dread of water, but an unquenchable thirst; no spasm attending the effort to swallow, but sometimes in dogs an inability to swallow, from paralysis of the muscles about the jaws and throat. They will stand lap, lapping, without getting any of the liquid down. They fly eagerly to the water; and Mr. Youatt states that all other quadrupeds, with perhaps an occasional exception in the horse, drink with ease, and with increased avidity."

Having fixed these details in his mind, which will enable him to save many an unfortunate beast, the reader is now called upon to consider what are the symptoms of madness:

"It will not be out of place to state what *are* the symptoms of rabies as observed in the dog, and as described by Mr. Youatt.

"The earliest symptoms of madness in the dog (he says) are sullenness, fidgetiness, continual shifting of posture, a steadfast gaze expressive of suspicion, an earnest licking of some part, on which a scar may generally be found. If the ear be the affected part, the dog is incessantly and violently scratching it. If it be the foot, he gnaws it till the integuments are destroyed.

"Occasional vomiting and a depraved appetite are very early noticeable. The dog will pick up and swallow bits of thread or silk from the carpet, hair, straw, even dung: and frequently he will lap his own urine, and devour his own excrement. Then the animal becomes irascible; flies fiercely at strangers; is impatient of correction; seizes the whip or stick; quarrels with his own companions; eagerly hunts and worries cats; demolishes his bed; and if chained up makes violent efforts to escape, tearing his kennel to pieces with his teeth. If he be at large, he usually attacks only those dogs that come in his way; but if he be naturally ferocious, he will diligently and perseveringly seek his enemy. According to Mr. Youatt, the disease is principally propagated by the fighting-dog in towns; and by the cur or lurcher in the country: by those dogs, therefore, which minister to the vices of the lower classes in town and country respectively. He maintains that if a well-enforced quarantine could be established, and every dog in the kingdom confined separately for seven months, the disease might be extirpated. This opinion is founded of course upon the belief that rabies never originates at present, any more than small-pox does, *spontaneously;* but is always propagated by the specific virus. And it is corroborated by the fact that rabies and hydrophobia are unknown in some countries: in the Isle of Cyprus, for example, and in Egypt. I fancy that South-America is, or was a stranger to it. It appears to have been imported into Jamaica, after that island had enjoyed an immunity from the disease for at least fifty years previously; and Dr. Heineken states that curs of the most wretched description abound in the island of Madeira; that they are afflicted with almost every disease, tormented by flies, and heat, and thirst, and famine, yet no rabid dog was ever seen there. On the contrary, 1666 deaths from hydrophobia, in the human subject, are stated to have occurred in Prussia in the space of ten years.

"Very early in the disease, as it appears in the dog, the expression of countenance is remarkably changed; the eyes glisten, and there is slight strabismus. Twitchings of the face come on. About the second day a considerable

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discharge of saliva commences; but this does not continue more than ten or twelve hours, and is succeeded by insatiable thirst: the dog is incessantly drinking, or attempting to drink: he plunges his muzzle into the water. When the flow of saliva has ceased, he appears to be annoyed by some viscid matter in his fauces; and in the most eager and extraordinary manner he works with his paws at the corners of his mouth to get rid of it: and while thus employed he frequently loses his balance and rolls over.

"A loss of power over the voluntary muscles is next observed. It begins with the lower jaw, which hangs down, and the mouth is partially open; but by a sudden effort the dog can sometimes close it, though occasionally the paralysis is complete. The tongue is affected in a less degree. The dog is able to use it in the act of lapping, but the mouth is not sufficiently closed to retain the water. Therefore, while he hangs over the fluid, eagerly lapping for several minutes, it is very little or not at all diminished. The paralysis often attacks the loins and extremities also. The animal staggers about, and frequently falls. Previously to this he is in almost incessant action. Mr. Youatt fancies that the dog is subject to what we call spectral illusions. He says he starts up and gazes eagerly at some real or imaginary object. He appears to be tracing the path of something floating around him, or he fixes his eye intently upon some spot in the wall, and suddenly plunges at it; then his eyes close, and his head droops.

"Frequently, with his head erect, the dog utters a short and very peculiar howl: or if he bark, it is in a hoarse inward sound, altogether dissimilar from his usual tone, and generally terminating with this characteristic howl. Respiration is always affected; often the breathing is very laborious; and the *inspiration* is attended with a very singular grating, choking noise. On the fourth, fifth, or sixth day of the disease, he dies: occasionally in slight convulsions; but oftener without a struggle."

What causes dogs to go mad? Heat, and want of water, are the causes usually ascribed, but those who have scientifically investigated the matter know otherwise. Experiments, cruel but decisive, have disproved the notion of thirst as a cause. Three dogs were chained up during summer in the full blaze of the noonday sun; to one, salted meat was given, without water; to another, water without food; to a third, neither food nor drink. They all died in agonies, but none of them became rabid, or showed any symptoms of becoming so. Moreover, although the "dog-days" are thought peculiarly liable to the introduction of the malady, and people are very solicitous about having dogs muzzled in the hot weather, statistical returns show that madness occurs among dogs nearly as often in the spring, autumn, and even winter, as in summer. It is further found that August and January, the hottest and the coldest months, are those which furnish the fewest cases. Dr. Watson, as we have seen, after a survey of the evidence we possess, concludes that madness never arises *spontaneously* in a dog, but is always the result of a bite or scratch from some animal already affected: the virus is therefore a specific poison transmitted from animal to animal; and this leads us to ask, How is it that a person bitten by a mad dog will manifest the effects of the bite many months afterwards? According to the vulgar idea, if the dog which has bitten you goes mad at any time *after* he has bitten you, you will follow his example and go mad likewise. We need not stop to refute so ridiculous an opinion. But the fact of a person remaining several months uninjured, and suddenly showing all the symptoms of hydrophobia, which quickly terminate in death, is a fact of great importance. Can it be physiologically accounted for? The poison passes from the tooth of the dog into the body of the man—of this we are tolerably certain; but we are not so certain as to the path it follows. Is the poison taken at once into the blood, and does it there, slowly diffusing itself, become at last the terrible agent we know? or is it imprisoned in the wound or cicatrix for a time, cut off from all connection with the rest of the blood, either by some mechanical obstacle in the way of the absorbents, or by some chemical union between the poison and the tissues, such as occurs with some other poisons? Against the first of these suppositions we have the objection to urge of its being purely gratuitous; called in to explain a difficulty, it does so without any analogy in its favor. As Dr. Watson remarks:

"Poisons that find entrance into the blood do not remain inoperative there for an indefinite time, and then begin to manifest their poisonous influence. They lodge in this organ or in that, and presently disturb its functions: or they are, more or less rapidly, eliminated from the body through one or more of its natural emunctories; or they produce specific and constant results after periods of incubation, which are also definite and constant—as we see in cases of small-pox and measles. But there is no instance known that I am aware of (unless indeed

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it be so in this disease of hydrophobia) in which a poison circulates in the blood for an indefinite and long period, to give rise at last to symptoms that are strictly specific."

We are thrown upon the explanation which, assuming that the poison is hindered from passing into the blood, either by mechanical or chemical obstruction, finds numerous facts in confirmation. Thus it is always observed that the scar becomes reïnflamed, or is the seat of morbid action, just before the period of recrudescence. The symptoms of uneasiness are preceded by symptoms of something wrong about the spot where the scar is. And if the poison only then begins to act upon the system, we can be certain of averting all danger if *before* that period we have had the whole part cleanly cut out. Dr. Watson says he would cut the piece out the moment a new sensation manifested itself in the seat of the injury, and Mr. Mayo thought that even after hydrophobic symptoms had presented themselves, excision would be advisable.

In his lectures on Hysteria, Dr. Watson gives some examples of the power of the mind over the body, which are instructive; showing that the mere idea of being unable to walk often takes away the power of walking, or the reverse, and that a profound faith will move the paralytic leg:

"These are the cases which suit the purposes of miracle-mongers. A few years ago all the journals belonging to a certain party in the religious world were full of an instance of miraculous cure. The patient was a young woman; her legs had been paralytic, or contracted, I forget which; some enthusiastic preacher had influence enough with her to make her *believe* that if on a certain day she prayed for recovery with a strong faith, her prayer would be successful, she would recover at once; and she did so. No one can doubt that it was just such a case as those I have now been mentioning. Many of these pseudo-diseases terminate suddenly under some strong moral emotion. A fall—a fire in the house—any overwhelming terror, will sometimes put an end to them. And where the joints have been the parts affected, several patients have declared that they felt a sensation as if something had snapped or given way in the part, immediately before the sudden recovery took place."

In the lecture on Cretinism we have a serious omission to notice: Dr. Watson, in giving the various explanations which have been offered respecting the cause of goître, has made no allusion whatever to M. Chatin's researches. He quotes with approval the geological theory of Mr. Mc Clelland, who affirms that in the course of his personal inquiries, which extended over one thousand square miles, and which were prosecuted without any regard to theory, no instance occurred in which goître prevailed to any extent where the villages were not situated, on or close to, limestone rocks. But M. Chatin's most striking illustration suffices to upset this theory altogether, while furnishing one which it is difficult to resist. In Savoy, M. Chatin finds two villages divided from each other only by a narrow ravine. The rock and soil of both villages are the same; their elevation is the same; all external circumstances seem to be equal; yet in the one village goître abounds, in the other it is unknown. Pursuing his investigations more minutely, M. Chatin finds that these villages are watered by two branches of one stream, and that one of these branches carries water containing a very slight trace of iodine, while the water of the other branch has not a trace of it; in the village served by the iodized water goître never occurs; in the village served by the water without iodine goître is abundant. When to so striking a case as this, we add that iodine is by all physicians knwn to be the most effectual cure of goître, and that goître is never known on the sea-coast, we can have little hesitation in fixing on the want of iodine as the chief, if not the sole cause of goître.

But we must cease; although our review has not carried us even through the first volume, the space at our command is exhausted, and we have nothing further left than to recommend our readers to seek in the work itself the ample knowledge and the lucid exposition which have made for it a name.

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From Titan.

# A WOMAN'S PREACHINGS FOR WOMAN'S PRACTICE.*

## TEMPER.

I ASK—and, believe me, in all kindness—if there be not numbers of you who are victims to an infirmity—I suppose I must call it—named, in domestic parlance, pettishness—a failing which is apt, occasionally, to degenerate, often without sufficient cause, into downright ill-temper.

Now, I fully believe that, generally speaking, men regard what they call good temper in women beyond any other quality—physical, intellectual, or moral—save and except chastity. Nine women, however, out of ten do not, and can not, possess that uniform placidity of disposition which carries with it so sovereign a virtue in men's eyes, that it can qualify plainness of person, want of education, intelligence, talent, or accomplishments. I believe this Griselda-like temper of the mind arises (where it exists in perfection) from a perfectly healthy physical constitution, no doubt invaluable in itself and highly desirable; and that it is likely enough to attract and satisfy the generality of mankind, who, irritable enough sometimes themselves, and caring little to control their irascibility, make it an indispensable condition, that a wife shall bear all without complaint, retort, remonstrance, or feeling keenly. Placid, amiable women, so unvarying in their tempers, so even in the tenor of their daily lives, have but one drawback—in the eyes, though, of a man of intellect and susceptibility, it might be a serious one—they generally want heart, intensity, and warmth of affection. These are the women who will marry a second husband, the moment decorum permits, after the death of their first; who take nothing greatly to heart, but view the world, humanity, and its unceasing struggles, with a composure as unmoved as that with which Nelson's statue regards the toil and bustle of the thousands beneath its towering height—truly, the same stony constitution is predominant in both. Yes! of such unimpassioned materials are your immovable, unanswering, patient women, whom their husbands and the ever falsely judging world extol for their perfection of temper. But, though you may imagine—and it is chiefly to women of the middle classes of society that I now address myself—that I am defending peevishness and irritability, you would, in entertaining such an idea, be greatly mistaken. In the first place, I know how much you suffer from the effects of indulging in such variations of temper. It becomes a frequent, too frequent, source of domestic bitterness and alienation. While I deprecate the admiration of that impregnable amiability, which, from its own peculiar idiosyncrasy, could no more get into a passion, or say a cross thing, than I could circumvent the world with a modern belle's waist-girdle, I would still pray you most heartily by all means—if you would avoid present unhappiness, and future self-reproach—to control your tendency to give short snappish answers to your husband and family. I say control; for I have myself a far greater admiration of a woman who *can* command a naturally irritable temper, than I could possibly feel for one who had no such infirmity to correct. I have said how highly men value what they call an even temper, which, in their masculine vocabulary, signifies perfect submission to themselves; and, indeed, as in married life one must yield somewhat to the other, surely it would be more feminine and lovable in you to give up small unimportant points with a good grace, than to resist, pout, snarl, and give unkind words or downright denials.

Let us take an example: You, sister, not very long happily married to a man in business, with an income which allows

* *A Woman's Preachings for Woman's Practice. In various Phases of Feminine Life.* By Augusta Johnstone. London: Groombridge & Sons. 16mo, 160 pp.

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you sufficiently to be at your ease and comforts. Well, your husband comes home in the evening, tired enough with his daily wrestle with the outer world and its cares—cross, it may be, sometimes, but not with you—vexed and annoyed, perhaps, with contrary business matters. He scarcely deserves, though, to be greeted with repulsive looks, short answers, and altogether an unkind, indifferent manner, which plainly says you do not care for him. And yet so contradictory is your nature, that half the day you have been wishing for his presence at home; yet the very moment he comes, you flout and snarl, like your pet dog quarreling with his favorite bone. Is this, now, worthy of a sensible, intelligent woman?—one who aspires to be considered her husband's equal, his confident, his cherished companion? No; you make him wish himself out again—make him feel that, though he may have provided a home for you, replete with all the comforts of life and its elegancies, and, for your own share, perfect exemption from the toil necessary to keep such a home up, yet that, for him, none worthy the name exists. In such cases, as best accords with his own peculiar disposition, he either sulks and goes early to bed, or reads in silence, or perhaps resents your conduct in good earnest; and then, your spirit forbidding conciliation, though you feel actually how wrong you have been, matters proceed to a downright quarrel. I doubt if the quarrels of lovers are so sweet as the poets tell us; I am sure there is nothing but bitterness unmitigated in those of married people—bitterness which leaves behind a sting, never wholly to be eradicated. Is it right, for no reason on earth, to give way to irritation, which, by indulgence, soon becomes almost impossible to control—to contradict every thing your husband says—to listen superciliously—to reply contemptuously? But a short time ago you heard his last sentence amid a whole roomful of people, deferred to his judgment in the minutest trifles, wore his favorite colors, dressed your hair to his taste, and smiled at his worst jokes. And now—well, marriage does make a difference! it is not *always* on the men's side, though. Sometimes, not being desirous to forsake all the friends of his bachelor days he wishes occasionally to visit them—and being, we will suppose, a married man, with proper feeling, does not wish to leave you, his wife, moping at home. Are you willing to please him, by cultivating the acquaintance of *his* friends even as he accepts yours? Not you—you set yourself resolutely against any thing of the kind; and, if you can not evade it in any other way, pick a quarrel with the unfortunate man, and flatly refuse to accompany him. Now, even if it were violently disagreeable to your feelings, would you not have the greater merit in a little self-sacrifice, to please the man of your heart? Would it be so very unbearable, for a single evening, to please his friends? No one can be more sorry than yourself when your irritation subsides. If you had worlds, you would give them to recall some of the things you have said—some of the looks you have given; but where is the use of that? Depend on it, each successive experiment of this sort will extinguish *one* spark in the flame of your husband's affection. Do not be surprised if the fire should one day go out altogether.

Your physical constitution being so totally different from their own, men can not—unless, indeed, of the profession of medicine—be expected to connect its peculiarities with your moral deficiencies; they do not consider that the enervating lives you lead, often without air and proper exercise, increase the irritability of the nervous system, which often forms the true basis of this useless and heart-cutting exhibition of temper. But it is so. Women of the hard-working classes are not subject to what I *may* truly term this disease. They may put themselves now and then into a hearty passion, and have done with it; but they are not testy, fretful, capricious, like you, who have hardly any thing to employ your minds, or aught to wish for, save a new bracelet or a more fashionable suit of furniture. There are female writers who tell you, that, when your husbands come home, crossed in business matters, or weighed down with care and anxiety, you should not inquire into the cause, but should endeavor to divert them by cheerful mirth and entertaining conversation. Now, to my thinking, such conduct would be absolutely heartless. We all like sympathy, and, in times of real distress, people are apt to regard the mere amusements and embellishments of life as painful to the feelings, and wholly superfluous. Affectionate interest and soothing kindness, I

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should certainly conceive, would better testify our love. Sitting down to the piano to sing a man a lively song, when his heart is swelled with grief, and his brain irritated by pecuniary embarrassment, is certainly a strange way of alleviating his distress; but I may perhaps, view such circumstances in a peculiar and unworldly light, and, not being like Mrs. Malaprop, a "perfect queen of the dictionary," I may confound the meaning of kindness, comfort, and affection, with insensibility, want of tact, and selfishness. Laugh and sing his cares away!

Such proceedings might be suitable in the harem slaves of an eastern monarch, whose lord and master seeks relaxation from the difficulties of a state of war; but for Christian wives, towards their Christian husbands, who are involved in commonplace, sad realities—why, I say, sisters, heaven forbid that you should think even of pursuing such a line of domestic policy. No! in the first place, gain the confidence of your partners. If you perceive them to bring home sad faces or heavy hearts, try, persuasively, to know the cause. If it be serious, then sympathize, counsel, and, with your woman's wit, contrive to see a path for him out of this maze of difficulties. If it prove to be a mere momentary annoyance, then, by all means *do* cheerfully try to make light of it, and laugh it off. If your hearts be in the right place, they will teach you what to do; and the heart's impulse seldom errs, though that of the head may lead us into folly. But, above all, let your husbands feel that home, for them, is the temple of pure happiness. Study their peace—you have the control of it in your own hands; and when you feel tempted to cavil, snap, dispute, or contradict, on trifling points, which are of little moment, save to please them, you will reap the reward of your self-control by the increased happiness of domestic lives, which, in their every-day exigencies, shall know no shadow, feel no chill, from the stormy clouds of temper.

### NICETIES.

There is a bane and an antidote to wedded happiness, of which few women are aware, and which, in the light I view it, will be termed, I daresay, prudish nonsense. Indeed, it is one of those subjects which require touching with a hand so light and delicate, that I almost despair of conveying my sentiments on it, and am even half inclined, at the very outset, to abandon it.

You all are apt to complain that lovers, when they become husbands, can not unite the two characters. You lay this mostly to the men's charge. Do you think it is their fault entirely? I am disposed to say, no. I will tell you why. Before marriage, you take the greatest pains to elevate yourself into goddesses, and desire to be worshiped accordingly. Men—especially those possessing superior intellectual qualities and refinement of nature—favor these views, and treat you as something nearer to heaven than themselves; and lo! no sooner has the honeymoon passed, than your husbands discover, by imperceptible but sure degrees, that you are (though in a somewhat inferior ratio to themselves) of the "earth earthy." Happy the woman who has the wit to contrive that, in her married life, the same halo shall surround her in her husband's eyes that existed before their union. The thing—in the intimacy of commonplace, every-day life—may be difficult, but is by no mean impossible to achieve. Your own neglect of all those cares and arts by which you won the lover, causes commonly the early estrangement of the husband.

How frequent is the spectacle of neat, scrupulous maidens, who when they become wives, neglect their personal appearance; and who, if asked why they do so, would answer, "Oh! I'm married!" showing plainly that their care and trimness formed no part of their natures, but was a trap, a cage, spread for the lure and destruction of men. Pretty Mistress Spider! when your careful, fine-spun web caught the credulous fly, your object being effected, good-by to neatness, good looks, care, and refinement. What more had you in the world to do? Your unfortunate husband finds the very qualities which most likely influenced his choice have vanished, "like the baseless fabric of a vision," and which, to paraphrase the poet, "leaves *but* a wreck behind."

In a former address, I have accused some of my sex of an undue love of finery; but there is surely a medium between this and the utter neglect of an attractive toilet—which may as readily be made in a cotton gown as a silk one, if neatness and cleanness preside—neglect which super-

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venes so often on the commencement of a married existence. No wonder, then, men are astonished, that when you took so much pains to gain a husband, you will not take the smallest trouble to preserve his affection. It would seem, indeed, as if a ring and a name formed the chief inducements to marriage with the most of you. Surely wedlock should be a stronger motive to increase, if possible, attractions powerful enough to have made a man surrender his liberty, but which are so seldom competent, it would appear, to preserve him from repenting the step; and methinks the additional care you have to take, must be amply compensated, in the reflection that you are not merely indulging your own personal vanity, but that you are endeavoring to preserve a husband's tenderness, a husband's affection. Granted, men are, the best of them, too much slaves of the eye, yet we must not quarrel with their admiration, at least of the beauty of order and eloquence.

Again, there are niceties connected with domestic life, in its most unideal aspect, which, though it would be useless to dwell on, yet present a vast field whereon may be cultivated the fruits of refined delicacy of thought. Without regard to Byron's affected horror of seeing a woman eat, it is assuredly no agreeable sight to see her a *gourmande;* presuming a woman occasionally to experience thirst, in common with other human creatures, it is not exactly feminine for her to partake largely of beer, or stronger fluids. These are among things which disgust ultra-refinement, and do not decidedly tend to exalt the sex, even in the opinion of less sensitive minds. A slovenly dinner-table may well disgust a man, when he knows that, if company be expected, no adornment or carefulness would be too great. "Wherefore," he naturally says to himself—if he does not to you—"wherefore can not you take the pains to make our daily meals as attractive as you would to strangers?" It would never occur to him that you are a saver of time and trouble, (most ill-timed economy,) and that you forbear to use more of your glass and plate than you can avoid, because it makes work, and wears out the articles. He knows that a certain quantum of household appurtenances were reckoned by you to be indispensable. In the innocence of his heart, poor man, he believed them to be in demand for daily use and comfort of the family, and not that they were to be locked up in store-closets, to be brought out only at marriages, christenings, funerals, and other festivals of the family. Of course I am referring, sisters, to those of you who, not being rich, are at least what the world terms "comfortably off," and who, therefore, really possess necessary comforts, even if you do not see fit to use them. Fancy your husband's extreme vexation, when some one "drops in" to dinner unexpectedly, or if he brings home a guest—as, presumptuous creatures, men have so often the extreme audacity to fancy they may take the liberty of doing in their own houses — what with the dingy, rude economy of the table, and your black looks, and short answers, both host and guest devoutly wish themselves in a well-appointed coffee-house, or cheap club, before the meal is half over. "When I was a bachelor, I could ask Jones, Brown or Robinson to come home, and there were no unpleasantries of this kind; now, to bring home an old friend is an offense of the deepest dye, making unhappiness, perhaps, for days." I believe women are perceiving the extreme folly of these things, but there are still hundreds of you who give sufficient cause for the present observations. These paltry but real annoyances can not, of course, occur in great houses, where there are cooks, butlers, grooms of chamber, etc.: but your humbler domiciles, sisters, have the elements of true, hearty, genial happiness far oftener than the mansions of luxury, would you but observe and know how to use them. What would men be without the gentle ministration of woman? Coarse as so many of them are now, how little then would they be removed from mere animals! One of your *missions* that you have been latterly "agitating" about—as if agitation and women were not two separate and distinct ideas—is to cultivate refinement of thought and deed in men, as much as possible. I would rather see you achieve this object, than know you were capable of commanding a ship, and making yourselves hoarse and red in the face, by ordering "Jem Junk" and "Bob Taffrail" to "hoist the main-sail, there!" or "all hands to clear deck!" Rather, indeed, feel your presence displayed in the order, beauty, and quietness of your own homes, than see you



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battling in a wig and black gown, *à la Portia*, in a court of law, for causes, perhaps, far less elevating than that which induced Shakspeare's heroic woman to quit her own sphere; *much* rather than see you tampering with human life, and dissecting human bodies, instead of living characters, in which practice you now indulge occasionally, or feeling pulses, and prescribing, ten to one, poisons, instead of drugs in healing quantities. The ministry of a sick room — where, indeed, your light touch, soft hands, and low tones are invaluable—may be studied in the solitude of your homes, as well as in public hospitals; for the elements of a nurse's profession are, cleanliness, care, forethought, and constant watchfulness. In the midst of carnage, mismanagement, misery, dirt, waste, and disorder, the world has beheld of late one bright example to womanhood, one crowning glory of that sex, whose best attributes are tenderness and mercy. Florence Nightingale—amid the homage of Europe, the worship of men, the admiration of women—accept one more feeble tribute, to swell the pæans of thy praise.

I believe carelessness of speech to be another fertile source of estrangement in married people. Now, it is too much the fashion in all households to have a domestic colloquy, very different in its tone and carefulness to that in use with strangers. The very best of us, I fear, are too prone to this; but, from wives to husbands, and the reverse, matrimony seems certainly to possess the chemical property of converting sweets into acids in no time. Short answers — foe the direst of domestic happiness—or else no answers at all; no conversation for *his* leisure, for whom, once on a time, you carefully brushed up all your stores of knowledge; and in utter oblivion of the personal politeness which most well-conducted people think due to a stranger. Pity such things are kept, like your choicest preserves and *bonnes bouches*, merely for strangers. None can place too much value on domestic warmth of politeness, unmixed, of course, I mean, with hypocrisy or shallow words. Kindness might be a better word, perhaps, for what I mean, for where there are kind hearts, there is almost certain to be a certain suavity of manner. But this etiquette of the heart you keep, like your best clothes, for company; never thinking that every-day use is your true polish, not merely for the baser metals, but even to keep bright gold itself.

Regard these things in a higher light than as mere every-day trifles; though, granting they are so, need I repeat the trite quotation, that "trifles make up the sum of human things"? True enough, if stale enough, that proverb; for home, domestic love, joy, happiness, all hang on a series of well-directed trifles, and small is her chance of happiness, sisters, who sees fit to neglect or overlook them entirely.

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From the Westminster Review.

## THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE; OR, PATMORE'S POEMS.*

It is impossible to imagine any works, admitting of comparison at all, more remarkably contrasted than those of Mr. Alexander Smith, reviewed in our last Number, and those of Mr. Coventry Patmore, which we propose briefly to notice in this. They differ not only in merit, but in all those qualities which leave the question of merit undetermined. They are each the other's antithesis. What Mr. Smith is, that Mr. Patmore emphatically is not. Inferior in command of words, in richness of imagery, in the

* *The Angel in the House.* Book I. The Betrothal. Book II. The Espousals. By Coventry Patmore. Second Edition. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1857.

*Tamerton Church-Tower, and other Poems.* By Coventry Patmore. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1857.

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music of his rhythms, in all, in fact, that constitutes the mere vesture of poetry, to the author of the *Life Drama* and the *City Poems*, Mr. Patmore is infinitely superior to him in all that is essential. His fancies are not, like Mr. Smith's, and the earth, "upon nothing hung." He has thoughts to express, a definite meaning to convey, often subtle and suggestive, and sometimes deep and true. And his language is transparent to his thought. It fits it closely, like hand and glove. It is free from all meretricious ornament. Simplicity is its characteristic. His muse is not clad in a coat of many colors, but "white-robed and pure."

Nor does he differ more from Mr. Smith, and the spasmodic school generally, in the characteristics we have named than in his views of art and of human life. With genuine poetic gifts, he has improved them by sedulous culture and study. He is not eaten up with an ambition to produce a poem which shall "make pale the braggart cheek of the world," nor a victim of the delusion that such a poem can be produced "at a dash." His aim is rather to "instruct and warn." He feels that a worthy muse should be employed upon some worthy subject. The poets of the spasmodic school appear to think that the greatness of their powers will be best shown in contrast with the meanness of the topic on which they employ them; just as the alchemist's triumph would be the greater, the baser the metal which he converted into gold. And if self-display is their object, they may be right. Mr. Patmore has expressed a different doctrine in the following lines, which stand near the commencement of his last poem, and embody its distinguishing tone and spirit:

"How vilely 'twere to misdeserve
The poet's gift of perfect speech,
In song to try, with trembling nerve,
The limit of its utmost reach,
Only to sound the wretched praise
Of what to-morrow shall not be,
So mocking with immortal bays
The cross-bones of mortality!
I do not thus. My faith is fast
That all the loveliness I sing
Is made to bear the mortal blast,
And blossom in a better Spring.
My creed declares the ceaseless pact
Of body and spirit, soul and sense;
Nor can my faith accept the fact,
And disavow the consequence."

We have said that his views of human life are in contrast with those of the spasmodic school. In Mr. Dobell's *Balder*, the hero—who, so far as serious intention can be ascribed to the author at all, is evidently designed to be the type of poetic genius—is anxious to enrich himself with a varied and Goethe-like experience of human nature. He is desirous of tasting

"*All* thoughts, all passions, all desires,
*Whatever* thrills this mortal frame."

But to do this, it is necessary that he should know what *remorse* is. Therefore, to gratify himself with that sensation, he kills his innocent wife and (we believe) her infant child. And all this in the interests of high art. Mr. Patmore's conceptions of the moral discipline of the poet are very different. He should be "girt with thought and prayer" for his task. To him "strong passions mean weak will;" while

"He safest walks in darkest ways
Whose youth is lighted from above."

Like those of most young poets, his earlier productions were of a somewhat dolorous cast. His heroes were sadly unfortunate, mostly in their love affairs. But there is nothing of the "curse God and die" style of sentiment, which seems to be considered natural and impressive under such circumstances. On the contrary, the one lesson is variously enforced:

"Best fruits come not of sunniest years;
Good use have griefs; they try
The sacred faculty of tears,
And man with men ally."

We are aware that it is asserted by many that the poet has nothing to do with moral considerations; that art can not have an ethical purpose without forfeiting its own proper character. And examples enough can be quoted of great poems—though not the greatest—which seem to show that the two are not necessarily connected; that views of life little pure and elevated are compatible with the loftiest imaginative genius. On the other hand, the proof is yet more abundant that the most excellent morality may be embodied in very wretched verse. But, of course, if the essence of poetry is truth, the more and the deeper the truth it teaches, the higher, other things being equal, will be the poetry. The moralist

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starts from certain principles and convictions, and looks about him for the means of most powerfully enforcing them. The poet is possessed with a conception, the ideal of a character, the picture of a scene, the grouping and mutual action of various connected circumstances and persons. He will be able to embody them with most effect in proportion as he sees *all* the relations that are involved in them, and can make the visible symbolize the invisible. And as there are few things which do not involve ethical considerations, or considerations still higher, so there are few topics to which such considerations will be foreign. Only they should appear as a part of the work, involved in its completeness, and not as an inference syllogistically deducible from it. They should shape and inform it like a pervading spirit, rather than enter any separate appearance for themselves. Mr. Patmore is far from being a didactic poet —a phrase which involves a combination of ideas that we find difficult to realize at all; but pure and high aims and convictions breathe through all he writes.

The "spasmodic school" is so widely and deeply influencing our contemporary literature, that Mr. Patmore's freedom from its characteristic vices is worthy of distinct record and commendation. Of living writers, if we except Carlyle, none has impressed himself so powerfully on the age as Tennyson. His genius and spirit, if they have not yet sunk down into the lower strata of society, have been absorbed into, and have thoroughly interpenetrated—or, perhaps, rather have expressed and consciously represented—the mind of all classes partaking even the least tincture of cultivation. Not only are his minutest peculiarities of thought and phrase echoed back upon us from almost every volume of verse that issues from the press, but works of the highest scholarship and philosophy find in his nobler lines the fitting illustration and embodiment of their views. Yet Tennyson's latest poem must be pronounced spasmodic. That he should have influenced the school so named, is not to be wondered at; we may "trace the noble dust of Alexander till we find it stopping a bung-hole." But that he should be influenced by them in return, or even seem to have been so, is a phenomenon worthy of brief consideration, and not so remote as it may appear from the criticism of Mr. Patmore's writings. The origin and popularity of the spasmodic school have had their causes, and these causes may be discovered. They are the natural result of tendencies long working in the English mind. Paradox as it may appear, that school is the direct though degenerate offspring of the meditative and philosophical poetry of the last generation; it does not trace its lineage through Byron and Shelley, with whom it has obvious affinities, but through Wordsworth and Coleridge, with whom it seems to have nothing in common. A few words may make this clear.

The more popular, and, in their several ways, not less illustrious contemporaries of these great poets—Scott and Crabbe and Moore, and the others we have named—deal with romantic adventure, with vigorous and pathetic delineation of human action and suffering, with the strong utterances of individual passion or the lighter play of fancy. There is scarcely a trace in their writings of *thought*, technically so called. The universe and its mysterious allotments do not press on them as problems needing and demanding solution. They are not "full of the riddle of the painful earth." Shelley may seem an exception to this remark. But he is so only in appearance. He did not doubt. There is no trace of perplexed hesitancy in him. Definite, and even fierce, convictions (negative though they were) underlie all that he wrote. He is essentially dogmatic—the propagandist of a creed into which an impulsive nature and untoward circumstances drove him, rather than the meditative and open-minded student of nature and of life. Almost equally with those whom we have named with him, he was a stranger to

> "those obstinate questionings
> Of sense and outward things,
> Fallings from us, vanishings,
> Blank misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realized,"

which haunt the poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge.

From the conscientious and reverent meditation of these transcendent themes, a certain amount, at best a passing and recurring shade, of skepticism is scarcely separable. And generally they bring with them a period of desolating doubt of all that it is most sacred and essential

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to believe, under the shadow of which nature and life lose all their glory and peace. It was Hamlet's skepticism which colored the universe with the melancholy hues in which to his eyes it was clothed. There are few minds which have not at some time or other seen the expression of their own saddest moods in these well-known words: "This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you —this brave o'erhanging—this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights me not; no nor woman neither." In closest connection with this frame of mind are the bursts of passion which urge Hamlet (like a spasmodic poet) to

> "unpack his heart in words,
> And fall a-cursing like a very drab,
> A scullion;"

and the practical irresolution "which debars him from enterprises of great pith and moment," and even from the single clear duty, to which a voice from the dead has summoned him.

Just in the same way, the feverish exaggerations and petulant complaints that make up so large a portion of Mr. Tennyson's *Maud* are a not unnatural (though by no means the inevitable) issue of the lofty and unanswered questionings of *In Memoriam*. There is a logical as well as a chronological connection between the two works. There was, however, an alternative, which we hope may be yet realized. It may yet be given to Mr. Tennyson to teach us how a shelter may be found from "the doubts, disputes, distractions, fears" to which he has given such impressive utterance,

> "In the soothing thoughts that spring
> Out of human suffering;
> In the faith that looks through death,
> In years that bring the philosophic mind."

If Mr. Patmore does not solve this problem for us, he abstains at least from setting it. Many popular writers, in whom there is no trace of any real experience of the perplexities and sorrows spoken of, seem to assume them as a prevalent literary fashion—as being (what is called in theatrical parlance) "good business," and affording opportunity for many telling points. From this affectation he is altogether free.

It is a remark of Coleridge's, that all men of genius have what he calls a *feminine* element in their characters. If we have any complaint to make of Mr. Patmore, it is that this feminine element is somewhat in excess in him; or, at any rate, that it is not sufficiently balanced by more masculine qualities. He proscribes war—"hasty, home-destroying war"—as a subject of poetry; and sees in Inkermann and Balaklava only

> "The courage corporate that leads
> The coward to heroic death."

Although it is impossible for any one of refined and cultured taste to read *The Angel in the House* without sincere admiration, without recognizing in it the hand of a true poet, a correct instinct tells the author where he will find the fullest echo of his own thoughts:

> "Praise then my Song where'er it comes,
> Ladies, whose innocence makes bright
> England, the land of courtly homes,
> The world's exemplar and delight."

We do not say this at all in the way of disparagement. Indeed Mr. Patmore, with his delicate insight into the relative excellence of the sexes, must consider it as the highest compliment that could be paid him. But perhaps his feminine readers are too conscious of his non-intellectual estimate of them to accord him very fully the praise he asks.

His muse, like the love it sings, is essentially the "nursling of civility." The graces and courtesies of a refined English home, which are not the less natural in that they are touched by a delicate art—fenced round by decorous ceremonial—are the themes on which he delights to dwell. It is one which poetry has been somewhat shy of touching—which she has rather proscribed as common. Generally, when she has dealt with it, she has become sophisticated and conventional, giving us nothing better than light *vers de société*, or the brilliant, satiric, surface-

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delineations of Pope and his school. As Crabbe pictured the life of the poor, showing us little more than its hard and degrading accessories, the tragedy of the outer lot; so writers of this class have never penetrated below the exterior life of the rich, and have shown only the follies and affectations, the pharisaisms and stifling formalities, which mark it. It was a part of Wordsworth's much larger mission to reveal to us the real poetry of feeling, which may inspire even "the poorest poor," and to bind them to us as by the conviction that "we have all of us one common heart." Mr. Patmore has aimed at something of the same sort for certain aspects of life among the rich and well-endowed. Few will deny that the qualities indicated in the following graceful lines are fitting subjects of poetry. They possess an intrinsic beauty and fascination, which simply requires to be fairly set forth:

"AN ENGLISH HOME.

". . . . something that abode endued
With temple-like repose, an air
Of life's kind purposes pursued
With ordered freedom sweet and fair.
A tent pitched in a world not right
It seemed, whose inmates, every one,
On tranquil faces bore the light
Of duties beautifully done.
And humbly, though they had few peers,
Kept their own laws, which seemed to be
The fair sum of six thousand years'
Traditions of civility."

Where there is this essential dignity and purity of character, it gives grace to all the media, common-place and artificial though they be, through which it expresses itself.

*The Angel in the House* is the history of a love-suit, from its commencement to the wedding. The progress of the passion which the author depicts is related with delicacy and spirit, and with a subtle insight into the moods and sentiments, the lights and shadows, of that most sensitive and capricious of human affections. Mr. Patmore has, what very few of his contemporaries appear to possess, a keen eye for individualities of character, especially of feminine character. His women, though sketched in the merest outline, suggested rather than delineated, are living personalities. In this respect he differs from, and has the advantage over, Tennyson. The Adelines, and Madelines, and Claribels of that great poet's earlier effusions are scarcely more real and human than the merwoman whom he celebrates in not dissimilar strains. The Amy of "Locksley Hall" has no definite personal characteristics. But in "Tamerton Church-Tower," in the "Yewberry," "The Falcon," and the "Woodman's Daughter," of our author's earlier volume, and in the three sisters of *The Angel in the House*, we feel that we have distinct and individual portraits, of whose originals we can shape images to ourselves. They live and move; they are not mere abstractions.

Interspersed between the several portions of narrative verse, which tell the story of the wooing of *The Angel in the House*—prefixed to each section of it—are short poems which the author styles "preludes." They are indisputably the finest portions of the work. They bear much the same relation to their more happy theme as the mournful lays in *In Memoriam* do to sorrow and the sense of bereavement, painting it in all its changing hues and aspects—at least in all the gentler ones. The author touches often a deep truth with a delicacy of touch and beauty which it would not be easy to excel. The brief passages which follow will partly, and only in part, illustrate this; though we quote them rather for their brevity than for their superiority over many others that might have been chosen:

"An idle Poet, here and there,
Looks round him, but, for all the rest,
The world, unfathomably fair,
Is duller than a witling's jest.
Love wakes men, once a life-time each;
They lift their heavy lids, and look;
And, lo, what one sweet page can teach
They read with joy, then shut the book.
And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,
And most forget; but, either way,
That and the Child's unheeded dream
Is all the light of all their day."

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"Till Eve was brought to Adam, he
A solitary desert trod,
Though in the great society
Of Nature, angels, and of God.
If one slight column counterweighs
The ocean, 'tis the Maker's law,
Who deems obedience better praise
Than sacrifice of erring awe."

Mr. Patmore has probably seen in too

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many homes the unhappy effects of a neglect of the wise counsel thus given:

LOVE CEREMONIOUS.

"Keep your undrest, familiar style
For strangers, but respect your friend,
Her most, whose matrimonial smile
Is and asks honor without end.
'Tis found, and needs it must so be,
That life from love's allegiance flags,
When love forgets his majesty
In sloth's unceremonious rags.
Let love make home a gracious court;
There let the world's rude, hasty ways
Be fashioned to a loftier port,
And learn to bow and stand at gaze;
And let the sweet respective sphere
Of personal worship there obtain
Circumference for moving clear,
None treading on another's train.
This makes that pleasures do not cloy,
And dignifies our mortal strife
With calmness and considerate joy,
Befitting our immortal life."

It was necessary, in order to preserve the unity of his work, that Mr. Patmore should confine himself to the one affection whose rise, growth, and progress he set himself to delineate, and whose purity and worth he nobly vindicates. But the effect of the exclusion of all reference to the incidents and interests of other kinds which must always coëxist even with the most absorbing passion, gives a somewhat effeminate tone to at least parts of the poem. He seems to take a too "fond" view of human life. This impression is aided by the meter, which, though correct and smooth, is monotonous. Reading considerable portions of it, it is impossible to avoid falling into a kind of sing-song, which, however appropriate to such passages as this—and there are many like—does injustice to others:

"'Dear Felix!' 'Dearest Honor! There
Was Aunt Maud's noisy knock and ring!'
'Stay, Felix; you have caught my hair.
Thanks. Is it smooth? Now will you bring
My work? Good morning, Aunt.' 'Why, Puss,
You look magnificent to-day.'
'Here's Felix, Aunt.' 'Fox and green goose!
Who handsome gets, should handsome pay.'
'You 're friends, dear Aunt!' 'Oh! to be sure!
Good morning! Go on flattering, Sir;
A woman's like the Koh-i-nohr,
Just worth the price that's put on her.'"

Indeed, mastery of metrical forms is not one of Mr. Patmore's excellences. He has no ear apparently for the finer cadences, the "dying falls," "the linked sweetnesses long drawn out," which in some poets make the sound a subtle echo of the sense, and spiritualize the mere mechanism of verse. Some of his poems are written in long lines, and some in short ones, some with alternate, and others in immediately recurring rhymes; but this is all the difference. There is scarcely a variation of the accent throughout the two volumes. "Tamerton Church-Tower" is a tale well told, containing many fine passages. But it is impossible to read it without profane recollections of "John Gilpin," which do much to reduce it to a burlesque. Take one verse:

"Quoth Frank, 'I do: and thence foresee
And all too plainly scan
Some sentimental homily
On Duty, Death, or Man.'"

Nor has Mr. Patmore the power, so remarkable in Tennyson, of coloring the scenery he describes with the mood of mind to which he wishes to make it subordinate; of grouping external objects as accessories to his main idea. This idea, indeed, Tennyson often gives merely through the accessories; it is the resultant of their several forces, a kind of exhalation or efflorescence from them, without any separate substantive expression of its own. There are many illustrations of this in *In Memoriam*. When independent utterance is given to both, it is of the briefest kind, at a flash, as it were; as in an outburst in "Locksley Hall:"

"O my Army, shallow-hearted! O my Army, mine no more!
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!"

This *instantaneity* is needful to effective comparison. If the symbol is dwelt on too long, it loses its symbolic character, and distracts the attention from its own purport. Mr. Patmore has not sufficiently guarded against this error. In "Tamerton Church-Tower," and, to a less extent, in other of his poems, we have the state of mind of the hero described at considerable length, and then the scenery mi-

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nutely painted to correspond. These rapid and frequent transitions from the "subjective" to the "objective" are occasionally a little bewildering. It is only on repeated perusal that we see their significance, and the effect they were intended to produce. The name of the poem to which these remarks are principally applicable is a case in point. The piece, we should premise, extends over fifty-three pages. At the commencement the narrator leaves

> ". . . the Church at Tamerton
> In gloomy western air."

We do not hear of it again till the last verse, when

> "O'erhead the perfect moon kept pace,
> In meek and brilliant power,
> And lit, erelong, the eastern face
> Of Tamerton Church-Tower."

The church symbolizes his own fortunes; but it has been so lost sight of in the course of the story, that its reäppearance hardly serves any purpose of illustration or deeper impression. But we do not wish to part with Mr. Patmore in a carping or detracting spirit. In *The Angel in the House* he has written a work which, if not marked by the attributes of the highest genius, is yet, in its way, a genuine poem. He has been happy in the choice of a subject which is interesting to all men at least once in their lives, and to most women during the whole of their lives; and which, whatever other changes the world may see, is not likely to grow obsolete. And his gifts are just those which fit him for the appropriate treatment of his theme. If we can scarcely venture to prophesy with him that he will rival the fame of Petrarch and Dante—will live, in his own words,

> "To be delight to future days,
> And into silence only cease
> With those who loved and shared their bays
> With Laura and with Beatrice"—

we think that he has a fair likelihood of a more modest immortality. For the permanence of a work does not altogether depend on the magnitude of the powers which have been expended upon it; but on the correspondence of the powers to their task, and their faithful and conscientious devotion to it. An unassuming vignette, minutely finished in its every detail, may outlast gigantic historic pictures, which exhibit only great and unrealized designs. *The Angel in the House* will in any case, carry purifying and elevating influences into many existing homes, and help to impart a healthier tone to the poetic literature of the day. This surely should be to the author a sufficient, if there be no further, recompense.

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From Tait's Magazine.

# WOMAN AND WOMANKIND.

Woman was created as a help meet for man; his companion, friend—the guide of his early, the associate of his latter years; neither to be the well-dressed puppet to show herself as the head of his establishment, nor the household drudge to mend his stockings, order his servants, and nurse his children; but to be his equal—and she ought to be his equal, although the education, the habits, and mode of life of our young females tend to destroy this equality, and make woman that for which she was never intended—a creature of vapid mind and useless life. We mention a case in illustration of our meaning. We were in a crowded ball-room lately; the busy hum of tongues was round us, bright eyes and bright smiles shone on us. Here, we thought, are young people just introduced into the world. It seems gay to them now, but there are heavy cares and anxieties hanging over all—the common fate of womankind. No doubt they are prepared for them, with deep thoughts of the re-

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sponsibility of life engrafted into the mind of each. These are to be the mothers of the future generation—the wives of the present; these are the women who, through their silent home-influence, will exert so great a power over the world. We will enact the modern Diogenes, and, walking round this assembly, search, not for one honest man, but for the many honest, wisdom-fraught hearts which should dwell in the breasts of these many women, fitting them for their arduous task in life.

We approached a merry group, and played the eavesdropper, "Which do you prefer, which style of beauty—Lady Mary or Lady Jane? Have you heard the last new polka?—seen the last new opera? Were you at Mrs. Bellingham's ball?" Such were the questions propounded; the answers returned as rapid as the questions asked. We passed on; a pretty theme of scandal next met our ear; by the interest it excited, the avidity with which it was received, we argued that nothing of loftier import occupied the mind of either the narrator or listener. Again we "moved on," but a silly unmeaning flirtation, a reckless waste of modesty, met our eye next, and made us hasten our steps. Again we paused—

"Permettez moi, madame?" and a tall biped with a very red face, blue eyes, and brown hair, slipped up to a young lady who was talking to one of our old friends. There was a merry twinkle in the eye of the same lady, and we thought there promised to be something more in her than in the generality of her companions. Again the tall biped addressed her: "Une valse?" She scanned him from head to foot, and the twinkle of the eye extended to certain lines of merriment which played round the mouth—

"I fear I must say no," and she glanced at her card. "I do not intend to dance much, and I see every valse is engaged."

He looked as if some frightful calamity had happened to him, that is, as if a smut had settled on his nose, or a mashed potato dropped on his best waistcoat.

"Mais!"

The lady was becoming tired. A Rifleman stood near her. She turned towards him; he understood her look.

"Let me take you down stairs to have a glass of wine," he said, as he placed her hand within his arm.

"Thank heaven and you, for delivering me from that bore."

The Rifleman looked thoughtfully at her.

"If you think him, and such as him—those by whom ball-rooms are crowded, 'bores,' why do you waste your time in scenes like these? why do you, night after night, lavish your strength in hot and crowded rooms?—believe me, you are capable of something better."

She shrugged her shoulders and twirled her fan.

"It has become my habit," she replied, "and 'habit is second nature.'"

"True—only too true, a second nature, which, in its vitiating consequences, will mar the first."

She looked at him with a strange mixture of mirth and sadness on her face. The former feeling seemed the stronger, but sarcasm lent bitterness to her smile.

"Talking sense in a ball-room," she said, "what a mistake! Come," and she again ascended the stairs with him.

"I would ask if that creature is a Frenchman, but his accent being strongly tinctured with Gaelic, leads one to suppose that he belongs rather to the race of 'Taffies.'" She laughed. "You are quite right," she replied; "the 'Land of the Leek' has the honor of his nativity."

"Why does he not speak English?" her questioner resumed.

"Because there are grammatical difficulties in his mother tongue which, being insurmountable to him, he avoids, by taking refuge in a jargon which he believes to be French, very wisely concluding that all errors in that language will pass muster with this assembly. But come this way one moment, there is something interesting there," and she indicated the point of attraction with her fan. "A delicious little phase of human weakness, if I mistake not; we may have some amusement—by no means an easy thing to obtain in these dull days."

She again leant on her companion's arm, and crossed the ball-room to where two young ladies sat, flanking on either side their mother, who, judging by the acerbity of her expression, was not in an amiable mood.

We should have stated, that this ball was one given by subscription, at the Assembly Rooms, in aid of some charity.

"It is really too bad to admit such people," one of the two flanks spoke.

The lady (our friend) turned and bowed to the speaker.

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"I have not had the pleasure of seeing you before, this evening."

The younger lady looked delighted; the mother, too, became suddenly amiable.

"Pray, take my seat, Lady Alice."

The grandeur of her ladyship was the cause of the amiability. The offer was declined.

"Thank you, I am not tired; but—pardon me if I seem inquisitive. Did I not hear you speak of some body who should not have been 'admitted'? Pray show me the objectionable person."

The "flank" pointed to a gentleman, who leant against the wall. He was alone, scanning the group—so it seemed to us—with something of our own mind, the cynical spirit of the old hero of the tub.

"Do you mean that gentleman?" and Lady Alice looked at him. "There seems to be nothing objectionable in him. He has two legs—yes, and two arms, and—let me see—a head; and, judging by his face, I should say, he is neither an idiot nor a maniac. I suppose he has paid for his ticket? I am really quite disappointed in him—but, one hope remains, he may be a murderer or some noted highwayman. Do enliven my ignorance on this point, and prove him that which, as yet, I can not see him to be, too 'objectionable' a creature for this brilliant (?) assembly."

She smiled very politely as she spoke. For a moment the "flank" hesitated, but Lady Alice smiled again, and there was something in that smile which compelled an answer. "Oh! no! nothing of a murderer or highwayman," was the reply, "but he is a horrid person."

Lady Alice still looked incredulous as she pursued her inquiry. "Wherefore," she said, "*how*, pray, is he horrid?"

And now came the frightful truth, the disclosure of the terrible crime of which the individual in question was guilty.

"He is a mercantile man," and the gray eyes of the informant fixed on Lady Alice as if she expected the sudden demise of her ladyship to be the immediate consequence of her announcement. But Lady Alice lived through it, and the amiable being, reassured by this, ventured one more remark. "Really," she continued, as she drew up her head, seeking thus, we imagined, to gather dignity, having none of it otherwise in her nature, "really these balls are unbearable; one does meet with such vulgarity."

Lady Alice smiled again; a very peculiar and meaning smile was hers. "You have made a just remark," she said. "We do meet with extreme vulgarity in these balls; not only here, however, but in many a scene which professes to be, as the term goes, 'select.' Her eyes, accidentally, *of course*, dwelt on the sallow face of the irate young lady. "But," she continued, "I am interested in that strange person—that mercantile man—that nondescript! I should like to enter on a voyage of discovery in that direction, and ascertain if he has the mind of a human being or not? Can you tell me if such beings have souls?"

Her satirical smile had never left her face, but its expression changed to one of severity as she spoke.

And now the acidulated mother chimed in, for she saw a chance of Lady Alice, the magnate of the assembly, leaving them, and betaking herself to the mercantile man.

"Lady Alice, *you*—(the sickening sycophant)—surely, *you* would not speak to *him*."

But Lady Alice was obstinate and self-willed. "And why not?" she asked; and then she turned to the Rifleman. "Do you own to the contamination of being included among the acquaintances of that 'horrid person'?"

"You mean Harry Montague? I do, and a better young fellow never lived."

The fine face of Lady Alice was a study, with its ever-varying expression—for all the sarcasm was gone, and nothing but its natural and generous look remained.

"Introduce him to me."

And in a few minutes she was laughing and talking with the "mercantile man," neither being bored nor disgusted by him. And he—how did he behave? We ask for the sake of natural history, that we may chronicle the peculiarities of this race of animals.

He did not bite her, nor did he swear at her, nor (strange, most strange, in a mercantile man) was he struck dumb with the grandeur of her title; but, somehow or other, he managed to entertain her so well, that when the ball terminated, he was talking to her still; and then he gave her his arm to her carriage, absolutely daring to imply that he considered him-

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self a gentleman by doing so. It was a great, an unheard-of presumption! A "mercantile man" a gentleman! "Not all the perfumes of Arabia could sweeten this little hand," so said Lady Macbeth. And not all the education in the world could transform a mercantile man into a gentleman! So said and thought the mother of the flirting daughters.

"Who is that lady?" we asked; for we rather admired her.

"Lady Alice Montgomery, the daughter of the Earl of W., niece of a little pile of dukes."

"And who are those people?" We alluded to the flanked and flanking.

"The Wilkinsons; their father is a general in the Queen's service."

"He rose from the ranks, perhaps?"

"Not a bit of it; he had not sense enough for that. The truth is, his father (their grandfather) kept a little tobacco shop. He chanced to have for his laundress a woman with a very pretty face. 'My face is my fortune, sir,' she might have said with truth, for he married her; nor did the benefit of this same face to her end there. In process of time a son was born; he throve, grew up, had military aspirations. The tobacco shop had also thriven and grown up. The master was a wealthy man, and could well support a son in the army. Report says (but then 'report' is an old deceiver we know) that the fair face of the mother won the interest from which resulted the commission on which her senseless descendant builds his foundation for all the absurd airs which he and his family give themselves."

"And Mrs. Wilkinson? the present one; we mean the mother of those two young ladies; perhaps she was of gentle blood?"

"Gentle blood!" our informant laughed outright. "Why, she was a milliner's apprentice."

The Rifleman left the ball-room, went home to his own arm-chair, stretched his feet towards the fire, poked that fire, placed his hands in his pockets, took them out again, rang the bell, ordered some brandy-and-water, waited till it came, imbibed a certain portion of it, lit his cigar, and then, pocketing his hands again, moralized.

"That ball-room," he said, and in his contemplative mood, he even took the cigar from his mouth, "that ball-room—a hecatomb of folly, frivolity, conceit, and malice; a hot-bed for some of the worst passions of the human heart Only one sensible woman among that great crowd, and she wasting her wisdom either in silly devices, and, if I mistake not, falsehood—white lies as they are called—(for I don't believe every valse *was* engaged,) in getting rid of a simpleton, whom she could have put down with one word of sense; or in giving a lesson to upstart pride; and wrapping up her condemnation of the same in sundry satirical speeches, which in all probability only conduced to her own gratification, and were totally unintelligible to those for whom they were intended. What a waste of life!"

The cigar had gone out. He lit it again, puffed away for a few minutes until he had a pleasant vapor encircling round him, and then resumed his meditations.

"How many young females did that ball-room contain?" he asked, for he was becoming arithmetical in his deductions. "How many? Some two hundred at the least. One half that number will marry. I reckon as the aggregate of children for each marriage four. Four hundred children receiving their early and lasting impressions from those silly, vapid butterflies—those flower-garden insects of the world. And this ball-room was only one out of many thousands of nightly occurrence, all sending their noxious odor on society—an odor which, like the fabled breath of the upas tree, lulls while it destroys.

"It's all very well for the Lady Alices, perhaps, but one half of these young ladies, to be comfortable in the world, must learn to be useful; and every body can't marry a Lady Alice. There's not half enough of them to supply the demand—and there is not half the money that would be needed to keep those dancing that could be supplied."

Diogenes had retreated completely into his tub. There he lay snarling at the world—snarling with some truth—snarling impotently, ineffectually—for he felt he could do nothing to remedy the evil. That remedy, to a great extent, lies in the hands of women, and they must learn to acknowledge the fact, that in such a scene as we have described, they are but useless, painted toys. They must learn to believe that there are higher destinies

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waiting for them than the intricacies of a dance—at least, for English women there are To the poor Indian girl, the case is different. Dancing is her business, her trade. However, we have nothing to do with the Indian girl at present; we may have something to say about her by and by. Now we speak of England's women—our mothers, sisters, children, friends. And to such we say that the position they hold in this country is one of incalculable importance both to the present and future generations. Thousands and tens of thousands each year are brought up to this mode of life; and their children, if they are reared in the same way, will prove as useless as their mothers were before them.

Let it be understood that we speak of the middle class—an almost impossible class to define, by the by, for we have never been able to ascertain either where it begins or where it ends. The miserable feeling of the age which prompts every one to appear a little beyond him or herself, makes it an impossibility to fix the position of the middling classes.

The grocer who lives opposite, with an everlasting placard in his window to the effect that he supplies the public with coffee at 1s. 4d. per lb., and good tea at 3s. 4d., belongs probably to the middling classes. He drives his wife out on a Sunday in a one-horse "shay." Her black satin dress is inflated to the same degree by "crinoline" and "hoop" as my Lady Mary's. Her apology for a bonnet is placed on the back of her head, and far more extensively decorated than her ladyship's. Altogether she considers herself very "genteel." Can she belong to the "lower classes"? Certainly not. In her own estimation she must be of the "middling classes," but some body else might hold a different opinion, so that end of the scale is uncertain.

Again, the rich merchant's wife in Palace Gardens, or elsewhere, whose house cost more thousands than we have brains to number, and who entertains lords and marquises, and all sorts of grandees, (they not having as good a dinner at home as her husband's money can put upon the table for their consumption, being glad to use her house as their hotel,) would feel very much offended at being classed with the "middling classes." She—she is in the "upper classes" certainly! We might again disagree in opinion; so that end of the scale is also doubtful.

However, we address ourselves to those we consider the middling classes, and leave our readers to fix their own line of demarkation.

A man marries. He is "caught" by some pretty face, which smiles so kindly on him. He thinks he would like to see that face before him every day. He is infatuated enough to think the smile will continue—will outlive the warmth of the ball-room. Alas! ball-room smiles are too frequently exotics, dwindling in the calm temperature of domestic life. The young couple get on well enough during the wedding tour. Perhaps for some little time after that, the novelty of their position lasts; but at length it wears off, and then comes the tug of war. The lady knows nothing of domestic management. The roasting of a leg of mutton is a mystery to her; and, like the sapient old king, she wonders how the apples can get into the dumplings. Yet she can dance—jingle dancing music on the piano—sing—talk nonsense—and flirt. All this she does to perfection; but, unfortunately, her husband can not live on these perfections. Husbands, however sentimentally young ladies may in prospect regard them, are mortal flesh and blood; and, in support of such, they require good food and lodging, and other creature-comforts, all of which it is the province of the wife to see are forthcoming. But we continue. After a little time this misguided Benedict perceives that his house is dirty and disorderly—for his wife either can not, or will not, direct the cleansing. His dinner, too, is badly dressed, and half cold—(and what man's equanimity would stand the test of a bad dinner?)—the wife can not tell how it happened; the butcher sells good meat, and she supposes her cook understands her business. One thing is clear: if the cook does understand *her business*, it is more than can be said of the mistress—and this thought occurs to the husband, who thus learns to despise the useless doll he has made his companion for life—for, let men talk as they will, there is no quality they esteem so highly in woman as utility, a quality which they all deem absolutely essential in their wives.

By degrees the husband becomes dissatisfied with the conduct of his home. He misses his good old-fashioned mother,

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who always made every thing so comfortable for him! he misses the order and regularity of his former home; or, if he be unfortunate enough to have no mother, he misses the comforts of his bachelor existence — the freedom, the delightful freedom of that state—and he begins to fancy he has gained nothing to compensate for the loss of that freedom, and has made a lamentable mistake in marrying. And we think we *should* agree in that opinion.

However, there is one defect of character in the young wife, more serious than her ignorance, her idleness, or her folly—as it is the accumulated consequence of all. She lacks the good sense and high principle which would teach her that it is her duty to gain the domestic knowledge she so sadly needs, and thus remedy the omission of her early training. The one great lesson of that training—to consider amusement the chief aim of life—she has conned perfectly, and only too well does she remember and act up to it.

But the evil influence of such a woman is not seen on her husband alone. Those of her household feel it too. The maid sees that her mistress considers dress and the adornment of the person of more importance than the care and comfort of the house; that she bestows a great amount of time and thought on the one, and gets rid of the other as quickly and in as slovenly a manner as possible; the uneducated, unreasoning servant, in nine cases out of ten the mere creature of imitation, learns to have the same notions, and acts also in accordance with them.

The mistress sighs for gayety, and goes to her dinners and balls; and the maid, seeing no moral difference between the dancing-room, where the admission is one shilling, to the dancing-room where the admission is an invitation, (her mistress's resort,) repairs to the former, where, in all probability, she emulates her mistress's folly and frivolity. And then—the next morning — why need she be up early? She can rise as late as she pleases, and yet be in time for her mistress, who will be later still. Thus are bad habits formed, inculcated, and confirmed, which not unfrequently mar the whole tenor of the after life.

And when the maid marries does she reform? Not a bit of it. She can not, it is true, entirely neglect her domestic duties, and leave them to the servants, because she combines her whole establishment in her individual person; but she can neglect in part. She can lie in bed half the day, and let her husband go to his work without any, or with an ill-prepared, breakfast. She can waste her morning when she does rise, in gossiping with her neighbors, and let him come home weary and hungry, and find no dinner ready; and at night, when all should be comfortable for him, when the cheerful hearth and smiling wife should be the safeguard from the ale-house, she will let him see, as his evening rest, a place of disorder and dirt—herself the dirtiest, most uninviting object in it. What is the consequence? He betakes himself to the ale-house, and thence comes part of the drunkenness, the beatings, curses, and other outrages which disgrace our daily papers.

But there is another course, and a worse, that the maid may follow—the downward road once taken by a young girl—a child in age, for she was then but fourteen, who was sent by her country friends to London, for the purpose of being placed in service. An "excellent place," as the phrase is, was found for her, and she was engaged as scullery girl. The excellence of this place consisted in the prodigal extravagance permitted; the habits of idleness systematically inculcated, by half-a-dozen pampered menials being kept to do the work of two or three decent and industrious servants. The mistress of the house, one of these young girls chosen from the ball-room, left the arrangements of her household to these persons. She had never seen her father's kitchen; why, therefore, should she see her own? True, she had her housekeeper into her bed-room every morning and ordered dinner, said what she would have, and for how many the table must be prepared, and then she considered her domestic duties for the day were over, and she felt herself at liberty to go where she pleased and do as she liked. In process of time, the scullery girl was promoted to the dignity of housemaid. Four years had now elapsed, and the girl had progressed from childhood to womanhood. Through some trivial fault she lost her situation, and was thrown on the world again.

In a very short time she obtained another place, one of a different caliber; one where order presided; where

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reckless prodigality was regarded as a vice, and idleness looked on, not as a privilege, but as a dangerous and pernicious habit. Now the ruinous effect of the four years' training became apparent. The work of this new situation, no more than could with common industry be easily accomplished, seemed, in comparison with that in her former place, unbearable drudgery. The praiseworthy economy (not parsimony) was "stinginess;" she was "starved!" had "never heard of such a place!" She left, and tried another, and another, and another, and so on, until every penny of her money had gone, and she had not the wherewithal to buy bread. Nature had unfortunately given to her a very fair face; it proved, with her habits, her curse. One night, while walking through the crowded streets, she was accosted; money was offered to her; she refused, for she had not come to that yet. She returned to her lodging; want pressed heavily on her; the midnight walk was taken again; temptation came in her way, and she fell.

From that moment there was no hope for her. Her trade seemed an easy one; she never looked to its termination. It gave her the means of satisfying the two vices she had learnt in her four years' service—a love of idleness, and a desire for amusement. She followed her loathsome calling for years; and then came a long and lingering illness. On the bed of sickness, with none to help her, none to bathe the feverish head, or moisten the poor parched lips, she lay alone, deserted, with neither God's mercy to hope in for the future, nor the mercy of His creatures to look to for present comfort. Then came a glance of bitter truth to her mind; but that mind was very dark with guilt. Could or did truth's gleam penetrate the gloom? She died—whether penitent or impenitent, saved or lost, man knoweth not. Has that mistress no responsibility on her soul arising from that girl's destruction?

In no country of the earth do women hold a more independent position than in England, and their responsibility is tenfold increased by this independence.

The Christian religion, the prerogative of our land, places woman on a moral equality, nominally, with man, while all other creeds degrade her, and make her an inferior being—some even denying her a future existence, and holding her out to view simply as an addendum to man's existence, a useful toy, a creature formed for the extension of her species, which being done, her mission is fulfilled, and she is required no more.

Christianity is eminently a woman's faith. Its divine origin is attested even by that fact; and in this country, because it is nominally a Christian country, woman's social position, both as to the present and future, is recognized and respected, often practically, always theoretically; and she has a certain amount of freedom in thought and action afforded her.

We do not agree with those who make a great outcry about the "rights of women," and say that the political or public influence and function of women should be equal to that held by man; that they should have a voice in the legislature, and have a direct power in the administration and government of the country. We don't agree to this. A woman's sphere of action is her home. Legislative and all other public business would take her from that home, from her legitimate sphere of action, from her clear and palpable duties. And in her absence, who would attend to her children and her other domestic duties? Her husband, we suppose—for we conclude that if the wife assumes the husband's position, (and public business is his province,) he, as a matter of course, must adopt hers, and remain at home nursing the children, an operation by the by which Dame Nature has in one respect authoritatively set her face against. Is he to tend the poor baby, who must remain hungry and thirsty while its mother is giving her vote in the house, or even at the poll, on some question of public importance?

Women in England have all the freedom that is desirable or necessary connected with public affairs. In other countries, under other forms of government, the case is widely different, and we find them sometimes held under the most complete thraldom of man, existing from generation to generation in a state of degraded bondage, the mere slave of a despotic master.

Let us again, call a fact in illustration, and remove our scene to China. During the last two years, China and the Chinese have been peculiarly brought before our notice, and thoughts of China have been floating through our minds. We have

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heard of her junks, mandarins, commissioners, and other potentates. Some of our friends have gone to China, and we have trembled lest the decoration of the wooden collar should fall to their share, or some other castigation be bestowed on them, or the mitigated fate be reserved for them, of being carried about like singing birds for the rest of their lives in cages.

Now, all these thoughts and fears give us an interest in the Chinese people; therefore, China may be our first illustration, and the Chinese beauties (if any such exist, for *we* do not admire the style) both of high and low degree, club-footed, and natural-footed, the players on that scene.

We will try to ascertain the condition and social position they occupy, and form some notion of the estimation in which they are held. We may proceed to facts, and from facts draw conclusions.

Marriage, generally speaking, is the primary notion of woman's life. It certainly is the main intention of her life; is considered the most interesting event, and was instituted as the most important feature of her temporal existence. So, we commence with married life in China. What is the position of a wife in a Chinese household? Would there be the most remote chance of her being allowed to take a part in the legislative government of her country, as some people would have her sex do here? Certainly not, for the poor Chinese woman, among the opulent classes, is merely looked on in the same light as a dog, a cat, or any other pet animal—an amusement, in fact, for an idle hour, a bauble, an agreeable toy, a creature with a certain amount of human reason, but without a sufficient amount to raise her to an equality with man. Nor does this degraded view of the female character exist in the higher classes only; it extends, in its various modifications, through every grade of society in China. The poor man holds his female children in contempt, and looks on their birth as a misfortune, which he remedies by the horrible practice of infanticide, a very common crime in China, where the immortality of the female sex is seemingly little better than a myth. The daughters of a poor man can scarcely do any thing for him in this present world. They can not work for him; they can not extend his name (a poor man thinks of this in China;) they can not not support his family when he is taken from them; they are an incumbrance, and are looked upon in that light. Then they are difficult creatures to provide for. Some, indeed, are promoted to the harem of some great man; and this is considered an advantage to the family, and an honor to the individual; but even this possible source of profit—for in this case a sum of money would be paid to the father—is an insufficient inducement with the Chinaman to spare the lives of all his female children. Child-murder, or murder by neglect, are the remedies for the serious calamity of a superfluity of female children.

And to this unnatural crime, incredible as the fact appears, even mothers give their sanction. We may argue their moral degradation as much from this fact as from any other. Woman must indeed be degenerate when the holiest feeling of her heart—the purest, strongest—becomes so warped that she consents to the death of her poor little helpless babe, the being she has borne, and who has come to her with all its tender helplessness, crying to her for love and care.

The perpetrators of this diabolical practice are not perfectly dead to the shame of its commission. They rarely confess it, but ascribe the death of their children either to disease or accident. In some cases, indeed, they *do* own to the act. We met one man who told us he had murdered five of his female children, but he gave us cogent reasons for his conduct, and expressed deep penitence for the crime, which, being a measure of economy, is confined exclusively to the lower classes.

The birth of woman of all ranks in China is regarded as a misfortune. As they progress in years, they are merely furnished with the physical means of life; food, clothing, house-room are bestowed on them, and little besides.

Education, as is generally the case in unchristianized countries of the globe, is thought unnecessary for females, and few Chinese women can either read or write. By this terrible ignorance, all power of improving their minds is denied them, and a hope of ultimate escape from their degenerate fate seems futile. They are condemned to a life of strict seclusion, immured in their households, forbidden intercourse with strangers, and in the higher ranks condemned to perfect inac-

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tivity, which in itself alone is certain to enervate, and is almost as certain to debase.

The crippled feet of the high-class Chinese women typifies their mental condition.

These crippled feet, it is said, originated three hundred years before the Christian era. They are said to have been introduced by a designing empress, who, possessing by nature club feet herself, requested her husband to decree that her feet should henceforward be the true standard of beauty. He acceded to her request, and from that time to this the decree has been recognized and observed until a crippled foot is considered a creditable mark of gentility; and we must deplore the lamentable state of mind which would consider inutility an admirable quality. For once a Chinese woman had influence in the empire, and she crippled her sex!

That most degrading custom, admitted in all nations where the Christian religion is unrecognized, polygamy, adds its degradation to the social posision of the women of China. A plurality of wives, as bespeaking wealth and opulence, is gloried in, and looked on as a subject of pride; but sometimes also (inasmuch as it may be a retarding point of worldly aggrandisement) a disadvantage. For instance, we have an account of a certain mandarin of the first class, holding the rank of general at Ningpo, who was dismissed from his command in consequence of having ten wives, the emperor considering the overwhelming press of domestic business would incapacitate him for the discharge of his official duties.

But in reference to a plurality of wives, it must not be understood that all occupy the same position in the household. One takes supremacy over the others. She superintends and orders every thing, directing and deciding on each arrangement of which it pleases her either to have, or to express, an opinion. She has influence over the inferior wives, who submit willingly to her rule, or with an appearance of goodwill, and never seem to entertain the idea of revolting from her authority. We who have been reared, in some measure, in the pure light, and by the maxims of the Christian creed, can not realize the idea of woman living in this state of legalized prostitution.

The second class of wives enjoys a greater degree of freedom than the chief wife, and in our opinion holds a far more enviable position. The former may occasionally mix, under certain restrictions, with strangers; may, under peculiar circumstances, eat with them; but the latter must live in perfect seclusion. Etiquette requires that she should always take her meals alone, and never, under any circumstances, depart from her habits of retirement. We once received a description of the house of one of these Chinese ladies.

This lady was the favorite wife of a man of great wealth and influence—the son, in fact, of the great tea-merchant Howqua. She was pronounced to be an almost faultless specimen of Chinese beauty. From this, or some other cause, she became a sort of idol to her husband—not that he thought of lavishing his entire affection on her; no, he never meditated doing any thing of the kind; he had plenty of mistresses to share it with her. But if he did not lavish the whole of his liking on her, he bestowed that which, perhaps, she cared as much to have—a very ample portion of his wealth. She lived in a splendid house, and was surrounded by numerous domestics, and every luxury and comfort wealth could bestow was hers. An English lady, wishing for a most worthy motive to obtain an entrance into the house, was admitted as a great favor, to the apartments of this Chinese belle, whose silly giggle and unmeaning simper, told but too plainly that the old story was proved over again, and that the body alone was decorated, while the neglected mind had run to waste. It is perfectly horrible to think of the enormous number of women in China, who are now living in this very state—living in it contentedly, as knowing nothing different — nothing better.

It seems to be the shallow policy of the Chinese, to keep their women in as complete a state of subserviency as possible. The want of education prevents progress. Excluded from all intellectual resources, they turn for amusement to the trifles — the baubles of life—dress, adornments—the care of the person; such things, and such alone occupy their time and attention, and thus they become, and continue, that which man seems determined they shall be—a toy for his amusement.

The usual age at which women enter on the married state is sixteen, and a marriage is conducted usually in the following mode:

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The bridegroom, or his friends, fix on a person whom they think eligible, and trusting the negotiation to a third party, enter into the terms of the nuptial treaty. Should the connubially disposed couple be in the lower ranks of life, a certain price is agreed on, and paid by the bridegroom to the father of the bride. The same thing occurs if the bridegroom be a rich man; he also offers what he considers will be an equivalent in value for the fair lady he wishes to espouse. In either case the unfortunate woman is purchased; in either case that degradation is her lot—all free will in the matter being denied her.

The secondary class of wives are generally selected from the inferior order of society. Their children, in point of legitimacy, hold the same position as those of the first class, but in sharing the inheritance on the death of the father, they only receive half as much as the children of the principal wife. The principal wife holds her supremacy over the household, and especially over her own property, until her death. Her children must bow supremely to her rule, and even her daughters-in-law yield implicit obedience to her authority. On her death, and not until then, they assume their proper position in the households of their husbands. While she lives her word is their law.

The female part of the population of China, in all classes, are looked on, at their birth, as a misfortune—the helpless babe considered an evil rather than a blessing, and either destroyed or brought up in a state little removed from that of the brute part of the creation. As life progresses, and when some knowledge of its cares and realities break on her, she is sent from her father's house, cast into the world—a limited one for her, it is true, but still one embodying, in its own way, all the trials and temptations of life, without principle, religion, or wisdom of any kind. If she possess personal attractions, she may become the favorite wife of some rich man; and, living in her disgraceful luxury, may bring up children in the same pitiable state as herself. If she be ill-favored, unattractive, in all probability she will merely swell the number of his concubines; a degradation, no greater, it seems to us, than the occupation of the first lady in his establishment; or she may be the single wife of some poor man—more honorable fate of all. But, in any case, her children are reared in degradation.

Thus, in every rank, in every phase of human life in China, woman is a lost being. And, under present circumstances, there seems no remedy for this. The introduction of Christianity is a matter of extreme difficulty, and even where its doctrines have been promulgated, and the Bible bestowed, the latter is made almost a useless gift, by the very fact of the greater part of the female population being unable to read. Christianity is not in esteem with the male inhabitants of China. It strikes at the very root of their abominable moral and political system. It forbids their sensuality, pronounces their sensual gratifications unlawful, and prohibits that which the Chinese man of wealth glories in — the pomp of an extensive harem. With regard to women, it recognizes her equal responsibility with man as an intelligent and immortal being; it tends to emancipate her from the thraldom in which man chooses to hold her; it teaches her to look on the life which her country enjoins, as one of impurity and crime; it entirely reverses her position, and pronounces her that which it does not please man she shall be — equal with him in moral and mental qualifications. Therefore the Chinese discountenance the propagation of the Christian religion, placing almost insurmountable obstacles in the way of our missionaries and Christian teachers.

The women of China, and the women of England, occupy positions far removed. The former need commiseration, for theirs is a helpless state of physical and moral dependence. They are as flies in the web of the great spider—man.

But the latter? No net entangles their course; at least in the higher and middle classes—they are free; free to add their drop of either good or ill, to the great current of life. And yet a great multitude of them, voluntarily flutter, moth-like, round the false glare of the world—some say, of *their* world — certainly, until it scorches with the very flame they deem so irresistible an attraction.



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From Colburn's New Monthly.

# THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1848, AS SEEN BY AN ENGLISH STATESMAN.*

THE "Spanish alliance" stands curiously enough in the same relation to the revolution which tumbled Louis Philippe from his throne that the "greased cartridges" do to the rebellion in India. Neither were the sole cause of events, nor yet were they simple links in the chain. In the one case, conspirators tortured a fact to the purposes of revolt; in the other, the correspondence to which the untoward incident gave rise so far monopolized the attention of the French government, that they met the Chambers, at a time of a great crisis, utterly unprepared with any plan whatsoever connected with the conduct of the affairs of the country.

It is natural that an English statesman should give due importance to this great feature which preceded the revolution of 1848, but Lord Normanby is by no means blind to other influences and agencies that were at work: notoriously ministerial incapacity and corruption, finally brought home to the supposed incorruptible Guizot himself; corruption in the Chamber of Deputies and in the Court; universal mistrust in the king himself, and the consequent general demoralization, accompanied as usual at the same time by a general demand for change and reform, resisted till the cup of retributive destiny flowed over.†

And where, when the torrent poured over the land, was the young princess for whose hand the friendship of Queen Victoria and the alliance with England had been cast to the winds? Her fate at such a moment seems strange enough to be by some deemed more than fortuitous.

"There was a general report yesterday evening that the Duchess of Montpensier was missing, having been forgotten in the precipitate flight of the rest of the royal family from the Tuileries. This was so far confirmed to me that a person told me, soon after the departure of the king, he could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the young princess quite alone, wandering bewildered on the outskirts of the crowd near the palace. In answer to my very natural question why he did not at once offer his assistance, this person replied, that his first impulse was to do so, though he was perfectly unknown to her royal highness, but that in the then temper of the mob he did not like the responsibility of attracting attention to her, and he thought her best chance of safety was in being not only unrecognized but unsuspected. Considering the pains that had been taken to make that château her home, the sacrifices at which that object had been attained, and the triumphant reception with which she had been so recently welcomed there, it does appear strange that no one should have been found to make it his duty to secure the retreat of one so young, so gentle, so helpless, and so beautiful, who had therefore, even upon strangers, such combined claims to protection, wherever a vestige of chivalry is left in the world. No one, however, who has not actually lived through such days as are now passing, can have any idea how little, amidst such confusion, the presence of mind of the most practiced suffices to provide against all contingencies. At such moments the duty that is the most pressing and obvious becomes the most imperative, however little it may be the most important. Every species of humiliation seems to have been accumulated on this unhappy family within the last three days. In all human reverses the suddenness of the shock is the greatest aggravation; and the confident security in which I left the king on Monday night must have added to the bitterness of the pang with which he yesterday sought the *Place Louis XV.*, (a spot of such evil omen to his family,) not, 'tis true, like his own father, or one of his predecessors and kinsmen, to lay down his life, but to separate himself from every thing which had long been the boast and the pride of that life. Of all those courtly flat-

* A Year of Revolution. By the Marquis of Normanby. Two Vols. Longman and Co. 1857.

† After the institution of the provisional government, Lamartine said to Lord Normanby: "Now, with regard to a question that has occupied you all lately—the Spanish marriages—to which Louis Philippe owes his downfall, I always said that selfish object would be his ruin; it drove him into a line of politics which the country would not stand. The government will take an early opportunity of stigmatizing that policy with regard to Spain as antinational; they desire in that country independent alliance, but no exclusive influence."

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terers, who had so recently hailed that royal daring which, in its lofty disregard of consequences, had revived the policy of Louis XIV., and who had pleased his ear by adding that his was also the worldly wisdom and sagacity which could bring that policy to a more successful issue, not one was near him. As he with difficulty ascended the steps of the hired carriage, he was assisted on one side by M. Crémieux, an uncourtly deputy of the extreme Left, whom the *Moniteur* of this morning announces as a member of the provisional government, and on the other side the door was closed by a strong legitimist, whose name I will not mention, who bowing to the king, his majesty thanked him, and the other replied: "Pas du tout, il y a dix-sept ans que j'attends ce jour."

'Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!'

"But to return to her whose presence in this country was so closely connected with the last fatal dream of that insatiable ambition. At that very moment, that interesting and illustrious child, only now just sixteen, (and, if the courtly announcements of the last few weeks are to be believed, bearing with her the future object of the combined hopes of Spain and France, and of the exaggerated apprehensions of England,) was wandering about utterly alone, every moment in danger of becoming the mark for popular fury, and her only protection against insult being the apparent impossibility that one so cherished could be found in such a piteous and deserted plight. I am happy to say that for the present I am reassured as to her safety: at seven o'clock this morning I received a visit from two ladies, who arrived at an hour and in a manner calculated to avoid observation; one was officially attached to the person of one of the princesses, the other merely a devoted private friend. They came to request me . . . . . and I hastened to do all they wished.

"One could not help an inward reflection upon the contrast between the arrival of the Duchesse de Montpensier in the land of her adoption not much more than a year since, and the way in which she was now about to quit it, perhaps forever. All Europe had then been summoned to the Tuileries, through its diplomatic representatives, to offer combined congratulations on the auspicious nuptials. From the attitude which the British government had assumed as to these nuptials, its representative alone could not assist at that ceremonial, though hastening to take the earliest opportunity of paying his personal respects to her royal highness as a *de facto* French princess. And now it was through the intervention of that very ambassador that she was about, under an assumed name, to reach the land of universal refuge. God speed her on her way! May she find in that domestic happiness, which need not be of any climate or of any country, the redeeming point of her married lot, since a sudden blight has fallen upon those ambitious hopes, of which she was rather the unconscious instrument than the self-chosen object."

The young princess had many fatigues, sufferings, and dangers to go through before she effected her final escape from France. It is said that she showed throughout these trials a light heart and a brave spirit. Lord Normanby does not precisely credit the statement made by General Thierry to Lamartine, that when the General remarked upon the hardship of these adventures to one like herself, she rejoined: "Eh bien, j'aime mieux les aventures que la monotonie de la table ronde de travail dans les salons chauds et somptueux des Tuileries." Yet is there nothing unlikely in such an observation coming from a princess then so youthful.

"Years have since rolled away, (observes Lord Normanby,) and the memory of that round table at the Tuileries is now passing from the minds of those younger occupants who may have found the confinement of its circle irksome, and, also, from the recollection of those strangers standing round, who were received by the illustrious lady who presided with that benign grace which was peculiarly her own. Those years continue to roll on, and the princes of the house of Orleans, who in youth had vied with each other in their zeal in the service of their country, are forced to pass their meridian in exile and inaction, bearing their weary lot with that unostentatious resignation which whilst seeming to avoid notice, secures, as it merits, a tacit tribute of respect and sympathy from all."

Lord Normanby analyzes Lamartine's conduct at this conjuncture with a close scrutiny. He more particularly dwells on his sitting in the Chamber, with his face buried in his hands, with his written speech in favor of a regency in his pocket, while the Duchess of Orleans and the Count of Paris stood in presence of a paralyzed house! Yet he omits an important consideration—was not Lamartine balancing between his duty and the chances of personal aggrandizement which a revolution might bring to him? When Odilon Barrot took the lead in advocating the Regency, the die was cast.

"All the witnesses of the scene, with whom I have spoken, concur in this, that M. Lamartine had hitherto buried his face in his hands, as if absorbed in meditation as to the course he should pursue, but, as M. Odilon Barrot slowly ascended the tribune, he threw back his head, gazed fixedly upon him, and his whole attitude was that of defiance and opposition. I am far

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from asserting that his first feeling was, if the regency is adopted, there stands its counselor and director, but there is something in M. Odilon Barrot's deportment, and a certain air of conscious integrity blended with superior wisdom, which was likely to be peculiarly irritating to M. Lamartine's susceptibility. He has too much imagination, and one may add too much expansive benevolence, where his *amour propre* is not affected, to be a very accurate analyst of human weaknesses, but he must be aware that the disposition of all men's minds is to deny in others any combination of eminent qualities—ready to allow to any one only his *spécialité*, as we say here; and that in admiring him for his brilliancy as a poet and inspired writer, every one was predisposed not to recognize in him a statesman of practical wisdom or habits of business, and here he found himself brought in contact with the man whose assumption of those very qualities found ready belief with all."

The mere presence of the popular minister of the day—the political rival of Lamartine—was at that moment inauspicious, if not fatal, inasmuch as it brought into hostile action the master spirit of the moment, and decided him as to the course which he should pursue. Even a statesman can have some sense of humor in him, and Lord Normanby relates that when the advent of bands of ruffians put an end to all discussion, and finally drove the provisional government to the Hôtel de Ville, "one of them, pointing his gun at the president, M. Sauzet dropped down from his chair untouched, and as president disappeared forever." Lord Normanby thinks that if Dupin had been in the *fauteuil* instead of M. Sauzet, the result might have been different. On what trifles may the fate of a dynasty hang?—on a nervous man being in the chair, or the personal jealousy of two statesmen like Lamartine or Odilon Barrot! The part that trifles sometimes play in bringing about great results in times of revolution is also shown in the history of Crémieux's appointment to the provisional government.

"The story current to-day is that, amidst the deafening turmoil, the names written down by Lamartine could not be heard when read from the president's chair by poor old Dupont de l'Eure. He transferred the list to the person standing next to him, who, having a weak voice, was equally inaudible. As it was important no time should be lost, these names were then given to M. Crémieux, who has the lungs of Stentor, and he added his own name, which was, amidst all the confusion, adopted with the others;* thus was appropriated, for the moment, one seventh of absolute dominion over thirty-five millions of people."

The provisional government once installed, Lord Normanby, instead of feeling that distrust which might have been expected from the ambassador of one monarch to another just deposed, at once applauded their efforts to maintain order, and tendered them whatever countenance was in his power. "Making allowance for the difficulties of their position," he says, "I think many of the ordinances published by the government during these last eight-and-forty hours do great credit to their political capacities." He applauds Lamartine, the master-spirit of the crisis, for advocating the cause of the tri-colored flag over the "red," and for proclaiming the abolition of the punishment of death for all political offenses (yet what was it but a sop to anarchy?) The question of titles and of taxes were, he thought, brought forward with injudicious haste, but it was, he supposed, "a necessary sop to their more eager supporters." But the proclamation, abolishing all titles of nobility, rather astounded even the British ambassador. When he appealed to his friend Lamartine on the matter, the latter knew nothing about it, had not even seen the proclamation till it was in the *Moniteur;* and this was the constant excuse of one of the members of this ill-regulated government. Lamartine never knew what his fellow-governors were doing; and on one occasion Lord Normanby was the first to bring an important published state document under his notice. The provisional government was, indeed, divided from the onset into conservative Republicans, Socialists, and Reds, or anarchical Republicans, each mistrusting, thwarting, and, as far as possible, acting independently of one another.

"In the first days of the revolution, when Louis Blanc was only made secretary to the provisional government, he had too much good sense not to see the absurdity of his own theories when pushed to excess, and had, as yet, no object in pressing them forward as an engine to undermine with the working classes the popularity of

* Some time after, in mentioning this anecdote to a friend of mine, at that time in office, he said: "'Tis quite true, for *I* was the man with the weak voice."

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those who are now his colleagues. When first a turbulent deputation, asking for *droit de travail* and *ouvrage assuré*, arrived at the Hôtel de Ville, Louis Blanc himself undertook to set them right. 'Eh bien,' he said, with perfect calmness, 'vous êtes ouvrier?' 'Oui, monsieur,' the first citizen replied, 'je le suis, nous le sommes tous.' 'Venez donc, vous en savez plus que nous, mettez-vous à côté de nous et écrivez comment ça se fera.' The man was disconcerted, scratched his head: 'Mais dame! c'est que je ne sais pas écrire.' 'N'importe, je ferai le secrétaire, dictez, comment voulez-vous que cela se fasse?'

"'1. Ouvrage assuré pour tout le monde.' 'Bien, c'est écrit.'

"'2. Que l'ouvrage soit payé.' 'Bien!'

"'3. (A long pause.) 'Mais comment assurer ça?' 'Mais—mais, c'est que je n'en sais rien!' Upon which all his friends and companions began to laugh. And Louis Blanc availed himself of this happy moment to add: 'You see, my friends, it requires some deliberation to arrange all these things. Do you preserve peace and order, which are the best security for work, and leave the rest to us, who have your interests at heart.' Upon which they all dispersed in good humor."

Upon the occasion of the public interment of the persons who lost their lives in the first street-fights, two of the softer sex sought to join the procession, mounted on white horses and dressed in white, with tricot couleur de chair, and green leaves, wishing, probably, to be received as duplicate copies of the Goddess of Reason. But the Republican master of the ceremonies hesitating where to place these strange mourners, a bystander told them that "La république exige surtout que les femmes soient jolies, et comme vous êtes toutes les deux diablement laides, allez vous en."

The description given of the sacking of the Tuileries tallies pretty closely with what we have had before from other sources:

"For nearly a fortnight did a government, assuming to be the choice of the French nation, and addressing manifestoes in its name to the rest of Europe, feel itself so utterly powerless at home, that it did not dare to rescue a spot, endeared by so many historical traditions, from the pollution of desperate men and abandoned women. These had never quitted this scene of their unopposed triumph from the afternoon of the 24th, when having rushed in, the work of destruction immediately began, diversified only by that low humor, so often, here, the accompaniment of wanton mischief. The example of this variety of insult, I am told, was first set by M. Etienne Arago, brother of the great Arago, who wrote his name in the king's visiting-book, which he found in the entrance-hall, and invited all who followed him, who *could* write, (which were not many,) to do the same. For one hour did a succession of men and women, with every variety of insulting grimace, seat themselves on the throne by turns, after which it was taken by a portion of the mob through the streets to the Column of July, on the Place de la Bastille, and there burnt. The rest having established themselves as a garrison in the Tuileries, sent for their families, or chose their female companions. 'Hôtel des Invalides Civils,' was written by one of those who had taken possession of the palace on its wall. And all being completely armed, they closed the doors, took possession of stores of provisions, barricaded themselves in, and refused to admit any other intruders; and thus matters have been allowed to remain almost till now.

"I happen to know some curious details of this singular interim. A small tradesman, whose son was supposed to have been killed in the three days, had gone into mourning for his loss, and was passing the Tuileries the other day, when he saw the son he thought dead on guard at the door, for these *gamins* took it by turns to guard their fortress. 'Comment, c'est toi, malheureux enfant, que nous avons pleuré comme mort!' 'Mais oui, mon père, tu ne sais pas que depuis que je t'ai vu, j'ai pris le palais; pourrais-je t'offrir à déjeûner?' 'Je ne demande pas mieux.' 'Viens donc.' And he took his father up the great stair, and there he found a motley group. Men who had made themselves *robes de chambre* out of the damask hangings or the velvet curtains, tied round their waist with strips of cashmere shawls; one man with the king's well-known cocked hat, much battered and broken, stuck upon his head. Women in satin and silver dresses, an immense fire in the room, and eating of all kinds going on. 'Voulez-vous du gigot et comment? aux truffes ou aux petits pois? C'est que hier nous avons en des teuffes pour huit jours; va pour les petits pois.' And he respectfully handed his father a plate of excellent boiled mutton with preserved peas."

Lord Normanby himself visited the cabinet of the Duke of Orleans, which had been preserved intact, and it is interesting to find that his description corresponds precisely with that given by Véron, even to the gloves on the brim of the hat, the crust of bread, and the unfolded newspaper.

We have related how Crémieux got his name placed on the list of the provisional government. Armand Marrast, Louis Blanc, Flocon, and Albert got theirs added by an almost similar maneuver.

"The first change was that the list was head-

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ed 'Les Membres du Gouvernement Provisoire,' but that there was no hiatus between the first seven and the last four, who were no longer announced as secretaries to the others. The next proclamation completed the usurpation, as the words, 'Membres du Gouvernement Provisoire,' were placed at the *bottom*, instead of the top of the eleven names, so as pointedly to include them all. Was there ever such legerdemain as this practiced by these four escamoteurs of absolute power over thirty-five millions, the immense majority of which never heard the name of any except Louis Blanc, whose history had been placarded over the walls of Paris? It appears to be as easy to filch a share of a soi-distant popular dictatorship as to forge an acceptance, or to pick a pocket."

The consequence was that increase in power of the socialists and anarchists which quickly sapped the influence of Lamartine. Lord Normanby was present when the "Reds" invaded the Chambers, and he relates:

"The mob that rushed in was of the most heterogeneous description, some few well-dressed men who appeared to have authority over the others, but the greater mass were either in blouses or shirt-sleeves, their coats or jackets being slung over their shoulders, whilst there was now not the slightest attempt to conceal the bayonets or knives with which most of them were armed. Very many of them bore banners of various descriptions. One man carried a red flag which had all the appearance of having been *improvised*, and only unfurled upon their entrance to the building. As the man held this up in triumph, at about the center of the floor, a *huissier* attempted to seize it from him, when a comrade drew out his bayonet to stab the officer of the house. M. H., a member of great physical force and energy of character, turned the weapon and threw the man down, and putting his foot upon him, held him there. This incident was plainly seen from the tribune above, but luckily it did not much attract the attention of the excited and bewildered crowd, or else one drop of blood spilt at that moment might have provoked a contest which would have led to a general massacre."

The next great incident that followed upon the supremacy of Ledru Rollin and the "Reds," was the election of Louis Napoleon, and Lord Normanby justly remarks, that, whilst on the one hand much of the sudden favor with which his name had been received arose from the general unpopularity and discredit of the existing government, on the other the terror among the bourgeoisie of the consequences which might follow his election to either consular or imperial rank, gave an apparent force and a temporary consistence to the republican party. Lamartine even made a last struggle in the cause, and taking advantage of a few shots having been fired at the National Guard, he proclaimed the shedding of blood on behalf of military fanaticism, and the reëstablishment of an empire, and proposed that the Assembly should at once, by acclamation, vote the exile and exclusion of Louis Napoleon. But this did not stay the real turn that affairs had taken, and it is curious that, when General Cavaignac had at last to be called upon to defend the cause of order by force of arms, Lord Normanby alludes on several different occasions to the feeling that was prevalent both in the Chambers and without, that the anarchists were bribed with English gold. Some consistency was even imparted to the charge by English sovereigns having been found on some of the insurgents—a circumstance which Lord Normanby easily disposes of. But what does the general belief in such a base calumny say of the respect in which the English character is held by the Parisians?

On the other hand, we believe the fact credited by Lord Normanby, of poison having been used by the "Reds," to be a pure exaggeration. The excitement and bad habits of the combatants would fully account for the unhealthy character of their wounds, without having recourse to suppositions which partake almost of the absurd.

"It was quite true that to many of the balls had been attached poisoned linen, which had caused death in many cases where the wound itself was not mortal. The balls were also formed to make the worst possible wounds; sometimes with a piece of pointed brass stuck into them.

"The decomposition of the bodies was also unusually rapid. A bundle of poisoned lint was taken to one of the hospitals; it was only upon seeing the agony it occasioned that it was examined by the surgeons, and found to have been steeped in some corrosive liquid. A pump was seized behind the Barrière Rochchouard, the reservoir of which was half full of oil of vitriol, which these ruffians pumped in the faces of the attacking party. The story of the poisoned brandy, sold by the cantinières, was not confirmed; but it had not been at once contradicted, from authority, as it was calculated to prevent so much drunkenness at a moment when so many men from various parts are collected in Paris. All that has been said of the cruelties practiced on the Garde Mobile is true. In one place they took four or five of these

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children, who had surrendered as prisoners, stuck a pike through their throat under the chin, tied their hands down, and, placing them in front of a window, fired between their legs, thinking the soldiers would not return the fire when they saw the Mobiles. They cut also off a head from one, filled the mouth with pitch, lighted a match in it, and danced round to the tune of Les Lampions. Having surprised a small corps de garde filled with Mobiles, they killed them all in cold blood; and some female monsters amused themselves with cutting out their tongues and stringing them upon a cord."

Lord Normanby had not much sympathy for his countrymen when they got involved in trouble during the revolution. He attributed the evils they brought upon themselves to their insatiable curiosity and characteristic eccentricities. On one occasion he relates:

"They say several Chartists and some Irish rebels have been shot. I should not be without fear that some of the *gobe-mouches* may have been mixed up with them. It is provoking to see the quantity of English who come over for a 'lark' whenever they hear of what, in their happy ignorance of such events, they call 'a row.' The French, who do not believe in the extent of our idle curiosity, attribute some desire to meddle as the cause of these stormy petrels' flight. Even ——, the other day, with all his own experience and his diplomatic pedigree, having attempted to force his way with a passport not regularly *visé*, had to wait in prison at St. Denis till I could obtain his release."

And on another:

"As I drove slowly through the Rue St. Antoine, and along the Boulevards, I saw many of my countrymen gaping about, and apparently obtruding their questions upon the inhabitants of that quarter, who are exceedingly unwilling to be forced to revert to recent events. Many seemed pointing their inquiries as to the conflict and the condition of the battered and ruined habitations, just as they would inform themselves, through paid cicerones, as to the state of ancient ruins. It is this national want of tact that makes us so unpopular. All over the Continent the inquisitive propensities of the traveling Anglo-Saxon are misunderstood. Simply curious, they often get the reputation of mischievous meddling."*

Cavaignac has lately died with an unsullied reputation as an incorruptible republican. When called to the dictatorship, the same thing happened to him as had occurred to the provisional government—discord among the leaders—and Lord Normanby seizes the occasion to depreciate the dictator's generalship.

"The worst indication I have lately heard as to the permanence of the present state of things is a growing jealousy, on the part of Cavaignac, of both Lamoricière and Changarnier. This opinion is now so general that I note it down, though without answering for its accuracy. Cavaignac, it is said, already repents having placed Lamoricière at the War Department; not that he could have done otherwise, for, after all, Lamoricière was the man who settled the business. He had all the hard fighting, and what with encouraging the troops and swearing at the deputies, who thought they might, as delegates, interfere with his plans, he succeeded at last. Many a self-sufficient Solon, decked in the scarf of a representative, intruded his opinion upon military tactics, whom the harassed and energetic general snubbed without any regard to his being an atom of his sovereign Assembly.

"It was by disregarding base advice for a capitulation fatal to all authority, that he carried the Faubourg St. Antoine, which was thought to be impregnable, so strongly had it been fortified by Constantin and other military renegades. According to gossip in the army, Cavaignac's only personal interference in the details was not a very successful piece of generalship. At the Pont St. Michel he advanced a *single* gun, inefficiently guarded, and, telling the commanding officer to take the bridge, rode off. As soon as the gun was fired, the insurgents stormed and took it. Old General Castellane, who had been put upon half-pay by these people, went about chuckling at this result, saying, none but an African general, who knew nothing about cannon, because the Arabs have none, could have made such a mistake."

It was not long ere the rupture between Cavaignac and Changarnier became patent.

"There has been an unpleasant quarrel, within the last few days, between Cavaignac and Changarnier. The story is very current, and is said to rest on the authority of an officer on the staff, who was present. Cavaignac was talking of the feeling of the National Guard, of which Chan-

* There was at that time in Paris a lady whose house was the chief place of resort of the Irish rebels and English Chartists, and she was not unknown to the British ambassador.

"Madame ——, who plays so active a part in this drama, is a handsome French woman, married to an Irishman. The couple are, I believe, in that dubious position in society which enables them to receive all classes from Smith O'Brien to Buckeens drilling for the barricades. The Irish Republicans are said to be in correspondence with this modern Madame Roland. She is the authoress of rather a lively little work, called 'Amour et Liberté.' I will not presume to say whether she practices the first with as much active philanthropy as she preaches the latter."

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garnier is the general, and said, that if he found out, as he suspected there were, monarchical intrigues amongst them, he would annihilate them: 'Je les ferai éreinter,' was his expression. 'Perhaps,' replied Changarnier, 'the National Guards of Paris would not be prepared to allow themselves to be annihilated by a *general of the fifth order.*' Cavaignac had put himself so much in the wrong by his first speech, that for the time, at least, he could take no notice; but it does not look very well for joint action."

The account given of Louis Napoleon's reception at the Chambers after having been proscribed by the Republic, having himself twice refused to accept office, after having been three times reëlected, is characteristic:

"I have just returned from witnessing the admission of Louis Bonaparte into the Assembly. He came quietly in at a side-door, and took his seat (at first unperceived) upon a back bench during a dull speech, which his presence tended to shorten. When admitted, he made a short speech, repelling calumnies, professing love of country, and desire to work out those *democratic* institutions which the people had a right to expect. He wished to contribute to *l'affermissement de la République.* This was well received, but not with any remarkable enthusiasm."

This was on the 26th of September. On the 9th of October, Louis Napoleon having again made a brief speech upon an amendment moved by "Citoyen Antony Thouret," to the effect of excluding as candidates the members of any family which had reigned in France, and which was, therefore, personally directed against Louis Napoleon, Lord Normanby says:

"He found no indulgence in that part of the Assembly. M. Antony Thouret, whose own style of oratory hardly qualified him for a critic, somewhat brutally said that, after what they had seen, he withdrew his amendment as unnecessary."

The words that the Citoyen Thouret used were as follows:

"'Citoyens Représentants—En présence des très courtes paroles que vous venez d'entendre, je comprends l'inutilité de non amendment, et je le retire.'

"It was evident from the emphasis which the citizen placed upon the words, 'très courtes paroles,' that he thought the speaker had intended to say more, and, in parliamentary language, had broken down; but that was not my own impression: it appeared that, as has been the case with many a neophyte unused to address large public assemblies, he had persuaded himself that it was necessary to take the plunge, and to say something, and was glad to get out of the tribune as soon as possible. But whatever defects the refined taste of Citizen Thouret might find in the expressions, Louis Napoleon certainly showed the possession of some qualities which may be of more general application—I mean the self-possession and *sang froid* with which he bore this ungenerous usage. He *appeared* neither irritated nor disconcerted."

It is just possible that Louis Napoleon never appreciated the covert or implied sarcasm at all, but looked upon the withdrawal of the amendment as a just concession to his eloquence.

The schism that occurred between the Mountain, as represented by Ledru Rollin, and the Socialists, headed by Raspail, served the cause of Louis Napoleon almost as much as Cavaignac's republican predilections and weaknesses, which almost perpetuated a reign of terror; and finally, when Louis Napoleon succeeded to power upon the fall of the provisional government, the break-up of the military dictatorship, and the schisms between Anarchists and Socialists and Proudhonists, Lord Normanby describes the following scene to have occurred in the Chambers:

"I may as well add that Cavaignac got very well through all the first part of the ceremony, but when Louis Napoleon, after descending from the tribune walked up to the back bench, where the General had retired, and, in the most becoming manner, held out his hand to him, Cavaignac took it, but never got up, and turned away his head to his next neighbor. It was one of those moments when a bad temper is a man's worst enemy, for all remarked and regretted it. Certainly the prince's whole deportment has at all times been as good as possible, and there is a calm, quiet 'impassibilité' about him which is very rare in a Frenchman. There was much gentle kindness and no ostentation in the manner in which he approached Cavaignac, which contrasted favorably with the rudeness of the other. However, one must make allowance for the difference of the position of the two men. It is easier to be generous in success than to be complaisant under extinction; and the result has been nothing less to Cavaignac and all his party. Tocqueville, rather quaintly, said to me yesterday: 'There only remains now one question, whether it is the republicans or the republic itself which the country can not abide.'"

What a lesson does this year of a revolution thus recorded contain? Lord Normanby's work may not be as pictur-

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esque or as minute in its details as some that have preceded it, but from the intimate acquaintance it displays with the springs that worked the movements, and the quiet, philosophic, statesmanlike manner in which opinions are canvassed and discussed, and incidents are narrated, it will be an indispensable complement to any future history that may be written of that eventful year. For the lesson it conveys it should be called not so much "A Year of Revolution," as "A Year of Republicanism."

From Fraser's Magazine.

# THE WAR-SONG OF THE MOSLEM.

BY McDONALD.

Oh! the wine
Of the vine
  Is a feeble thing:
In the rattle
Of battle
  The true grapes spring.

When on force
Of the horse,
  The arm flung abroad
Is sweeping
And reaping
  The harvest of God.

When the fear
Of the spear
  Makes way for its blow;
And the faithless
Lie breathless
  The horse-hoofs below.

The wave-crest,
Round the breast,
  Tosses sabers all red;
But under
Its thunder
  Is dumb to the dead.

They drop
From the top
  To the sear heap below;
And deeper
Down steeper
  The infidels go.

But bright
Is the light
  On the true-hearted breaking;
Rapturous faces
Bent for embraces
  Wait on his waking.

And he hears
In his ears
  The voice of the river,
Like a maiden,
Love-laden,
  Go wandering ever.

Oh! the wine
Of the vine
  May lead to the gates;
But the rattle
Of battle
  Wakes the angel who waits.

To the lord
Of the sword
  Open it must;
The drinker,
The thinker,
  Sits in the dust.

He dreams
Of the gleams
  Of their garments of white;
He misses
Their kisses
  The maidens of light.

They long
For the strong,
  Who has burst through alarms,
Up, by the labor
Of stirrup and saber,
  Up to their arms.

Oh! the wine of the grape is a feeble ghost;
But the wine of the fight is the joy of a host.

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From Tait's Magazine.

# THE STORY OF A PHANTOM.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy.—*Shakspeare.*

I HAVE hitherto been known among my friends as a man little inclined to give implicit credence to, and more inclined to dispute skeptically concerning, the doctrine of supernatural appearances, which, I confess, too often resolve themselves into mere freaks played off on cowards by imagination, to the beguiling of reason and the creation of superstition. I know that there is a bitter saying, nowadays, that "a man should believe nothing that he hears, and only half of what he sees;" that may be a safe rule in a few isolated cases; it is undoubtedly foolish in more. *Periculosum est credere et non credere*, said the fabulist Phœdrus of old. It is equally difficult to draw the line where credence should commence, and disbelief should stop. I am not about to enter into any lengthy disquisition, in the manner of Prévost, or Mrs. Crowe, (of "Night-Side of Nature" celebrity;) I do not wish unnecessarily to waste your patience on nice subtleties, as to how far a wise man's belief in the appearance of disembodied spirits here may justly extend. Imagination in these cases may do much towards "o'er-informing this tenement of clay" of ours, as Shakspeare says; an unhealthy condition of the brain, and so, of the optic nerve, may do more; but I take it, he will be a bold person who shall venture to deny *in toto* that such appearances may have taken place. The observation of Dr. Johnson, which I have quoted, should here recur to the reader.

From the earliest ages there has always been a belief in such appearances; from the days when "a spirit passed before" Job "in the visions of the night," to the days when the spirit of the dead Samuel appeared to the conscience-stricken Saul in the cave of the Witch of Endor; from the days when the enlightened Socrates believed in his "Dæmon," or "Guardian Angel," to the eve of the battle when the apparition appeared to Brutus with that unforgotten, "I shall meet thee again at Philippi;" down to the date of the thousand and one weird manifestations which have taken place, according to some, in our own century; a belief in their reality has existed. With the vulgar stories of clanking of chains, and other unreasonable antics of *soi-disant* ghosts, I have nothing to do.

The narration in which I propose to prove that "there are" indeed "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy," is in nowise connected with the "Raw-head-and-Bloody-Bones" stories of our childhood. I do *not* believe that spirits come from their spiritual abodes, wherever and whatever such may be, merely to frighten old women and children, or to throw down chairs and tables, rap upon articles of household furniture, and commit excesses for which any embodied being would assuredly be voted mad, and consigned to Bedlam; but this much I *do* devoutly believe: that when there seems a good reason for an appearance, such appearances have been; and that I have reasons for that belief my tale will show.

That implicit credence will be granted by all my readers to the tale I shall tell, is as unlikely as the tale seems improbable; at least, however, I hope that such charity will be extended to *me* as is awarded to men making strange statements when there appears to be no selfish motive in the making of them, and no earthly profit accruing from their setting forth. And here let me assure my readers that I am no "Spiritualist" in the "table-turning" acceptation of the term, but a plain man of this nineteenth century, with no predilection whatever for the mystical Germanisms of the last. I am willing to believe

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that the eye may be mistaken, that the ear may err, and that imagination may in such cases often over-ride fact; but when I see *reason for an appearance*, combined closely *with* that appearance, I am a skeptic no longer.

It happened that in the year 1857, in the month of December, I was the sole tenant of a large rambling house in the most desolate-looking square in London, the real name of which is not essential to my tale. *Why*, I was sole tenant, without even the company of a single servant in the house to enliven me, may be briefly explained. That house was rented by my family, and they being unable for some time to take possession, acceded to my proposal that I should sleep there. It was ten o'clock when I first took up my sleeping-quarters at the Square. My furniture only consisted of three chairs, a deal table, a truckle bed, a looking-glass, and an old clock. The room I chose for my domicile, was at the back on the ground floor, and faced a slip of ground, called by courtesy a garden, which was partly paved with green old tesselated pavement, and partly overgrown with rank grass. The house had stood empty for some time, and the walls were damp, and slugs and snails disported in the kitchen fireplace; the long, large, lofty rooms were without a particle of furniture of any kind, and the footfalls sounded louder than was agreeable during my nightly inspection of the place. With the aid, however, of a few books, a stock of tobacco and pipes, combined with the solace of a blazing fire, which roared away merrily up a chimney wider than three of these in our degenerate days, I managed to fancy myself tolerably cosy, and to feel resigned to my lonely lot. During the first hour or two of my first night's tenancy, I blush to confess, I did feel as though the company of a friend would have been a great *desideratum*. And thus my first night, second, third, and fourth passed away in monotony. On the fifth and sixth night friends looked in, and a jovial party we made round the fire. The clock struck eleven, twelve, one, and still we sat lustily caroling "Auld Lang Syne," and other cheery ditties, till the long-deserted rooms of the old house rang to the echo. It was a little lonely perhaps when I said "good-night" to my friends, and candle in hand, escorted them to the door, slammed it with a heavy jar, which resounded through the house like thunder, and retired to my den for the night.

On the seventh night I sat before my fire alone. Silence reigned throughout the old square—there is no thoroughfare—and so nothing save an occasional rumbling of a distant cab, relieved the drowsiness of the place. Did none of my readers ever feel a certain degree of *ennui*, a craving for something to do, and yet all the while the craving was making them discontented, a moral conviction, that by no possibility, even, could the wished-for something be obtained, could they set about doing, and leave their cosy armchairs to do it? Such a feeling, hard to describe to any, yet common to all, was mine on the night of the 11th of December, 1857. And so, in despair at having nothing better to occupy my time, I fell into a reverie.

I had a friend whose memory on that same night "sat heavy at my soul." In the wild days of boyhood we two had been inseparable: we were both boys fond of reading, and many a knotty disquisition held we on metaphysics in days gone by, long ere all the glorious dreams of boyhood led for the most part to disappointment and self-contempt. We had been second Pythias and Damon in those dear days; and why not now? A few bitter words, a month's coldness, and then the friendship of our boyhood melted away into naught but a mere formal bowing-acquaintance; and so we parted, and went each on his worldly way. I heard little more of my friend, save at intervals, and then only all that I did hear, was by no means to his advantage. He had come into some property, had lost much of it in the pursuit of dissipation, and had become nothing better, after all, than a worthless man about town. I had met him occasionally, and as we passed each other with a bow I was grieved to see the change visible in him. All the freshness of boyhood had vanished from the brow still young; the eye seemed restless now, and told of hidden disquiet, ill vailed under a reckless exterior. And then while I was sadly thinking of all these things, "a change came o'er the spirit of my dream," and I pictured him to myself as I saw him once—in a debtor's prison. I had been there to see a man of whom I knew but very little, and that visit was out of good nature and pity, more than for any other reason; and there

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I saw my friend again. Under the loud laugh, and the more reckless air than ever, I could see the old disquiet still. He had been meant by nature for something better than a hopeless *roué;* he had marred goodly prospects, and exchanged true friends for false; had learned to sneer down every thing that is good and noble in manhood. And he knew it well, and cursed himself all the while.

I remembered all the bitter episodes of his life. The recollections were so sad; I strove to shift them, I could not, they were too vivid in all their painfulness; I could not stifle recollection then, believe me, I can not now.

In striving to forget all the little thoughts of this man's memory, I bethought me of my old resource, reading. I took up a book, and read for a while patiently—but it would not do. Memory was ever present. I turned over the leaves, and my eye fell upon some penciling on the margin. That penciling was some boyish poetry addressed to me years before by him in the fervor of his friendship, and I saw the signature, *Arthur L——*, just then, with more pain than you would give a man, who had seen somewhat of the world, credit for now. Then I thought of all the evenings he and I had spent together in my "study at — School, and of our long discussions there." A favorite topic with us boys then was, the doctrine of supernatural appearances; he was a devout believer, and I a skeptic then. I termed all his cited instances of supernatural appearances, cases of mere optical delusions. My opinion has, however, greatly changed since then. I remember well a discussion we had the night before we finally left school. It turned on the old subject. After a long argument L—— said much like the following words:

"To make personal matter of it—listen to me, S——, for we may not meet again, you know. If I can appear to *you* at my death *I will.* Do you make the same promise." *I did* comply with this strange fancy of his; nay more, we two enthusiastic friends actually drew out a pen and ink contract to that effect, which I found yesterday in my desk; we signed it, said good-night, went to our homes the next morning, and only met as friends once again after this. And that strange contract remained in my desk, half forgotten till the 11th of December, 1857, when I sat in this lonely old house.

I could not sit up all night musing as the hours flew by, at my fireside. I retired to bed—sought sleep for a while in vain. At last I fell into that kind of sleep in which one can hear almost any thing with his eyes slumber-sealed. I heard the clock's monotonous "tick, tick, tick," and then started as it stopped for a second with a jerking—"whur-r-r" ere it struck the hour, twelve. And then I fell for a few minutes off into my doze again. I had put my candle out, yet there was light enough for me, when awake, to have seen any thing in the room, for the fire burned brightly.

Have none of my readers, when they have been lying down half asleep, half awake, experienced that strange, unaccountable feeling of the *presence of some one else* in the room, even though they could hear nothing, and had their eyes closed? *I* felt that sensation. With a start I roused once more—rubbed my eyes, looked hastily round, but nothing could I see. The fire gleamed brightly over the white face of the clock which told me the time—twenty-five minutes past twelve. I felt satisfied that fancy alone had wrought the feeling alluded to. I lay back again, and dosed. The same oppressive feeling returned. I fancied it must be (for I was not *asleep*, I remember) the nightmare. With one vigorous effort I started up in bed—rubbed my eyes—and was wide awake. I looked at the clock—*the time was twenty-five minutes to one.* And then I saw a tall figure dressed exactly as I had last seen Arthur L——, before the fire, gazing intently at me. I am not ashamed to confess that, for the moment, I was completely scared out of my senses, so to speak. But seeing the figure moved not—and, besides, did not look so very ghost-like, I thought it must be my fancy, or possibly the man himself who had got into the house in some way, But a second's reflection contradicted the latter surmise. He did not even know where I had lived of late—was still more unlikely to guess that I should have changed my abode from the street to the square; and could have no object, even had he known my address, in calling so much out of time. Still the figure moved not, and gazed intently at me as I sat up in bed; so I felt, what in the circumstance was legitimate, cold perspiration streaming through every pore of my body. "It must be a burglar," thought I in despera-

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tion, glad even to clutch at this idea as a relief from my dread of the unearthly. So thinking I seized the poker, placed at my bed's head, as my only weapon, and leaped out of bed. The figure simultaneously disappeared! How it had vanished I knew not. "It must be a burglar," thought my miserable self, once more. I reached the two closets, tried the lock of my door, and that of the second door leading into an inner room. They were both bolted and locked! I tried the window and the shutter. The fastenings were inviolate. Then the fearful truth broke upon me at last. I was *not* dreaming—it was *not* fancy—it was *not* a burglar—it *was* Arthur L.'s ghost! I threw myself into a chair—and, covering my face in my hands, leaned my head upon the table, and I must have been afraid, tremblingly afraid, for the old crazy deal table fairly creaked with my weight. Then as I leaned upon that table, a great dread crept over me. I durst not stir for a while. At last I looked up, and my eyes fell upon the self-same phantom once more—it was L——, indeed. I could not speak—I could not even stir; my tongue tried to do its duty, but my parched lips refused to utter more than an inarticulate moan, as I sat there, still as a statue, gazing upon the last new state of my early friend. I sat so, but a little while—yet it seemed to me an age of concentrated horror, although but a quarter of an hour. As I gazed, the figure melted away; and then, even in all my terror, a strange idea possessed me, as the memory of our boyish contract came to my mind. Hastily seizing a pen that stood on the table, I traced with trembling hand on the leaf of the nearest book, my name and L.'s, and time and date, *Saturday morning, twenty-five minutes to one o'clock, December* 12, 1857. And then I leaped into bed. I must have been very little of a man then. However, after an hour's restlessness I fell into a perturbed sleep, and awoke to find a yellow light of a London winter's morning gleaming in through the chinks of my shutters. Hastily dressing myself, I left the house, rejoined my family at the usual breakfast hour, and sat down silently. They evidently perceived something odd in my manner, for they rallied me about the old house, and asked whether my sleep had been broken. Still I kept my counsel, said nothing, and pondered over the events of the night in silence. It was my custom every day, for lack of better occupation, to lounge away an hour or two in Regent Street. Accordingly that afternoon to release my mind of the thoughts that overburdened it, I walked down Regent Street, and there while looking into a shop-window, was startled by feeling a gloved hand press upon my shoulder. I turned round—it was a woman. "Possibly" thought I, "one of London's lost ones." She spoke: her manner showed that whatever she might be, she was in earnest this time. "Sir," said she, "I believe you were the friend of Mr. ——; I saw you one night as I was coming out of S——'s restaurant with him, he then pointed you out to me as an old schoolfellow of his. I saw him two days ago; he desired me, if I saw you within a few days in this street, to address and desire you to go to him," she said, naming the number and the street, "where he is lying on his death-bed. He said that he had much to tell you, and should not die happy till he had seen you, if that might be. Will you come now?"

I bowed in acquiescence, for I was too shocked to say any thing.

"I will lead the way, if you are not ashamed to walk with me." We two walked together to a disreputable street at the West End; she knocked at the door of a large house, we entered, and after ascending to the third floor, she knocked again at a door. It opened, and we were admitted by a woman, young but attenuated, though still passing beautiful. I told her who I was, and why I came. She motioned to the girl to go down stairs and wait, and handing me a chair, took another beside me, and as soon as the girl had retired, said:

"Mr. S——, you come too late. Poor Arthur L—— is dead!" And her voice was choked with sobs.

"He asked for you, his mind wandered awhile; many times yesterday he seemed to have something he wished to say to you alone, and which pressed upon his mind. Indeed he was murmuring your name when he died."

"*What time* did he die?" asked I with hurried earnestness.

"At *twenty five minutes to one*," was the reply. I sunk back in my chair.

When I recovered my self-possession, she told me more. She had been abandoned by my school friend long ago. All his friends had forsaken the wretched *roué*,

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bankrupt in purse, character, and hope, but this injured and forgotten outcast of society had remembered him in his day of trouble, and bad as he was, seducer, swindler, blackleg, if you will, he was not bad enough to wish to leave her uncared for in the world when he was taken from it. For this reason he wished to see me. This I discovered from a letter which he had written some days before his death, but he knew not my address, and could not forward it. I read the letter; it was written principally on behalf of his nurse, and requested I would strive to reconcile her to her family, and recover for her some money due to Arthur. The rest only concerned me personally.

I gazed on the dead man's face, and its stony expression recalled to my mind the mien of my nocturnal visitant.

I was a successful negotiator with the girl's family; but the money is not received yet.

I still sleep in the old house, and don't feel a little nervous now.

Nobody will believe my narrative of a ghost in a quiet respectable London square in December last. Very well, it is as they please, a coïncidence. I was interested in certain papers, which I had found. Also I had spent a pleasant evening. It happened that on this particular evening my friend died. It is a coïncidence most decidedly, and as Hamlet said:

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

And that applies to more coïncidences. And so I pray the skeptical reader to remember that, *le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemble.*

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From the Leisure Hour.

# THE CHEMIST'S DREAM.

THE afternoon was sultry, and in the oppressive air of the class-room our worthy professor's voice fell somewhat monotonously on inattentive ears. My thoughts wandered away to sylvan shades and grottoes of refreshing coolness, till I seemed to be exploring a narrow passage, which presently led me into a vast cave, where noble columns of sparkling stalactite supported an arched roof of purest crystal. I stood in one of Nature's noblest halls, but not alone. A strange company had gathered there. "Black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray," were before me. A festive occasion had assembled, in joyous mood and holiday attire, the first-born of creation — the ELEMENTS of things.

I was about to apologize for my intrusion and withdraw, but received an earnest invitation to remain as a guest at a pic-nic dinner-party about to take place, and for which fifty-six family invitations, I was told, had been issued. Sea and land had been ransacked for delicacies, and every thing was put in requisition that could minister to the splendor of the entertainment, or to the enjoyment of the occasion.

Whilst awaiting the summons to the banquet, I looked around on the interesting party now rapidly assembling. And here these children of Nature were seen, not as in the chemist's laboratory, writhing in the heated crucible, or pent up in glassy prisons, or peering out of gasholder and Florence flasks, but arrayed in their native beauty, each free as air, and all acting as impulse prompted. The Metals, the Gases, the Salts, the Acids, the Alkalies, the Oxides, all were there: from the mine and the mint, from the workship of the artisan, and even from ocean's depths, they had come, and many of them, especially the ladies, were most tastefully attired.

*Chlorine* wore a beautiful greenish-yellow robe, while the fair daughters of *Chromium* appeared in gay dresses of the liveliest golden yellow and orange red.

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*Iodine* had only just arrived, and was not yet disencumbered of an unpretending outer garment of steel gray, which enveloped her person; but when the warmth of the apartment compelled her to throw this aside, she appeared arrayed in a vesture of thin gauze, of the loveliest violet color imaginable. *Carbonic Acid* appeared in a plain dress of snowy white, while her mother, *Carbon*, wore the deepest sables, and a gloomy countenance; yet, not disdaining ornament, she exhibited ear-rings of polished jet, and a circlet of diamonds glittered on her brow. *Nitrogen* was there with her graceful daughter, *Nitrous Acid*, airy in all her movements, and clad magnificently in crimson.

Nor was the costume of some of the gentlemen of the party less remarkable. *Sulphur* wore a yellow suit, and *Phosphorus*, flesh-colored garments; while *Phosphuretted Hydrogen*, or, as he is nick-named, "Will-of-the-Wisp," flitted amongst us in a robe of living flame—the dress in which the reckless youngster is said to haunt church-yards and marshy places, playing his pranks upon poor benighted travelers. *Gold*, the king of metals, was of course arrayed in gorgeous apparel. His royal sister *Silver* came leaning on his arm. If this bright-eyed maiden had less of glitter, none that knew her failed to acknowledge her sterling worth. *Mercury*, that reckless being, was there, as lively and versatile as ever; now by the thermometer noting the subterranean temperature; now by the barometer predicting a storm in the regions overhead; now arm-in-arm with this metal, then with that; and they all, by the way, save stern old *Iron*, had hard work to shake him off. This strange character was nevertheless a philosopher of uncommon powers of reflection, and well versed in the art of healing. *Potassium*, though decidedly a brilliant fellow, manifested too much levity in his deportment to win respect, and was pronounced by those who knew him best, to be rather soft. In gravity, *Platinum* surpassed all the company; in natural brightness, *Tin* was outshone by few.

When *Oxygen* arrived, with his clear transparent countenance and light elastic step, a murmur of congratulation was heard, and all arose to do him homage. He was a patriarch amongst them, and literally a father to many of the younger guests. His presence was the signal for adjournment to the banqueting room, where, of right, he took his seat at the head of the table. The apartment we had now entered was illuminated with an arch of flame, of dazzling brightness, produced by a curious apparatus which *Galvanism*, who excels in these matters, had contrived for the occasion, from materials furnished by his friends, *Zinc* and *Copper*. Festoons of evergreens and wreaths of roses adorned this brilliant and fairy-like scene. The preparation of the more substantial part of the feast—the baking, boiling, roasting, stewing etc.—had been committed to *Caloric*, of long experience in these matters. The nobler metals brought costly services of plate, and *Carbon*, united with *Iron*, furnished elegant steel cutlery. *Alumina* provided the finest china, and *Potash* and *Silex* jointly contributed glass of exquisite transparency. Among these sons of Nature there is no craving for artificial stimulants, so *Oxygen* and *Hydrogen* were commissioned to find the drinkables, and the beverage they provided was the best, the purest, and the most refreshing that could be had. *Carbon*, with *Oxygen* and *Hydrogen*, found most of the vegetables; and *Nitrogen* aided them materially in procuring the meats abundantly presented. Some individual offerings to the feast caught my attention; as, for instance, the oysters, which *Carbonate of Lime* had sent in the shell; the pyramids of ice-creams, prepared by the daughter of *Chlorine* and *Hydrogen*; and *Hydrocyanic Acid*, the druggist, brought peaches and nectarines from his own conservatory.

The feast was ready, but not begun till the signal had been given by *Affinity*, a sort of chaplain to the elements, having officiated at the weddings of all the married ones of the company. As usual, the conversation did not become general till the dessert appeared, when jokes were cracked as well as nuts; the toast and song were called for; wit and innocent hilarity became the order of the day. Even *Oxygen*, their dignified president, relaxed from his sternness, and told many a tale of his own mischievous pranks in the days of old father Chaos, when Time and himself were young—how he and *Hydrogen* would terrify the icthyosauri and megatheria of the ancient world with earthquakes and conflagrations. *Nitrous Oxide*, too, that funniest of youngsters,

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amused us with his drolleries; *Phosphorus* made a flaming speech, and *Potash* a caustic one; while *Mercury* proposed as a toast: "The medical profession, to whom we say, 'Use us, but do not abuse us.'"

It chanced that I witnessed a curious little by-scene — a flirtation that *Platinum* was carrying on with *Hydrogen*, whom, to my surprise, I saw seated among the metals, and very much at home among them too. Great indeed was the contrast between *Platinum*, gray, heavy, and dull as he was, and the light and buoyant creature at his side; but there was soon evidence of mutual attraction. *Platinum* grew warm in his attentions, and, ere long, quite a flame was kindled between them. So passed the festive hour; all went "merry as a marriage bell," till suddenly *Sulphuretted Hydrogen*, a most disgraceful fellow, entered with an offensive air. In an instant all the metals to whom he is particularly obnoxious, changed color. *Lead* grew even black in the face with indignation; *Arsenic* and *Antimony* seemed jaundiced with rage; *Ammonia*, to whom his presence recalled disagreeable associations, in trying to avoid him precipitated several metallic oxides to the floor; while *Chlorine*, with more self-command, advanced to repeal the intruder. Just at this moment a strange sound, like the trampling of a mighty host, assailed my ears. Methought it was "an earthquake's voice," and that now my fate was sealed. The arching grotto, the festive scene, faded from before my eyes, which opened, to my confusion, on the professor, who having concluded his lecture, was leaving his desk, and on the empty forms, which the students had just quitted, and, in so doing, had ruthlessly destroyed my "baseless fabric of a vision," leaving alas! not "a wreck behind."

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MARRIAGE IN SICILY.—Here we have a marriage solemnized according to the rites of the Greek Church, at Piana dei Greci, a district of Palermo, peopled by Albanians.

The bride attired in the ancient costume of gold and silver brocade, enriched with precious stones and trimmed with gay ribbons, walks to church, leaning on her husband's arm. Musicians, marching in front of the *cortège*, play national airs. In their midst walks a boy in a long white robe, who carries on his head a basket, wherein are deposited the two nuptial crowns and two wedding rings, one of gold and the other of silver. At the moment when the priest gives the gold ring to the man, and the silver one to the woman, the crowns are placed on their heads, and they promise to love and cherish one another all their lives. Then the sponsors of the newly-married pair throw a thick vail around them, and the priest takes a goblet of wine, blesses it, and causes the husband and wife to drink from it, and to eat of the same morsel of bread. Then he lays his hands upon the wedded pair, and pronounces the blessing of the church upon them. The vail which hid them from the gaze of the spectators is withdrawn, and the ceremony terminates with — a mystic *dance*, in the church itself: the organ and the orchestra playing, and the priest and his clerk, the happy pair and their friends, all taking part in it.

When we say *a dance*, however, our readers must not fancy we allude to an exercise in the quick step of the modern ball-room, but to a grave, ceremonious movement. The custom of having two wedding-rings, instead of only one, as in English marriages, prevails in several parts of the continent. In many of the German states, in particular, the husband, while he gives his bride a ring, receives one from her in return: and this ring he wears as constantly as the bride does hers. After the conquest of Sicily a Latin bishopric was established there: but when the see was transferred to Messina, the Greeks were allowed to have a bishop of their own, a dignity which still exists, but the prerogatives of which are much diminished. On one day in the year, they rehearse their own tenets; on others, they conform to the Latin ritual.

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# THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

[As the leading article in our present Number relates to the colossal Russian Empire and the life and times of its late magnate Sovereign, it seemed of fitting interest to preface it and place alongside of it the portrait of the renowned personage, who, for almost a third of a century, held in his iron grasp the lives and fortunes of more than sixty millions of his fellow-beings as subjects of his despotic will. A mightier conqueror than he, and one of more inexorable power, unclinched that grasp in the midst of his adverse struggle with combined Europe, and laid him low. We have reproduced the striking portrait of him whose eagle eye and commanding imperial voice made whole battalions drop on their knees before him. The biographical sketch subjoined will add to the interest of the leading article.—EDITOR ECLECTIC.]

NICHOLAS I., PAVLOVICH, Emperor of Russia, (styled also Czar and Autocrat of all the Russias,) was born in the city of St. Petersburg, July 7, 1796, (June 25, Old Style.) He was the third son of the Emperor Paul, Alexander I. having been the first son, and the Grand Duke Constantine the second son. His mother, Sophie Dorothea, a daughter of Friedrich Eugen, duke of Würtemberg, when she became the second wife of the Emperor Paul, became also a member of the Greek Church, and, as is the usage, changed her names to those of Maria Feodorowna.

The Emperor Paul having been assassinated March 23, 1801, Nicolas was left entirely to the care of his mother, who appointed General Lamsdorf his governor, and selected the Countess Lieven and the German philologist Adelung as his principal teachers in languages and literature, and Counselor Storch as his instructor in general politics and other sciences and arts suitable to his rank and station. He acquired the power of speaking the French and German languages with as much facility as the Russian, and early manifested that preference for military display, military tactics, and the art of fortification, which distinguished him through life.

After the termination of the great European war in 1814, Nicholas was sent to travel, and visited some of the principal battle-fields. In 1816 he came to England, where he met with a cordial reception. He afterwards made a tour in the chief provinces of the Russian empire. On the 13th of July, 1817, he married Frederica-Louisa - Charlotte - Wihelmina, eldest daughter of Frederic William III., King of Prussia, and sister of Frederic William IV., the present king. She was born July 13, 1798, and her distinguishing name was Charlotte, but on her marriage and entering the Greek Church she assumed the names of Alexandra Feodorowna.

The Emperor Alexander I. having no issue, his next brother Constantine was the legitimate heir to the throne; but by a document signed August 28, 1823, Constantine renounced his right, reserving to himself the dignity of Viceroy of Poland; so that when Alexander died at Taganrog, December 1, 1825, Nicholas immediately succeeded him. He did not, however, become Emperor without a struggle attended with much danger. An extensive conspiracy had been organized a considerable time before the death of Alexander among the officers of the Russian army and those of the nobility who were friendly to a constitutional government; and the soldiers and people were taught to believe that the abdication of the Grand Duke Constantine had been obtained by forcible means. When the troops were assembled in the great square fronting the Imperial Winter Palace of St. Petersburg, in order to make a manifestation of their allegiance to the new Emperor, the officers, just as the ceremony was about to commence, stepping forward out of the ranks, denounced Nicholas as a usurper, and proclaimed Constantine as their rightful czar. The soldiers followed their officers, with cries of "Constantine and the Constitution!" Milardowich, Governor of St. Petersburg, a veteran favorite of the army, and the archbishop, in his ecclesiastical robes, endeavored to suppress the hostile demonstration, but in vain, and the people showed signs of sympathizing with the troops. At this critical moment Nicolas came forward, and boldly confronting the officers and soldiers, called out with a loud



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voice: "Return to your ranks—obey—kneel!" The Czar's majestic form and undaunted bearing, his pale but calm and stern countenance, and the reverence with which the Russians habitually regard their sovereign, caused most of the soldiers to kneel and ground their arms. The first outbreak was thus checked, but the conspiracy was not suppressed till artillery and musketry had poured freely their missiles of destruction among the gathering masses of the insurrectionists. Colonel Pestel and four other leaders of the conspiracy were executed. Others were sent to the mines of Siberia, where Nicholas continued their punishment with unappeasable severity. He was crowned at Moscow with great pomp and ceremony, September 3, 1826; and at Warsaw May 24, 1829.

Soon after his coronation, in 1826, the Emperor Nicholas commenced a war with the Shah of Persia, which lasted till the victory over the Persians by Field-Marshall Paskevich, February 28, 1828, led to the treaty of Turkmanchai, by which the Shah, besides undertaking to pay about three millions sterling, ceded to Russia the provinces of Erivan and the countries situated on the lower Kour and the Aras. A war between Russia and Turkey ensued in 1828, during which the Russian army crossed the Danube and took the fortresses of Braila and Varna. In the campaign of 1829, General Diebitch took the fortress of Silistria, defeated the main army of the Turks at Shumla, crossed the Balkan, and advanced to Adrianople, where a treaty of peace was signed September 14, 1829. By this treaty, Nicholas obtained for Russia, besides a large sum as indemnification for the expenses of the war, liberty to trade in all parts of the Turkish Empire, trading navigation on the Danube, free passage of the Dardanelles, the fortress and pashalic of Anapa on the eastern coast of the Black Sea, and other additions of territory as well as of political power.

On the 29th of November, 1830, an insurrection broke out in Poland. The Polish troops having joined the insurrectionists, the Grand-Duke Constantine, as commander-in-chief, was allowed to retire from Poland with 8000 Russians. In January, 1831, the Polish Diet declared the throne vacant, organized a national government under Prince Adam Czartoryski, and prepared for a vigorous defense of their country. They assembled about 60,000 troops; but the Russian armies which advanced against them numbered about 130,000, and had about 400 pieces of artillery. The Poles fought bravely, and were successful in several actions, but sustained an enormous loss at the battle of Ostrolenka, May 26, 1831. The Prussian government prevented the Poles getting supplies of arms and ammunition across their frontier, while the Russians were allowed to have magazines within the Prussian territory. General Diebitch died suddenly on the 9th of June, and was succeeded by Paskevich. Warsaw was besieged on the 6th of September, and surrendered on the 8th. The failure of this insurrection was disastrous to the Poles. The Emperor Nicholas treated them with rigorous severity: several were sent to the mines of Siberia, and many to serve as soldiers in the Caucasus; the Polish constitution was formally abrogated; the chief universities were suppressed, and the libraries removed to St. Petersburg; and on the 17th of March, 1832, by a decree of the Emperor, the kingdom of Poland was incorporated with the Russian empire.

In 1837 the Emperor Nicholas made a tour in his Trans-Caucasian provinces. He traveled with great rapidity, but remained at Tiflis from the 20th to the 24th of October, reviewed the troops, gave dinners and a grand ball, and held a levee, which was attended by all persons of distinction in the provinces. He paid a visit of inspection to the fortress of Gumri, since named Alexandropol, near the frontier of Turkish Armenia, and about 45 miles E. by N. from Kars. It was then in process of construction, and is now a fortified position of great strength either for defense or offense against the Turks in Asia Minor. A desultory conflict was at this period carried on between the Russians and Circassians, but in 1839 war was formally declared by Russia against the Circassians, and has continued with little intermission ever since. In 1844 the Emperor Nicholas paid a second visit to England, and was entertained by Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle from the 1st to the 9th of June. In 1849 he sent a Russian army into Hungary in aid of the Austrians, and the subjugation of that country was accomplished in the month of August of that year.

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The last and most important event in the reign of the Emperor Nicholas was the recent war with Turkey and the Western Powers. It was the only unsuccessful and disastrous war in which he had engaged, and the reverses his army experienced probably occasioned a degree of excitement and irritation which shortened his life. It was commenced by the Emperor's minister Menzikoff in March, 1853, demanding a right of protectorate over those subjects of the Sultan who belong to the Greek Church. The claim was refused, and a Russian army occupied Moldavia and Wallachia as a "material guarantee" for enforcing it. In October the same year the Porte declared war against Russia, and applied to France and England for their promised aid. A Turkish army under Omar Pasha occupied Shumla and the fortresses on the Danube; in November he threw a body of troops across the river opposite Widdin, and fortified a position at Oltenitza, on the left bank, which was retained till the termination of the war. The destruction of the Turkish fleet at Sinope in the same month was followed by the advance of the French and English fleets into the Black Sea. The English and French armies were next landed and encamped near Constantinople, whence they removed to the vicinity of Varna. In March, 1854, the Russian army crossed the Danube, and besieged the fortress of Silistria, but after great efforts and an enormous loss of men was compelled to raise the siege on the 15th of June, and to retreat across the Danube. The Anglo-French army landed in the Crimea Sept. 14, 1854; won the battle of the Alma; by a flank march seized a position on the south side of Sebastopol, and commenced the siege, which, after a severe struggle, the facts of which are well known, was terminated on the 8th and 9th of September, 1855, by the capture of the town and all the forts on the southern side of the harbor of Sebastopol.

Meantime, before this great feat had been accomplished, the Emperor Nicholas died at St. Petersburg on the 2d of March, 1855, and was succeeded by the present Emperor Alexander II. The Empress Alexandra survives him, and he has left issue four sons and two daughters: Alexander, born April 29, 1818; Maria, born Aug. 18, 1819; Olga, born Sept. 11, 1822; Constantine, born Sept. 21, 1827; Nicholas, born Aug. 8, 1831; and Michael, born Oct. 25, 1832.

The Emperor Nicholas was upwards of six feet in height, muscular and well-proportioned, with handsome features. In his personal habits he was simple, abstemious, and indefatigably industrious. He had a taste for the fine arts, and for music, and is stated to have composed some military airs; but his favorite pursuits were connected with the military sciences and military operations. In his political principles he was professedly despotic. He had been heard to say: "Despotism is the very essence of my government, and it suits the genius of my land." The great objects of his public life were the increase of the power of Russia and the extension of her territories to the east, west, and south, by unscrupulous diplomacy, and when that failed, by war. His grand purpose is now known to have been the possession of Constantinople. By means of that unrivaled military and political position, he trusted to have superseded the Sultan in his empire, and to have become the dominant power in Europe and Asia.

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# LORD LYNDHURST.

[NEXT to looking upon the living face of some eminent personage long distinguished for talent and usefulness, standing upon the high places of power and trust in the presence of kings, and honored by all whose respect is worth possessing, is the interest and pleasure of looking upon the lineaments of his well-delineated and truthful, life-like portrait. Such are the character and talent of the eminent personage whose life-like portrait we send in our present number for the observation of our readers and patrons. We have seen him a number of times, in different years, in Parliament, and believe the portrait a reliable and good one. As he is a Bostonian by birth, we hope our Boston friends will look upon his face with additional interest. We add a brief biographical sketch which will tell the reader the story of his life, and show to young men what it is possible for an American to achieve in a short life by industry and perseverance.—EDITOR ECLECTIC.]

LORD JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY LYNDHURST is the only son of the eminent painter, John Singleton Copley. His parents having emigrated from Ireland to America, the future Lord Lyndhurst first saw the light at Boston, in the United States, on the 21st of May, 1772. He was about two years old when he was brought over to England by his father, and the education which he received in his youth was from a private tutor. At the usual age he was entered a pensioner of Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was soon afterwards elected scholar. In the Mathematical Tripos of 1794 Mr. Copley took his degree of B.A., as second wrangler and senior Smith's prizeman, dividing the highest honors of the University with the late Dr. Butler, head master of Harrow School and dean of Peterborough. Soon afterwards he was elected a Fellow of his college, and his additional appointment as a "Traveling Bachelor" gave him an opportunity of visiting the United States and the continent of North-America.

Having entered himself at the Temple on his return to England, he commenced a diligent and laborious course of study, and was called to the bar in 1797. He went for a time the Midland circuit, but it was long before he gained any great eminence or extensive practice. He was first brought into public notice by a report of "the Case of a Double Return for the Borough of Pershore," which he published in 1808. Time and the ordinary changes which made vacancies in his profession gradually enlarged his practice, and gave scope to the development of his talents as an advocate. By degrees he obtained the undoubted leadership of his circuit; but it was not until the trial of Watson and Thistlewood for high treason, in 1817, in which he was engaged to assist the late Sir Charles Wetherell in defense of the prisoners, that he had an opportunity of displaying his abilities on any occasion of great public interest. Up to this period Mr. Copley's politics were decidedly liberal. He had exhibited, however, so much address and ability, that the Tory party resolved if possible to press him into their service. Accordingly, at the close of the year 1817, we find him employed as counsel for the crown in the prosecution of Brandreth and his associates, who were executed for high treason. In 1818 Mr. Copley made his first step towards substantial promotion, being advanced to the post of chief-justice of the County Palatine of Chester; and about the same time he entered Parliament as member for the since disfranchised borough of Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight. In Hilary Term 1819 he was made a king's sergeant and quitted his circuit; and in the course of the same year succeeded Sir Robert (afterwards Lord) Gifford as Solicitor-General, when he received the honor of knighthood. In 1820 he took an active part, as solicitor-general, in conducting the prosecution of his former client for the Cato-street conspiracy, and in the proceedings instituted before the House of Lords against Queen Caroline, which he conducted with so much moderation and skill that he escaped from the general discredit which that prosecution brought on all persons who were concerned in it.

In 1824 on the elevation of Sir Robert Gifford to the mastership of the rolls, Sir John Copley became Attorney-General, and at the general election of 1826 he was returned as member for Cambridge University, in conjunction with Viscount Pal-

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merston. In the same year the death of Lord Gifford caused a vacancy in the Rolls Court, to which he succeeded. In 1827 the question of Roman Catholic Emancipation was brought forward in the House of Commons, during the struggle for power between various political parties, owing to the illness of Lord Liverpool. The bill on this occasion was strenuously opposed by the Master of the Rolls, though he had advocated it in an earlier stage of his political career, and though he took office a few weeks subsequently under Mr. Canning, when he attempted to form a ministy on liberal principles. On that occasion he was offered and accepted the chancellorship, somewhat to the surprise of the public, and on the 27th of April in that year he was raised to the peerage as Baron Lyndhurst of Lyndhurst, county of Hants.

Lord Lyndhurst continued to act in harmony with Mr. Canning until the death of that statesman in the following month of August, and even advocated a relaxation of the laws affecting Unitarian marriages. He retained office during Lord Lord Goderich's ministry. He is supposed, however, to have been in some measure instrumental in breaking up that ill-assorted and inefficient administration; and, on the Duke of Wellington forming the succeeding government, Lord Lyndhurst retained his office. In the various vacillating, though useful concessions of that ministry, he bore a prominent part. In 1828 he supported the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts in opposition to Lord Eldon. In the same year he opposed Roman Catholic Emancipation; but in the following year he, with the rest of the ministry, supported a full and ample measure of Emancipation, declaring that he "felt no apprehension for the safety of the Church."

Lord Lyndhurst's official career was marked by few oratorical displays. He introduced and carried some useful measures of Law Reform; but was defeated in his attempt to create an additional chancery judge. On the 15th of November, 1830, (the very day on which the decision on Sir Henry Parnell's motion on the Civil List gave the ministry, of which he was a member, its mortal blow,) he introduced a bill for regulating the Regency, in case of the demise of the king during the minority of his successor. This bill was adopted and carried by Lord Grey; and it is a singular proof of the soundness of this bill, of the skill with which it had been prepared, and of the very full and lucid manner in which its provisions were explained by Lord Lyndhurst, that after this speech not the slightest discussion took place on either the principle or the details of an arrangement, which had never before been settled without prolonged debate and the fiercest strife of parties.

Having been bred to the common-law bar, it was some time before Lord Lyndhurst attained a perfect knowledge of that particular branch of law which he was called upon to administer in the Court of Chancery; and in spite of his vigor of intellect, his fairness of mind, and his natural acuteness, he certainly did not establish for himself so high a judicial character as he has since obtained. Lord Lyndhurst retired from office with the Duke of Wellington in November, 1830; but he had so far conciliated the respect and esteem of the liberal party that he was made by them, shortly after their accession to power, Chief Baron of the Exchequer; and it was in this post that he earned that high reputation as a judge which he has ever since retained. Overcoming his natural tendency to indolence, he won his way with the bar by his uniform courtesy and fairness, and with the public by his integrity and impartiality. Decided and self-reliant almost to a fault, his great qualities were exhibited to advantage in guiding the proceedings of the court over which he presided; and the efficiency of his administration of justice is proved by the fact that, during his tenure of the judicial dignity, the Court of Exchequer, from having comparatively little business to transact, became the most busily occupied of all, and its decisions were considered of greater weight than those of the King's Bench itself.

Whilst presiding in the Exchequer (from 1831 to 1834) Lord Lyndhurst took little or no part in the proceedings of the Upper House except upon the introduction of the Reform Bill, to which he offered a very strenuous and persevering opposition. His able speech against the second reading of the bill placed him at the head of the Conservative party in the House of Lords. On the 7th of May, 1832, he proposed and carried a postponement of the clauses which disfranchised the rotten boroughs. The ministry of

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Earl Grey resigned office; and the formation of a new ministry, on Tory principles, was actually proposed to Lord Lyndhurst, and accepted by him, in conjunction with the Duke of Wellington, but speedily abandoned on account of the refusal of Sir Robert Peel and other moderate Conservatives to lend him their coöperation. Accordingly Earl Grey resumed office, and the Reform Bill passed into law.

During the next three years Lord Lyndhurst took little or no part in any questions except those of a legal and technical nature. He carried a bill for settling the litigations arising out of the will of Mr. Thellusson, and lent his aid to the defeat of Lord Brougham's bill for the establishment of local courts. In November, 1834, Lord Melbourne's resignation of office occurred, and Lord Lyndhurst accepted the Great Seal under the brief administration of Sir Robert Peel which followed, but his official career during these months is in no way distinguishable from that of the ministry of which he was a member. The struggle between the contending parties was chiefly in the House of Commons, and Lord Lyndhurst found little exercise for his abilities in the Lords. On the retirement of his party, however, he devoted his entire energies to politics, with the exception of a rare attendance to his judicial duties in the House of Peers and the Privy Council. In the latter part of the session of 1835 he took the lead in opposing the Bill for the Reform of Municipal Corporations, and succeeded in inducing the House of Lords to insert in it certain amendments which were thought to be fatal to the bill. Experience proved that Lord Lyndhurst and his party had not calculated correctly; for the amendments, when adopted, rendered it more hurtful to the Tory party than it would have been in its original form. In the following year he took up a still more marked position in the House of Lords, whom he stimulated, while in opposition, to adopt a less conciliatory course than that which approved itself to moderate partisans such as Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington. At the same time he commenced the plan of delivering at the end of each parliamentary session a speech in which he gave a resumé of its proceedings, accompanied by a sarcastic and withering commentary on the smallness of ministerial results. During this time he also gained considerable notoriety by his keen attacks on the Roman Catholics of Ireland, whom he designated as "aliens in blood, in language, and in religion."

Upon the accession of Sir Robert Peel to power in 1841, Lord Lyndhurst for the third time undertook the duties of the chancellorship, which he held until the dissolution of the Conservative party, and the retirement of Sir Robert Peel in 1846. He has continued down to the present time to take an occasional part in the debates of the House of Lords. He warmly and cordially supported the ministry of the Earl of Derby in 1852, and since that time advocated the undertaking of the war with Russia, and in some speeches which produced a profound impression throughout the country counseled perseverance in carrying it to a successful issue. When peace was made at Paris in March, 1856, he denounced the policy adopted by Lord Clarendon as a practical capitulation on the part of England. He was, and, in spite of the infirmities of age, he still is, one of the most effective of parliamentary speakers in either house. His style of oratory is captivating in the extreme, being classical and severely simple, owing much of its charm to the very absence of ornament, though all his speeches show marks of careful preparation. His voice is one of the most beautiful, and his articulation perfect, being distinct and melodious, without the least appearance of effort, and with a clear and silvery tone which gains the ear by the manner, even if the reason is not always satisfied with the matter of his speeches. His allusions to classical literature, which are not unfrequent, are always in good taste and applicable to the subject; and the structure of his sentences is so correct and elegant that it is said they might be printed straight from his lips without needing correction. His speeches on the Cambridge University Reform, delivered in 1855, those on the Wensleydale Peerage in February, 1856, and others still more recently delivered on the state of Italy, and on moving the Oath of Abjuration Bill, may be ranked among the highest of oratorical displays. As Speaker of the House of Lords he was remarkable for an easy carelessness and a disregard of the formalities of his position, which showed in him an indifference to ceremony not frequently found in those who have risen to the peerage from the ranks of the people.

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From the British Quarterly.

# EPILOGUE ON BOOKS.

CAPTIVITY OF TWO RUSSIAN PRINCESSES IN THE CAUCASUS, *including a Seven Months' Residence in Shamil's Seraglio.* Communicated by themselves, and translated from the original Russian, by H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS. Smith, Elder & Co.

ANY information which can bring the prophet-warrior of the Caucasus vividly before us must be welcome. The narrative, therefore, of two ladies who were inmates, although most unwillingly, of his family for seven months, can not but awaken a deep interest, could we bring ourselves to believe in its authenticity. This, however, we think is undoubted; for not only is there a singular minuteness of detail, which the fabricator of a story would scarcely encumber himself with, but a picture of half-civilized life is presented so vividly, that we feel assured neither a Russian princess nor a Russian editor could have invented it.

That in July, 1854, the Lesghians made a descent into Kahetia, and carried off the Princess Chavchavadzey, and her five young children, together with her sister-in-law, the Princess Orbeliani, with her infant son, her niece, and a numerous company of domestic servants from Tsenondahl, were facts officially recorded; and that they were all taken to Shamil's residence in the mountains, from whence, after a seven months' imprisonment, they were sent back in exchange for Shamil's eldest son, who had for sixteen years been a hostage in Russia, and a ransom of 40,000 silver roubles, were also facts about which no doubt could exist. But the princess, and her sister, independently of their rank in Georgia, had occupied a distinguished position at the Russian court as ladies of honor to the empress, so that no ordinary measure of excitement was awakened when the news of their captivity arrived. That they were cruelly treated was firmly believed, and therefore we can readily believe how eagerly, when the captives were restored to their home, the story of their detention in the wild mountain fastness of that mysterious warrior, viewed with so much hatred and dread by all the Russians, would be listened to. Now in the story told by these ladies, we have a singular corroboration of its truth. To the Russians Shamil was a kind of Bluebeard, or a monster, something like the popular "Boney" of some fifty years ago; but what character do his female captives give him?—they, who had seen their peaceful dwelling plundered and burnt by his Murids, who had been detained in captivity by him, and only liberated by a large ransom, and one of whom had lost through the brutality of her captors a little infant, her youngest nurseling? Why, they give him "a far higher character than his panegyrists in England, France, and Germany have ever ventured to claim for him." The implacable foe of "holy Russia," and her emperor, is represented in these pages not only as most truthful and upright in his dealings with enemies as with friends, but as exhibiting traits of considerate kindness, which would have been most creditable to the polished European. A most interesting narrative is this, and one which, with the single exception of the ludicrous pictures exhibiting the distresses of the Parisian governess—interpolations in very bad taste, we are inclined to think, of M. Verderevsky, the editor—we feel that we can read with the confident assurance that it is indeed an "ower true tale."

It was during the absence of Prince Chavchavadzey, and the greater portion of his male servants, in July, 1854, that the princess his wife, and their children, the Princess Orbeliani, her little boy, her niece, together with the French governess and eleven female servants, were seized in their beautiful mansion at Tsenondahl by a band of Lesghians and Chechnians, who after plundering them, carried them off with much violence, although with little deliberate cruelty. The picture of these marauders, dressed in the ladies' clothes and children's hats, some with silver forks

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and spoons stuck in their girdles, and all with abundance of booty, strongly reminds us of those scenes of border warfare, where the Elliots or the Armstrongs were accustomed almost to weigh themselves down with the miscellaneous spoils of their weaker neighbors. The journey was long and painful, but there seems little doubt that a circuitous route was taken—inasmuch as when they approached the dwelling of their chief, the captives were compelled to wear vails, so thick that only the merest outline of the scenery through which they passed could be discerned, while during the earlier part of their journey they were permitted to be unvailed. At length, after twenty-five days' weary travel, they approached Dargi-Vedenne, but as it was twilight it was impossible for the vailed captives to see any thing of the immediate environs of Shamil's celebrated *aoul*. "First they met with a row of palings, which probably formed part of a cattle-shed, then a ditch, then a rampart with gates like those of the Cossack entrenched camps in the Caucasian provinces, until at length they saw the roofs of the *aoul* itself."

Close to the gates the prisoners met a number of horsemen, bearing lances adorned with mall flags, in the front of whom rode a boy of fourteen. This was Shamil's youngest son by a wife who had lately died. His name the princesses were informed was Machmat Shabi, and in spite of the rain that was then falling in torrents, they could not help admiring his wonderful beauty. Then, without being stopped at the gates, they rode straight into the *aoul*, and were put in a barn, where they were joined by all the other prisoners. The whole of the Tsenondahl party were afterwards invited to proceed to Shamil's own house. . . . . "In the outer courtyard the Princess Chavchavadzey and her companions found a large crowd collected, and in one of the balconies perceived a solitary figure of lofty stature, dressed entirely in white. This, as they afterwards ascertained, was Shamil himself, but in the darkness and confusion she was unable to perceive the persons who surrounded her. . . . . The princesses were invited by the women to dismount from their weary horses, and were then conducted to the dismal apartment in which they were destined to remain confined during the next seven months."

Some of the women, who were evidently servants, followed them into the room, took their shoes off, and helped them to undress. At this moment the Princess Orbeliani entered the apartment, and was instantly surrounded by the inmates of the seraglio, among whom the captives could not help noticing a girl of thirteen, of fair complexion, with a face of much expression, and eyes half-closed. This was Napicette, Shamil's daughter, "and if the princesses had seen Shamil distinctly, they would have had no trouble in recognizing her at once, if only by those hazel half-closed eyes, which form the distinguishing feature of the mountain chief and all his family. After some time, two woman entered the room, dressed in long white chemises over white trowsers. These were two of Shamil's wives. One of them, a short, thin, pock-marked woman, with crooked, aquiline nose, hazel eyes, and a sly, malicious smile, was named Zaidette, and appeared to be not more than twenty-four years of age." She was so graceful in all her movements, that it was easy to recognize in her the native of the Caucasus. The captives soon ascertained that she was of Tartar origin, her father being Shamil's tutor, Djemmal Eddin, a man who exercised enormous influence over the mountain chief and all his people.

The other wife, named Shouanette, was an Armenian, born in Mesdok, and already favorably known to the captives by stories of her kindness which they had heard on the road. She was rather more than thirty years of age, tall, stout, decidedly pretty, with a very fair, clear complexion, and a simple but exceedingly kind expression of countenance. From the first moment the princesses felt disposed to place confidence in her.

Among the number of persons who were examining them with so much curiosity the princess noticed one young woman of elegant appearance, and apparently about seventeen years. She was dressed in a figured cotton tunic, a dark blue chemise, and wide red trowsers, while, instead of a vail, she wore a large black silk handkerchief. Her face was brilliantly fair, and her nose thin and small, and somewhat *retroussé*. Her mouth was rather large, but her teeth were dazzlingly white. All this attractive *ensemble* was lighted up by a pair of fine large gray eyes, expressive of gayety, amiability, and warm-heartedness. This was Aminette, a native of Kistee, and Shamil's third wife.

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In the small room to which they were confined, the princesses, with no occupation, were well disposed to welcome the almost daily visits of Shamil's wives, as some relief to their solitude. From Zaidette, whose Tartar propensities exhibited just the same mixture of insatiable greediness and low cunning which the poor friar Rubruquis complained of in his journey through the Caucasus six hundred years ago, the captives received not only unkindness, but occasional short commons, while Shouanette on all occasions stood their friend, and in more than one instance, with Shamil himself. They had only one interview with this prophet-warrior, when, attended by his steward and interpreter, on the day after their arrival, he came to the covered balcony outside their room, and seating himself there on a wooden stool at the door, put questions to them, to which they replied from within. He promised that they should be treated like his own family, but threatened, in case they should enter into any correspondence unknown to him, that he would kill them all, "as I did ten Russian officers who were prisoners here, and received a letter baked in a loaf. Their ingenuity was discovered, and I ordered them to have their heads cut off." The poor captives replied they had no intention of deceiving him, and Shamil, with the harsh rejoinder that they must remember they were in his power, departed. His threats, however, were far harsher than his deeds, for although he kept aloof from them, as though a Christian woman were an unclean animal, he showed them many marks of considerate kindness. He ordered their children to be sent on a visit to him, and the little creatures returned laden with fruit and sweetmeats. Little Alexander, the only son of the Princess Chavchavadzey, being very ill, Shamil sent for a woman who practiced medicine, and the Iman himself superintended her treatment. The grand remedy prescribed was that favorite one of our forefathers in the middle ages, the skin stripped from a sheep newly slaughtered, and the patient wrapped up in the hot skin. When the cold weather came on, Shamil was careful to see that the rather unusual luxury of glass was supplied to the little window that gave its sole light to the captives' apartment. He also ordered the fire-place to be rebuilt, and inspected it himself when finished. On this occasion he found a saucepan full of water, with a few onions in it; on which he called for Zaidette, and reproached her with great anger for her meanness towards his captives; and soon after the gentler Shouanette came in with tea, butter, and rice, until other food could be prepared. The following particulars respecting this singular chieftain are not without interest:

"We may here state how Shamil is in the habit of passing his day. He rises at six. At seven he takes tea with milk and buns; this is prepared and taken to him by Shouanette.

"He is then occupied alone, or receives visits until one o'clock, when he dines. The dinner is very simple, and is brought to him by Zaidette and Shouanette. After dinner he is again alone until nine, when he sups, and at eleven goes to bed. On Friday he spends a portion of time at the mosque.

"While Shamil was absent, Aminette came running to the princesses with a suggestion that they should pay a secret visit to the Iman's private apartments. The captives accompanied her with fear and trembling, but curiosity overcame every other feeling. In Shamil's private room they saw some very rich carpets, and a great number of books. Aminette also showed them some beautiful Georgian pistols, mounted in silver, and pistol-cases of cloth embroidered in gold and silver."

This splendor Shamil seems only to have indulged himself in with respect to his weapons, for he would not allow his wives to wear gold-embroidered garments or jewels; and his own dress, even on state occasions, was, for a Circassian chieftain, remarkably plain. Here is his picture, when setting out on a warlike expedition:

"At last Shamil was quite ready for his departure. A white horse with crimson caparisons was brought into the court-yard and the Iman appeared in a tunic of brown cloth, lined with black fur. He wore colored shoes, and tightly fitting gaiters edged with narrow braid. He had neither silver nor gold on any part of his costume, and was too much an enemy to luxury to wear the slightest ornament. On his head he wore a white *chalma* round his Circassian cap, the crown of which was red, with a black tassel at the top. The ends of the *chalma* hung loose down his back. In this costume, and seated on his beautiful white horse, Shamil looked magnificent, and even imposing. All his family, his servants, and the children of the captives accompanied him to the gates, but as soon as he had passed through they were closed, and he was seen no more."

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After much negotiation and many delays, the ransom price for the poor captives was agreed upon at a much smaller sum than had originally been demanded. This, however, was not owing to rapacity on the part of Shamil, but to the determination of his Murids to obtain as large a sum as possible, the ransom money being divided in a certain proportion among the Iman and his followers. The plan adopted by Shamil to induce them to accept the smaller sum, was very characteristic. There was a celebrated hermit, a professor of Muridism, who for many years had dwelt in the woods. He was sent for, and placed in Shamil's own room, the window of which looked out on the exterior court-yard. Here a large company of Murids assembled to hear the preaching of this holy man, who for *three weeks*, every day, prayed and discoursed to them, at intervals breaking out into a kind of chant, to which Shamil and his chief officers responded in the words of the Mohammedan confession of faith, accompanying the chant with violent gesticulations. But however the holy man might begin his discourse, the conclusion was always a warning against riches, and an exhortation to eschew the vanities of this world. And so powerful was his rude eloquence on the minds of these rude men, that long ere the three weeks' preaching was over, not only had they made up their minds to forego a portion of their share, but they had actually employed themselves in making a road to the place where the prisoners were to be exchanged, in order to facilitate their journey! With the account of the restoration of the captives to their families this very interesting narrative concludes; and we heartily recommend it to our readers.

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THE ETHICS OF ARISTOTLE. Illustrated with Essays and Notes. By Sir ALEXANDER GRANT, Bart., M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. In 2 vols. Vol. I. containing Essays. London: J. W. Parker and Son, West Strand.

No Greek author more needs the help of the commentator and interpreter than Aristotle, nor is there one that demands a wider culture or a firmer philosophical grasp. His frequent references to the opinions of others, in a way so brief as to be tantalizing; his practice of assuming so much as known; his suggestive and tentative, rather than direct, method, all go to make it difficult to read him with advantage. And yet we have hitherto been without any sufficient introduction in English to his perhaps most characteristic and interesting work. In the volumes of which we have before us the first installment, Sir A. Grant has sought to supply this deficiency; and his introductory essays form a valuable propædeutic course to the study which they are designed to further. The first of them is chiefly devoted to a critical inquiry into the precise relation in which the three ethical works printed in our editions stand to their nominal author. The second discusses the progress of ethical thought and study prior to the time of Aristotle. The third seeks to define the relation of Aristotle to Plato as a thinker and theorist. The fourth is devoted to a discussion and elucidation of his peculiar philosophical phraseology. In the fifth it is sought to present to us the views of Aristotle upon certain great ontological problems. The sixth seeks to bring out into relief the contrasts presented by the philosophy of the Nicomachean Ethics as compared with the results of modern speculation on kindred subjects.

These papers are written with clearness and vigor, and show familiarity with the matter discussed, not merely in itself, but in those higher and wider views which open out upon one who approaches the subject of Greek philosophical thought. Sir A. Grant shows himself capable, not merely of dealing with his author as a *fidus interpres*, but of understanding the point of view from which he contemplated the universe, and enabling others to understand it too. In the course of the second Essay, he is led to dwell upon the question of the Sophists, and their influence upon society; and here, we think, he has hardly done justice to the historian who has contributed more largely than any one else towards enabling us to understand the calling and position of those men. Sir Alexander himself shows that there is no ground for imputing to them "directly immoral tenets, or an intention to corrupt the world," and treats the mode of thought which generally characterized them as a necessary stage in the progress of the human mind. Nor to the question of fact, "*Did* they impair the

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morality of Greece?" is he prepared to give more than a most qualified affirmative reply—if affirmative at all. (See pp. 109, 110.) Now the gist of Mr. Grote's pleading is, that those professional teachers were, generically, neither better nor worse than their age—that they were simply a fair expression of its mental and moral development Perhaps he has not sufficiently appreciated the moral enervation which is apt to be the result of purely intellectual speculation, and which appears in not a few of those men; but one thing is clear, that since the publication of Mr. Grote's eighth volume, it has been utterly impossible for a scholar to speak in that wholesale, sweeping way of the Sophists as a class, which was the wont before. A commentator upon Plato will henceforth hardly venture, as Stallbaum does in a note upon the passage in the *Republic*, to characterize them *en masse* as maintaining that the right and the wrong, the honorable and the base, had no foundation in the nature of things, and existed by convention alone. (See Stallbaum, *ad Rep.*, pp. 338, c.) We are rather surprised, too, that Sir A. Grant, as well as Mr. Cope in the *Philological Journal*, should continue to indorse the antiquated reproach cast upon the Sophists for taking fees. Surely it would have been deference enough for a prejudice utterly without foundation in principle, and rather savoring of false pride, to excuse the contempt which Socrates and Plato poured upon those who adopted so natural and reasonable a course, without going the length of stigmatizing those who were the objects of that contempt. Had Socrates not been something of an ascetic, and had Plato not been rendered independent of a professional calling by an hereditary fortune, we might perhaps have had some different expression of opinion from both of them on this point. As it was, it would have been an utter inconsistency in the former, and an altogether needless descent from a position of independence in the latter, to have accepted any money from those who followed them. And though at first the transaction between professor and pupil was unquestionably regarded as ignoble and mercenary, there is evidence enough that it eventually became the recognized order of procedure. (See, for example, *Apol. Soc.*, p. 20, A. B.) Precisely similar was the change of sentiment at Rome with reference to the judicial pleader. Originally unknown in the primitive relation between patron and client, we find evidence in the prohibitive enactment of the *lex Cincia*, B.C. 204, that the practice of feeing legal advisers was beginning to come into vogue; and what was thus at first, and again and again declared contrary to law, was at length formally recognized and approved by legislation.

There is one more point with reference to which we differ strongly from Sir A. Grant; it is the moral significance of the death of Socrates. He pronounces it a judicial suicide; and, as it seems to us, on altogether insufficient grounds. Who does not see that those reasons for resignation to death, enumerated by the author from the *Apology of Xenophon*, are all the while contemplated by the sage, who is calm and composed enough to dwell upon them, as mere secondary and subordinate considerations, while the absolute imperative of duty was still the voice in obedience to which he moved? No; a death like that of Socrates was no result of "a very enlightened calculation and balance of gain against loss in submitting to die." We are mistaken, or men will still continue to praise that death, "not merely as relatively noble, but as . . . . even holy in its character." (P. 118.)

We have thought it desirable to animadvert briefly on the above points, differing as we do somewhat from the author with regard to them; but a difference of opinion on points like these in no way interferes with our judgment as to the value which this volume is likely to have for those who are reading the Ethics. The discussion of Aristotle's relations to Plato in Essay III. is clear and able; nor does the author fail to do justice to the far finer and more loftily philosophical intellect of the latter. And the chapter on the technical phraseology of Aristotle likewise will be found admirably adapted to set fundamental notions in a clear light, and remove that confusion which has involved them, from their being adopted into modern thought and language, with modified meanings and suggestions. We shall look with interest for the second volume, which is promised at an early period, and which is to contain the text and notes. Here Sir A. Grant has the advantage of following M. Michelet, whose Latin commentary is the best companion to the Ethics with which we are acquainted.

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It is indeed all that could be desired, were it only in English; for whatever advantages may belong to Latin as the language of criticism purely verbal or textual, there can be no doubt that in all that has to do with mental and moral science, a writer is able to come to a far clearer understanding with his reader by using his own language.

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ART AND NATURE AT HOME AND ABROAD. By G. W. THORNBURY. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

"Don't tell me: *show* me," said a wise counselor to some one about to write a history. Mr. Thornbury has learnt this lesson well. He is an artist; and he writes to the eye. Whether he gossips about Hogarth and Teniers, soliloquizes on Cromwell, sketches figures and landscapes in Italy and France, or dreams over his Don Quixote or his Froissart, he is always genial, lively, and charming. His sparkling talk bubbles up so rapidly, he flutters so airily from fact to fancy, and from fancy to fact, that grave fault-finding is impossible, even where (as seldom happens) we may think him in the wrong. It is as though we were chatting together over our wine and walnuts. We put in a laughing rejoinder, and the conversation skims away, swallow-like, in a moment, to some other reach of its winding river. We like his kindly estimate of foreign manners, his imaginative sympathy with by-gone times, and the clear good sense of the appreciation he can still retain for what is good and hopeful in the England of to-day. Very much to our mind is that catholicity of taste which can realize so vividly the poetry of the past, without any loss of its power to detect the poetry of the present. Assuredly Fleet Street ought not to be prosaic because the Field of the Cloth of Gold was so gorgeous. Take as a sample the following passage, expressive of thoughts not unfamiliar to those who love to meditate at times amidst the uproar of our great city.

"THE POETRY OF LONDON.

"The poetry of London is in the great brimming wagon of hay, grinding through the streets on bright summer mornings, scattering dry perfume that brings thought of country homes to doleful men, bleached or sallowed by long imprisonment at tavern-bars and behind dusty warehouses. It is in the crystal blocks of ice, like Pitt diamonds grown up, that are handed down fishmongers' cellars on sharp winter dawnings, when men passed muffled, and beating their breasts for warmth—too cold to speak, and too lifeless to look about them. It lay, in old times, in the dusty coach, rolling in from its long course over moor, and common, and green lane, under the dim, low archway of the city inn, with its rough ostler ready to criticise the smoking cattle—and the smart maid-servants, in the galleries above, ready to criticise the passengers. There is poetry too in the rough, dusty-footed countryman's first bewildered stare at the immensity of St. Paul's.

"Poetry scuttling away from the flood of cabs and the torrent of omnibuses, takes refuge in little nooks in the Temple, where the fountain waves its silver rod, which melts in the sun and dissolves into a torrent, as if in emulation of the shining river beyond; or in the brick archway of Christchurch, with its silence and repose; or nestles in the green tree in Cheapside, where, as in a cliff over an ocean, rooks build and clamor.

"The sickly geranium at the pale-faced weaver's window; the canary singing, like an enchanted bird of gold, to the pining seamstresses, stitching gay shrouds for dead men of rank; the squalid children who sell violets and scentless weeds to care-worn city men; sham countrymen, with dank bulrushes and birds' nests that look unreal; all combine into a picture rich in poetry—into elegy, ode, even hymn." (Vol. i., p. 11.)

Here again are some remarks on Cromwell, from an essay suggested by coach-building Long Acre, where once our great Protector had his dwelling. We hail every indication of that healthful reäction which has of late years reversed the judgment of the thoughtful concerning that grand assertor of our liberties—a reaction to which Carlyle has indeed largely contributed, but which had been commenced by other hands before he edited the *Letters and Speeches*.

"CROMWELL.

"Cromwell seems untrue, precisely from his very truthfulness; because he did not from the outset aim at a crown; because he acted for each emergency he seems contradictory; but every where will his ruling motives be a hatred of anarchy and a love of toleration. I believe that could any great men have established order under any order of government, Cromwell, if unassailed, would have sunk again into the country farmer; without this he could not rest till death. He felt there was a work to do, he felt that he was the strongest to do it; and time showed, that if he did not do it, there was no

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resource but recalling the Stuarts. If we believe Cromwell sincere in supporting the first revolution, we must allow him right in upholding it. To have helped to undo what he had helped to do, would have been avowing that he had fought for a lie and not for a truth. The two current theories respecting Cromwell rival each other in absurdity. How could ambition, be dormant till half a life was past? how could a life so harmonious be in the beginning sincere, and in the end a mass of hypocrisy? If he was sincere ever, he died sincere. He fought for what we now enjoy—for what Charles refused to surrender—bled for what James refused to give, and was driven into exile." (Vol. i., p. 249.)

These volumes contain likewise sundry humorous experiences of a little attorney of Gray's Inn; some curious studies in an old library at Rome; a half-serious, half-playful defense of the pipe, which (like much here beside) Elia would have read with pleasure; reveries in old houses and among English village scenery; with, last of all, some sharp sayings about the critics, by which we, guiltless of gall, are quite untouched. *Stoke Deverell and its Manor House* is a pure poem of great beauty.

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Salad for the Social. By the Author of "Salad for the Solitary." Bentley.

A salad should be, as to its contents, multifarious; as to its proportions, an artistic harmony; as to its flavor, of a certain pungent freshness. It is a kind of vegetable wit—a piquancy elicited from the adroit admixture of elements apparently incongruous. A salad is the epicure's bribe to hard-ridden appetite, flagging at the final stage. It is the pride of vegetarians and the test of cooks. It is a microcosm, a symbol of the world, a type of civilization. For does it not mingle together the natural and the artificial by the persuasive medium of blandest oil—harmonizing rural greenness and technic condiment by that pacific liquid which is soft as politeness and subtle as policy? Here we have a book-salad, bound appropriately in green, composed of various and vivacious gossip on men and things, and cunningly seasoned with a pleasant humor. Here the "solitary," perhaps the invalid, or the student, or the shy and silent man, or the lone man in a London lodging, may read and fancy himself a listener at some table where the guests are rare and lively talkers, fountains of anecdote, inexhaustible in oddities and *ana*. We have anecdotes of books, book-makers, booksellers, and bookbinders. Then a collection of memoranda about money, that "vertiginous pool," as Jeremy Taylor calls it, with some strange stories of devoted Mammon-worshipers. Curious facts about the toilet are gathered together in another place, with welcome extracts from some of our old poets, showing how charming after all have some of the fair toilet devotees been found. The mysteries of medicine furnish matter for another rambling essay — what horrible ingredients our poor forefathers were fain to swallow; the works and ways of quacks; the physiological varieties of the medical man—the silent, the chatty, the bland, the rough. The salad-eater next hears some one talking of the seasons in town and country; another voice relates some comic "Humors of the Law:" while a third tells stories of animals, and a fourth enlarges on "Pulpit Peculiarities. Some of the author's stories we have heard before; but there is much that is new, and he is never tiresome. Many of the parallel passages adduced in a paper on the "Larcenies of Literature" appeared to us mere accidental resemblances, or else varieties of those now familiar ideas which were long what may be termed the common property of poets.

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# LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

LORD LYNDHURST AND HON. JOSIAH QUINCY.—Since the pages containing a biographical sketch of Lord Lyndhurst in this number were printed, we find in the *Boston Post*, of Feb. 12, 1858, the following pleasant remarks of the Hon. and venerable Josiah Quincy, made at the monthly meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society; the Hon. R. C. Winthrop in the chair. "Lord Lyndhurst, of England, a native of Boston, was elected an honorary member; pending which the senior member of the Society, Hon. Josiah Quincy, made some remarks relative to this distinguished nobleman. Both he and Lord Lyndhurst were born in the same year and same town; and indeed it is the family tradition that the same nurse officiated on both occasions. Whether she was a wet or a dry nurse he did not know; but the fact that both had lived so long was in favor, at least, of a faithful performance of duty in both cases.

"He remembered meeting Lyndhurst in his young days, when he was regarded with great favor, and especially by the ladies. His family did not leave this country because they were tories, but because they preferred England. Thus their paths diverged. He, Lyndhurst, planted himself on a soil that was propitious for the growth of lords, and so grew up to be a lord, while he (Mr. Quincy) remained here and became a sovereign."

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JAMES R. LOWELL. Complete in two volumes. Pp. 315 and 322. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1858.

THESE two neat and beautiful volumes appear in their tasteful dress of blue and gold, the livery of their enterprising publishers in a series of volumes like these, asking admittance to the presence of all lovers of true poetry. Wherever the poetic fame of Mr. Lowell is known and appreciated, they will need no formal introduction, but will receive a prompt and cordial welcome. They are fitting candidates for the *boudoir* of many ladies, and the choice libraries of many gentlemen. They contain many gems of thought.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for February is in hand. Devoted to Literature, Art, and Politics. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Few magazines have a stronger force of literary talent to fill its pages than this. Its contents for February are, "The Great Failure," "The Librarian's Story," "Daylight and Moonlight," and a goodly number of other articles, well adapted to various tastes and literary digestions.

BEATRICE CENCI. A Historical Novel of the Sixteenth Century. By F. D. SUERRAZI. Translated from the Italian by LUIGI MONTI, A.M., Instructor in Italian at Harvard University, Cambridge. In two volumes, with a portrait. New-York: Rudd & Carlton, 310 Broadway. 1858.

THE translator of this work informs us that "it is by one of the greatest of cotemporary Italian authors." In his preface the translator asks: "'Is there any literature in Italy at the present time, worthy of the name?' That question was asked me by a man of letters several years ago. This work of mine is an answer to it." He says that Italy has always shone as a bright star in the republic of letters, and holds even now in her bosom men worthy of the country of poetry and of song.

THE TRUE WOMAN; OR, LIFE AND HAPPINESS AT HOME AND ABROAD. By JESSE T. PECK, D.D. Author of the "Central Idea of Christianity. New-York: Published by Carlton & Porter, 200 Mulberry street. Pp. 400.

THE estimable author of this unpretending volume "dedicates it to the true women of America." We could hardly wish it a more comprehensive field of usefulness, or more deservedly enduring in its salutary impressions, than that all the women of America should read it, and imbibe, and be influenced by the sterling Christian principles which pervade its pages. Woman! a true woman! true in the truest and highest sense! what a theme, what a subject for a truly Christian author to expound! Make all women "true women" in the true Christian sense of the term, and a renovating influence would soon change the aspects of the world, diffusing virtue, order, harmony, and happiness throughout the great family of man. The author of this good book has done a good service for the "women of America," and if all the daughters of America could be induced carefully to read its pages, many would "rise up and call him blessed."

CHRISTIANITY IN THE KITCHEN. A Physiological Cook Book. By Mrs. HORACE MANN.

"There is death in the pot." 2 Kings 4: 40.

Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. Pp. 189. For sale by Stringer and Townsend.

A GOOD and well-digested cook book is a very desirable physiological pharmacopœia, affecting the many rills of human comfort, which unite and flow through that hidden channel, the stomach, which sends its benign or oppressive influences up to the brain, the great manufactory of thought, and should, therefore, be of the right stamp, written and compiled with ripe judgment and great practical intelligence. Such we believe Mrs. Mann's book to be.

ON the 3d of December Herr Edouard Scriber, a clergyman of Darmstadt, died in the village of Merkerbach, in Nassau. He was well known from his numerous historical writings, principally connected with his own country, and for his biographical lexicon of the authors of the Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, which was first published in 1831, and reappeared, revised and corrected, in 1843.

PROFESSOR GUALTIER, the well-known Genevese historian, has just published a valuable work, entitled, "Etrennes Historiques de Genève pour 1558;" and from Dr. Galiffe, of the same town, has appeared a magnificent genealogical book, called "Armorial Historique Genevois."

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A HITHERTO unpublished poem by Goethe has just appeared in the "Deutsche Museum," inserted by Professor Kahlert, who guarantees for its genuineness. It was written by Goethe during his stay at the University of Leipsic. It is in praise of love and wine, and, except for the great name of the poet attached to it, would have no value. The date appended to it is "Leipsic, 12 May, 1767. Goethe."

IN Moscow an album of Sevastopol has just been published, with thirty-five well-executed views, which Herr Berg, the author of them, is said to have taken principally under a shower of French and English balls.

MR. PARTON, the biographer of Aaron Burr, is understood to be engaged in preparing a life of Gen. Andrew Jackson, for which he obtained much new material while writing the life of the great "conspirator." Mr. Parton entertains the theory that Jackson owed his elevation to the Presidency to the secret suggestions and aid of Burr.

WILLIAM E. BURTON, comedian, intends, it is said, to bring out an original "Comic Annual," by American writers, printed and illustrated in the most elegant manner. Burton, who is a very competent judge of the matter, says our country is abundant in writers and *material* of wit and humor, if one could only get the funny dogs to do their best.

DR. JONAS is about to publish the Life and Correspondence of Schleiermacher, which it is expected will be highly interesting, particularly his letters to and from Frederick Schlegel.

MONSIEUR REVILLOD, of Geneva, has just published a book which will be most interesting to lovers of antiquarian literature. It is called "Satires Chrestiennes de la Cuisine Papale."

IN the neighborhood of Andernach, the railroad on the left bank of the Rhine is separated from the mountain of Kranenberg by a great wall, in some places eight or ten feet thick. In digging the foundations for it, a landslip took place, and in its descent laid open the entrance to a subterranean chamber, about nine feet broad by twelve feet long. The walls were covered with hard red stucco, and the floor with a mosaic pavement, in the middle of which was found the remains of a statue carved out of a kind of tufa. Part of a curule chair, covered with a panther's skin, and the feet of the statue, were all that remained entire, the rest having crumbled away. A quantity of common funeral urns, sacrificial vases, and lachrymatories, with copper and silver coins of the time of Antoninus and Severus, were found in one corner, besides bones of the common birds which were here sacrificed. Beneath it was another vault, but entirely in ruins.

ANOTHER DISENTOMBED CITY.—Wurka (Erech of Genesis 10 : 10) has been visited and described by Mr. Loftus, in his Travels in Chaldea. It stands on the eastern side of the Euphrates, on a tract slightly elevated above the marshes surrounding it on all sides. The principal remains are those of a structure inclosed by a wall five miles and a half in circumference, and in many places 40 feet above the level on which the city stands. It has been ascertained, by inscriptions on bricks, that the city was dedicated to the moon, by a king named Urukh, about twenty-three centuries B.C., and 1200 years before Nineveh was built. There is also reason to believe that its foundation was due to an ante-Semitic or Hamite population, the history of which is now being clearly revealed as monuments are investigated. There are two great piles, one being a tower 200 feet square, with buttresses, made of bricks dried in the sun; the other is within an inclosure of seven acres and a half, the longer side being 650 feet. The structure itself is somewhat less than 80 feet high, standing on a mound about 50 feet in altitude. It is unlike any other hitherto examined. The façade is 174 feet in length, with groups of half columns in sevens, which are repeated seven times, having the appearance of palm logs. The façade has been covered with lime plaster from two to four inches thick. It contains great halls, without doors or windows; the roofs appear to have been vaulted. It promises to be a mine of antiquities. Nowhere in the world, perhaps, is to be found such a collection of human bones. It appears to have been a burial-place for twenty-five centuries.

POPULATION OF CHINA, ETC.—The following statistics, relating to the internal condition of China Proper, are taken from the statistical chart of a new work, by Mr. R. Montgomery Martin, late Her Majesty's treasurer for the colonial, consular, and diplomatic services in China, and member of the Legislative Council at Hong Kong, entitled, "China, Political, Commercial, and Social." In China Proper it appears there are 367,632,907 inhabitants, and in the dependencies of Mantchooria, Mongolia, Turkistan, Thibet, etc., about 40,000,000, making a total of 400,000,000 of people under one government. The population on each square is 283, and the area in square miles is 1,297,999. The quantity of land is estimated at 830,829,100 English acres, of which 141,119,347 is under cultivation. The land tax realizes 27,854,023 taels of silver; the salt revenue, 4,618,834 taels; and other duties, 991,092 taels. The total fixed revenue of the provinces is 35,016,023 taels, of which sum 22,445,573 taels and 3,428,955 shih of rice (a shih being about 160 lbs. avoirdupois) are transmitted to the imperial treasury, whilst 5,569,329 taels remain in the provinces. The standing army and militia number 1,232,000 men. The table from which the above statistics are taken is prepared from various authorities, the greater portion having been furnished in China, and translated from the official records. With respect to the density of the population, Dr. Gutzlaff, and other Chinese scholars, consider the census to be correct. The population is most dense along the banks of the great rivers, particularly near the great Yangtye-kang, and the central districts of the country, where the waters furnish large supplies of food. The natural productions of the various provinces include every description of metal, as well as almost every known article of merchandise.

SPIDER'S THREAD.—Austrian papers state that a merchant of Vienna has lately presented to the Industrial Union of that capital the details of a series of experiments made by him to manufacture spider's thread into woven tissues. The thread is wound on a reel, and two dozen spiders produce in six minutes a beautiful and delicate thread, two thousand feet in length. The stuffs manufactured are spoken of as being far superior to those of silk in beauty and delicacy of fabric.

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CHILDS & PETERSON send us a copy of the "Biography of Elisha Kent Kane," by Dr. William Elder. The author, after accounting for the delay in publication, observes: "My aim was not to write a review of Dr. Kane's writings, but a memoir of the man, which might serve to make his readers personally acquainted with him. I would do this, or I would do nothing; and, working steadily to this end, I think I have not diluted my narrative with any thing except my own personality—for which I respectfully refuse to offer either justification or apology. It will be observed how largely, and how freely too, I have quoted from Dr. Kane's private letters and memoranda. Bless the memory of the man for the happiness I have this day in declaring that I have not been obliged to suppress a letter or a line for the sake of his fame. I struck out only one word in all my quotations from his manuscript, and altered one in the report of him by a correspondent; and these only because they would have been misunderstood."

MR. W. H. RUSSELL, the famous Crimean correspondent of the London *Times*, has engaged with Messrs. Routledge, to write for them a novel of modern life.

MR. KINGSLEY'S new volume of poetry, announced last year, is now in the press, and will shortly be published in London. Its title is to be "Andromeda, and other Poems."

IT seems that Lord Normanby's "Year of Revolution," though not yet translated into French, has made some sensation in Paris, and that more than one of the political personages named in it, and the friends of others, are preparing answers to it. Louis Blanc is also, we hear, writing a pamphlet about what the noble author says about him.

AN incident of some interest occurred in the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences of Paris. Amongst the papers on mathematics presented some time ago was one which excited considerable attention, and it was referred to an eminent member of the Academy to be examined; he in due time reported on it. In the last sitting a letter from the author of the paper was read, and he, to the surprise of the learned Academicians, announced himself as a simple journeyman shoemaker of a provincial town, who knew nothing of mathematics except what he had learned by unaided study. He wrote with much modesty, and begged that the bad spelling in his letter might be excused.

A LARGE proportion of the primary education of the lower orders on the Continent is conducted by a religious order called the "Brethren of Christian Doctrine," or, for shortness, "Christian Brethren." An architect has just been appointed by the Emperor of the French to build them a house on a piece of ground at Cairo, granted for the purpose by the Viceroy of Egypt.

M. GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC, whose attachment to the present order of things in France is beyond suspicion, is about to establish a paper to be called *Le Reveil*. The correspondent of the *Times* suggests that *Le Sommeil* would be a more appropriate title.

THE first part of a very valuable work on the history of the Austrian empire, by Dr. Schmit von Tavera, in Gratz, has just been brought out. The entire work is to be divided into four parts, the first containing an account of the literature and the history of the rulers of the houses of Hapsburg and Hapsburg-Lothringen, from the time of Rudolph the First; the second contains the history of the countries, towns, and villages of the present Austrian empire, with an account of their junction with the mother country; the third part will give a history of the different races and families which compose the empire; and the fourth the literature of the historical auxiliary sciences. Each division will be provided with a separate index, and the fourth part will besides be provided with a complete table of the contents of the whole.

A NEW poem by Emanuel Geibel is announced in Munich; as is also a work by Bodenstedt, entitled "Shakespeare's Contemporaries and their Works." It is a sort of continuation of Tieck's work, and Count Baudissin's "Ben Jonson and his School."

THE German papers announce the death of Frau von Hohenhausen, an authoress well known in literary circles from her numerous volumes of poetry and her novels.

BRACHVOGEL, the author of the celebrated tragedy of *Narciss*, lately reviewed in our columns, has written a novel which is highly spoken of. It is called "Fridemann Bach," and the hero is a son of the celebrated composer Sebastian Bach. The misfortunes which Friedemann suffered from the numerous intrigues against him by powerful and influential enemies, form the principal subject of Herr Brachvogel's tale.

FREIHERR VON HAMMAR-PURGSTALL'S library of between four and five thousand volumes, principally on Oriental literature, which was to have been sold by auction on the 16th ultimo, at Vienna, has been purchased entire by the King of Saxony.

A NEW scientific and literary periodical is to be published in Berne, in the beginning of 1858, entitled "Der Schweiz." It is to be conducted by Dr. Eckardt and Herr Volmer, and is to serve as a point of union for all the Swiss *literati*. Dr. Eckardt is already well known from his critiques and the commentaries on the poetry of Goethe and Schiller.

D. APPLETON & Co. have got out the first volume of the "New American Cyclopædia." This great work is to occupy fifteen large 8vo vols. of about seven hundred and fifty pages each, and will contain forty thousand articles. It is edited by Messrs. George Ripley and Charles A. Dana, assisted by a large number of writers. The first volume includes about twenty-five hundred articles from A to Araguay, embracing almost every department of human knowledge. The work is neatly printed, compact, and tasteful.

J. SMITH HOMANS, Jr., publishes the "Merchants' and Bankers' Register for 1858." This valuable annual, which will be supplied to the trade by Derby & Jackson, contains a list of banks and bankers in the United States and Canada, the usury laws of the United States, with a variety of other useful information.

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PRINCESS VICTORIA OF ENGLAND, & CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA

Married June 25th 1858.

ENGRAVED FOR THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

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# ECLE[illegible]

## FOREIGN LIT[illegible]

### ABBÉ LE D[illegible]

The appearance of [illegible] singularly encouraging [illegible] the waiters upon fortune [illegible] posthumous fame. The [illegible] evidently thought well of [illegible] them to this person and to [illegible] praised the style, neither the [illegible] facts, another the lucid order [illegible] Jesuit Père de la Rue, who [illegible] the funeral oration wh[illegible] over Bossuet, even d[illegible] eloquent; and now at [illegible] century and a half, [illegible] found a publisher.

The Abbé Le Dieu, who [illegible] known to posterity as the a[illegible]

* *Mémoires et Journal sur la Vie* [illegible] *Bossuet*. Publiés pour la première [illegible] M[illegible] inscrits autographes de [illegible] compagnes d'une introduction [illegible] l'Abbé Guettée. 4 vols. Paris [illegible]

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# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

## FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

APRIL, 1858.


From the Edinburgh Review.

## ABBÉ LE DIEU'S MEMOIRS OF BOSSUET.*

THE appearance of these Memoirs is singularly encouraging to all authors who are waiters upon fortune and aspirants to posthumous fame. The Abbé Le Dieu evidently thought well of them: he read them to this person and to that. One praised the style, another the choice of facts, another the lucid order; and the Jesuit Père de la Rue, who used them in the funeral oration which he pronounced over Bossuet, even declared them to be eloquent; and now at length, after a century and a half, the manuscripts have found a publisher.

The Abbé Le Dieu, who may now be known to posterity as the author of these Memorials, was for twenty years the private secretary of Bossuet, the confident of his thoughts and labors. The life of Bussuet contained in the Memoirs appears to have been composed partly from notes taken from Bossuet's own lips and partly from personal observation; the Journal is a diary kept by the Abbé himself.

But the Abbé Le Dieu was no Boswell or Eckerman, and we must remain content to see only of Bossuet what the Abbé Le Dieu saw in him, and to hear only what the Abbé Le Dieu thought worth hearing. The grandeur and sublimity of his master were evidently subdued by familiarity to the domestic chaplain, and now and then touches of *naïveté* escape him which recall the old adage that no man is a hero to his attendant.

Yet the very birth and cradle of Bossuet seem to have been placed under the protection of that religion of which he was

* *Mémoires et Journal sur la Vie et les Ouvrages de Bossuet.* Publiés pour la première fois d'après les Manuscrits autographes de l'Abbé Le Dieu, et accompagnés d'une Introduction et de Notes par M. l'Abbé Guettée. 4 vols. Paris: 1856–57.



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destined to become so illustrious a defender. Jacques Benigne Bossuet was born at Dijon, on the night of the 27th of September, 1627. He was the seventh son of an honorable *bourgeois* family, who had occupied seats in the parliament of Dijon. The name Benigne was taken from the patron saint of his native city, after whom the principal church is called. After having as a boy shown an astonishing aptitude for learning, the true character of his genius was disclosed by the perusal of a copy of the Bible found in his father's library. The harmonious pomp of Virgil, and the sounding sublimity of Homer, ceased to engross his youthful and ardent imagination, from the time that the rapt inspirations of the Hebrew Prophets, and the inexhaustible treasures of Divine Love and Wisdom, were spread before his fervid imagination: that hallowed fire kindled his faculties with unquenchable enthusiasm, which failed not amid the temptations of the world, the chills of age, the racks of a most painful illness, and the agonies of death. When we read that he received the tonsure at eight years of age, and that he was a canon of the Cathedral of Metz at thirteen, we call to mind the biblical figure of the infant Samuel. At fifteen the scene of his studies was removed from the college of the Jesuits at Dijon to that of Navarre in Paris It was fated that the young canon, on his first entrance into the capital, should be the spectator of a scene which must forever have remained fixed in an imagination so eager to mark the sublime and the awful in the vicissitudes of human destiny. He found the walls of the city laid open to admit a slow and solemn procession—the streets lined with chains to restrain the curiosity of the populace, while Richelieu was conveyed to his death-bed in the Palais Cardinal. Yet a few days more, and the youthful Bossuet saw his inanimate form on a bier of state, decked in the parade of death, and heard the masses chanted for the soul of the great statesman, who while he held her phlegmatic and aimless monarch in subjection, raised France to the rank of the first power in Europe.

Immediately on his arrival in Paris he was brought into contact with the most polished society of the capital. Such a society must have exercised a most potent influence on a mind like that of Bossuet, who united the strength of will and clear vision of a man to the boundless impetuosity of youth. His family was not unconnected with persons in high station. The astounding precocity of the young ecclesiastic was vaunted at the Hôtel de Rambouillet. The great ladies and brilliant wits who assembled there were desirous to see and hear the prodigy. He appeared one evening—a text was given him, and the subject of the sermon prescribed. After a short pause for reflection, Bossuet preached a sermon which was rapturously applauded. The preacher was then only sixteen, and the *bel esprit* Voiture declared, "qu'il n'avait jamais ouï prêcher ni si tôt ni si tard." This *mot* served to make Bossuet's name known to all the notabilities of Paris. M. de Cospeau, Bishop of Lisieux, a prelate of great piety and learning, hearing of the sermon, was himself eager to be the witness of a similar improvisation. The experiment was repeated before himself and two other bishops. The prelates were struck with admiration at the learning and eloquence of the youthful student. M. de Cospeau warned him, with friendly counsel, against being led away by a vain love of premature display; and, still more pleased with Bossuet's modest bearing, exclaimed that he was born to be one of the great lights of the Church.

The modesty of Bossuet, indeed, was too great and his aspirations too noble to allow him to be corrupted by secular admiration, and he continued to apply himself to the study of sacred and profane eloquence with an industry as remarkable as his genius. St. Augustine approached the font of baptism after the fervid passions of youth had been exhausted in license; and in the untimely fate of Adeodatus he bewailed at once the evidence and the punishment of his early aberrations. But doubt and dissipation never led astray the early steps of Bossuet. His enemy, Madame de Montespan, declared in after life, that the most searching inquiries had elicited no fact which could cast a shadow of suspicion on his youth or manhood: he lived from the first a spotless life, as though he respected the sanctity of his genius. Undiverted by the allurements of youth, his energies were concentrated in preparing for his holy calling. He disdained not the aid of profane studies. The great exemplars of Greece and Rome were ever in his hands. From the indignant brevity of

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Tacitus and the serried strength of Thucydides, he drew that vigor of style which, when enriched by the sublime imagery of the Prophets and the tender pathos of the Evangelists and early Fathers, placed him amongst the first of Christian orators. To an immense aptitude for eloquence he united a prodigious memory; and in his most advanced age he was able to recite long and favorite pieces of the writers and poets of Greece and Rome. He passed his different degrees and acquitted himself of his Theses in a manner which attracted the rapturous admiration of his audience and the applause of his superiors. The great Condé, present on one occasion, was so excited by the young theologian's ability, that he was almost tempted to hazard his laurels won in other fields by entering the lists as a volunteer against the young disputant.

For every fresh consecration to the service of the Church, Bossuet prepared himself with deep humility and a solemn sense of the important duties he was about to undertake. What greater proof can be shown of the earnestness with which he received the degree of Doctor, than that just before his death he repeated from memory the peroration of his Latin discourse on that occasion, in which he devoted his body and soul to the defense of truth with the fervent spirit of an early Christian martyr? It remained for him to receive the priesthood; and to do it worthily he placed himself under the spiritual direction of St. Vincent de Paul at Saint Lazare. St. Vincent de Paul recognized his aspiring genius, and subjected him to the guidance of the most simple and pious ecclesiastic of the seminary—a lesson in the deference due from intellect to character and virtue. Refusing all offers of advancement in Paris, and flying from the seductions of the brilliant society of the Hôtels de Nevers and Rambouillet, Bossuet betook himself to Metz, and there for the next six years he still devoted himself to an immense course of theological study, and gained that intimate acquaintance with the spirit, the doctrine, and the language of the Fathers, with the history of the Church, its councils and decretals, which distinguished him above all his cotemporaries.

The state of France during this period must have tended to confirm a mind loving stability and hating doubt in that spirit of resolute dogmatism which marked his religious and political life. Scarcely were the Spanish standards captured at Sens carried in triumph to Notre Dame, when a storm, which had long been brooding, burst in the interior of France. The elements of disorder, which the strong spirit of the Cardinal de Richelieu had kept in subjection, broke forth on all side. The recent wars had necessitated enormous taxes; discontent was rife in town and country; the parliament, so long the ally of the monarchy against the aristocracy, was ambitious of indedendent action; the mutinous spirit of the *noblesse*, no longer curbed by a ruthless policy, threatened again to seize the brand of civil warfare. The halls of the Palais resounded with the declamations of Molé and Talon against state abuses; the young counselors uttered magnificent harangues, says the "Parliament Journal," which had in them something of old Rome. Anne of Austria was exasperated that the *canaille*, as she termed the aristocracy of the bar, should attempt to limit that royal power which had subjugated the aristocracy of the sword. The arrest of Broussel, the *protecteur du peuple*, was the signal of open revolt. Paris became an entrenched camp. When Condé besieged the capital, Bossuet, to provide against contingencies, slept with four sacks of corn under his bed. Another day of barricades recalled the days of the League; and Paul de Gondi, who united the demagogic arts of a Gracchus to the profligacy and genius of a Sallust, became for a while the dictator of the capital. The Royalty, which it had taken five centuries to perfect, seemed on the point of perishing. Anne was at one time obliged to fly with the young Louis to St. Germain, and take refuge in the deserted château on beds of straw; at another time she was a prisoner in the Palais Royal, and obliged to show the boy-king asleep to quell the suspicions of an insurgent population.

Religious parties exhibited the same collision of opinion and authority. Although the fall of Rochelle had averted the civil sword from the Huguenots, although the strong places recognized by the Edict of Nantes were dismantled, although the culverin no longer peered over the castle wall of the Huguenot cavalier—through the pulpit and the press they still continued the war on the ancient faith;

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their ministers still continued to thunder in their temples against the harlotries of Babylon, the tyranny of Pharaoh, and to lament the misfortunes of the house of Israel. The sectarian spirit was, however, sufficiently relieved by these fiery declamations; and the glorious edict of Henri IV., had produced such good effects that no attempt was made by the Huguenot party to take advantage of the troubles of the Fronde. But, on the other side, the victorious party were less moderate. *Cahier* after *cahier* was sent up by the assemblies of the Catholic clergy, complaining of the liberty of the Protestants and their unresting zeal of proselytism. The Catholic population followed the lead of the clergy; and the scars of civil broil were green in the minds of men in whose houses still hung the cross-bows and arquebuses that had done good service in the wars of the League. The Government was of necessity predisposed to treat the Huguenots with greater severity than the Catholics. The Catholics, attached to tradition both in Church and State, might be relied on to support that administrative unity which was the traditional policy of the French Monarchy; whilst the ecclesiastical polity and the social ties of the Huguenots attached them to the Protestant and republican communities of Switzerland, England, and Holland.

It is not suprising that to a fervent Catholic like Bossuet the doctrines of the new faith seemed fraught with perdition to mankind. He saw immemorial authority treated with scorn; the old landmarks torn up; the guiding voice of the Church neglected, and the lost sheep straying willfully in the wilderness of sin and death. To use the words of the Apocalypse, the mouth of the bottomless pit was opened, the smoke of it blotted out the sun and heavens, and in blind bewilderment countless souls were engulfed to irredeemable perdition. The past century had been filled with deeds of horror. Wherever the new doctrine had been preached, the earth had reddened with carnage or blackened with homicidal fire. From the first it was clear that rebellion would follow heresy, and that the right of private judgment would not be restrained to things spiritual. With the aid of the Gospel, Luther withstood popes, councils, and decretals; with the same ally Munzer raised the German peasant to revolt against kings and princes. Peace was secure in no part of Europe except Spain, and that was the peace of the charnel-house. The follies of the Anabaptist, and the theocratic extravagance of John of Leyden, were inspired alike by the same spirit of reform and love of novelty which animated Zwinglius and Calvin; and a gray, discrowned head had lately fallen on the scaffold of Whitehall, whose fate Bossuet could logically deduce from the schismatic intemperance of Henry VIII.

Within the bosom of the Church of Rome a furious conflict had been carried on with mutual exasperation for more than thirty years; and when the doctors should have fought in one spirit against the enemy without, they were themselves raging against each other with the utmost rancor within The institution which Ignatius Loyola had conceived in the gloomy depths of the cavern of Manreza had now overrun the whole earth. The Jesuits were the priests militant of the papacy, and did battle against heresy and infidelity with craft and compliance—weapons more insidious and more effective than the lance and shield of the Templars and Hospitallers of old. The moral force in the hands of the General was such as no man had ever wielded before. It was impossible, but that in an age when religious faith was earnest and universal, the rapid rise of the Jesuits should meet with violent antagonism. The Catholic clergy viewed this upstart society with suspicion, and looked with jealousy on their rising churches, colleges, schools, and immense wealth; and the aged priest of the parish was deserted for the glozing tongue and supple morality of the Jesuit confessor. On points of mere morality it had not been easy to engage them in a general conflict. When therefore the Jesuit Molina sent forth the Concord of Free Will and Grace, and revived the heresy of Pelagius, their foes at once seized this unskillfully advanced outwork of Jesuitism as the point of attack.

The battle-field on which the disciples of Jansenius joined issue with the disciples of Loyola, is one which has probably existed ever since man awoke to a consciousness of his destiny. In the intellectual, as in the material world, forms change, substances and ideas remain the same. The spirit of St. Augustine was alone equal to cope with the new heresy. By a six times repeated study of the ponder-

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ous folios of the Bishop of Hippo, Cornelius Jansen had endeavored to wake the genius of the great master, and composed that terrible volume the "Augustinus," in the desolate depths of whose metaphysical subtleties were supposed to be hidden the five mysterious propositions which had killed Jacqueline Pascal, and drawn conflicting discussions from Infallibility itself. St. Cyran, the fellow-student of Jansen at Somme, St. Cyran preached to the world that doctrine which his fellow-pupil elaborated in his study. The spiritual regeneration of the spiritual man, and consequently a less need of priestly mediation, and a most austere morality, were the main distinctions of the creed with which the Jansenists carried on successful war. Genius and eloquence, wealth and beauty swelled their ranks. The earnestness, faith, and unconquerable courage of ardent converts supported them in the deadly conflict against crafty foes supported by the fulminating edicts of Rome, by decrees of exile and imprisonment; but though the Jesuits triumphed for a while, and the asylum of Pascal, Arnauld, and Racine was uprooted, and the plow driven over its foundations by the ferocious Letellier; though the sacred remains of the glorious anchorites were scattered to the air; let none think, because the cause of quarrel now seems obsolete, that their lives were wasted, their talents and energies absorbed, in the defense of a vain theological riddle: wherever truth is loved and hypocrisy abhorred, these names will ever be held in honor.

The influence of Jansenism on Bossuet was great. The Jansenists abjured Protestantism, and yet were Romanizing Protestants. Bossuet repudiated Jansenism, and yet participated largely in its doctrines: he was as vehement against the flagitious immorality of Sanchez, Suerez, and Escobar, as the most fervent disciple of Port Royal, and declared he would sooner have written the "Provinciales" than any other book of the age. Like Jansenius, he owned St. Augustine as the father of his predilection, and in many a hard-fought battle the weighty authority of the Bishop of Hippo decided the controversy. It was impossible, too, for a nature like Bossuet's to withhold his sympathy from the great character of Arnauld, the dauntless athlete of the Jansenists, whose life was a combat, and who looked alone to eternity for repose. What, too, must have been the wonder of the young ecclesiastic when the pale and noble form of Pascal appeared in the lists—who knew no day without pain, who lived as if the sound of the last trumpet rang in his ears, and an ever-open gulf yawned by his side, whose soul was shattered and lamp of life extinguished by the fierce conflict within him of the True and the Good for mastery and utterance. Launched in the midst of this civil and sectarian turmoil, when the human mind seemed a shifting quicksand lashed by the fury and storm of opinions in collision, Bossuet determined to plant on the rock of Authority a beacon to warn the sea-tost mariner from the perilous coast.

When he left the schools of Paris he had already acquired the reputation of a consummate theologian. But extraordinary men like Bossuet begin their education where ordinary men finish it. At Metz he reformed his education anew. Seventeen years of incessant study were relieved by the charm of family intercourse, by occasional visits to Paris to deliver courses of sermons, and by an unremitting attendance on his duties in the cathedral. At morning and at eventide his fine clear voice was heard leading the chorus of Divine praise, and rising above the swell of organ symphony. Few men, it must be allowed, ever possessed such advantages as Bossuet for the uninterrupted pursuit of knowledge. He never doubted an instant in the line he was to pursue. Poverty and disease, that fell pair, never distracted his attention; his profession relieved him from all domestic cares; he had full liberty to bend his whole soul and energies to the accomplishment of those tasks which he felt he was marked by the hand of Providence to fulfill. The mere recital of Bossuet's numerous labors while at Metz would terrify the student of light literature of our age; but Bossuet lived in a time when St. Augustine and the "Augustinus" were to be seen in the boudoir, and the chat of the *salons* touched on the efficacy of Grace or the "Traité de la Méthode." Later in life, people marveled at the facility with which he threw off, one after the other, treatises full of encyclopædic learning from the Fathers, but they little knew how large a portion of his youth had been spent at Metz in drawing inspiration from the fiery spirit of Tertullian—"cedur Africain," as he

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termed him, the Tacitus of a persecuted church; from the allegoric genius of Origen, the pathetic eloquence of Basil, the earnest vehemence of Gregory of Nazianzen, and the Asiatic abundance of Chrysostom. But his companion by day and night, abroad and at home, his master, his counselor, and his model, was St. Augustine. His copy of the "De Civitate Dei," the Psalms of St. Augustine, and his treatises against the Pelagians, were worn with constant use, the margins scribbled over with countless notes.

At length he ventured to appear in the pulpits of Paris: the public expectation was great; wherever he was to preach, the doors were beset by an impatient audience. The queen-mother desired to hear him, and was moved to tears; the discourse made so deep an impression that she desired it to be repeated after two years' interval. One sermon was the talk of the town, and was known as "Le Surrexit Paulus de M. l'Abbé Bossuet." It was clear that a revolution was made in pulpit oratory, and that Bossuet was the Corneille of the pulpit. The learned pedantry of Cheminais and Desmares, even the labored rhetoric of Mascaron and Flechier, were at once displaced by his fresh and impetuous vigor. The most eminent doctors of Port Royal followed him from church to church, astounded at his clear exposition of doctrine, and the force and grandeur of his style. Condé, Turrenne, the Cardinal de Bouillon, and the secretary Le Tellier became his eager admirers and friends; and, finally, the King himself appointed him to preach the Advent of 1661 at the Louvre. During the space of ten years, the churches and chapels of Paris, and the court, resounded with Bossuet's inexhaustible eloquence. His reputation was so well established, that, in 1665, M de Perefixe, Archbishop of Paris, appointed him to preach the opening discourse at the meeting of the Synod of Paris. The queen-mother came constantly to hear him, but her premature death arrested her plans for his advancement. He was the director of the repentant Duchess of Longueville. When noble ladies took the vail, Bossuet was asked to celebrate their last solemn farewell; and dying courtiers claimed his consolation amid the agonies of a death-bed repentance. His fervent zeal prepared Turrene for conversion; and the great Condé was so charmed when he defended the privileges of the theological faculty that he embraced him before the court. Arnauld at the close of a conference at which Bossuet was present, declared that he had learnt more from Bossuet in two or three hours than in a long course of study. But, amid all the temptations of increasing celebrity, he loved the seclusion of his quiet abode in the house of an old fellow-student of the College of Navarre, where he passed his hours of leisure in the society of friends of similar literary and serious tastes with himself; and every year after his course of sermons was preached in Paris, he returned regularly to his duties in the cathedral of Metz. His congregation saw the man whose eloquence was the wonder of the capital, resume with unassuming regularity his duties in the choir; his nights were passed again in solitary studies, and his days in giving instruction to converts and in ministration to the poor and sick.

The Abbé Le Dieu gives us some interesting details of the manner of composition of his sermons. He dashed rapidly down on paper texts, citations, and arguments suitable to the subject and occasion; in the morning of the day on which he was to preach he meditated deeply on this rough document, developing his discourse in his mind—writing he found distracted his attention—and in this way he passed mentally through his sermon two or three times, reading the paper before him, and altering and improving as though the whole were written. Bossuet never ascended the pulpit without having in private prostrated himself at the foot of his crucifix to implore the Divine assistance: he frequently devoured with rapt attention some pages of the Gospel. On one occasion when he had to preach on the Decalogue, he threw himself on his knees and read with a voice quivering with emotion, from the book of Exodus, how the people of Israel trembled when they saw and heard the lightnings and thunders of Sinai, the redoubled sound of the trumpet, and the awful voice from the cloud upon the Mount. In the pulpit, his majestic mien and bearing imposed a silent awe, which those who have seen his bust in the Louvre can well realize. His hair, prematurely gray, clustered down to his shoulders; his eyes cast a glance of power from beneath his well-arched eyebrows, like Sordello; his nose was aquiline and well-formed; his face was oval; his cheeks

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straight and shaven; his mouth gracefully cut, and on the upper lip a slight mustache gave somewhat of a martial air not unbecoming to one preëminently regarded as the militant leader of the Church whose sacred symbol, the cross, glittered on his breast. His action at first was dignified and reserved; he confined himself to the notes before him; gradually he warmed with his subject, the contagion of his enthusiasm seized his hearers; he watched their rising emotion; the rooted glances of a thousand eyes excited him with a sort of divine frenzy; his notes became a burden and a hindrance; with impetuous ardor he abandoned himself to the inspiration of the moment; with the eyes of the soul he watched the swelling hearts of his hearers; their concentrated emotion became his own; he felt within himself the collected might of the orators and martyrs whose essence, by long and repeated communion he had absorbed into himself; from flight to flight he ascended, until with unflagging energy he towered straight upwards and dragged the rapt contemplation of his audience along with him in its ethereal flight. At such times, says the Abbé Le Dieu, it seemed as though the heavens were open and celestial joys were about to descend upon these trembling souls, like tongues of fire on the day of Pentecost. At other times, heads bowed down with humiliation, or pale upturned faces and streaming eyes, lips parted with broken ejaculations of despair, silently testified that the spirit of repentance had breathed on many a hardened heart.

The sermons which now pass under the name of Bossuet are but ill calculated to give us an idea of the eloquence which moved the genius, the heroism, and the fashion of the Court of Louis XIV.

Bourdaloue has been said to be the finest work of Bossuet. Undoubtedly the sermons of that great preacher, as well as those of Massillon, will ever be ranked amongst the first triumphs of pulpit oratory, but in the *oraison funèbre* Bossuet stands confessedly without a rival. Panegyric has doubtless to dread more than any other form of composition the criticism of posterity. Time—"le grand justicier du passé," to use an expression of Montaigne's — is terribly impartial, and crumbles ruthlessly to dust the bases of all statues raised on perishable foundations. Yet in our attempts to judge eulogistic orators we should place ourselves in the position of the orator and behold his audience, his subject, and his age from his own point of view. This is especially the case as respects Bossuet. His political and religious reverence for monarchy, the influence of the personality of Louis XIV., his aversion to change, his unalterable faith in all the temporal and spiritual institutions then existing, his enthusiastic sense of the greatness and nothingness of human glory, the tremendous antithesis of his character—all serve to make, in these reforming and skeptical days the "Oraisons funèbres" difficult of appreciation, until the mind is content to admire the orator within the limits of his dogmas like a lion bounding within the radius of his chain. To appreciate these discourses of Bossuet we must quit this generation of plain clothes and sober estimation of kings and princes, and call down from their frames those magnificent personages who glow upon the canvas of Rigaud and Vandermeulen, and fill with them the chapel of Versailles or the Louvre. We must place ourselves before that multitude of *seigneurs* in umbrageous perukes, of princesses and fine ladies *aux coiffures étagées*—before that sea of gorgeous apparel of crimson, green, and purple, glittering in gold and lace, scintillating ribbons, and stars, and diamonds—and stand face to face with the cynosure of all eyes, the incarnate embodiment of the most ancient monarchy in Europe; before whom kings trembled, leagued, and knelt; while at home his power was adored like that of an idol, his authority revered like that of a master or a father, and his favor courted like that of a mistress. But to Bossuet Louis XIV. was more than all this. The royal crown was surrounded with a reflex of Divine splendor. He was the favored child of the Most High—the representative not only of the glories of Clovis and Charles Martel, but of Abraham and of David. From the tents of the patriarchs and from the palaces of Mount Zion was transmitted a halo of theocratic splendor, which rested on the head of the King of France.

### DEATH OF HENRIETTA.

To such an imagination a more moving subject could hardly be offered than the death of Henrietta, the wife of Charles I. While in her cradle her father fell under the dagger of Ravaillac; in her youth her

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wit and grace were the theme of universal admiration, and inspired St. François de Sales with the happiest auguries; at sixteen she was married to the young prince of the House of Stuart, who now for the first time was the inheritor of three crowns. But alas for human foresight! the daughter, wife, and mother of kings knew almost every form of human misery—the fury of revolt, the insults of the mob, the agitations of flight, the perils of tempestuous seas dared in vain, the enterprise of hope, the courage of despair, the agony of impotent resolve in the face of overpowering destiny, a husband's bloody end, the mournings of a royal widow insulted by the mad frenzy of the Fronde, her country a place of exile. This daughter of France had a true title to be called "le reine malheureuse," and to say that her misery was as boundless as her fortune.

"Be wise, therefore, O ye kings! be instructed, ye judges of the earth!" was the text of Bossuet, which thrilled his auditors with a sort of religious terror, almost equal to that of the "Dieu seul est grand, mes frères," of Massillon. Taking advantage of the emotion excited by the text, the orator, in a most lofty exordium, at once unvails the awful reality of God the Lord of all empires, the chastiser of princes, reigning above the heavens, making and unmaking kingdoms, principalities, and powers, and declaring by terrible judgments that the mightiest pyramids of power afford no shelter from the breath of his anger. The same religious awe pervades the whole piece. It is the majestic stream of inspiration which gives motion to the rapid and powerful narrative, the sublime reflections, the magnificent imagery, the portraits worthy of Tacitus or Sallust, that are borne calmly on its surface. The fatal consequences of schism, the extravagance of fanaticism, the horrors of rebellion which devastated a country more agitated "than the ocean that surrounds it," necessarily pass before the review of Bossuet as he grapples with the elements of fury which consumed the distracted kingdom of Charles. After describing the perils of the Monarchy, beset on all sides by the saints of the Millennium, by Independents, Anabaptists, and Levelers, he draws that nameless and admirable portrait of the mighty genius who ruled the whirlwind and directed the storm. Huguenot and hero, politician and saint, doctor and soldier, prophet and captain, indefatigable in war and peace, with a prudence and activity which outsped, arrested, and awaited fortune, impenetrable in council, thrusting a nation into slavery with the standard of liberty—Cromwell is conceived by Bossuet as one of those destined by inscrutable Providence to change the fate of empires. On the other side a queen struggling unconquerably against destiny and revolt, seeking unweariedly for new forces, crossing nine times the sea, serene and gay amid battle and shipwreck, animating the king's councils, wrestling foot by foot with defeat, alone amid the ruins of the state, unbending as a column which, long the sole support of a majestic temple in decay, receives at length the sinking mass of the vast edifice with unmoved constancy. To the triumph over the world succeeds the higher victory of faith; and the calm dignity of the conclusion of the oration resembles the peaceful end of the queen, who sought in the convent of Chaillot a refuge from the pitiless storm of life. Even now, that we know these imposing pictures of characters and events to be as untrue and unreal as if they belonged to the creations of the tragic drama, they excite a sympathy in the pages of Bossuet, which the judgment of history refuses to their follies and their crimes.

It was destined that a young princess, whose tears flowed plentifully over the coffin of the Queen of England, should herself be the subject of the next *oraison funèbre*. The youthful vivacity and graceful affability of the youngest daughter of Charles I. and Henrietta—Madame Henriette Anne d'Angleterre, the wife of Philippe Duc d'Orleans, the only brother of Louis XIV.—was the ornament and delight of the court of Versailles. To much natural sensibility she added a correct taste; and the encouragements she bestowed on genius were doubled by her charming condescension. She loved to talk with Racine or Corneille about the plot of "Bérénice" or "Nicomède;" and once, while walking in the galleries of Versailles, followed by a crowd of courtiers, she beckoned with a smile to Boileau, whispered in his ear one of the prettiest lines of the "Lutrin," and then tripped after the king and the royal family. "On croyait," said Bossuet, "avoir atteint la perfection quand on avait plu à Madame." She felt at once the ascendency of Bossuet's genius, and placed her-

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self under his spiritual guidance. The secrets of political intrigue were also intrusted to her keeping; and it was on her return from the arrangement of the famous treaty of Dover, with her brother Charles II., that she was seized with a mysterious illness, after drinking a glass of succory water, administered by the hateful minions of her own husband. Her agonies were appalling. She knew the touch of death, and cried impatiently for the end of her sufferings. She longed for Bossuet: she said she should be inconsolable if she died without hearing him, and demanded repeatedly if he were coming. On his arrival she felt the bitterness of death was over. The strong spirit of Bossuet himself was overcome for a moment to see the pale flag of death and anguish planted upon cheeks lately radiant with health and beauty. He knelt by her bedside; he shook off the shackles of earthly emotion. At the sound of his eloquent voice the features of Henrietta beamed with celestial hope; she besought him not to leave her stricken soul alone in the awful combat, but to deliver her unscathed into the arms of eternity. For four hours Bossuet continued, amid her weeping relatives and attendants, to utter words of faith and consolation, until at length, pressing with dying hand the crucifix to her lips, she welcomed the fatal moment with the same sweetness which had distinguished her life. One hour before death she spoke in English to her attendants—it was to tell them to give to Bossuet after death an emerald ring Louis himself placed it on his finger, desired him always to wear it, and to preach her funeral sermon at St. Denis. Speaking under the influence of this tragic scene, no wonder if Bossuet, although he wanted the great topics of national commotions and a dethroned monarch, produced a discourse not inferior to the former one. The pathos of the second rivals the sublimity of the first. We seem still to hear, as we read the passage, that terrible cry which rang through the halls of Versailles—"Madame se meurt! Madame est morte!" and to see the audience sobbing with vailed faces as the words were pronounced, while the orator himself was unable to proceed from the violent outburst of sorrow.

From time to time as the bier was spread for some royal or noble form, the voice of Bossuet called France again to meditate on the awful themes of time, death, and eternity. His last effort was the well-known discourse over the great Condé, in which he breathes the ardent spirit of the dead hero, and unites the fire of an epic poet with the zeal of a prophet. Every schoolboy knows by heart the magnificent peroration which called on nations, princes, nobles, and warriors to come to the foot of the catafalque which strove to raise to heaven a magnificent testimony of the nothingness of man. Bossuet's own white locks then warned him that his failing voice and declining energy would ere long be quenched in the same cold silence and decay which possessed forever the great prince who loved to hold converse with him beneath the forest shades and around the unsleeping fountains of Chantilly.

It has been the custom to call Bossuet the Demosthenes of the pulpit. As Bossuet says of Alexander, that he partakes of the triumph of every conqueror, so we may say of Demosthenes, that he shares the glory of every orator. If by so calling him, no more is meant than that he is the greatest orator of the Romish Church, so much may be conceded; but we can discover little affinity between the boldest strokes of Athenian patriotism and the gorgeous exaltation of the "Oraisons funèbres." The Attic precision of the one is in direct contrast with the Asiatic richness of the other, whose style is so colored that the finest abstractions of Christian philosophy grew visible at his touch. The best of the "Oraisons funèbres" are not Demosthenic, but Pindaric. It is the inspiration of the lyric poet, united with the deep voice of the historian, that swells out in the noblest passages; and the poetry of France can hardly produce a page comparable to the diction of her greatest writer in prose.

With all this, there is no display of art: Bossuet's language, though grand, seems the natural speech of his fervid imagination, and it was peculiarly his own, though many phrases of his coinage have since become current among French writers. He has not the silvery cadence and polished phrase of Massillon; nor has he the argumentative strategy of Bourdaloue, which was so illustrative of the "*imperatoria virtus*" of Quintilian, that Condé cried out once, when the Jesuit mounted the pulpit, "Silence, Messieurs, voici l'ennemi!" Yet there is only one production

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of the French pulpit which can be compared with his best efforts; and that is the really evangelic sermon of Fénélon on the Epiphany, where the vast love of the swan of Cambray is clothed in language so pure and holy, that it would have become the lips of the angels who sang on earth peace and goodwill to men.

The ability of Bossuet was without a rival. He was made a member of the Académie Française, and also Bishop of Condom. This bishopric, however, he ceded in order to undertake the education of the Dauphin, the duties of which employment kept him for many years at the court of Versailles. The king appears from the first to have understood that Bossuet was the prelate especially adapted to support that administrative unity in Church and State to which his imperious nature tended, and that no more fitting preceptor could be found of the duties of a king as he himself conceived them. The Dauphin's earliest infancy had been placed under the care of the celebrated Mlle. de Rambouillet. This lady married M. de Montausier, a nobleman of high character and position; and he was appointed governor to the young prince, with Bossuet as preceptor. The scheme of education was magnificent. The learned Huet, Madame Dacier, and others prepared the well-known classics *ad usum Delphini;* the erudite Tillemont composed the "Life of St. Louis," the brilliant Flechier his "Life of Theodosius," for the especial use of the royal pupil Bossuet conducted their labors; comprehending in his vast mind the whole range of ancient and modern literature and philosophy. He plunged anew into antiquity with all the ardor of youth. It is said he knew by heart nearly all the "Iliad" and "Odyssey." He never spoke of Homer without the epithet divine. His passion for him was so great, that he recited his verses in his sleep. On one occasion, when he astonished an episcopal colleague by thundering out a long passage, he said: "What marvel! when after having been a teacher of grammar and rhetoric for so many years." "Where?" said the Bishop. "At Versailles and St. Germains." He wrote criticisms on style in the manner of the classic poets and historians. He composed a fable in the iambics of Phædrus, which passed current as genuine.

The principal treatises which Bossuet composed for the education of the Dauphin are collected in his works, comprising philosophy, politics, and history; and it is in these that his peculiar theories of the relation of God and man, sovereign and subject, are most apparent.

It would require far more space than the limits of this article will allow to give a due estimate of Bossuet's importance as a philosopher. In his treatises, in his sermons, in his controversies with Protestant, Molinist, and Idealist, he has handled every question of metaphysics; and his opponents had to cope not only with a consummate theologian, but with a profound philosopher, who had constructed for himself a system by the aid of reason alone, with no help from Theology or Revelation. His great mind, secure in its rooted and immovable faith, saw the danger of setting philosophy at defiance in the name of Religion. To Religion and Philosophy he allotted their distinct domains. To expound the one was the office of the Church; to advance the other was the province of the philosopher. To the one he assigned as guides, authority and tradition; to the other, sense and free investigation were the very conditions of its existence. He professed himself as favorable to the progress of pure philosophy as he was opposed to all innovation in the dogmas of the ancient faith; and by the aid of his comprehensive genius, with the grasp of his vigorous reason, but above all by the perspicacity and clearness of his vision, the orthodoxy of the bishop never clashed with or embarrassed the system of the philosopher, and the conquests made by the unassisted efforts of the understanding were, when gained, sanctified to the uses of theology. Bossuet, it is true, invents nothing, he only expounds; but with admirable clearness and order he combines with a well-connected system the lessons he has learned from his great masters. Indeed, there are few among all the great intellects who have dedicated their power to philosophy, who can lay claim to invention. The great truths of metaphysics are like family jewels, which descend as heirlooms from generation to generation, and are perpetually reset to suit the fashion of the times. It is the manner of presenting them, and not the substance which changes. The language of Bossuet is admirably adopted to philosophical subjects—simple and strong, with a power of plain illustration which presents the most

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abstract ideas in the most concrete forms to the imagination. His principal masters are Descartes, St. Augustine, and Thomas Aquinas. At the college of Navarre he was nursed in the doctrine of the Angel of the Schools. He rises, like Descartes, from the fact of the possession of eternal and immutable truths by the finite and imperfect intelligence to the collocation of these truths in the mind of an Eternal Being, and leans on the authority of Plato, "ce divin philosophe," and of St. Augustine. Like Descartes, too, he rises from the idea of the infinite and perfect to the existence of a cause of the idea adequate to the idea, and therefore infinite and perfect in itself. Indeed these notions, eternal and immutable—the τὰ ὄντως ὄντου of Plato, which would subsist if every intelligence were destroyed, which have an objective existence independent of the sentiment subject—can reside in no subject except one, in which all truth is eternally subsisting and entirely comprehended. No senses could avail to convey to the imperfect and finite human intelligence the notion of an infinite and perfect being of God, if the truth were not present at all times to all spirits, inspiring them with light, life, and apprehension; and if the narrow and dark prison-house of sensual perception were not irradiated on all sides by the effulgence of celestial glory. But at the same time Bossuet carefully stops short of, and combats, the extravagance of Malebranche, which destroys the *alterity*—to use the word which he takes from Plotinus—of the human intelligence, and the divine truths on which it is nourished, which engulfs the human mind in its nothingness in the Divinity. These eternal truths are but intrusted to man for his guidance; they illuminate his thought, but still proceed from Heaven. Their rays descend into the soul, which, made in the image of God, is endowed with the capacity of reflecting them, and of comprehending as much of its Divine Original as it has been given it to comprehend. The Cartesian treatise of Bossuet is a complete physiological and psychological investigation of the nature of man, and his relation to God. In order to render himself fully conversant with the nature of the body, he dedicated some considerable time to the study of anatomy in the schools of medicine. The structure of the human frame, its functions and operations, are distinctly described and defined, as well as its points of contact with the soul; and although he professes not to reveal the secret by which the ever-existing miracle of the obedience of the body to the soul is determined, yet he points out clearly how merely corporeal movements and impressions are to be distinguished from intellectual sensations.

In the "Traité du libre Arbitre" the conclusions of Bossuet are not so satisfactory. He adopts, after examining the other systems, and particularly the *délectative victorieuse*, the *primitive* or *prédéterminative physique* of Thomas Aquinas; he thought this was the just mean between the Molinist who discredited grace, and the Calvinist who discredited free will. Between the two he found himself like St. Augustine between the Pelagians and the Manichæans. Every fresh generation has gone to the grave, and left behind some testimony of the incompetence of the human mind to span the incalculable abyss. That man is or believes himself to be free, and yet depends on the will of God, is the mystery; and it is far better to leave it so than to darken the matter more by a more mysterious explanation, and then call in the name of God to silence argument.

In the treatise entitled "La Politique sacrée tirée de la Sainte Écriture" Bossuet fully developed his political theory, and aspired to be the apologist of despotism. The first part of this treatise only was composed for the Dauphin; and even up to the last hour of his life he was occupied in its completion. We have here the matured result of Bossuet's political speculations. Never, certainly, were such gigantic talents employed to give a divine sanction to the doctrine of passive obedience; and the treatise will ever remain a perpetual monument, that it may be possible for the highest genius to accept as the foundations of political and social power theories which the common sense of a school-boy would rightly reject with disdain. Bossuet is perhaps the most complete type of the pure Conservative which ever existed. He was born old; a zealot of the dogma he never doubted, change was to him hateful. For the future he had no hopes and no aspirations. He knew none of those yearnings for the amelioration of man's earthly lot which are often the anguish and the glory of the poets of progress—the Fénélons of poli-

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tics. He dreamt of no Utopia or Salentum, for he wished for none—or rather, a land of slaves and eremites, with a king the undisputed lord of all, was his Utopia. Immutability was his great test of all things. He was one of those imperious minds who, being strong themselves, sympathize with the strong; love the rapidity of force; think persuasion and compromise tedious; who, like M. de Maistre and Mr. Carlyle, adore power wherever established, and see no justice in a defeated cause. We see Bossuet hesitated not to follow his premises to their extreme legitimate conclusions. *Deum timete, honorificate regem*, is his whole doctrine. Louis XIV. could never have heard from Bossuet's lips any thing not in perfect harmony with his own conceit of his royal dignity and necessity. Bossuet was the ideal subject, as Louis himself was the ideal king. To a monarch thus placed on the giddy apex of un imited dominion, immovably raised on divine authority, unassailable by human cares or apprehensions, Bossuet enjoins the fear of God. This is his constitutional check: on this the people must rely for wise and good government, for moderation from a master amid the temptations of boundless and irresponsible power. Such is the polity which Bossuet founds upon the Scriptures —the same arsenal which shortly before had supplied the Independents with arguments for a Republic and the decapitation of kings.

But while Bossuet held these extravagant notions of regal power, his was preeminently a healthy spirit; he would never have been one of those distorted and morbid minds who roar for coercion in the midst of liberty of thought and speech. In his sketch of the policy of Greece and Rome, he shows how fully his really noble mind could appreciate the glorious dignity which history confers on every citizen of a free state. Natures like Bossuet's tend to unity and a strong government, and in their respect for antiquity and love of precedent, they employ this tendency in maintaining the supremacy of whatever happens to be established. Indeed, Bossuet does not omit to lay down that whatever government is established is best. The monarchy of France, which had grown from such small beginnings, and had so marvelously succeeded, after ages of conflict and subtle policy, in bringing all ancient Gaul (to use an expression of Richelieu) under its undisputed authority, seemed to him especially favored by Divine power.

### THE COPERNICUS OF HISTORY.

In this spirit Bossuet composed for the Dauphin the great Discourse on Universal History, through which his influence has been greatest on posterity. He was the first to attempt to deduce a fixed law from the history of the world—to judge by a single principle and at a single glance the work of civilization and of mankind. From St. Augustine or from Paulus Orosius he may have gathered the hint which put him on the track of this great conception, but the vigor and originality of its execution are his own. Vico may have seized the idea in a more philosophical sense, Herder may have developed it, Hegel may have rendered it capable of indefinite development, but not the less is Bossuet the Copernicus of history, who alone first clearly saw that history revolves about an eternal axis, and that the apparent aberrations of the destiny of the world, the rise and fall of empires, may, like the complex motions of the planets, be resolved with the precision of truth when referred to the right center. Writers following in the wake of Voltaire have accused Bossuet of giving too much space to the Hebrew people, and of making Jerusalem as it were the metropolis of the world; but Bossuet was no Voltairian, and the limits assigned to the Hebrew people are scientifically consistent with his views of the purpose of the destiny of man. His object, as the philosopher of the Catholic Church, was to exhibit, amid the shock and confusion of races and collision—amid a world, the seeming prey of havoc and chance—amid the unutterable uproar of throne hurled on throne, and empire upon empire—the calm features of religion alone superior to change, the serene companion and helper of man since the commencement of the world.

To show the active influence of each nation upon the establishment of Christianity, some ages are necessarily compressed to a span, and some countries entirely neglected. It is with nations as with the battalions of armies in combat—some bear the brunt of battle and win the attention of the historian, but many add in the rear an unseen support to the onward march. The stores acquired by modern erudition

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and ethnography were wanting in the days of Bossuet to enable him to determine the true position of many of the ancient nations. Hence some races of the East and of mediæval Europe are missing in his pages. But he displays the wisdom of Egypt, the might of Assyria, the valor of Persia, the intellect of Greece, and the ambition of Rome, all unwittingly conspiring to bring mankind in submission to the foot of the Cross. There is doubtless much room for criticism, even from Bossuet's own point of view, in the dimensions and proportions of the work. In the first part, the torrent of events rolls onward with such precipitation that the attention is bewildered with the rapidity with which the cloudy forms of states and empires are hurried along by the whirlwind of destiny. The power of condensation is indeed admirable, but the plan is as level as a geographical chart. There is no grouping, no heights and valleys to catch the eye, and no space left in the sacred nature of the recital for emotion, which is the life of history, or for moral or philosphic reflection, which stamps its truths on the mind. The proofs of religion were never set forth with a firmer hand or more glowing style than in the second part; but it is in the third that we learn most to admire the depth and penetration of Bossuet's genius. It is in vain that he attempts to insinuate the advantage of a "*sujétion légitime*," his grand imagination is inflamed, in spite of himself, at the aspect of the patriot freedom of Greece and Rome; the Catholic doctor breathes the spirit of Pericles and of Cato, shows himself the equal of Machiavelli in politic insight, and the worthy precursor of Montesquieu.

The result of this vast scheme of education was not happy. The Dauphin was naturally of an inert temperament; and it was said that Bossuet overpowered an unaspiring mind with the immensity of his energy and the vast weight of knowledge prematurely thrust upon it: at any rate, he was wholly wanting in that affectionate sympathy which enabled the tender Fénélon to become the beloved master and confident of his pupil the Duc de Bourgogne, and to convert a boy of violent and intractable temperament into an amiable and accomplished prince, destided, alas! to be but the Marcellus of France.

During the education of the Dauphin, Bossuet had more delicate and less agreeable duties to perform towards the King. The gentle La Vallière and the superb Montespan, when the royal caprice was over, were alike persuaded into retirement by the exhortations of Bossuet. The former, the penitent Magdalen—"la petite violette, qui se cachait sous l'herbe," to use the words of Madame de Sévigné, "et qui était honteuse d'être mère, d'être duchesse"—longed to bury in the peace of the cloister the keen sufferings of a wounded heart; but the retirement of Madame Montespan was an affair of greater difficulty. The King himself had waverings, which induced her to think her empire was not ended. When the final vows of La Vallière were taken, the Queen presented the mortuary vail and Bossuet pronounced the discourse; and as he uttered the final adieux for the penitent victim, the audience sobbed aloud with pity for the late favorite, whom they heard consigned under the name of the Sœur Louise de la Miséricorde, to the fearful rigor and living death of the Carmelites—to serge and sackcloth, to midnight vigils, maceration, and servile duties, while the royal adulterer was parading a new *liaison* with a prouder paramour.

The life of Bossuet at the court was worthy of a great ecclesiastic. His equipage and establishment were modest; his society was composed of a select body of priests, men of letters, and judges. He was often to be seen, followed by an imposing *cortège*, discussing points of doctrine, philosophy, or history, pacing the alleys of Versailles, reminding observers of the plane trees of the Attic Academus. One alley was called the *Allée des Philosophes*. The idle saunterers of the gardens would often notice him within the *Bosquet d'Æsope*, discoursing on ecclesiastical history, with the Abbé Fleury taking notes by his side.

When the education of the Dauphin was concluded, Bossuet was made Bishop of Meaux. Shortly after was convened the celebrated Assembly of 1682. Bossuet was called at once to be president; an office in which he rendered good service to his country, by mediating between the ungenerous arrogance of the King and the pretensions of the Holy See, and by reducing to a formulary the liberties of the Gallican Church.

The relation of France to Rome had long been unfilial, if not unfriendly. In

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1663 the French troops passed the Alps, and were in readiness to march on Rome to avenge an affront offered to the Duc de Crequi, the French ambassador, when Cardinal Chigi, a brother of the Pope, was sent to Versailles to solicit pardon. It was the first time in the history of Europe that the Papal Court had known such humiliation since the brutal assault at Anagni. The Parliament and the Sorbonne seized the opportunity of fulminating on behalf of the Church of France. The King continued to make war on the ecclesiastical authority, until an attempt to extend the right of receiving the temporalities of a vacant see, and appointing to its benefices—a right known by the name of the *régale* — brought the contest of Royalty and Papacy to an issue.

Innocent XI. was not an unworthy adversary of Louis XIV. He was of the House of Odescalchi of Como, and entered Rome as a young soldier, with a sword by his side and pistols in his belt. His merit and zeal became so notorious, after he entered the Church, that the people of Rome clamored for his elevation under the porticoes of St. Peter's, at the same time that the cardinals selected him in conclave. He had retained the vigor of the soldier under the priestly robe; his character was mild, firm, and conscientious; his private life unimpeachable; and, as Pope, impartiality and constant efforts to rectify abuses marked all his proceedingt. To this pope appealed the two Jansenist Bishops of Aleth and of Pamiers, who had opposed the extension of the *régale* over these sees, and had suffered such oppression at the hands of the King's officers, that the Bishop of Pamiers had been reduced to live on alms. Sentences of proscription, exile, and death were scattered among the clergy supporting the bishops. Innocent XI. responded to the appeal; twice, thrice, without result, did he address the King, in terms of authority and menace, until, at last, he sent a brief to the chapter of Pamiers which violated all the maxims of the national Church. The Parliament was not slow to enter in the quarrel, with all the violence of old times. The addresses of the clergy were redolent of the most abject adulation and servility; the Archbishop of Paris was, as Bossuet said himself, ready, in true valet style, to follow every shift of the King's humor. Condé said, if the King took a fancy to turn Protestant, the clergy would be the first to follow. A popular song added that they would sign the Koran itself within a year if required. We are informed by the Abbé Le Dieu, that it was Colbert who saw the advantage to be gained from the present embroilment, and who determined the King to call an Assembly, for the purpose of defining clearly the relation of the Pope to Royalty and the Gallican Church.

The sermon which Bossuet preached at the meeting of the Assembly, is one of the finest monuments of his genius, and contains all the grounds of the doctrines afterwards comprised in the Declaration of the French prelates. Bossuet's conduct on this occasion was extremely skillful. He viewed with apprehension the convocation of an Assembly in the then excited state of opinion; he feared the spirit of subservience of great dignitaries of the Church; he feared the personal pique felt by many of the bishops towards the Court of Rome; and he equally feared the blind advocates of papal supremacy; nevertheless, under his guidance, the Gallician Church equally avoided schism and ultramontanism. The four articles of the Declaration were drawn up by him; the first three established the independence of the temporal power, the superiority of Councils over the Pope, and the inviolability of the usages of the national Church; the last declares that even in matters of faith, the decision of the Pope was always reformable by that of the Church. These are the principles on which rest the liberties of the Gallican Church—liberties to which the clergy once clung with steadfast affection, and for establishing which the name of Bossuet was once held in honor. But the chicanery of Bellarmin and Roccaberti, and the still more recent violence of Bonald and De Maistre, have not been in vain exerted against doctrines asserted by an assembly of Catholic divines, headed by one of the greatest prelates the Church of Rome ever possessed. And it has been reserved to us in our own time to see the immortal principles of Bossuet repudiated by the majority of the French clergy, of whom Cardinal Beausset now is a fair representative, and the distinctive propositions of the Gallican Church become almost as obsolete in France as the distinctive propositions of Jansenism.

Bossuet had now reached his fifty-fifth year: his reputation was acknowledged

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in every part of Europe as one of the chiefest of the time; he had done sufficient to gain immortality, high position, respect, and troops of friends: all that men usually care for he possessed in abundance: but he felt, like Arnaud, that he had eternity to rest in, and that the night was coming in which no man could work. His latter days have in them something heroic. The last twenty-two years of his life were one combat. He had thought to have placed the throne and the altar on imperishable foundations, and to have taught the human mind to flow around them, to rest in their shadow and reflect their glory; but alas! from every quarter under heaven came sweeping clouds of evil spirits laden with doctrines more pernicious than pestilence or famine. The lonely prelate stood ever on the defense, grappling on every side with his deadly assailants. If midnight vigils, meditations, long fastings, and fervent prayer can avail, he alone will deliver the human soul—left, like Andromeda, forlorn and helpless amid the monsters of the deep. In the Church and out of the Church, *le charme trompeur de la nouveauté*, a new source of anguish, meets him wherever he looks. Lutherans, Calvinists, and Arminians were recognized and respectable antagonists; but what were these compared with the new race of *esprits libertins*—deists, pantheists, skeptics—disciplined in the philosophy of Descartes and Malebranche, Spinoza, and Leibnitz, who now came rushing to the attack? Almost the only peace which Bossuet knew was in his frequent journeys to La Trappe; the lonely walks amid the horrid shades and round the somber lake of that austere solitude, in the company of De Rancé; the lugubrious rites; the ever open and newly dug grave; the habitual admonition — *Frère, il faut mourir*—gave the weary prelate a foretaste of the quiet of the tomb. Only an iron constitution could have enabled him to accomplish such incessant labors. After he became Bishop of Meaux, he ever lay with a lamp by his bedside; his first sleep was usually four hours, after which, even in the severest winter, he arose, put on two dressing-gowns, and placing a bear-skin wrapper over his legs, recited matins and lauds amid the stillness of the night; he then went to study his dockets of papers; his portfolios, his pen, paper, and inkstand were in readiness on his desk; his easy-chair placed in front, his books of reference on other chairs on each side. He studied until overcome with fatigue, after which he went again to bed. His domestic affairs were usually in considerable disorder; he paid little or no attention to them: his gardener regretted that his apple-trees were not the apple-trees of St. Ambrose or St. Jerome, as his master might then be induced to take notice of them. He left the management of his property to an intendant, and died in debt.

Later in life Bossuet was engaged in correspondence with a mind of giant mould, which carried into every department of physical, intellectual, and political science the same searching insight and boundless originality—the great Leibnitz. A project had been set on foot for the reconciliation of the Lutheran Church with that of Rome. Bossuet was prepared to make great concessions; to allow communion under both forms, the use of the vulgar tongue; to submit even to the Lutheran bishops retaining their wives, and the abolition of the superstitious use of the worship of images. But the negotiation, though kept on foot for many years, was at last broken off: it was impossible to overcome the obstacle presented by the acts of the Council of Trent.

It had been well for Bossuet had he been content that Protestantism should be assailed alone by the aid of reason. A dark suspicion has attached to his name that he was a member of the council in which was decided the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. However this may be, he can not be absolved from a heavy responsibility in the cruel persecutions which raged against the Protestants, when the influence of the great patriarch of the Gallican Church was at its height. To an imperious master he had preached the dogma of divine right and of non-resistance; and now, by maintaining the right of using violence on behalf of religion, he hardened an arrogant monarch in that barbarous policy, which made France the theater of the last religious persecution in Europe. It is true Bossuet himself was courteous in argument, and mild in treatment of the Protestants of his diocese; but all this is as nothing when weighed against the support which his character, genius, and position gave to the inflated pride and intolerance of Louis in those fatal counsels which began to prevail when Colbert

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ceased to have influence in the Cabinet, and the cold and wary Maintenon, the ferocious Louvois, the bigot Letellier, and the Jesuit La Chaise, met with no opposition. Where was the sonorous voice, the sounding phrase, and the pomp of declamation when, as St. Simon tell us, good Catholics groaned from the bottom of their hearts that a Christian monarch should, against the Huguenots, rival the atrocities of Pagan tyrants against the early Christians—when the King's missionaries, in red coat and short carbine, were spurring from province to province to carry on the good work of conversion, and while villages were left deserted at the whisper of the approach of these booted apostles of murder and violence—when the refinements of torture of the worst ages of barbarism were repeated at the command of the King's council, and the exhortations of a zealous priesthood were directed against all who persisted in not accepting His Majesty's religion? Their houses were plundered, their bodies racked, their feet roasted; they were strung up by the toes; they were shut up in deep damp cells with rotten carrion; their wives and daughters shrieked helplessly amid brutality and license; the apostasy of the child was paid for by the heritage of the father, and it was found the good work of conversion proceeded with astonishing rapidity. Thousands were tortured, abjured, and excommunicated in a single day. The hearts of a million and a half of Frenchmen sickened with despair. They took to flight; and the kingdom was drained of its very best citizens. The terrors of the sword and carbine, the galleys and the gibbet, were insufficient to stop the *deserteurs*, who preferred trusting themselves in their frail boats to the wintry fury of the Atlantic, and to the untrodden passes of the Alps, than to the tender mercies of Louis.

In the celebrated dispute with the Quietists there can be no doubt that Bossuet was right in the main; although we should have approved him more, had he carried less rancor into the discussion. The imperious and susceptible pride of the dogmatist, and the stifling effect of controversy on all human affection, are proverbial; but, besides this, we suspect that Bossuet must have looked with some jealousy on Fénélon's growing interest at court; that he mistrusted the influence of that tender nature, the magnetic attraction of a heart which was a shrine of love, benevolence, and charity—the fascinating and philanthropic nature of one who united the graces and virtues of a nobleman, a Christian, and a saint. The Duc de Bourgogne, the heir to the crown, lived and breathed for Fénélon his preceptor, who had poured into the pupil's soul his own virtue, his own sanctity, and his own vast hopes for the future of man. Bossuet feared the progress of Fénélon's liberal opinions, the accomplishment of those vast projects he nourished for social amelioration, so entirely at variance with "La Politique tirée de la Sainte Écriture." The King himself heard of Fénélon's reforming schemes, and desired an explanatory interview, from which he retired, saying, that the prelate was "*le plus bel esprit et le plus chimérique de mon royaume.*" But a snare for Fénélon was spread in his own boundless love and enthusiastic imagination. The relations of St. François de Sales and Madame de Chantal are an instance of that mystic sympathy of aspiration towards the Infinite, in which it is hard to discover how much of the human there was in that love which knew no earthly alloy. Madame Guyon was another Madame de Chantal, whose angelic features, inspired air, and piety gave her the air of an evangelic sybil; her hearers were fascinated with her doctrines of Pure Love, which, as recognizable in the "Cantique des Cantiques," and in "Les Torrents," are the same as were condemned by the Inquisition in Molinos. To these enthusiastic minds it seemed as if Heaven could be realized on earth, and the soul, by ecstatic volition, could lift itself at once to celestial glory and eternal peace.

On abstract principles there is little doubt that Bossuet and Fénélon were agreed; it was only the *application* of them that they differed. Bossuet's condemnation fell upon the attempt to make use of the most spiritually gifted enthusiasts of the Church as ordinary guides for the conscience, and to combine their ecstatic ejaculations, in their most exalted fits of divine frenzy, with the sayings of obscure and ignorant fanatics, into a system of *religiosity* which would evidently be a most dangerous snare for the general mass of mankind. What was permissible for a Theresa, a François de Sales, or a Fénélon, was not so for all the world. The main difference between Bossuet and

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Fénélon was, that Fénélon looked at principles alone, while Bossuet saw at once the principles and their most remote consequences. His excellent book, the "Instruction sur les États d'Oraison," is full of admirable philosophy, and vindicates, in the clearest manner, the rights of human reason against the absurd aggressions of the mystics. Bossuet, with that good sense and practical spirit which so preëminently distinguished him, had observed human nature carefully; he had studied himself; and in the confessional he had possessed full opportunity of studying, probing, and testing the limits of the conscience generally. Bossuet, the great controversialist, the antagonist of Calvin, Grotius, Malebranche, Simon, and Jurieu, the correspondent of Leibnitz, the head of the Gallican Church, the soul of its councils, found ample time to solve the difficulties of the most simple penitent, as may be seen in his correspondence with Madame Cornuau and other religious persons. He knew enough of human nature to see the danger of favoring in any way the progress of a mysticism which annihilated self, treated with contempt the humble assistance of reason, (that secret inspiration of truth, as Bossuet terms it,) and in despair, and despite of human intelligence, dreamed of nothing less than direct communion with God through a spiritual medium refined of all earthly and sensual alloy, in a state of disembodied prayer, in which words were only a corporeal bar between thought and Omnipotence.

By the pure and elevated piety of Fénélon these consequences were overlooked, and he attached himself with immense ardor to the doctrine of Pure Love. Mysticism of this nature is the more dangerous, as it seizes the finest natures on their most disinterested and poetic side. The Archbishop of Cambrai appealed from the Council of the Gallican Church to Rome. The dispute lasted several years. All Europe was anxious to know how would terminate the great *procès* between the eagle of Meaux and the swan of Cambrai. The Pope and the cardinal inclined in favor of Fénélon. The Cardinal de Bouillon used every effort in his behalf, but Bossuet had Louis XIV. on his side, and both were determined that Fénélon should be convicted of heresy. Bossuet spoke in a contemptuous way of the *peu de lumière* possessed by the head of his Church. A fulminating *mémoire* was drawn up by the prelate in the name of the King to quicken the Pope's judgment. The King, it was said, would know what to do if the matter were delayed longer. A plainer threat of schism and a national council could hardly be conveyed. At length the Vatican yielded. But the Pope, in pronouncing sentence, declared that if Fénélon had sinned from excess of love for God, Bossuet had sinned in the defect of love for his neighbor. Fénélon received judgment with unresisting meekness; he read his own condemnation from the pulpit, and never uttered a complaint. He spent years of exile in his diocese, deserted by all who longed for favor at the court. The King feared him. The memorable remonstrance of Fénélon, and his known opinions, were unpardonable offenses. Madame de Maintenon hated him, for she had injured and deserted his cause. A brief gleam of sunshine came just before his beloved pupil was snatched away; but Fénélon bowed his head to the stroke; he sought refuge in his sublime patience and his boundless charity. He died like a saint and a poet. His memory survives his works, for his name is engraven on the heart of France, and the savor of his virtues is still sweet in the memories of his countrymen.

The two prelates were never reconciled. The very humility of Fénélon angered Bossuet more, and he seems to have carried his rancor to the grave. In this journal we find him stating that Fénélon had acted the perfect hypocrite all his life. He was too imperious to brook difference of opinion, even in his friend and pupil; "ce cher disciple," as he said, "*que j'ai porté dans mes entrailles.*" It is strange, indeed, that two such sublime types of two such opposite characters should be shown to France at the same time. Bossuet was born with all the vigor and fixity of age, Fénélon retained till death all the generous glow and boundless elasticity of youth. Bossuet preached the doctrine of fear—Fénélon that of love. Bossuet's mind was petrified by ever looking back—that of Fénélon was directed ever forward, in spite of the taunts and despair of skeptics and unbelievers. The one loved immutability, the other progress. In the heart of the one ruled mistrust, in that of the other confidence. Bossuet was a Conservative, Fénélon a Liberal. The genius of the former was Hebrew and Roman, that of the latter



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Grecian and Evangelical. The one had the stern majesty of a prophet by Michael Angelo, the other the ecstatic beauty of a martyr by Guido Reni. Bossuet's last days were sad, he suffered severe pain from an illness which had been growing upon him for years. But though the body broke, the spirit was unconquerable. He looked around, it is true, with gloomy forebodings. He viewed with terror the skeptical spirit of Montaigne revived in Pierre Bayle; and saw the future pregnant with evil. Still he plied his pen unwearyingly: convinced that he was placed by Providence in the breach against the assaults of pernicious doctrine, he remained there till the last. Protestant, Socinian, Jansenist, and Jesuit controversies still absorbed his main efforts. In his very last hours he was still working at his "Politique," at his "Elévations sur les Mystères," and "Méditations sur l'Evangile," in which religion speaks with a voice of awe and mystery, and philosophy is borne aloft by the spirit of theology to the highest regions of transcendental metaphysics; while the eyes of the soul reveal to us as much of the excess of light as it is possible perhaps for human imagination to conceive.

From the journal of the Abbé Le Dieu we gather much interesting information concerning the latter days of the aged prelate. True to his announcement in the peroration of his discourse on Condé, he consecrated himself to the duties of his diocese; he laid aside the dignity and diction of the great Churchman, and preached to humble townsfolk and villagers, in terms of paternal affection and simplicity, the same doctrines which he had labored to enforce on the splendid congregations of Versailles and the Louvre. We find him catechizing children, visiting the sick, teaching and aiding the poor to bear the ills of life with patience, administering confirmation, assisting at conferences of the clergy, directing the hospitals, and reforming the monasteries. Nevertheless his fatal disease, the stone, was growing fast upon him: he endeavored to hide it as long as he could, but the excruciating pains he suffered made it too soon apparent. The journey from Paris to Meaux and Versailles became more than he could bear: he sought in vain for relief in carriages with easy springs, and even in litters. The King's physicians were called in, but they could do little, and the mention of an operation at his advanced age threw him into a feverish state of consternation. He found little consolation from the court he had edified, or from the nephews and nieces who flourished on his bounty. One fixed idea swayed his later years—which was that his nephew should be appointed his successor in the bishopric. The nephew was certainly not a fit character to fill the office—he was intriguing, worldly, selfish, and indelicate; but a worse man was appointed; a refusal highly mortifying to a dignitary of Bossuet's merit. But Bossuet in his own person had not met with too much favor at court: many a prelate of high lineage stepped before him there. All chance of becoming a cardinal directly through Rome was lost for him by his part in the declaration of 1682. The nomination of his nephew, however, was his favorite project: he presented a *mémoire* to the King on the subject with his own hand, and the King replied nothing, but that the matter required great reflection. He courted the favor of Madame de Maintenon on every occasion which he could invent for writing to her. If a short answer of eight lines came, the dying prelate treasures it fondly, shows it to every body and receives it back, "avec un grand empressement." Madame de Maintenon at last lost all patience. Bossuet came in September, 1703, to Versailles, to look, as usual, after his nephew's interest.

He went to Paris, where it is painful to read that when he was in such a state of agony that his cries and groans made all tremble about him—when he was carried from his bed to his chair like an inanimate man—when he was dragged about the room for exercise by two footmen—when all he could take for nourishment was a few drops of wine, or the wing of a chicken—when his cheeks were sunken and his body wasted to a skeleton—one servile topic still occupied his thoughts: "as soon as ever he was able to get out, he goes to promenade in the Tuileries, and endeavors," says the Abbé le Dieu, "to go up and down the slopes, in order to see if his strength was equal to the staircase of Versailles and one more solicitation."

But though his body was racked with sufferings, and he had not renounced the objects of clerical ambition, he still continued his old avocations as long as he could. But the end was near. He cried

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out continually: "*Fiat voluntas tua! adveniat regnum tuum!*" also, "*Domine, vim patior; sed non confundar scio enim cui credidi;*" and on another occasion, at the mention of his glory, "*Cessez vos discours et demandez pardon à Dieu de mes péchés.*" He died on the 12th of April, 1704, at the age of seventy-seven. Voltaire was then ten years old.

During his illness his nephews, the Abbé and another, had been providing for the worst. The Abbé laid hands on the plate, and got possession of that. The other endeavored to have his revenge with the manuscripts, but the Abbé had forestalled him there likewise.

So Bossuet breathed his last, but not at the Court. The King and Madame de Maintenon were not offended! No dead prelate defiled the precincts of Versailles. The courtiers were much moved. There was a great deal to be given away. The old lion was dead, who shall have his skin? The death happened at a quarter past four in the morning. The Abbé Bossuet was informed. No time was to be lost. He dressed himself, went straight off to Marly, and was presented to the King. The King was grieved; and gave him, not the bishopric, but the rich abbey which Bossuet held.

But enough of these details, which present a cynical contrast to the illustrious man for whose sake they are remembered.

Posterity demands of a great genius, be he orator or theologian, king, conqueror, or statesman, what use he has made of his talents for the benefit of mankind. Intellectual triumphs, like martial victories, may undoubtedly be more dazzling than useful. When we bring Bossuet to this test our judgment must be severe. Tried as a literary artist, who produced the finest models of the sublime and pathetic in French literature; who enriched his native tongue with many noble forms of expression; who invented, in fact, a grand language; his influence has been great, and all the homage that great intellects could render to his merit has been given him alike by friend and foe: but the homage of the intellect is poor indeed, when compared with the homage of the heart; that nameless yearning which is felt towards the real guides and benefactors of man amid the perplexities of his earthly career, which overleaps time and space, and grows broader and deeper as it falls from generation to generation. Bossuet himself, with his superb contempt of mere literary display, would, if his great shade were to appear among us, refuse to be judged as a mere artist; he would demand to stand or fall by his worth as a theologian, a moralist, a prelate, a politician, and a citizen.

As a bishop we search in vain for evidence that he attempted to use his high position and authority to moderate the vain love of ostentation, the ruinous love of war and glory which rendered his master the disturber of the peace of Europe and the devastator of France, by impoverishing her cities and her plains, and starving her people.

As a politician and a citizen his influence was pernicious, and was deeply felt in the succeeding age; and the haughty disdain which he professed for political speculation, the marvelous subservience of so great a spirit to the principles of unlimited obedience, the authority of his great example, deterred his countrymen from forming habits of political thought, served to rivet on his country the fetters of autocracy, and left it when the chains were loosened, like an unarmed slave, with limbs powerless from long inaction, exposed to the assaults of theory and license.

We have no English Bossuet, and we have reason to be thankful that our national life was never so concentrated in the palace as to give a preëminence to the court pulpit sufficient to sustain such lofty flights of rhetorical magniloquence. But England produced in that same age a genius of grander and more truly religious soul, greater in his aspirations, and more noble in his life—a man who never crooked the hinges of the knee to power; who raised his eloquent voice again and again in behalf of unviolated liberty of thought and conscience; who endeavored to forward the reign of God's justice upon earth; who, blind, old, deserted, clung with unquenchable ardor to the cause that was despised by the court, scorned by the great, and despaired of by the people; a name that will be as dear as his works to the most distant posterity, who was great and good, whether considered as Christian, poet, politician, or patriot. If France has her Bossuet, England has her Milton. The genius of one and of the other bears the same stamp of massive grandeur; the eloquence of one and of the other rose to sublimity and pierced the vail of mortality. But the French

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orator was the champion of authority and of the Church of Rome; the English poet was the child of freedom and of sacred truth; and if the works of Bossuet stand as proud memorials of the Court and Creed he adorned, the writings of Milton breathe an immortal spirit which changes of opinion will never consign to the records of the past, and which the revolutions of the world will never efface.

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

# HENRY HAVELOCK, OF LUCKNOW, THE HERO OF INDIA.

The British nation is robed in mourning for the loss of the valorous soldier who perished on the 25th of November, at Alumbagh, in Oude, "worn out by anxiety and fatigue." His death was lamented alike by the strategist skilled to appreciate the magnitude of his achievements, and the general public, made acquainted with him as the deliverer of many helpless women and children from the jaws of the Bengal monster. His name is on every tongue. It is accepted as the symbol of distinguished heroism, and mentioned with glowing pride, since, while his decease is deplored as an irreparable loss, it is felt that his exploits have exalted the character of the country in the eyes of the world. We have buried him, therefore, without a tear, for he has done his work in such a manner that we can boast his memory, though we grieve that he did not live to receive the laudation of a grateful people on a victorious return from the scene of conflict. He dared and escaped so many dangers that we were fain to believe in the invulnerability of his person and the certainty of his triumphs. Nothing in recent military history equaled the rapidity of his marches, the decision of his operations, the vigorous courage with which he assailed superior numbers, and the unvarying success attending his movements. After his first contests with the sanguinary Rajah of Bithoor, every eye became intensely fixed upon the brave man's deeds, and the hope of the country for the speedy suppression of the mutiny at its source was centred in him. The interest of the struggle suddenly vanished from Delhi; even the capture of that city did not dim the lustre of Havelock's campaign, or draw away the excited attention of the world from his all but superhuman efforts. And as successive mails brought the intelligence that with the same decimated and enfeebled band of British troops he was alternately retreating to gain time, and advancing to subdue, with the ultimate aim of succoring the beleaguered garrison in Lucknow, popular admiration reached its height. Nor was his fame confined to the populace. Among the most experienced Indian warriors the perils and difficulties of his task were the most highly appreciated. A masterly Irish general of Eastern fame, has not scrupled to say that his prompt and gallant exertions, after he arrived at Cawnpore, considering his means, evinced military genius of the highest order. They had, undoubtedly, the effect of checking the revolt at its culmination in Oude, when, choked in other quarters, it was about to burst forth there anew with increased fury. We owe much then, to the noble veteran departed; and since we can not now do more to express gratitude for his deeds, we shall revere his memory, adorn his tomb, and honor his offspring.

In India, at present, as in the previous war with Russia, our administration has broken down; but the injury thus inflicted upon our cause has been redeemed, as in the other case also, by the spirit of our troops and the nobleness of their leaders. Had proper measures been taken at the start, General Havelock would not have arrived too late to save the European females from the butchery at Cawnpore, and all the subsequent bloodshed would have been spared. The Calcutta government, in making light of the revolt, be-

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trayed both imbecility and ignorance; and the result of that cardinal error, as well as of their subsequent grievous incapacity, was tediousness at home, the detention of reïnforcements, and other evils of a varied nature, productive of incalculable mischief.

The effects of the original mistake, in underrating the rebellion, are still in operation. Believing the event to be of comparative unimportance, the authorities at Calcutta neglected preparations for the transport of large bodies of men up the country; and consequently while the Commander-in-Chief is now contending with a handful against several hosts of mutineers, and flying from place to place to keep them in check, where he can not hope to conquer, an immense force has been already landed from the transports, to be stowed away for a season of inglorious idleness, at Masulipatam, Madras, or in Fort William, until bullocks, wagons, and other means of conveyance, are obtained, every instant being, meantime, pregnant with momentous probabilities. Fortunately for us, we repeat, such blunders as these have been hitherto prevented from leading to disaster by the energy of several of our officers and the unexampled bravery of their men. All the world now knows how the gallant Irishman, Nicholson, repressed the rising mutiny in the Punjaub, quelling it at Peshawur by sheer audacity when his numbers were not a tenth of the disaffected native force; how Neill, the equally valiant Scotchman, recovered the feebleness exhibited at Dinapore by dint of equal daring; how, in numerous stations throughout Central India, the pluck of a single British officer, in each instance, has compensated the want of a European garrison, staid the insurrection, and relieved the Calcutta Council from embarrassments caused by their gross neglect of the state of the country, and guilty blindness to the progress of discontent. In like manner, while we write, the vigor of such men as Greathed, Showers, Grant, and Outram, headed by the dashing Sir Colin Campbell, is spent in contending with obstacles which are the fruit of unaccountable delays at the head-quarters of Indian military administration; and the truth of this remark would be still more apparent, had not Lord Canning, by gagging the press, and submitting even the news sent by the mails to England to a process of filtration, leaving unfavorable items behind, secured that the British people should not have the materials for an opinion on his conduct of affairs.

Among the generals whose task was complicated by the neglect of the government to dispatch troops to Oude, when the outbreak first occurred, Sir Henry Havelock held the foremost place. The incidents of his last command were so touching, and his character as a Christian, as well as a valiant soldier, so worthy of all admiration, that, whatever may be the future nature of the conflict, however brilliant may be its results, however noble its passages of arms, the fame of this great man can not suffer. By the unanimous verdict, not of Britain alone, but of the world, he is already placed in the highest rank of military celebrities, and ere many months pass, doubtless such a complete biography of the hero will be furnished to the public as will enable us to trace the development of his vast powers as a general, and his excellent qualities as a member of society. Meanwhile, the general features of his career, especially the latter part of it, may be cursorily sketched.

Sir Henry Havelock, as we may style the deceased, though he died before the meager reward of the baronetcy was conferred, sprang from a respectable family, long settled at Bishopwearmouth. His father was a ship-owner, and his circumstances were good when Henry was born, in April, 1795. The education of the future soldier commenced at the Charterhouse School, where, it has been said, he reckoned amongst his contemporaries, Dr. Thirlwall, Mr. Grote, Sir William M'Naughten, Sir Charles Eastlake, and the present Minister of War. About the year 1813 a change took place in the condition of his father's affairs, and during his embarrassments, a small property which he held in Kent passed into the hands of Government. At this crisis young Havelock was obliged to quit school for the purpose of fixing upon a profession, and chose the law. He was accordingly entered at the Middle Temple, and associated with the accomplished and amiable author of "Ion," at the lectures of the great special pleader, Chitty. But the youth, who was then of an ardent temperament approaching impetuousness, did not find his right place in poring over the tedious and involved verbiage of legal documents. Both Talfourd and he dis-

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liked the drudgery; but whilst the former, with a mind of finer texture and quicker sense, turned to letters, Havelock, partaking of the practical tendencies of his parent's nature, sought a life of action, and shortly after his first experience of the law's dullness threw away the quill for the sword. He would appear to have been induced to take this course by the example of his brother, who had served in the Peninsula under the Duke, and retired after Waterloo, having been wounded there. Havelock obtained his commission as Second Lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade in the latter part of 1815. He remained with his regiment, the 95th, for eight years on garrison duties at home, and spent several winters in Ireland; but this mock soldiering did not come up to his aspirations, and, longing for promotion, he exchanged into the 13th, and sailed, in 1823, for India. It was not long until his ambition of active service met gratification. In 1824 the first Burmese campaign was opened, and Havelock, being a promising officer, received the appointment of Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General. He was present at several engagements, where, however, he had little scope for the display of valor or ability. But his reputation steadily rose, and various diplomatic negotiations connected with Indian government were intrusted to his management. In 1827, he made his appearance as an author, in the "History of the Ava Campaign," a book showing that he was a person of judgment and force of intellect, though scarcely competent for a serious literary task. Nevertheless, great as his merits were, and Lord Combermere acknowledged them in a marked manner, in 1828, the expected promotion did not come. The tide seemed stiffly set against the industrious, patient, and exemplary officer; and he saw there was no chance, but to work on until fortune smiled. Finding that an acquaintance with the Indian languages was becoming more necessary every year to those who sought advancement, he entered the college at Calcutta, and soon acquired a comprehensive knowledge of the principles of various Indian languages; but it was only in 1838, twenty-three years after he entered the service, that he obtained his company. The man of genius pined in an ignoble position for a great portion of this time, while fools of all degrees, from complete inanity upwards, reaped the golden blessings of patronage.

We shall not closely follow Havelock's history between 1838 and the outburst of the existing mutiny. During the Affghan campaign, he served under that excellent officer, Sir Willoughby Cotton, and rendered important services during the storming of Ghuznee and defense of Jellalabad. Havelock's "Memoir of the Affghan Campaign" was an abler production than his former work, and showed that his mind had become more matured by his studies at Calcutta. From this time his services were most important, but his promotion still was less rapid than his deservings. Notwithstanding the engrossing nature of his duties between 1838 and 1842, the General contrived to extend his knowledge of Oriental languages, in which eventually he became very proficient. Having acted as Persian interpreter to General Elphinstone, his character was established in this respect; but it was not until 1842, in the final attack on Mohammed Akbar, that he had what may be called his first great opportunity of distinguishing himself. Havelock commanded the right column when that chief was forced to raise the siege, and, having taken a prominent part in bringing about the result, a brevet-majority and Companionship of the Bath were given to him. But again he subsided into the situation of Persian interpreter to General Pollock, being held in readiness, however, for fresh operations. His life was that of the hard-working, ill-requited soldier. He was fulfilling his destiny. After several years had passed, in which he was employed upon several arduous and dangerous enterprises, we approach that period of his career where his influence upon events becomes more distinct and decided. He is a prominent figure in the serious battle of Maharajpore, and for his conduct there he got his brevet lieutenant-colonelcy. Subsequently, he met, in the Sikhs, at Moodkee, Ferozeshah, and Sobraon, a stouter enemy than he had before encountered. He had narrow escapes at each of these engagements; and it is related that his coolness, after a second horse had been shot under him at Moodkee, bore out the feature most observed in his character, even his school-days—a quiet self-possession, which a difficulty on any matter seemed but to deepen, and even the

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fear of an angry ferule for a peccadillo did not disturb. This quality, indeed, was eminently characteristic of Sir Henry Havelock. He uttered little at any time, and seldom displayed agitation from any cause; but was calmest invariably when the exigency was most trying.

In the second Sikh war he lost his brother, Colonel William Havelock. This able officer fell at Ramnuggur. He was no match for Henry in military skill. At the conclusion of this campaign the Deliverer of Lucknow returned to England for the sake of his health; but was only permited to remain at home two years. Even these he did not give to rest. He was a man of incessant activity, and possessed a hereditary restlessness of disposition, controlled by a clear head and practical turn of mind. He wasted no time in uneasy trifling. Every act of his had an intelligent and a well-defined purpose. In 1851 Havelock returned to India fresh in spirit, his continual disappointments nevertheless. Lord Hardinge soon after bestowed upon him the Adjutant-Generalship of the Queen's troops in India, and a brevet-colonelcy; and in this position the Persian imbroglio found him.

Into the political questions raised by the Herat dispute it is not our business to enter; but we must say that the battle of Mohammerah was not one to exalt the military reputation of such a soldier as Henry Havelock. What there was to do the naval force accomplished, and this was little enough. As compared with most of his previous responsibilities, the conquest of this town's ranges of huts was an inglorious affair. At the time when we felt disposed to ridicule the Persian conflict, however, we had no anticipation that ere a few months had flown by, the second in command there would have a field of action whereon the eyes of the civilized world would be irresistibly fixed. Such are human affairs. What may occur tomorrow the sagest statesman can not presume to divine in an age when events march along in apparent keeping with the swiftness of our marvelous agencies for recording their progress.

The short Persian war concuded, Havelock returned to Bombay, still unrewarded for his frequent exhibitions of superior skill and daring, but yet desirous of doing his duty in all emergencies so as to merit the approval of conscience. His crowning labor was before him, although he expected a measure of repose on his landing once more in India. Providence had reserved for him the great task of saving the British dominion in Hindostan from the vengeance of barbarism struggling to reässert supremacy against the progress of civilizing influences. He was the man of all others best fitted to take up the sword of Lawrence for the recovery of Oude. His thirty-four years of service in the severest Indian campaigns, and in the most pestilential parts of that great continent, had not broken his health. Nor had the neglect he experienced injured the elasticity of his spirit. He was neither enfeebled by indulgence, nor soured into uselessness by disappointment. What he found to do, he was ready to perform with a will. Small considerations, such as move inferior minds, had no weight with him. Henry Havelock was magnificent in the simple, easy, and modest magnitude of his nature. As nothing came amiss to his skill, so no comparatively unimportant matter ruffled his continual composure, or disturbed his perfect command over his faculties. If we compared him with any British general in the calm and force of his character, it would be with the Duke of Wellington, who, also, at all times, evinced the same self-possession in difficulties, fertility of resource, and quiet undemonstrative intensity of determination, evidenced by the conqueror of the fiendish Nena and victor of Lucknow.

When Havelock landed again in India, necessity rather than the favor of the dispensers of patronage pointed him out as a suitable commander for the movable column in the northern provinces. Accordingly, Lord Canning sent him from Calcutta to Allahabad, as Brigadier-General. His last and greatest achievement thus began. The qualities he had displayed on the banks of the Irrawaddy, before the fortresses of Central India, and in perilous Affghan struggles, were about to have a wider range and mightier manifestation. With that serene composure in war which the ancients so greatly valued, he set out for his grandest effort.

Before opening the final chapter in his history, it may be instructive to inquire how the hero's services had been up to this recognized? One is ashamed to unfold the catalogue of the slow and unsatisfactory honors bestowed upon the brilliant soldier. His first commission was dated July, 1815. His second, that of

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lieutenant, was accorded six years afterwards—not until it had been won by services of no mean importance on home duty. Seventeen long years then passed before Sir Henry Havelock became a captain, and in this interval he had figured prominently during four severe actions, had conducted diplomatic negotiations of great moment, and done much to improve the discipline and enhance the efficiency of the Indian army. Promotion, in his case, came not with the talismanic intimation, "Remember Dowb." No Minister or Governor-General pushed him forward to please a relative, or satisfy a whim. While the seventeen winters passed by, wherein his claims were disregarded, several officers of the drawing-room class stepped over his shoulders disdainfully. Still, he carried out the duties intrusted to him with gallantry and address, leaving the results of his conduct to speak his praise. His chief boast was that he never purchased a rank, except the step from ensign to lieutenant, and that what elevations he did secure, were wrung from the authorities by his singular merits.

Thus was Havelock suitably prepared in body and mind for his last and most exacting performance. The Indian government long refused to believe that the mutiny would attain any importance. The city where it originated was remote from the seat of government, and intelligence of the swift progress of disaffection could not be readily conveyed to Calcutta. When the outbreak at Meerut, and the succeeding massacres, however, had swelled into the occupation of Delhi, the military and civil administrators in the adjoining provinces saw the danger which menaced them. It was then that the two Lawrences displayed the decision which saved the Punjaub and arrested the flame even in Oude; and then only that the sleepy incapables who advised the Governor-General began to understand the responsibility imposed upon them. Troops were hurried up the country towards Delhi, too little attention being given to the Oude province, which, as the last-annexed territory, was least completely subdued, and in which Lord Dalhousie had foolishly supposed a very small European garrisoning force would be sufficient. While, therefore, the siege of Delhi, and the vigor of Brigadier Nicholson in the adjacent country, kept down the insurrection in that quarter, the fire commenced burning fiercely in and around Lucknow. The treachery of Nena Sahib, and the terrible atrocities which followed, at length opened the eyes of the Indian generals to the fact that even a more momentous field of action was to be found in the vicinity of that city than at the ancient capital of the Mogul empire. The population of the district of Oude, unlike the people of Central and Northern India, sympathized to a large extent with the mutineers; the landholders rendered them assistance; and their leaders here were persons of some position, like the sanguinary Nena. It was Havelock's lot to deal with the revolt in this quarter; and knowing the danger to which the European residents were exposed at Cawnpore, he pressed thither with an insufficient force, trusting that the heroism of the troops and his own ability would compensate for his inferiority in numbers. It is unnecessary to detail how he came a few hours too late to save our sisters and their children from the fearful crimes of the bloody palace. When Havelock beheld the horrible vestibule of the building, and the well wherein the victims lay in a promiscuous heap, the usual intensity of his noble nature increased, while every single soldier of his small but gallant army, felt the impulse of a valor which spurned at the menace of difficulties and disdained fatigue. The succession of amazingly comprehensive, rapid, and victorious movements subsequently made by their general is accounted for by the spirit imparted to his men from such scenes; but the close observer of their achievements will, nevertheless, mark in them much more than the impetuous rush of revenging Britons, and the hot determination of a proverbially bold officer. They exhibit tact and coolness as well as dash. Havelock was no hasty leader who, having delivered an attack with energy, relapsed into a blunder, or suffered himself to be ensnared by unanticipated occurrences. If he acted almost instantaneously in certain conjectures, he did not think with the less patience; and hence, although he took the field from Cawnpore, after the massacre, with a trifling force, and fought repeated and stiff engagements at Bithoor and elsewhere, he was never caught as Greathed was at Agra, and Windham has just been at Cawnpore. The difference between a great general and a soldier in whom inconsiderate courage is the predominating quality, need not be pointed out; but it

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is illustrated sufficiently by a contrast of Sir Henry Havelock's with other names which must occur to every recollection in connection with the existing campaign.

In order to appreciate the peculiar valor of the deceased, the state of things when he hurried northwards to take the field must be borne in mind. Not only had Delhi been occupied by the mutineers, whom it was necessary to besiege, but the Sepoy assassinations had extended through the entire country lying between Agra and Lucknow. With the death of our valiant countryman, Sir Henry Lawrence, the European garrison in the latter place were put upon that noble defense which Brigadier Inglis has so modestly, and yet graphically described. Havelock was hastening forward in complete uncertainty as to the nature of his future movements, when the news reached him of Nena Sahib's unutterable attrocities. It was his original intention to proceed to Delhi, where, the government then thought, the mutiny could be crushed by one great blow; but the outbreak in the lower country altered his purpose. He learned that the sanguinary Rajah had not less than fifteen thousand, some reports stated twenty thousand, men under his command. This intimation would have daunted any soldiers less heroic than Neill and Havelock. To them it brought no dismay. They knew, on the one hand, that the Sepoy, when led by Indians, was but an indifferent combatant at the best; but they relied much more upon the gallantry of the two thousand British troops, who had been got together as the van of the great army which was about to pour across the reconquered plains of Bengal. On pressed these eminent officers, Neill in front with the Madras European Fusilier regiments, and the subsequent hero of Lucknow behind with the main force, eighteen hundred strong. They instantly extinguished the spirit of revolt at Benares and Allahabad, rendering their first and most important service by, as it were, damming up the rebellion within the territory of Oude. Alas! they were not in time to prevent the hellish transactions at Cawnpore. The Nena, having gratified his lust of blood upon the tender female and sucking child, had taken up his position near Bithoor, to await attack. Sir Henry Havelock's soldiers scarcely tarried to register their vows of vengeance over the bloody fount. The perpetrator of the cruelties was in the neighborhood, and what though he had ten men for every Briton, the leader of the valiant two thousand was not the person to turn back or delay, especially as from the far distant Residency of the Oude city, there came on the breeze a cry of distress from our besieged fellow-countrymen and women, who had only the fate of Cawnpore to look for. General Havelock, therefore, without a day's delay, precipitated himself upon the Rajah. The swiftness and daring of the attack disconcerted the foe, and, after two or three engagements of a sharp character, the British commander drove him into his fortified position. But here Havelock's difficulty began. Fifty-three miles lay between him and Lucknow, and large bodies of rebels, sympathized with by the population, impeded the passage. Besides, that city itself was immense, well held by the natives, and peopled by at least 300,000 inhabitants. The season, also, was unfavorable, and it was supposed that the General would retreat, leaving the Europeans in Lucknow, of necessity, to their terrible fate. In fact, the country made up its mind that the thousand inmates of the Lucknow Residency must perish ere succor could arrive, either by the success of a siege, or by betrayal; but, in Havelock's camp, inferior though his numbers were, though cholera prevailed, and tremendous fatigues were daily endured, there was but one resolve, and that to dare every thing for the salvation of the little garrison. We may be sure that this determination of the brave troops composing the never-to-be-forgotten two thousand, was not discouraged by the warrior of Sobraon. He had the fullest sympathy with the fiery ardor of his men, and in his presence they thought nothing of their toils. His small wiry frame bore up against all privation, and it would have ill become them to complain. They ever recollected, too, with awe, the scene which had met their vision when they drove the enemy from Cawnpore—the pieces of ladies' dress swimming in gore, the golden tresses torn by the hands of human devils from the head of innocence, the scattered limbs which had been parted from living infants in wanton extravagance of Satanry—all the fearful relics of one of the most savage crimes that stain the annals of our race; and, as they vainly struggled to banish the hideous images of the carnage from memory, the picture

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fixed itself deeper and deeper there, till its ghastly lines became ineffaceable, and a

"Heavy horror sat on every mind."

To men with so much to revenge, what availed the difference of numbers with the foe? Each single arm felt the might of a Goliath; every spirit was fired with the vigor of a Hector. Thus a species of supernatural strength was communicated to the gallant few, and to this is attributable the physical energy displayed in their repeated and rapid marches, their frequent dashing rencounters, and invariable victories. But, while a courage of this wild nature rendered Havelock's troops good material to work with, it required no small skill and judicious *repose* in a commander to sustain men so circumstanced and influenced in such a state of discipline as would enable him either to retire or advance them as prudence dictated. When the fuller record of the General's dealings with his little army in this crisis comes to be written, it will doubtless be learned that his "anxiety and fatigue" were peculiar and overwhelming, far more trying than any mere waste of bodily strength, and sufficient to break down any commander less inured to hardship than he.

As Sir Henry Havelock crossed the Ganges, reports reached him from Lucknow, which redoubled his apprehensions. Repeated assaults upon the apparently doomed citadel were weakening it to such an extent that unless relief came soon, all would be over. A desperation, unfavorable to a vigorous defense by its recklessness, had seized upon the Europeans in Lucknow. They were making repeated sorties from the sheer pressure of famine, sometimes recruiting their scanty stores by captures from the enemy; again losing brave men in fruitless operations. The native troops acting against them were of the most debased class. Their bravery was that of desperadoes, of which Oude was full when the mutiny reached it. Nothing seemed more certain, therefore, than the fall of the garrison before Havelock could arrive. His own officers gave up hope. His men, too, appeared to regard the enterprise as useless, though, so much were they attached to their captain and friend, that, at a glance of his eye, where tasks were so terrible that he shrank from giving the word of command, they pressed their ranks into a firmer array, pealed forth the cheer of genuine loyalty, and buried their masses among the flying foe. The news came to General Havelock's battalions that the sufferings of the females increased in Lucknow; and we can guess—perhaps do no more—the nature and degree of their privations from the account furnished by Colonel Inglis, which, to the glory of British womanhood, reports that even tender ladies, when laboring under the mute sorrow of irreparable losses and the wasting effects of privation, stood, in the thickest dangers, encouraging the unharmed soldier to sentinel his post with unflinching ardor, or tending the wounded in the most trying offices of matronly kindness. Seldom, indeed, has a general been forced to employ the words of Brigadier Inglis with the same warmth of feeling, the same hearty gratitude, evinced in his encomiums upon the females of Lucknow, every one of whom may claim some special mark of favor from our most gracious Queen, who herself, as the type of all perfections in the character of British ladies, will estimate aright the greatness of her victor-sisters delivered by Henry Havelock and Outram, in the first instance, and eventually by Sir Colin Campbell.

Cheered by the intimation of a pensioner, named Ungud, that the General was approaching Lucknow, the garrison had its spirits renewed on the twenty-sixth day of the siege. Five or six days more, and the conqueror of Nena Sahib would force his way into the capital of Oude, and rescue his long-incarcerated countrymen. So the besieged set about preparations for spending their last burst of physical ardor in coöperating with their deliverers. Havelock had been requested to announce his coming, when he arrived on the outskirts of the city, by sending up rockets; but the sixth day came and went, and the seventh also, without the appearance of the signal for which every eye was strained, for which every heart palpitated. We can scarcely read, without tears, the simple sentences in which Colonel Inglis states that, for many evenings afterwards, officers and men refused themselves sleep, watching for the happy gleam in the sky which should speak of triumph. But the heart grew sick, as expectation was repeatedly baffled; for

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thirty-five dreary days had yet to be passed in hunger and peril before the promise of deliverance could be fulfilled.

For this delay Henry Havelock was not to blame. He had done as much as man could; but it was not in his power to perform miracles. After he had fought various engagements between Cawnpore and Alumbagh, with the same small host, he found it necessary to fall back for reïnforcements; and it was then that, in concurrence with Neill, he issued a proclamation, having for its object the saving, if possible, of the lives of the Europeans in Lucknow, should a capitulation become necessary. All rebels taken in Oude, with their wives and children, were to be detained as hostages. Carrying out this policy, Captain Bruce, on going to search the house of one of Nena Sahib's Cawnpore followers, who had taken the field with his master, found that this nawab had left his wives behind him. These, by General Havelock's order, were immediately seized, and a guard placed over them, while it was hinted to the ladies that they would have a right to protection so long as the English women taken in Oude should be treated with respect. Soon again, however, recruited by General Outram, Sir Henry Havelock turned towards Lucknow, the former conceding to his brother-veteran the chief command of the joint force, until the end immediately in view, which was peculiarly Havelock's task, should be accomplished. What followed is so fresh in the remembrance of the most cursory reader, that we should be insulting him by repeating it at any length. The rebels fought with greater spirit than they had manifested at any previous crisis during the mutiny; and on the Eighty-seventh Day of the Siege the Residency was entered by a friendly force. Often balked in his hallowed purpose of relieving his fellow-countrymen from torture and mutilation, the indomitable soldier at last had the reward he most sought, as the imprisoned welcomed him with feeble cheers.

But yet once more was he to endure disappointment. He became himself, in turn, besieged, and when the intelligence arrived in this country that he could not emerge from the place he had succored, every countenance fell. Even the most sanguine despaired. The fate of Lucknow was spoken of as a thing of which it would be ridiculous to express a doubt. There was a dirge-like tone in the articles of the press which speculated on the probable next news. The enemies of the British name abroad, reöpened their slanders. Our home *Sepoys* — paltry wretches—predicted that the game was gone; that Great Britain was no longer to be great; that she had turned on the way to decline and an ultimate fall, the losing of India being the first grade in this declension. But Providence was better than we deserved. We merited defeat; for, during the earlier weeks of Havelock's struggles in the neighborhood of Cawnpore, the Calcutta mismanagers folded their arms, quite content that 2000 men should have the responsibility of fighting ten times as many, and capturing and holding a large city besides! The reïnforcements went up by leisurely stages, and in small number, so that, if the siege of Lucknow had terminated in a fearful tragedy and irremediable disgrace, the authorities would have been most at fault. Such an issue of the struggle, however, was spared us. Havelock's presence cheered the drooping spirits of the garrison; and Sir Colin Campbell—a soldier of very much the same stamp as the other great hero—seeing things in a strait, pressed on with too small a force, indeed, but with invincible determination, to achieve the final and complete relief of the place. How nobly this was done, it is unnecessary to state. But, although the Commander-in-Chief concluded the work, to General Havelock the preservation of the lives of the garrison was due; for his energetic onslaught upon the field force of the Oude mutineers drew off their attention from the Residency, which, had something of this kind not been done, they would long before have captured without much expenditure of blood or skill.

The same want of men, however, which prevented General Havelock from fully earning the title of Conqueror of Oude, crippled Sir Colin Campbell, when Colonel Inglis's small force was set free. He could not hope to retain the city with his handful. His object, therefore, would seem to have been to make Alumbagh his headquarters, and from thence, at the right time, to overrun Oude with a large force; but he was drawn away by the mistake of General Windham, in allowing himself to be surprised by the Gwalior rebels, and, consequently, Outram and Havelock were

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obliged to abandon Lucknow. Doubtless this went to the heart of the latter. He had aimed obstinately at the taking of the city, and, after several failures, had seized it by force of heroism against vastly overpowering numbers; and now that it must be surrendered, he could not but feel the retirement sorely, albeit only a temporary, and perhaps not very important affair. This source of grief, added to others, brought on dysentery, and the great man died, as the records pithily say, "worn out by anxiety and fatigue."

Recollect what Henry Havelock had gone through. Not to speak of his whole life, which was one long day of ceaseless labor, remember that from the time when he embarked for the Persian campaign he had got no rest whatever; and the encampment before Mohammerah was dangerous even to an old Indian's health. In returning to Bombay he had suffered shipwreck. Arrived there, he was at once ordered off to Calcutta, and no sooner had he set foot in the halls of the Governor-General's residence, than, in June, he was sent up the country, without instructions, without an army, to put down an insurrection, the nature, locale, and strength of which could not be estimated. From thence to the day of his death his toils were beyond computation. He bore them with the same evenness of temper which attended him through life; making the most of his means; compensating for the paucity of his resources by sagacity; vanquishing no mean enemies by superior science and valor; knowing when to crouch and when to spring; and being at all times equal to every duty. A writer from Calcutta states, that so wan and weak did he appear when he had returned from Persia that it was supposed impossible he could bear any hardship; but he lived down men of apparently robust frames, although he expended far more of his strength than any other. His body was well-knit, his habits temperate, his mind calm under the influence of religion, and his purposes, once formed, grew every day stronger in their dominion over his will. This was exactly the sort of man demanded for the post he was called upon to fill in the last act of his busy life; and we can not but think that his decision in assailing the Rajah of Bithoor, and inflicting upon that fiend repeated defeats, saved us from an extension of the mutiny to Allahabad, Benares, nay, possibly, to Calcutta itself. Without forgetting the great services of several soldiers scarcely less distinguished, we may be permitted to call him, emphatically, a fit successor for the distinguished and equally lamented Lawrence.

Public opinion is apt to exaggerate the claims of its favorite for the hour, and we have recently had several illustrations of hasty encomium which it was obliged to recall; but there can be no possibility of question respecting Henry Havelock's greatness. It was frequently established by unmistakable proofs, extending over nigh two-score years. His distinctions were not dubiously won. He was not suddenly made notorious by a piece of military luck. His long life was spent in the honorable pursuit of arms, and his character rose with every successive incident in his career. Not in a single instance did he suffer his high reputation to decline by any apathy or want of foresight. In addition to all the other qualities he possessed, not the least remarkable was the continual care which preserved him from falling into damaging errors. In short, for the full term of an active lifetime, he stood in the foreground of Indian history to those who knew how affairs progressed in the great peninsula. Physically he seemed unfit for a position of such prominence. There was nothing of the sternness we are accustomed to associate with war in his kindly aspect. His heroism has been spoken of as "antique," but it had none of the vices which marred the dignity of ancient courage. It ever manifested a touch of chivalry, and a magnanimity that affected the hearts of all. Still, this warm-hearted, genial man, could wear a brow of adament when occasions demanded rigor. The small eye grew keen as an eagle's, and every muscle in his frame firm as iron, when danger was to be affronted. From his unvarying decision in exigencies, his men reposed the utmost confidence in his judgment; his superiors deferred to him; even Lord Gough is reported once to have said, "Havelock never blunders;" and in consequence of this promptitude and genius he was, in his own single person, a terror to hosts of the mutineers, who were not unaware of the formidable nature of their opponent. We have received letters from Calcutta which speak of his loss as *the* calamity of the struggle. Able leaders, doubtless,

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still wield their weapons against the sanguinary Sepoy, or resist his attacks in the European residencies of Central India—such noble men as Colonel, now Major-General Inglis, the inspiring mind of the Eighty-seven Days' Defense; but there are seldom to be found, in any one campaign, two or more soldiers so thoroughly equipped for their task as General Havelock was; and, save Sir Colin Campbell, the best-informed Anglo-Indians do not hesitate to express the opinion that there is none left at all approaching him in knowledge of Oriental warfare. There, daring is not alone what is needed.

The valor of General Windham led him into such a scrape with the rebels as Henry Havelock never could have committed. The absence of the latter, then, has been severely felt already; and when the war is over, and the Bengal army comes to be reconstructed, the want of his comprehensive advice and practical acquaintance with the habits, prejudices, and impulses of the natives, will be still more seriously understood. It should be borne in mind that there were a couple of men in India who foresaw the plot of the mutiny, and gave an insensible government timely warning of its approach in no vague or qualified terms. These were Lawrence and Havelock, statesmen both as well as soldiers—and they have fallen, leaving no equals behind. The officer of all others in whom trust is most implicitly reposed by the Europeans in Calcutta is, perhaps, Brigadier Cotton, of Peshawur—a man of rare abilities, administrative as well as military. But is there a second like him? It can not be concealed that our best commanders are yielding to the fatigues inseparable from a conflict where movements are necessarily uncertain and precipitate. Should the revolt continue for some months longer, as is very probable, we may learn by many sad mischances how much was taken from our resources when General Havelock, and the scarcely less worthy Neill, died. We may well say, then, that the exploits of the former, commencing with the battle of Futtehpore, and ending with the relief from the Lucknow Residency, form the grandest episode in the Indian struggle, and display such devotedness in a small band of troops, and resolute obstinacy of purpose in a general, as were never exceeded in the annals of warlike operations. As the news arrived, mail after mail, that Havelock had gained another and another victory, despite the smallness of his force, their want of resources, the hazards and fatigue of repeated conflicts, and the more-to-be-dreaded ravages of cholera, the Minister, in his place in Parliament, was forced to pay a warm public tribute to the hero; and we can recollect the cordial approval manifested by the House, when he declared that Havelock had, in the short space of two months, gained no less than nine victories over forces five, eight, and ten times numerically superior to his own, capturing during these operations seventy pieces of cannon. And one of the Opposition leaders, with his usual felicity in the use of language and vigorous appreciation of eminent merit, indorsed the eulogy when he said: "Considering the climate, the time of year, the number of the battles fought, and the distances traversed, the march of Havelock with his devoted heroes deserves to be reckoned amongst the most brilliant enactments of our military history." Yet, when these statements were made in the Senate, and a baronetcy and Knight Commandership of the Bath conferred upon the General, the public were not satisfied that he had been sufficiently rewarded, so high was the country's sense of the value of his achievements.

But the most characteristic element in the biography of Henry Havelock remains, in conclusion, briefly to be noticed. How deep was his respect for religion! Unbending warrior though he be, his heart is humble, and his habit pious. Strange as it may sound in some ears, yet it is true that he is a "man of prayer." The Scriptures are his continual study, as their Author is the arbiter of his actions. When he resided at Bonn his place in an English service was never empty; and we have heard observers of his bearing on such occasions state that there was no more devout worshiper. Some time since a cry arose, that the Christian missionaries had produced the Indian insurrection, and ignorant persons skeptically disposed—skepticism is ever the fruit of ignorance—took occasion to sneer at all operations for the propagation of truth in Hindostan, as an illicit and a dangerous interference with the government of the country. From this tone of observation there was but a step to the insulting, impious, and silly declaration, that all military men,

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who were accustomed to peruse a Bible, lost their courage in acquiring their piety, and became the milk-sops of the army, canting, useless, narrow-minded, and incompetent for serious enterprises. The case of an individual was eagerly seized, and the most made of it for the purpose of pointing such sarcasms by a personal example. It was in vain for more discriminating persons to say, that several of the most valiant men, whose exploits illuminate the page of history, were distinguished by a lofty religious disposition. The sardonic leer of the reckless journalist was the only reply. He had no relish for recalling such instances. He did not doubt that they might be cited, but the world had grown wiser, and soldiers, of all others, had the least business with creeds or feelings. Yet, even these scoffers are now constrained to allow, that their own idol, Havelock, claimed the title, so much abused, of "Christian," and that his attachment to religion did neither weaken his arm nor unnerve his mind. Nay, in spite of themselves, they must go farther still, and admit that the amazing self-command which never deserted him, his stern tenacity of purpose, his contempt for his own safety in a good cause, his clearness of view, and the dignity of demeanor which was so attractive to the men under his command, were the direct result of his pious sentiments. True religion ever inspires respect. No skeptic's glance can chill it, or mar its attractiveness. In its presence even the ribald infidel is forced to suppress his cynicism, and stoop in reverence. It bears down ridicule, moreover, by the manliness of the actions to which it prompts, and the purity and essential grandeur of the motives suggesting them. True religion, further, when sincerely cultivated, degrades no mind, conflicts with no duty that is in accordance with righteous principle, injures no man's *spirit;* but, on the contrary, elevates every impulse of the heart, develops all powers of the intellect, and even lends to weak physical natures a singular strength, communicated by contentment, temperance, pure aspirations, and an immunity from the slavish fear of death.

"Courage hath analogy with Faith."

Long after even the major events of the Indian mutiny will have lost their freshness in the recollection of the British people, who hang to-day upon the lips of the narrators with breathless anxiety, the name of Havelock will be mentioned with reverence and pride. Men of his character never die. Their particular performances may cease to be very closely connected with their names in the memory of the busy world, but their influence is renewed, as time by time, public instructors appeal to their auditories by examples of virtue and nobleness, drawn from the treasury of the past. We may predict that Sir Henry Havelock will for generations be the type of all that is large-minded and exemplary in the profession to which his life was an honor; while the good will quote him as one who, rendering unto Cæsar all due homage, did not forget to lay his heart upon the altar of God. Were the Queen of our vast empire served by a race of such as he, not only in arms, but in statesmanship, in letters, in every position prominently associated with the interests of the nation, her dominion might defy every treachery within, and assault from without. Pillars of memorial will rise, confessing the country's debt to the Hero of Lucknow; in the ear of an attentive and sympathizing country, Her Majesty's First Minister will again propose to pay his name honor; there will be no niggardliness in acknowledging his greatness, according to the usual course of extending justice to the dead, who, living, were but scantily appreciated; his family will be regarded as a sacred charge upon public regard; the Sovereign herself offers condolence to his widow; and other means will be taken to perpetuate him; but let Henry Havelock live in hallowed remembrance among his fellow-countrymen as the model of a Christian soldier, and his fame will have a monument on which we may well describe, in emphatic characters — *Ære perennius.*

It matters not that his body lies where the foot of the Sepoy makes a bloody track in the soil. We would not erect a costly mausoleum over so unostentatious a spirit. He sleeps best in the warrior's bed, without any merely artificial honors surrounding him. Let him rest quietly in the "Garden of the World;" till, when the angry passions of men have subsided, when peace returns, and nature shall have recovered her supremacy in the fields where war now riots, when England has well learned the lesson which the Indian

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revolt should teach her, and released Christianity from bonds throughout our great possession, then may be reared over his grave a stone bearing a record, in letters of various languages, reminding the Western and the Oriental that the great soldier lying beneath poured out his life-tide in vindication of the True Faith, both from the savageries of an idolatrous people, and the miserable "expediency" principles of its hypocritical professors, who were afraid to "own their Master's name" in presence of effete and emasculate superstitions. We do not mean to hint that the Indian authorities are blamable for not having extended the religion of Christendom by force used directly or indirectly. The subject of our present observations, friend of missions though he was, never expressed a wish to use his sword as their apostle. The Gospel is not to be extended with carnal weapons; and any who dream that it may, labor under a delusion of no trifling nature. We are concerned, however, to see in the future management of India such a course pursued, under the auspices of the Company, or otherwise, as will set the missionary free, protect his liberties as a member of the community, and encourage him, at least by neutrality, to redouble his efforts for the evangelization of the country. The voice of the kingdom, irrespective of party, calls for this as the main result of the re-conquest. Meetings to express that view are being held in England and Ireland; and it will be strongly pressed upon the attention of the Government on an early day. If these requisitions be successful, the "opening-up" of Bengal will be entirely due to the valor of the earlier leaders of the campaign, who kept back the full rolling wave of barbarism with the slightest resources; and among these the most distinguished was the shipmaster's son, the lawyer's old pupil, the sagacious, heroical, unselfish, never-defeated HENRY HAVELOCK.

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

## THE HIGHLANDERS BY THE WELL AT CAWNPORE.

FOOT-SORE they were, and weary,
The day's grim work was o'er;
And the hot pursuit, and the dying yell,
And the strife, were heard no more.
When they came to their night encampment,
As the tropic evening fell,
And staid their steps for a little space
By that thrice accursed well.

Theirs were no fresh quick feelings:
Few but had bravely stood
On battle-fields where the soil was slaked
Till each footprint filled with blood.
Well did they know the horrors
Of War's unpitying face;
Yet they sobbed as with one great anguish
As they stood by that fatal place.

Still was the eve around them;
But they knew that that sultry air
Had thrilled to the cry of murderous rage
And the wild shriek of despair.
They saw in the chasm before them
The bloody and self-sought grave
Of many a heart that had cried in vain
On heaven and earth to save.

Mother and child were lying
Locked in a last embrace,
And death had printed the frenzied look
On the maiden's ghastly face.
And one of the slaughtered victims
They raised with a reverent care,
And shred from her fair and girlish head
The tresses of tangled hair.

They parted the locks between them,
And with low, quick breathing sware,
That a life of the cruel foe should fall
For every slender hair.
"Leave to the coward, wailing,
Let woman weep woman's fate,
Our swords shall weep red tears of blood
For the hearts made desolate."

They will keep their vow unbroken:
But oh! for the bitter tears,
The nights of horror, and days of pain,
That must fill our future years.
Woe! for the glad homes stricken
On our own green, quiet shore.
Woe! for the loving and the loved
Whom our eyes shall see no more.

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From the Quarterly Review.

# SENSE OF PAIN IN MAN AND ANIMALS.*

Sir Humphry Davy, when a boy, with the defiant constancy of youth which had as yet suffered nothing, held the opinion that pain was no evil. He was refuted by a crab who bit his toe when he was bathing, and made him roar loud enough to be heard half a mile off. If he had maintained instead, that pain was a good, his doctrine would have been unimpeachable. Unless the whole constitution of the world were altered, our very existence depends upon our sensibility to suffering. An anecdote, which is quoted by Dr. Carpenter in his "Principles of Human Physiology," from the "Journal of a Naturalist," shows the fatal effects of a temporary suspension of this law of our nature. A drover went to sleep on a winter's evening upon the platform of a lime-kiln, with one leg resting upon the stones which had been piled up to burn through the night. That which was gentle warmth when he lay down became a consuming fire before he rose up. His foot was burnt off above the ankle, and when, roused in the morning by the man who superintended the lime-kiln, he put his stump, unconscious of his misfortune, to the ground, the extremity crumbled into fragments. Whether he had been lulled into torpor by the carbonic acid driven off from the limestone, or whatever else may have been the cause of his insensibility, he felt no pain, and through his very exemption from this lot of humanity expired a fortnight afterwards in Bristol Hospital. Without the warning voice of pain, life would be a series of similar disasters. The crab, to the lasting detriment of chemistry, might have eaten off the future Sir Humphry's foot while he was swimming, without his entertaining the slightest suspicion of the ravages which were going on. Had he survived the injuries from the crab, he would yet have been cut off in the morning of his famous career, if, when experimenting upon the gases, the terrible oppression at his chest had not warned him to cease inhaling the carbureted hydrogen, nor, after a long struggle for life, would he have recovered to say to his alarmed assistant: "I do not think I shall die." Without physical pain, infancy would be maimed, or perish, before experience could inform it of its dangers. Lord Kaimes advised parents to cut the fingers of their children "cunningly" with a knife, that the little innocents might associate suffering with the glittering blade before they could do themselves a worse injury; but if no smart accompanied the wound, they would cut up their own fingers with the same glee that they cut a stick, and burn them in the candle with the same delight that they burn a piece of paper in the fire. Without pain, we could not proportion our actions to the strength of our frame, or our exertions to its powers of endurance. In the impetuosity of youth we should strike blows that would crush our hands, and break our arms; we should take leaps that would dislocate our limbs; and no longer taught by fatigue that the muscles needed repose, we should continue our sports and our walking tours till we had worn out the living tissue with the same unconsciousness that we now wear out our coats and our shoes. The very nutriment which is the support of life would frequently prove our death. Mirabeau said of a man who was as idle as he was corpulent, that his only use was to show how far the skin would stretch without bursting. Without pain, this limit would be constantly exceeded, and epicures, experiencing no uneasy sensations, would continue their festivities until they met with the fate of the frog in the fable, who was ambitious of emulating the size of the ox. Sir Charles Bell mentions the case of a patient who had lost the sense of heat in his right hand, and who, unconscious that the cover of a pan which had fallen into the fire was burning hot, took it out and deliberately returned it to its proper place to the destruction of the skin of the palm and fingers.

* *An Essay on the Beneficent Distribution of the Sense of Pain.* By G. A. Rowell, Honorary Member of the Ashmolean Society and Assistant Underkeeper of the Ashmolean Museum. Oxford, 1857.

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This of itself would be an accident of incessant occurrence if the monitor were wanting which makes us drop such materials more hastily than we pick them up. Pain is the grand preserver of existence, the sleepless sentinel that watches over our safety, and makes us both start away from the injury that is present, and guard against it carefully in the time to come.

The same Infinite Wisdom which has contrived pain for our protection has also distributed it in the manner which causes it to fulfill its defensive purposes with the least suffering to its subjects. The chapters which Sir Charles Bell devoted to this question in his work on the "Hand," are alone, from their originality, and the striking evidence they afford of design, worth all the rest of the Bridgewater Treatises. The skin is the advanced guard through which every injury to the other parts must make its way. The skin, therefore, required to be the seat of a peculiar sensibility both for its own security and to impel us to flinch from the violence which would hurt the flesh beneath. Forming our notions of pain from what we feel at the surface, we imbibe the idea that the deeper the wound the more severe would be the suffering, but this, says Sir Charles Bell, is delusive, and contrary to the fact. The surgeon, he adds, who makes use of the knife, informs the patient that the worst is over when the skin is passed, and if, in the progress of the operation, it is found necessary to extend the outer incision, the return to the skin proves far more trying than the original cut, from the contrast which it presents to the comparative insensibility of the interior. The muscle is protected not by its own tenderness, which is by no means acute, but by the tenderness of its superficial covering, "which affords," says Sir Charles, "a more effectual defense than if our bodies were clothed with the hide of a rhinoceros." To have endowed the delicate internal textures with an exquisite susceptibility to the gash from a knife, or a blow from a stick, would have been superfluous torture. The end is effectually attained by spreading over them a thin layer of highly sensitive skin, which is too intolerant of cuts or bruises to allow any harm to approach it, which it is in our power to avert. In addition to the protection which is thus provided against occasional dangers, the skin, by its sensibility, is essential to our existence under the hourly conditions of life. It is the skin which acts as a thermometer to tell us whether the temperature is suited to our organization, and warns us alike to shun pernicious extremes of heat and cold. It is the skin, again, which prompts the instinctive restlessness that preserves the entire frame from decay. A paralytic patient must be supported upon soft pillows, and his position frequently changed by the nurse, or the uninterrupted pressure upon the same surface stops the flow of the blood, of which the consequence is the speedy destruction of the part, mortification, and death. When Sir Charles Bell called the attention of his audience to this fact, in a lecture delivered before the College of Surgeons, he bid them observe how often, as they listened to him, they had moved upon their seats that they might shift the weight of their bodies, and relieve the portions which were beginning to be cramped. "Were you constrained," he said, "to retain one position during the whole hour, you would rise stiff and lame." Even in the unconsciousness of slumber the contrivance continues to act, and were it otherwise, sleep, instead of being "nature's sweet restorer," would derange the circulation and cripple our frames.

Not only have different parts of the system sensibilities which differ in degree, but sensibilities which differ altogether in kind, so that while both shall be acutely alive to their appropriate stimulus, one or either may be dead to the application which rouses and tortures the other. "A man who had his finger torn off," writes Sir Charles Bell, in his "Animal Mechanics," "so as to hang by the tendon only, came to a pupil of Dr. Hunter. I shall now see, said the surgeon, whether this man has any sensibility in his tendon. He laid a cord along the finger, and, blindfolding the patient, cut across the tendon. Tell me, he asked, what I have cut across? Why, you have cut across the cord, to be sure, was the answer." The tendon was as insensible as the string itself. Further experiments have shown that the tendons of the muscles, the ligaments which hold together the joints, the cartilages which act as a pad to the extremities of the bones where they work upon one another, feel neither cuts nor burns. But there is a very different result if they are submitted to stretching, laceration, and concussion. Then they raise the warning voice of pain, and, obtuse to what might seem a



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more agonizing species of injury, they are intolerant of the less. The reason is obvious. The skin is the fence to the inner membranes from the first class of evils, but if the skin is to have the play and power of adaptation which is essential to its functions, its suppleness would be too great to be a check upon the movements which affect the cartilages, the ligaments, and the tendons. These consequently are made impatient of concussion, of tearing, and of stretching, that we might not leap from heights, run with a violence, or twist our joints with a force inconsistent with the strength of the human fabric. The pain of a sprained ankle shows how sufficient is the punishment to put a check upon any excesses of the kind. Exchange the sensibilities, confer upon the membranes which are interposed between the joints, or which tie them together, the same feelings both in kind and degree which belong to the skin, and the common movements of the body, or even the weight of one foot upon another, would have been attended, says Sir Charles Bell, with as much suffering as we experience when we walk upon an inflamed limb.

Paley applauds the contrivance by which every thing we eat and drink is made to glide on its road to the gullet, over the entrance of the wind-pipe without falling into it. A little movable lid, the epiglottis, which is lifted up when we breathe, is pressed down upon the chink of the air-passage by the weight of the food and the action of the muscles in swallowing it. Neither solids nor liquids, in short, can pass without shutting down the trap-door as they proceed. But this is only a part of the safe-guard. The slit at the top of the wind-pipe, which never closes entirely while we breathe, is endued with an acute sensibility to the slightest particle of matter. The least thing which touches the margin of the aperture causes its sides to come firmly together, and the intruding body is stopped at the inlet. It is stopped, but, unless removed, must drop at the next inspiration into the lungs. To effect its expulsion, the sensibility of the rim at the top of the wind-pipe actually puts into vehement action a whole class of muscles placed lower than its bottom, and which, compressing the chest over which they are distributed, drives out the air with a force that sweeps the offending substance before it. The convulsive coughing which arises when we are choked, is the energetic effort of nature for our relief when any thing chances to have evaded the protective epiglottis. Yet this property, to which we are constantly owing our lives, is confined to a single spot in the throat. It does not, as Sir Charles Bell affirms, belong to the rest of the wind-pipe, but is limited to the orifice, where alone it is needed. Admirable too, it is to observe, that while thus sensitive to the most insignificant atom, it bears without resentment the atmospheric currents which are incessantly passing to and fro over its irritable lips. "It rejects," says Paley, "the touch of a crumb of bread, or a drop of water, with a spasm which convulses the whole frame; yet, left to itself and its proper office, the intromission of air alone, nothing can be so quiet. It does not even make itself felt; a man does not know that he has a trachea. This capacity of perceiving with such acuteness, this impatience of offense, yet perfect rest and ease when let alone, are properties, one would have thought, not likely to reside in the same subject. It is to the junction, however, of these almost inconsistent qualities, in this, as well as in some other delicate parts of the body, that we owe our safety and our comfort—our safety to their sensibility, our comfort to their repose."

Another of the examples adduced by Bell is that of the heart. The famous Dr. Harvey examined, at the request of Charles I., a nobleman of the Montgomery family who, in consequence of an abscess, had a fistulous opening into the chest, through which the heart could be seen and handled. The great physiologist was astonished to find it insensible. "I then brought him," he says, "to the king that he might behold and touch so extraordinary a thing, and that he might perceive, as I did, that unless when we touched the outer skin, or when he saw our fingers in the cavity, this young nobleman knew not that we touched the heart." Yet it is to the heart that we refer our joys, our sorrows, and our affections; we speak of a good-hearted and a bad-hearted, a hard-hearted and a kind-hearted, a true-hearted and a heartless man. Shielded from physical violence by an outwork of bones, it is not invested with sensations which could have contributed nothing to its preservation, but while it can be grasped with the fingers and give no intimation of the fact to its possessor, it unmistakably responds to the varied emotions of the

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mind, and by the general consent of mankind is pronounced the seat of our pleasures, griefs, sympathies, hatreds, and love. Persons have frequently dropped down dead from the vehemence with which it contracts or expands upon the sudden announcement of good or bad news—its muscular walls being strained too far in the upward or downward direction to enable them to return—and one of the purposes which this property of the heart is probably designed to subserve is to put a check upon the passions through the alarming physical sensations they excite.

The brain, again, is inclosed in a bony case. All our bodily sensations are dependent upon the nerves, but even the nerves do not give rise to feeling unless they are in connection with the brain. The nervous cord which, in familiar language, is called the spinal marrow, is the channel by which this communication is kept up as to the major part of them, and when a section of what may be termed the great trunk-road for the conveyance of our sensations is diseased, and by the breach in its continuity the nerves below the disordered part can no longer send their accustomed intelligence to the brain, the portion of the body which thus becomes isolated may be burned or hacked, and no more pain will result than if it belonged to a dead carcass instead of to a living man. The brain, therefore, in subordination to the mind, is the physical center of all sensation. Yet, strange to say, it is itself insensible to the wounds which are torture to the skin, and which wounds the brain alone enables us to feel. "It is as insensible," says Sir Charles Bell, "as the leather of our shoe, and a piece may be cut off without interrupting the patient in the sentence that he is uttering." Because the bone which envelops it is its protection against injuries from without, it has no perception of them when directed against its own fabric, though it is at the same time the sole source of the pain which those injuries inflict upon the other portions of the system. But the skull is no defense against the effects of intemperance, or a vitiated atmosphere, or too great mental toil. To these consequently the same brain, which has been created insensible to the cut of the knife, is rendered fully alive, and giddiness, head-aches, and apoplectic oppression give ample notice to us to stop the evil, unless we are prepared to pay the penalty.

Since neither pain can be felt, nor any other sense can be exercised except through the medium of the nerves, it is to these that we must trace the diversified impressions of which the body is susceptible. It is here that Sir Charles Bell made the beautiful discovery which entitles him to be ranked among the greatest physiologists the world has produced. Pairs of nerves are given off from the spinal cord at short intervals along its entire length. Ramifying throughout the body, they are the medium of communication between the various textures and the spine, and, by means of the spine, with the brain. Each nerve has two roots which issue separately from the side of the spinal cord, but almost immediately coalesce and run together like a single cylinder. Sir Charles Bell detected the leading fact, which has thrown such a flood of light upon the nervous system, that one of these roots consisted exclusively of sensitive fibers, and its fellow entirely of fibers of motion. Irritate the root which emerges nearest to the back of the cord, and the suffering is intense. Irritate the root which comes out towards the front of the cord, and no pain whatever is felt, but irrepressible muscular movements are provoked. Again, divide the first, which is called the posterior root, and the sensibility of the parts which it supplies is destroyed, while the power of motion remains complete. Divide the second or anterior root, and there is an end to motion in the parts to which its fibers lead, while the sensation continues as acute as ever. The two sorts of fibers which run together for a large portion of their length in a single cord, and which are apparently identical in structure, have yet offices as distinct as seeing and hearing, and which can be no more interchanged than we can hear with the eye or see with the ear. The same nerve, for any thing we can discover to the contrary, might have had the double endowment of giving rise to both feeling and motion, just as the nerve of taste appears to be also a nerve of common sensation, but this would have confounded the entire scheme for the regulation of pain. The muscles which are constructed for producing movement must be pervaded by motor nerves. If these had been as instrumental in exciting feeling as in causing the contractions by which we sit down, stand up, run, walk, raise weights, and strike

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blows, the interior textures would have been as sensitive as the skin, and sitting down, standing up, running, and walking would have been operations as painful as a disease. In the marvelous plan of Providence similar fibers have been invested with separate functions; and the hidden muscles being plentifully supplied with nerves of motion, and sparingly furnished with the nerves of sensation which confer such exquisite properties upon our outer integuments, each organ fulfills its own end without detriment to the system.

Notwithstanding the subdued sensibility of the muscles, they nevertheless are possessed of a property which has been termed by Sir Charles Bell the muscular sense—a sense which is absolutely essential to the sustained performance of many of the commonest actions of life. If, he says, we shut our eyes, we can still tell the position of our limbs—whether the arm, for instance, is held out, or whether it hangs loose by our side. By what means is the mind cognizant of this circumstance, since we neither touch nor see any thing? Mainly by a consciousness proceeding from the muscles themselves, which informs us of their state, and tells us where they are and what they are about when there is no second channel through which the knowledge can be fully attained. The cases in which the faculty is destroyed best show its use. Sir Charles Bell attended a woman who had lost the muscular power of one arm, but retained it in the other. Though the muscular power, however, remained, the muscular sensibility was extinct, and the result was that when she used the serviceable arm to hold her infant to her bosom, it only did its duty while her eyes were kept fixed upon it. The moment any object withdrew her attention, her arm gradually relaxed, and the child was in danger of falling. In the same way we have seen a paralytic who could raise his glass to his lips as long as he continued to gaze upon it, but if he looked off it for a second it slipped through his hands. In these instances there is no longer a muscular sense to acquaint us with what the muscles are doing, and to regulate their exercise. The necessary knowledge can then be obtained through the vision alone, and directly this source of information fails us also, the muscles speedily cease to exert themselves, just as if there were no glass or infant to sustain. The blind man in such a case would have no use from his arms at all, and in those who can see, how imperfectly does the visual supply the place of the muscular sense! how beautiful is the adaptation which, in withholding from particular textures the sensitiveness which occasions needless pain, yet confers upon them a nicety of perception which reveals to the mind every change in their position, and their precise adjustment when they are at rest!

The principle is apparent in all the special nerves of sense. They have a sensibility of the kind which the particular organ requires, but they are dead to every feeling besides. Unless the same nervous trunk contains fibers differing in function, the nerve of taste, as we have already intimated, is equally a nerve of common sensibility. But this is no exception to the rule which ordains that the sensibility shall be limited to what its purpose demands. That we may not introduce substances into our mouths so hot or so cold as to destroy the parts with which they come in contact, it was necessary that the tongue should be a judge of temperature; and that we might the better manage our food in mastication, it was needful that it should have a perception of the surfaces of objects. These properties must be exercised in conjunction with the taste; and whether both are affected through a single nerve, or whether the nerves of touch and taste are distinct fibers blended into one cord, makes no difference in the contrivance. Both sensations exist at the same point, because both are required there for the pleasure and welfare of man.

The olfactory nerve is neither capable of producing motion or experiencing ordinary pain. Though there are nerves of common sensibility in its neighborhood, which are roused by irritating applications, such as snuff, and by the various causes which affect the skin, the nerve of smell perceives odors, and odors alone. The nerve of hearing, in like manner, can only hear, and the nerve of vision, with the exception of being concerned in certain muscular movements, can only see. A substance may be designed to address itself to more senses than one, as the food which is pleasant to the palate may be no less grateful to the nose, but it can not on that account be smelt by the first or tasted by the second. Each sense is kept to its own sphere; and though the same

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object should put them all into action at the same moment, they would all of them return a different response, and all be true to themselves. Nay, they will answer to a stimulus which has no resemblance to that for which they were primarily contrived; but however much the stimulus may vary, the sense will not depart from its regular function. Thus, if a small current of air is directed to the tongue, it occasions a taste like saltpetre; if the nerve of hearing is irritated, it gives the sensation of sound; if the retina, which is the expanded nerve of vision, is pricked, as in the operation of couching for the cataract, it gives the sensation of a spark.

"An officer," says Sir Charles Bell, "who was shot through the bones of the face, felt as if there had been a flash of lightning, accompanied with a sound like the shutting of the door of St. Paul's." A blow from a fist will produce similar effects in a minor degree. An accumulation of blood in the capillary vessels of the several nerves will set the whole of the senses to work. "This one cause," says Dr. Kirkes in his excellent "Handbook of Physiology," "begets in the retina, while the eyes are closed, the sensation of light; in the auditory nerve, the sensation of humming and ringing; in the olfactory nerves, the sense of odors; and in the nerves of feeling, the sensation of pain." No wonder that sounds are often heard when there is no noise, and luminous appearances seen when there is no light, since the excitement of the nerves by the prick of a needle or the congestion of disease is ample for the purpose. The simple pressure of the finger upon the eyeball will evoke all the colors of the rainbow. In the midst of this insensibility of the nerves of special sense to every sensation except that which is fitted to the function for which each was intended, they have yet a protective pain of their own, which is no less efficient for its end than that of the skin. The nose is impatient of bad smells, and impels us to shun their noxious influence. A single organ of limited extent serves in this way to guard the entire body from one class of evils. How intolerable would have been the annoyance, how useless, and perhaps how fatal, if the property had been spread over the whole of the outer integuments, and we had been as sensible of stenches at every pore as of cuts and of burns! The optic nerve, which is unconscious of other kinds of injuries, is utterly intolerant of a too dazzling light. Placed at some distance beyond the surface, the bones of the skull and the sensitive coat of the eye are its security against wounds; but unless the orb of day was to be the plague instead of the blessing of man, the skin which is our protection against so many dangers could not have been made incapable of being turned to the full blaze of a meridian sun, while with all its obtuseness to laceration, the optic nerve is alive to evils from which there is no other defense, and is its own guardian against an excess of light.

But we have not yet done with the visual organ. The more the instances are multiplied the more we are impressed with the beneficence of the arrangement, and it is especially conspicuous in what Sir Charles Bell relates of the peculiar nature of the sensibility which protects the coat of the eye. "The oculist," he says, "has observed that if it be touched as lightly as by a feather the muscles are thrown into uncontrollable spasms; but if the point of the finger be passed somewhat rudely between the eyelids so as to press directly upon the eye itself, he can hold the eye steady for his intended operation, and produce hardly any sensation, certainly no suffering. This is one of the little secrets of the art; and still the wonder grows that he can do such things without inflicting pain, when daily experience makes us sensible that even a grain of sand produces the greatest torture." The question is, why the membranes should be keenly alive to the lighter touch, and comparatively indifferent to the rougher; and admirable is the answer which Sir Charles Bell has supplied. Numberless small particles float about in the air, and rest upon the eye, or lodge under the eyelid. Owing to the extreme susceptibility of the surface, these foreign bodies are the agents of their own removal, for they stimulate the flow of tears and the winking of the lid, which together wash the ball from every impurity. The action is proceeding during all our waking hours; and here, as in other instances, the contrivance and its purpose are only revealed to us through the deplorable consequences which ensue from the extinction of the power. The nerve of the coat of the eye is sometimes injured, and is no longer sensitive to the dust which adheres to the ball. Then the lid is not excited to wink

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or the tears to flow. The particles which are carried into the eye cease to pain, and, being allowed to remain, they set up inflammation, and the inflammation renders opaque the transparent covering through which the light flows. Blindness is the result, and the sight itself is found to be dependent upon the refined sensibility of the outer membrane. This is the reason that it is more intolerant of a faint touch than a rough. From violence the soft and delicate textures can only be defended by the same precautions by which we consult the safety of the rest of the system, but a provision was required to neutralize the evil consequences of myriads of destroying forces which are too numerous to be eluded, and too minute to be seen. Yet so nicely is the sense adjusted to its end that we are unconscious both of the stimulus which sets the machinery in motion, and of the movement of the machinery itself. The objects which pass into our eye are unfelt, and the winking of the lid and the flow of tears which they provoke are unheeded. It is not till substances larger than ordinary are in question that the suffering commences, and warns us to remove by other means what the usual action of the apparatus is unable to expel. Notwithstanding that the lid may be moved at the bidding of the will, the mind can not exert itself for the protection of its principal inlet, and take up the function which when inherent in the injured nerve was exerted so incessantly, so effectually, and so imperceptibly. In the cases which came under the notice of Sir Charles Bell the person winked if a hand was waved before the eye, for the danger which then menaced was one which is revealed to us through the sense of vision, but no mental impulse prompted a similar movement to rescue the sight from the destruction which impended through the lost sensibility of the outer membrane to touch. It is impossible to reflect without wonder upon the number and complication of the involuntary operations which are thus going on in the body, and which are indispensable to its life. The heart ceaselessly expands and contracts, the lungs play, the stomach digests, the glands secrete; and all this surprising mechanism and chemistry proceeds with such quietness, and is so self-sustained, that sleep is neither disturbed by it nor stops it. If the vital system had been dependent on the superintendence of the mind, our attention could not have been diverted from it for a minute; all our care must have been concentrated on the working of our bodily organs, and all our care would still have been insufficient. The completeness of the contrivance often conceals it from our observation; and how few there are who have ever reflected that they would be stone blind unless the membrane of the eye had been endued with a property which excited them constantly to wink!

The adaptation of the structure and senses of animals to their mode of existence has been traced by naturalists in a thousand particulars. The design in them, as in us, has a palpable reference to its end, which in other words is to say that creative wisdom is never at fault and is perfect in every link of the chain. This alone must satisfy us that pain can be no exception to the rule, and that, as it has been diversely distributed over the body of man in the manner which his safety and comfort requires, so it must be meted out to each order of beings in the degree which consorts with their position in the world. The ground is almost alive with the common earth-worm. Wherever mould is turned up, there these sappers and miners are turned up with it. They are nature's plowmen. They bore the stubborn soil in every direction, and render it pervious to air, rain, and the fibers of plants. Without these auxilaries "the farmer," says Gilbert White, "would find that his land would become cold, hard-bound, and sterile." The green mantle of vegetation which covers the earth is dependent upon the worms which burrow in the bowels of it. What conveys a more definite idea of the magnitude of their operations, they are perpetually replenishing the upper soil, and covering with soft and fine material a crust which before was close and ungenial. They swallow a quantity of earth with their food, and having extracted the nutriment they eject the remainder at the outlet of their holes. This refuse forms the worm-casts which are the annoyance of the gardener, who might be reconciled to them if he were aware that the depositors save him a hundred times more labor than they cause. Mr. Charles Darwin has shown that in thirteen years a field of pasture was covered to a depth of three inches and a half with the mould discharged from their intestines, and in another case

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the layer they had accumulated in eighty years was from twelve to fourteen inches thick. They therefore play a most important part in the economy of vegetation, and we see why they teem throughout the surface of the globe. In the performance of their functions they are exposed to more incessant injury than any other creatures. Cut by the hoe, the spade, the scarifier, and the plow, every implement of tillage is to them an instrument of mutilation. They are the prey in addition of innumerable enemies. The voracious mole invades them in their own domain. The thrush taps and vibrates the earth, which apparently leads them to imagine that their underground foe is approaching, and makes them hurry with the celerity of fear almost into the bill of the bird, and are instantly swallowed alive. The omnivorous pig does not disdain to eat them with the other products of the soil he turns up with his snout. It would be contrary to the notions we frame of the Deity, and the evidence with which nature abounds of his benevolence, to suppose that he endowed worms with a wonderful tenacity of life, and placed them where they were liable in a singular degree to wounds and depredation, and yet rendered them as sensitive to pain as the higher order of animals. The truths of physiology and the researches of naturalists confirm the conclusions from the general dispensations of Providence.

The writhings of the worm are apt to be taken by the casual observer as the measure of its agony, but movements are an uncertain indication of suffering. In the diseases which affect the spine of man, the part of the body which has lost its communication with the brain, and by consequence its feeling and power of voluntary action, is nevertheless capable of convulsive and unconscious movements, for these can be carried on through the sole agency of the nerves and spinal cord. What is necessary for the purpose is a nerve of sensation to run from the skin to the spine, and a nerve of motion to extend from the spine to the muscles. Then when the nerve of sensation is irritated, the impression is conveyed to the spinal cord, and thence to the nerve of motion, which compels the muscles to contract. But though the patient sees the motions, he can neither feel nor control them in extreme cases, and has no more share in what is going on than if he were the spectator of it in another person. A man who was asked by John Hunter whether he felt the irritation which was agitating his limbs, replied: "No, sir, but you see my legs do." Dr. Carpenter, who records the circumstance, quotes instances in which the loss of sensibility was incomplete when the stimulus of which the patient was unconscious excited more violent contractions than the stimulus of which the effects could penetrate to the brain. A feather passed lightly over the instep, though unfelt, gave rise to jerks in the limb which far exceeded in vehemence the movements produced by pricking and pinching, which were sufficiently acute to be perceived by the subject of the experiment. The cognizance which the mind had of the greater irritation probably enabled it to exercise a constraining control which was wanting when the application to the skin was too slight to be felt; but whatever be the explanation, the fact is undoubted, that the very absence of feeling may cause an aggravation of muscular convulsions. This phenomenon in man, of whose sensations we can obtain a certain knowledge, is a key to many of the nervous motions of brutes. The body, says Dr. Kirkes, of a decapitated lizard will writhe when the skin is punctured; and if the animal is divided in two, the lower portion can be roused into activity as well as the upper. If the head of a frog be cut off, it will leap when the feet are pinched; and if the back or abdomen is irritated, will push with its legs as though it were impatient of the treatment, and desired to remove the cause. The irascible insect called the *Mantis religiosa*, or praying mantis, from the attitude it assumes in seizing its prey, will, when headless, wound with its claws the finger which touches them. If a centipede, says Dr. Carpenter, is sliced into several lengths, the action of the feet continues in each, and carries forward the fragments. Both the halves of a leech which has been cut in two continue to swim in the water; and when one of these creatures has been deprived of its head and tail, the trunk will retain an apparent vitality for several months. But the movements of decapitated animals must, like the movements in the limbs of a human being where the connection with the brain is destroyed, be exclusively due to the physical functions of the nerves, and not at

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all to feelings which can have no existence apart from the mind. A slice cut from the middle of a centipede can have no more power of perception than the amputated leg of a man. The contrary supposition would indeed require us to assume that a centipede must be compounded of half a hundred distinct individuals, every one of which possessed a separate consciousness.* The consequences involved in the notion seem not to have struck many intelligent persons, who fancied that, when the bits of an eel which was skinned and disemboweled, as well as divided into a score or more pieces, jumped from the frying-pan, it was the intolerable agony of being grilled which prompted the act. Even Southey ennumerates among the cruelties of the kitchen, that we cook carp, which, he says, "after having been scaled and gutted, will sometimes leap out of the stew-pan."

The upper portion of a worm which has been chopped in two is still, however, under the government of its brain, and retains its consciousness. Nevertheless a considerable step has been made in the argument when it is shown that the degree of feeling is not to be judged by the amount of the motion. This fact established, there is nothing to interfere with the inference that the perceiving power, of whatever kind, will be small in proportion to the want of development in the nervous organs of perception. Now the brain of a worm is of an exceedingly humble kind, consisting of two small cephalic lobes, which are wanting in all the parts and attributes which distinguish the higher classes of animals. Were there no other indication, the physiologist would at once determine that its conduct when wounded did not announce the same excess of pain as would give rise to similar contortions in man, especially when it is considered that the twisting motion is natural to the worm, and is excited by the gentlest touch. The further results which ensue from the injuries appear to complete the proof that the writhings are stimulated by an amount of feeling very far short of the intolerable anguish they might lead us to infer.

Every reader of "Don Quixote" will remember with a smile the unbounded faith entertained by the knight in the virtues of a certain balsam of Fierabras, of which he had read in his books of chivalry. "When I shall have made and delivered it into thy keeping," he says to Sancho Panza, "thou hast no more to do, when thou seest me in any combat cut through the middle, which is an accident that frequently happens, but to snatch up that part of the body which falls to the ground, and, before the blood shall congeal, set it upon the other half that remains in the saddle, taking care to join them with the utmost nicety and exactness; then making me swallow a couple of draughts of the aforesaid balsam, thou wilt see me in a twinkling as whole and as sound as an apple." This is an apt illustration of the difference between the organization of men and worms. The belief, which is laughable from its absurdity when applied to the former, is actually true of the latter, who readily repair such an accident as being cleft asunder, and that without any aid from the balsam of Fierabras. No more authoritative account can be given of the process than that which is contained in the lectures of Professor Owen on "Comparative Anatomy," a work surprising both for its range and its originality, though it is only one of the many titles to fame which have long placed our distinguished countryman at the head of his own vast and magnificent department of science.

"A worm cut in two was found to reproduce the tail at the cut extremity of the cephalic half, and to form a head upon the caudal moiety. Bonnet progressively increased the number of sections in healthy individuals of a small worm or nais, which he calls *Lumbricus variegatus;* and when one of these had been so divided into twenty-six parts, almost all of them reproduced the head and tail, and became so many distinct individuals. The small fresh-water naids show great powers of repair and reproduction. There are some species found in sand or mud, such as those that stain of a red color extensive tracts of the Thames mud at low water, which, when submerged, habitually protrude the anterior half of their body, which is remarkable for its regular, oscillating movement. Bonnet cut off the head of one of the naids of this genus, which was soon reproduced; and, when perfect, he repeated the act, and again as often as the head was reproduced. After the eighth decapitation the unhappy subject was released by death; the execution took effect, the reproductive virtue had been worn out. Since many of

* These animals, with many more, consist of several successive segments, which in structure have either a close or exact resemblance to each other. As Professor Owen admirably expresses it, "there is a multiplication of similar parts for the repetition of the same actions."

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the smaller kinds of naids frequently expose a part of their body, the rest being buried in the earth, both they and their enemies profit by the power of restoration of the parts which may be bitten off."—*Owen's Lectures on Comparative Anatomy, Invertebrate Animals*, p. 255.

The earth-worm does not reproduce the losses from excision with the same facility as the naids, where every segment, like an egg, appears to contain the undeveloped germ of a new being; but that it can, and frequently does, survive and repair these injuries, affords abundant testimony that its sensibilities are extremely inferior to our own. There is an amount of shock to the system, and a degree of pain, which we know from experience are inconsistent with life, even though none of the vital organs are touched, and that this shock and this pain do not arise when the body is cut in two is a sure evidence of comparative obtuseness, whatever may be the exact extent of the suffering undergone. A leech, whose anatomy is of the same class with that of the worm, may be divided in the middle while it is sucking blood, and be so little disturbed by the operation that it will continue feeding for several minutes. Nay, there is a vulgar, though, we believe, an unfounded notion, that half a leech is better than a whole one. The blood which goes in at one end finding an outlet at the other, the animal is not gorged, and the common people fancy that a divided leech will in consequence do the duty of a dozen. They have at least sufficient faith in the theory to reduce it to practice, the economy being the motive.

Insects stand higher in the scale of animated beings, but they are heedless of casualties which would be death or torture to man. The dragon-fly, says Professor Owen, may be regarded, from the size and perfection of its organs of vision, and its great and enduring powers of flight and predatory habits, as the eagle of insects. He speaks of its head as being covered by two enormous convex masses of eyes, numbering upwards of 12,000 in each mass. He states that the swallow can not match it in its aërial course, and that it not only outstrips its swift and nimble feathered pursuer, but can do more in the air than any bird—can fly backwards and sidelong, to right or left, and alter its course on the instant without turning. He describes its brain as being in keeping with the rest of its prerogatives, and having a larger development than in any other insect. Yet we learn from the "Entomology" of Kirby and Spence, that when the tail of one of these beautiful creatures was directed to its mouth to see whether its known voracity would induce it to bite itself, it actually devoured the four terminal segments of its body. When it had proceeded thus far in the work of self-demolition, it escaped by accident, and flew away as briskly as if nothing had happened. Whatever may have been the pain, it was at least subordinate to appetite, and apparently the animal had not the slightest suspicion that every mouthful was bitten from its own living flesh. It can not surprise us after this to be told that many an insect which has been impaled by the scientific collector will eat with as much avidity as when free and unhurt. Mr. Hope informed Mr. Rowell that once he had a carnivorous beetle, which got loose, and, in spite of the pin through its body, it wandered quietly about and devoured all the other specimens in the case. "The cockchafer," say Kirby and Spence, "will walk away with apparent indifference after some bird has nearly emptied its body of its viscera, and a humble-bee will eat honey with greediness though deprived of its abdomen." The instances of the kind which are upon record are absolutely legion, and we may fairly conclude that the suffering of insects is as much less acute than our own, as their exposure to injuries is greater.

If we continue to go up higher, and, leaving the animals without backbones, come to the lower classes of vertebrata, we shall still find reason to believe that their sensibility to pain is not acute. The conduct of fish bears out the inference which would be drawn from the smallness of their brain. "Often," says Dr. Davy in the "Angler and his Friend," "a trout has been captured with a hook in its mouth which it had carried off only an hour or two before." When Lord Byron, therefore, in satirizing with just indignation the piscatorial atrocities recommended by Walton, said that

> "The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb in his gullet
> Should have a hook, with a small trout to pull it,"

he was mistaken in his assumption that the angler and the trout would be equal sufferers. A man with a hook in his jaws would have no great disposition to sit

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down to a feast, and he would certainly eat with a caution and a countenance very different from the eager voracity with which a fish in this predicament returns to its prey. If a small bone from the trout sticks in his throat, how little does he show of the composure which is manifested by the trout itself when the barbed steel is left buried in its gullet!

The more we advance towards human beings, the more strongly marked become the indications of pain. Mr. Rowell believes rats and rabbits to be far from sensitive, because they will pull away from a trap and leave a foot behind them. This rather proves their terror of being captured than their indifference to the process of tearing off a limb, though the fact that the operation should be possible when the leg has not been cut, and that they should afterwards recover from the effects of the mutilation, is evidence enough that they are not constituted like ourselves. The slenderness of their forms facilitates the dismemberment; but a man in a similar situation would not have the resolution to release himself by wrenching off so much as a finger, nor could keep from swooning if he made the attempt. Mr. Rowell relates horrible cases in which horses had broken their bones at the fetlock joint and were compelled to walk upon the stumps, with their fore-feet turned up, as we should turn back our legs to walk upon our knees, and yet continued to graze quietly till they were dispatched. But assuming the particulars to be accurately reported, and they did not fall under the observation of Mr. Rowell himself, we attach little importance to them. He acknowledges that horses are keenly alive to the stroke of the whip, the prick of the spur, and the sting of an insect. That they are peculiarly sensitive to lameness is also a matter of every day experience. They groan when they are wounded on the field of battle, and by their looks and their restlessness betray great uneasiness when the lacerated flesh begins to inflame. The absence of pain in particular instances of extensive injury can only be temporary, in the same way that the soldier is often unconscious for a time that his arm has been shot off, or a ball been lodged in his body. The numbness which appears to be produced by the concussion passes away, and the sensitiveness is to be judged by the suffering which ensues at a subsequent stage. Horses, no doubt, feel less than men, but they feel a great deal. It is impossible, however, to gauge with precision the degree of anguish which is allotted to each grade of animal life. There are circumstances in every case which must be experienced to be understood, and to estimate truly the condition of worms or quadrupeds we must become worms and quadrupeds ourselves. Enough for our purpose that there unmistakable indications that Providence either tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, or else does what is equivalent, fits the fleece to the keenness of the blast. Enough that we can see amid the mists of imperfect knowledge that the same wisdom and beneficence which adapted animals for the element in which they move and have their being has equally apportioned their sensations to their situation, and that no animated being exists under circumstances which forbid it to praise Him "who satisfieth the desire of every living thing."

Descartes believed that brutes are mere machines—that, as Bentley put it, "they are like the idols of the Gentiles—*they have eyes, and see not; ears, and hear not; noses, and smell not:* they eat without hunger, and drink without thirst, and howl without pain." When an Emperor of China, Bentley says, was presented with a watch, he took it for an animal. Descartes, on the contrary, considered animals a species of watch. He supposed their frames to be so many wheels and springs, which were set in motion by external objects, and that the creature mechanically obeyed the influence without the participation of will or consciousness in the act. Baillet asserts that Pascal esteemed the theory to be the most valuble part of the Cartesian philosophy, and Dugald Stewart conjectures that the singular value he set upon it was for the solution it afforded of the apparent sufferings of brutes. There is no one so great but he has sometimes exemplified the truth of Prior's couplet:

> "Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
> Is only furthest from the way."

The absurd figment of the brain by which Pascal soothed his tender mind aggravated the miseries of the unhappy animals, who, because they were supposed not to feel, were treated as if they were devoid of feeling. His Jansenist allies dissected live dogs without remorse to observe the circu-

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lation of the blood, and imagined that their howling was only the whir of the wheels. Later, when a bitch with pup fawned upon the celebrated Malebranche, he gave it a violent kick to drive it away. The animal uttered a yell of pain, and Fontenelle, who was present, an exclamation of pity. "What!" Malebranche coldly replied, "do you not know that it does not feel?" To him the cry was nothing more than the striking of the clock when the hammer falls upon the bell. There may be persons who, in like manner, may think themselves licensed to torture creatures more in proportion as their sufferings are shown to be less. The doctrine which is important to save gentle hearts from bleeding with superfluous distress, may encourage the hardened to indulge in fresh atrocities. But we confess we have no such fears. The brutal are never restrained in their brutality by any consideration of the torture they inflict, and the humane would shrink from imposing a single throb of needless pain. He who would drag a child by the hair of its head, and plead in extenuation that it was not so bad as being scalped, or pinch it and urge in justification that an equal number of stabs would have been worse, is the only kind of reasoner who would mutilate animals because their sensations are not so keen as the sensations of man. The good never conceive themselves privileged to inflict wanton misery, whether small or great, and the cruel care for no other griefs but their own.

Intimately associated with physical injuries and pain is the death in which they ultimately result. This necessary end constitutes to many minds the chief terror of the incidents which produce it. That all which lives should be born to die detracts nothing from the wonders of their being. Which would be the greatest marvel, a ship whose timbers should never rot, or a ship which itself should gradually decay, but before its lease was out should give birth to new vessels, which again should bring forth fresh fleets to be multiplied from age to age in increasing numbers and unimpaired vigor? This last is the prodigious method of Providence. A solitary oak contains within its trunk a power to generate future forests, which will spread their giant arms and rear their kingly heads when their progenitor is returned to the soil from which it sprung; while their numerous progeny, from the first-born which rivals the parent stem to the sprouting acorn which just lifts its leaflets above the earth, will continue to maintain the succeeding line in an unbroken gradation. The system runs through all creation, from man, who is the lord of it, down to the meanest piece of moss that grows upon a wall. In such profusion are the germs of animated things produced, and then cast forth to perish, with no opportunity, from their very excess, to evolve the structure of which each contains the rudiments, that we might think there was prodigality even to wastefulness, if waste was possible where power is infinite. Without death, far narrower limits must have been put to propagation than prevail at present. The same set of men and animals must have occupied the globe, and myriads of creatures, we of this generation included, could never have tasted the delights of existence. Death, therefore, may be said to be the parent of life. What would have been the scheme of the Almighty if sin had never entered into the world is altogether beyond our faculties to conjecture. Our knowledge, we find from experience, is limited to observing what actually exists, and it is with admiration that we perceive how the general good is maintained through the general mortality, and each creature is made to contribute both by its life and by its death to the benefit of the rest. The examples are innumerable, and we select a few out of the thousands which might be adduced.

There is a class of animalcules called *Infusoria*, because they can be obtained by *infusing* any vegetable or animal substance in water, which, says Professor Owen, "are the most minute, and apparently the most insignificant of created beings." Many of them are so diminutive that "a single drop of water may contain five hundred millions of individuals, a number equaling that of the whole human species now existing upon the surface of the earth." Nevertheless the varieties in size are such that the difference between the smallest and the largest "is greater than between a mouse and an elephant," though even the elephant of the race is altogether invisible to the naked eye. "They are the most widely diffused, and by far the most numerous of all the forms of organized life;" and whether in fresh water or in salt, "there is hardly a drop of spray flung from the paddle of a steam-

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boat which does not contain some specimens of the race." They pervade every clime—torrid, frigid, and temperate—and "extend their reign in the northern latitudes beyond that of the vegetable kingdom." The part which Professor Owen, from whose lectures we borrow the whole of our statements on the point, represents them as performing is calculated vastly to extend our ideas of the wonderful economy of the universe.

"When we consider their incredible numbers, their universal distribution, their insatiable voracity, and that it is the particles of decaying bodies which they are appointed to devour, we must conclude that we are in some degree indebted to these active scavengers for the salubrity of our atmosphere. Nor is this all: they perform a still more important office in preventing the progressive diminution of the present amount of organized matter upon the earth. For when this matter is dissolved or suspended in water, in that state of comminution and decay which immediately precedes its final decomposition into the elementary gases, and its consequent return from the organic into the inorganic world, these wakeful members of nature's invisible police are every where ready to arrest the fugitive organized particles and turn them back into the ascending stream of animal life. Having converted the dead and decomposing particles into their own living tissues, they themselves become the food of larger Infusoria, as, for example, the *Rotifera*, and of numerous other small animals which in their turn are devoured by larger animals, such as fishes; and thus a pabulum fit for the nourishment of the highest organized beings, is brought back by a short route from the extremity of the realms of organic nature." — *Lectures on Comparative Anatomy, Invertebrate Animals*, p. 86.

Nor do their functions end here. Various species of these far less than specks, are protected by shells, the remains of which form vast beds on the surface of the globe, extending sometimes to nearly thirty feet in depth, and to a mile or two in length. "Truly indeed," says Ehrenberg, as quoted by Professor Owen, "the microscopic organisms are very inferior in individual energy to lions and elephants, but in their united influences they are far more important than all these animals." Leslie calculated that if the entire population of the world was estimated at eight hundred millions, which is far beyond the truth, and that one half of the number were capable of work, the power employed by nature in the formation of clouds would still be two hundred thousand times greater than the combined exertions of the whole human species. The evaporation nevertheless by which the air is saturated with moisture, and which represents this stupendous force, is carried on without noise or disturbance, and is almost unnoticed by the larger part of mankind. The gigantic operations of the Infusoria are still more quiet and secret. The very existence of these creatures was unknown till Leeuwenhoek detected one in 1675, and it is only through the microscope that we become conscious of their being at all. So mighty are the agencies hidden in nature, so immeasurable the results which are worked in a stillness, and, as far as our unassisted vision is concerned, in a darkness as deep as that of the night. Their own life sustained by the products of death, the Infusoria are destined themselves to perish that they may sustain the frames of the creatures above them, death continuing to support life throughout the graduated scale of existence, until, the circle run, the food once more comes back to be the nutriment of animalcules from whom it originally proceeded.

The flesh-fly is another indefatigable scavenger. A small mass of decaying flesh sends forth an intolerable stench, and the sum total of the animal matter which is cast upon the earth would accumulate till it offended our senses and affected our health, were it not for the millions of busy beings which are deputed to clear it away. With such unerring instincts do they seek out their prey, and so commonly is putrefaction found to be teeming with life, that the creatures which spring up in it were once supposed to be generated by the corruption itself. This was long the stronghold of the atheist. Among the nobler animals the offspring had manifestly proceeded from parents to which they bore an exact resemblance. The incredulity of impiety, which flings aside the cable as too flimsy to hang upon and eagerly clutches at a rope of sand, turned away eyes which were willfully blind from the palpable wonders of the universe, and looked for an explanation of the origin of life in the maggots which crawled in a rotting carcass. These the atheists maintained were clearly the creatures of unintelligent nature — creatures which evidenced design, and yet were brought into being without a designer. The natural history of this miserable school was as much at fault as their theology. Redi

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covered vessels of putrid substances with paper or fine lawn, which kept out the insects, and nothing was produced. When the covers were removed, he watched to see what insects fed upon the aliment and laid their eggs in it, and the only creatures generated were of the identical species which had frequented the flesh-pots. Thus he proved that maggots were no more spontaneous products than whales and elephants, as Malpighi, by protecting earth from the imperceptible seeds which are scattered about by the winds, demonstrated that no plants spring up which are not first sown, and that consequently, to use the noble language of Bentley, "they were all raised at the beginning of things by the Almighty gardener, God blessed forever." Some species of flesh-flies deposit their young already hatched; others, say Kirby and Spence, cover the nutriment with millions of eggs. In either case the progeny feed with an unexampled voracity. They increase their weight two hundred-fold in twenty-four hours, and Professor Owen states that there is no exaggeration in the assertion of Linnæus that three flesh-flies would devour the carcass of a horse as quickly as would a lion. The Larvæ of the cockchafer remain for four years in the condition of grubs. The eggs of the flesh-flies turn to maggots in a couple of days, and in five days more arrive at their full growth, when they speedily pass into the chrysalis state. Had they continued in their primitive form, like the cockchafer, the food in which they were born would have failed them, and they would have died of inanition. But they have another office to perform in nature besides that of clearing away putrid remains, and therefore, to preserve them for this second purpose, as well as to keep up the race, their grub existence is brief, and they come forth in a week or two perfect flies. Mr. Rowell has calculated that from a single specimen there would proceed in six generations sufficient flies to cover the world to the depth of about a mile and a quarter. That they do not swarm notwithstanding is because they are destined to be the sustenance of innumerable birds, bats, and creeping things. They feed upon death, and sport their hour, when the stomach of some creature, which must eat them or starve, becomes their tomb.

The vegetable kingdom is the support of an infinity of creatures which escape our ordinary observation. "On the oak," says Dr. Carpenter, "not less than two hundred kinds of caterpillars have been estimated to feed, and the nettle, which scarcely any beast will touch, maintains fifty different species of insects, but for which check it would soon annihilate all the plants in its neighborhood." The check is constantly requiring to be checked itself, and still the plan prevails of making the death of a superabundant population sustain the life of some other description of beings. The caterpillars which are hatched from the eggs of the common white butterfly, and which may be seen feeding by scores upon cabbages, are kept down by the ichneumon fly. The singular process by which this is effected we give in the words of Professor Owen:

"The ichneumon, by means of her peculiarly long, sharp, and slender ovipositor, pierces the skin of the larva, and in spite of its writhing and the ejection of an acrid fluid, she succeeds in introducing the instrument by which the ova are transmitted, and lodged under the skin; she then flies off to seek another. Sometimes the female ichneumon, when she has found a larva, seems to take no notice of it, and in that case it has been found that another ichneumon has previously oviposited there, and by some peculiar sense she ascertains that there is no room for more ova, or not food enough for them when hatched. After the ichneumon has deposited the ova, she plasters over the wound with colleterial secretion. When hatched, her larvæ subsist upon the fat of the caterpillars which they infest. They avoid penetrating the alimentary canal, but evidently destroy many of the minute branches of the trachea which ramify in the adipose tissue. Such wounded tracheæ probably permit the escape of sufficient air for the respiration of the parasitic larvæ; for though the caterpillars so infested survive and go into the pupa state, they are uneasy and evidently diseased; the loss of the adipose store of nutriment prevents the completion of the metamorphosis: they perish, and instead of a butterfly, a swarm of small ichneumons emerge from the cocoon."—*Lectures on Comparative Anatomy*, pp. 417, 432.

Surprising is the instinct which teaches the larvæ of the ichneumon to avoid eating the intestines of their living prey. Were they to devour its vitals, they would terminate its existence and put an end to their own. Whatever may be the value of the cabbage to man, he probably owes it to the ichneumon fly that any portion of this vegetable falls to his share, for out of thirty caterpillars of the white butter-

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fly which Reaumur placed under a glass, twenty-five were the habitation of their murderous foe. That these were devoured in the morning of their life is in accordance with the general law which enacts that some of every race that breathes should perish in their infancy, while others should last to middle age, and a few fill up the full measure of the days allotted to their kind.

The grub of the cockchafer commits great ravages both upon grass and corn by gnawing the roots of the plant. Entire meadows are sometimes denuded by it. The rook eats these destroyers by thousands, and by one act gets food for himself, and protects the wheat which is the staff of life to man. They are the grubs which chiefly attract him to follow the plow, and when he plucks up a blade of grass or corn it is almost invariably for the sake of some description of worm which is preying upon its root. The plants which he eradicates will be found upon examination to be dead or dying, and by devouring the cause of the mischief he saves the rest of the field from blight. Unobservant farmers, who never look beyond the surface, often mistake the policeman for the thief. Luckily their power to injure the benefactor is not equal to their will, or they would exterminate him altogether, and leave the depredators unmolested to consume the whole of the crops. When an unhappy success has attended efforts of the kind the evil consequences have been signal and immediate. After the inhabitants had contrived to extirpate the little crow from Virginia at an enormous expense, they would gladly have given twice as much to buy back the tribe. A reward of threepence a dozen was offered in New-England for the purple grackle, which commits great havoc among the crops, but protects so much more herbage than he destroys that the insects when he was gone caused the total loss of the grass in 1749, and obliged the colonists to get hay from Pennsylvania and even to import it from Great Britain. A few years since an Act was passed by the Chamber of Deputies to prohibit the destruction of birds in a particular district of France. They had been recklessly killed off, and the harvest being swept away in its first green stage by millions of hungry reapers, the earth had ceased to yield its increase. Extensive inroads like these upon the economy of nature reveal to us its wisdom, and clearly show us that if one while it is a blessing that particular animals should eat, at another it is a benefit to the world that they should be eaten. A flight of rooks renders services which could not be performed by all the cultivators of the soil put together, and if the poor birds are occasionally mischievous they are richly worthy of their hire. Make the largest probable allowance for their consumption of a portion of that crop, the whole of which they preserve, and they are still immeasurably the cheapest laborers employed upon a farm. Pages would be required to tell all the mistakes which are committed in the blind rage for destruction, and in the readiness of the lord of the creation to believe that every thing which tastes what he tastes is a rival and a loss. Even wasps, which find no friends, chiefly because they are armed with a sting, which, unlike man, they rarely or ever use unprovoked, are an important aid in keeping certain tribes within bounds. Mr. Rowell had two nests in a glass case, and found that the food brought in was chiefly caterpillars and insects. "Reaumur has observed," write Kirby and Spence, "that in France the butchers are very glad to have wasps attend their stalls for the sake of their services in driving away the flesh-fly; and, if we may believe the author of Hector St. John's *American Letters*, the farmers in some parts of the United States are so well aware of their utility in this respect, as to suspend in their sitting-rooms a hornet's nest, the occupants of which prey upon the flies without molesting the family." Wasps are large consumers of fruit, but this is best protected by hanging bottles half full of a mixture of beer and sugar to the tree. "The wasps," says Cobbett, "attracted by the contents, go down into the vials and never come out again." The offenders alone suffer, and the rest are left free to pursue the avocations which nature has assigned them.

Mr. Rowell furnishes a curious example of the regular gradation in which the devourers of to-day are devoured to-morrow:

"I kept in a glass globe a variety of the smaller aquatic animals, such as the larvæ of dragon-flies, and introduced among them a few of the common newts and water-beetles, one of which was the *Dyticus marginalis*. The dragon-flies had been living on the animalcules, the newts

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attacked and devoured the dragon-flies. The next morning I found one of the newts lying at the bottom of the vessel half-eaten, and, while looking on, saw the Dyticus attack another newt. Not wishing to have them all destroyed, I took the Dyticus out of the water and put it in the sunshine, when, after a few minutes, it flew away, and had not gone more than thirty or forty yards when a sparrow caught it."

Thus the animalcules supported the dragon-fly, the dragon-fly the newts, the newts the beetle, the beetle the sparrow, and, as the sparrow has many enemies, he most likely became a meal for some bigger creature before the animal compound was given over to the inexorable maggots, and revivified anew in the shape of flies, again to run the destructive round. Nature seems to have taken especial pains to maintain in vigor the carnivorous element wherever animal life is congregated together. If the pike is carefully excluded from a fish-pond, he appears there after a time just as though he had smelt out his prey, and made his way to it over earth or through air. The eggs have been carried there on the legs and feathers of the water-fowl, or else been eaten by them and passed from their bodies undigested. The due balance is maintained, in spite of the jealous preserver of fish, and his sole consolation for his ineffectual efforts to shut out the pike from his share of the banquet must be the reflection that the intruder makes a far better dish than all the fry he consumes. Benjamin Franklin, who at the age of sixteen had adopted the notion that it was wrong to eat any thing which had life, was brought back, two years afterwards, to carnivorous habits by seeing some smaller fish taken from "the stomach of a cod." "'If,' thought I," he says, "'you eat one another, I don't see why we may not eat you.' So I dined upon cod very heartily, and have since continued to eat as other people.'" Whichever way we look, the intentions of Providence are too clear to be disputed, and the benefits which result too plain to be denied, though many of the effects of the arrangement are impossible to be traced. The system of the world is not a collection of independent circles, but wheel is connected with wheel in an endless series, and the most we can do in our present state is to catch here and there a partial glimpse of the complicated machine.

Pope, in some beautiful lines of his "Essay on Man," has described the benefits which our protection confers upon the larger animals on which we feed. The interest we have in their welfare causes us to keep them in greater comfort than if they were left to a state of nature, and by stimulating the growth of provender we, at the same time, maintain them in far greater numbers. If, instead of tending them that we might afterwards draw upon them for our nutriment, they and we were rivals for the possession of the soil and its fruits, we must either kill or starve them at last to avoid starving ourselves. In respect of death, indeed, the poet considers man and his victims upon equal terms.

> "The creature had his feast of life before;
> Thou too shalt perish when thy feast is over."

The circumstance in the contrast which would seem most disadvantageous to them is their apprehension of the bloody fate which awaits them, but this they clearly do not contemplate. There is true philosophy, as well as fine poetry, in the lines of Pope which every child can repeat:

> "The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
> Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
> Pleased to the last he crops the flowery food,
> And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood."

The feelings of the lamb are not those of the murderer in the condemned cell, who knows that he is about to be led to the gallows. It probably browses untroubled by the thoughts of death, and certainly no more dreads in anticipation its violent end than we in health do our natural end, and we are aware in our own case that the difficulty is not to forget but to remember it. "The hare," as Paley remarks, "notwithstanding the number of its dangers and its enemies, is as playful an animal as any other." Vigilant and timid, its happiness is yet undisturbed by its fears, and it lives, we should judge, in considerably less alarm of the dog and the sportsman than the housebreaker does of the policeman, or the old lady of the housebreaker. The fish which share the same pond with the pike pass and repass him without being agitated by his presence until he gives them chase. The end, when it does come, is mostly too sudden to be painful. The moral and re-

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ligious discipline which results from sickness shows us why a lingering death is best suited to ourselves. With animals the death of disease would be merely protracted misery. Left unnursed and unfed, they would endure far more than by the knife of the butcher or the beak of the hawk: and if one class of creatures are at greater disadvantage than another, it would appear to be those which perish slowly from a natural decay.

Where pursuit of the prey precedes its capture, the period during which the chase continues is so much addition to the mental suffering, which is as bad or worse than physical pain. Leeches creep into the shells of fish, and devour the inhabitants. Müller saw a shell-fish crawl upon the bank of a stream to get out of the way of its enemy, but, not being able long to subsist out of the water, it was obliged to travel back again, and became the prey of the leech, who was waiting to receive it, Yet even in these and similar instances of suspense, as when hawks pursue birds, and dogs foxes, there may be some alleviation to the distress from the hope of escape, and, at all events, the contest, however bitter, is seldom long sustained. There are other cases still in which the animal destroying loves to torture, as it looks to our eyes, the animal destroyed. But the very interesting account which Dr. Livingstone* gives of his sensations when the lion seized him by his arm, crunched the bone into splinters, and "shook him as a terrier-dog does a rat," would lead to the conclusion that appearances are deceptive. "The shock," he says, "produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though I was quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partly under the influence of chloroform describe, who see the operation but feel not the knife." He infers that the same complacency is common to animals when between the jaws of their enemies, and is an express and merciful provision of the Creator. In fact, though disease is often painful, the act of dying is not. Bodily suffering would be no protection then, and, consistently with the invariable method of Providence, we are spared a useless anguish. The placid feelings which accompany natural death are known from the evidence of multitudes, who have testified to their ease with their latest breath. The very pleasurable feelings which accompany drowning and hanging have been recorded by numberswho have been recovered after consciousness had ceased. Death from cold we should suppose to be one of the worst forms in which the king of terrors could approach, but, instead of the frosty horrors we picture, the victim finds himself rocked at last into a soothing slumber. "I had treated," says Dr. Kane, in his Arctic Explorations, "the *sleepy comfort* of freezing as something like the embellishment of romance. I had evidence now to the contrary. Two of our stoutest men came to me, begging permission to sleep: 'they were not cold; the wind did not enter them now; a little sleep was all they wanted.'" From this sleep, if they had been allowed to indulge in it, they would never have waked. The pain was not in dying, but in the effort to avoid it; the descent to the grave was easy and grateful; all the resolution was required to keep the steep and toilsome road which led back to life. As man is more sensitive than the lower animals, their sufferings must be less, and, altogether, we should argue that the pangs which death inflicts upon them are not very great. The residue of misery which remains after every deduction answers, we may be sure, some beneficent end, and our part in the matter is to beware of adding to their sorrows beyond the limits of necessity.

The strong language in which Cowper has expressed his disgust at cruelty towards dumb creatures is not a whit stronger than every reflecting man will approve:

"I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and
fine sense,

* On a future occasion we shall endeavor to do justice to the admirable work of this missionary traveler. He describes the scenery of Africa, its vegetation, its climate, its animals, and its inhabitants with a minute accuracy which, to those who desire to have a complete acquaintance with a foreign land, is in the highest degree satisfactory. His long residence in the country has given him a perfect knowledge of his subject, and every word may be depended upon as much as if it was delivered upon oath. The unaffected philanthropy, the simple piety, the instinctive humanity which pervades every line of the work, give it the charm of an elevated sentiment which is every where felt even when it is not directly expressed.

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Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

Montaigne held cruelty to be the extreme of all vices; it is also one of the commonest. Humanity seldom or ever shows itself in inferior dispositions, and where it exists is readily destroyed. No unnatural taste is so rapidly acquired as the taste for shedding blood. There are few who are ignorant of the circumstance which occurred at the execution of Thistlewood and his fellow-conspirators for treason. A thrill of horror ran through the crowd when the first head was severed from its body, but so rapidly did the spectators become accustomed to the sight that on the executioner accidentally letting the third head drop, there was a shout of "Ah! butter-fingered!" M. Blaze, in relating his military experience during the wars of Napoleon, mentions that the conscripts at the beginning of a battle made a circuit of twenty paces round the bodies which lay in their path. Soon they approached nearer, and ended by marching over them. Montaigne observed, during the French civil wars, that the atrocities kept increasing with exercise, till they rivaled any thing which was recorded in the annals of antiquity or which we have read of the sepoys in our own day. "I could hardly persuade myself," he says in his Essays, "before I saw it with my eyes, that there could be found people so savage, who for the sole pleasure of murder would hack and lop off the limbs of others, sharpen their wits to invent unusual torments and new kinds of death without profit and for no other end than to enjoy the grateful spectacle of the gestures and motions, the lamentable groans and cries, of a man dying in anguish." He has remarked that those who luxuriate in the sufferings of their fellow-creatures usually learn their first lessons in barbarity by the maltreatment of animals; and that after the Romans had become accustomed to the spectacle in their amphitheaters of the slaughter of beasts, they proceeded to take delight in the slaughter of gladiators. This is the natural progression. It is told of Henry IV. of France that he twice whipped his son, afterwards Louis XIII., with his own hand—the first time because he had taken such a dislike to a gentleman that his servile attendants could only appease him by pretending to shoot with a pistol without ball the object of his aversion; the second time for crushing the head of a sparrow. Though the just punishment he had received was small in comparison with the unjust punishment he had inflicted, his mother objected to this discipline of her son. "Pray to God," replied Henry, "that I may live, for when I am gone he will ill-treat you." The experience of the king had taught him that cruelty seldom knows any distinctions, and that he who begins by crushing the heads of sparrows in sport would end by directing his venom against the very breasts he had sucked. The prediction was verified to the letter. "He was scarcely human," says a contemporary memoir-writer, and a single instance will suffice to prove it. A number of wounded Protestants were put, at the siege of Montauban, into the dry moat of the castle where he was quartered. Eaten by flies, tormented by thirst, tortured by their wounds, they perished miserably, and the amusement of their sovereign was to watch and mimic their dying contortions. When one of his associates, the Count de la Rocheguyon, was on his death-bed, Louis sent to inquire how he did. "He will not have long to wait," replied the expiring courtier, "before my final struggles will commence. I have often helped him to mimic others; it is my turn now." The lad who tortures dogs and cats in Hogarth's "Four Stages of Cruelty," winds up his career with a murder: and it may be taken for a maxim that he who in sheer wantonness behaves brutally to a sheep would not, if he could give free scope to his passions, be over gentle to the shepherd.

Mankind have thus a direct interest, on their own account, in enforcing mercy to brutes. But it is the imperative right of the animals themselves. The notion of coarse and ignorant minds is that all which exists has been created for the sole service of the human race, to use or abuse as the fancy takes them. A respectable Guacho exhorted Mr. Darwin, when riding in the Pampas, to spur his jaded steed. He refused, and represented that the animal was exhausted. "Never mind," replied the Guacho, "it is *my* horse." With some difficulty Mr. Darwin made him comprehend that it was from motives of humanity, and not from the fear of diminishing the value of a piece of property, that he was induced to forbear. "Ah! Don Carlos," exclaimed the man, with a



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look of astonishment, "what an idea!" Hundreds upon hundreds of drivers in our own country share the opinions of this Guacho, and follow his practice. When God created the world, he did indeed "give man dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." He renewed the authority to Noah after the Flood, with the addition of the permission to kill and eat—"Every moving thing shall be meat for you." But this power, which is delegated to us over the animal world, is, like every other gift of Providence, to be exercised according to the rules of justice and mercy, and not according to the wanton instigations of cruel caprice. Acting by God's leave, in God's stead, we must govern his creatures with the same benevolence which pervades the entire being of Him from whom we have received the trust:

"Heaven's attribute is universal care,
And man's prerogative to rule, but spare."

He may slaughter animals for his sustenance; he may make war upon them when they destroy his property, and mar his comfort; he may press them into his service, and compel them within the limits of humanity to do his bidding. This surely is enough. It excludes nothing which can contribute to our real wants and real happiness. All beyond, which trifles with life and inflicts pain, is useless and therefore wicked, and, as opposed to the very nature of the Deity, can not receive his sanction in ourselves.

"For many a crime deemed innocent on earth
Is registered in heaven, and these no doubt
Have each their record, with a curse annexed.
Man may dismiss compassion from his heart,
But God will never."

Our observation of animals would alone prove to us that Providence designed their welfare even if it were not a necessary deduction from the attributes of the Creator. Although our Lord had not told us that he had care for sparrows, the whole make, economy, and habits of the sparrow would reveal the fact.

"Know Nature's children all divide her care:
The fur that warms a monarch warmed a bear."

When we read of the bears disporting themselves in the regions of ice, reveling in an intensity of cold, which to man with every contrivance of art is almost past endurance, and produces in him diseases which shortly terminate his existence; when we read of their sitting for hours like statues upon icebergs, where, if we were to take up our position, we should become statues indeed, and be frozen into the lasting rigidity of death; when we read of their sliding in frolic down slopes of snow which, if we were to touch with our bare hand, would instantly destroy its vitality and create a wound like a burn; when we read these statements in the narratives of the polar voyagers, we can not resist the conclusion that the fur, which enables its original possessor to be at home in wilds which prove to us a dismal grave, was given more with a view to the warmth of the animal than with a view to the warmth of the monarch. He who located the bear amid the bleak horrors of an Arctic winter, and adapted him to take his pastime therein, has certainly some consideration for the needs and joys of the shaggy quadruped while he lives as well as for those of the man who flays him when he is dead. Paley discerned the proof of the benevolence of the Deity more clearly in the pleasures of an infant than in any thing else in the world, because its gratification was manifestly provided for it by another. "Every child," he adds, "I see at its sport affords to my mind a kind of sensible evidence of the finger of God, and of the disposition which directs it." The argument is equally applicable to animals. The vivacity of fish, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it, show, as Paley has himself remarked, the excess of their spirits. He has recorded, in a famous passage of his "Natural Theology," his frequent observation of a thick mist by the sea-shore half a yard high, and two or three broad, and stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach, which was formed entirely of shrimps in the act of bounding from the margin of the water—an act which, in his opinion, expressed delight as plainly as though they had intended it for the purpose. There is no creature, in fact, which does not sensibly exhibit, in its own fashion, its sportive propensities, and this general happiness of brutes is at once an unanswerable testimony that their Maker designed them to be happy, and that those who interfere unnecessarily

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with their tranquillity are turning what was meant to be a beneficent rule into a hateful tyranny.

The laxity which prevails upon a point of such extreme importance induces us to specify some of the commonest motives to cruelty, and to endeavor to expose them as we proceed. There is not one, perhaps, which operates more widely than that which would seem to offer the least temptation—unmixed wantonness, without any sort of object. Nothing is safe, provided it be small enough to destroy, which approaches within the reach of many people's hands and feet. To see a living thing, and to desire to kill it, are with them inseparable acts. On the islands of the Galapagos Archipelago in the Pacific the birds are so tame that they can be struck with a stick. The sailors who land there, Mr. Darwin states in his very delightful "Naturalist's Voyage," wander through the woods in search of tortoises, and take a wicked delight in repaying the trustfulness of a race as yet unversed in the blood-thirstiness of men, by knocking them upon the head and leaving them to rot. Assuredly Providence has done nothing without an object, and is it to be supposed that he contrived creatures, which like ourselves are fearfully and wonderfully made, and breathed into them the breath of life, merely that we might beat out their brains by random blows as we pass along? Here is a wonderful assemblage of animate nerves, and blood-vessels, and digestive organs beyond even our power to comprehend, and can it possibly be the end of their creation, that we should ignorantly crush them like a piece of dirt? So elaborate and sentient a toy was never devised for so poor a purpose, and what must be the heartlessness of those who can thus idly extinguish the harmless merriment of myriads of beings? They ask of us no other favor than to let them alone, but if they must minister to our gratification, we might try and find it in sympathizing with their enjoyment instead of recklessly annihilating it, as beyond all dispute we should be more worthily employed in studying the wisdom and greatness of God displayed in their construction than in blindly converting his transcendent handiwork into a shapeless and bloody mass.

Or put the argument in another form, and imagine that the beings above us were to treat us as we treat the beings below us, and we at once perceive that we should think them less angels than fiends. If every time they passed one of our species they struck him down into the dust, we should marvel at the ferocity of their dispositions, and be puzzled to explain how a race excelling us in intellect and strength could take delight in such unmeaning savageness. Swift represents Gulliver, when he is picked up by a Brobdignag, as trembling lest the giant should dash him to the ground, as he himself had served vermin in England. This, Dr. Hawkesworth says in a note, was meant to inculcate humanity by making the case of the animals our own. The very word *humanity* is derived from human, to denote that mercy is the attribute of man, as brutal is derived from brute, to denote that acts of ferocity are proper only to irrational creatures. Nevertheless we believe that the human is the solitary being, with the exception of the animals whom he trains to act like himself, who kills merely for the sake of killing, without regard to the cravings of hunger or the necessities of self-defense.

The passion for exciting amusement has been another fertile source of cruelty. Cock-fighting, which dates from antiquity, which was the favorite entertainment in the last century, and which is not even yet extinct, may serve for an illustration of the wide-spread propensity to indulge in sanguinary spectacles. In the "Present State of England" for 1750, cock-fighting is called "a recreation for persons of birth and distinction," and it is mentioned as the characteristic of the sport "that it is an ample testimony to the invincible spirit of those little animals." The writer neglected to add that it was as ample a testimony to the invincible brutality of the persons of birth and distinction who could patronize the exhibition, and bet thousands upon the issue. Crabbe has detailed the particulars of the conflict with a minute accuracy which no prose description could surpass, and with a power which prose could hardly rival, though *his* scene is laid in a low public-house instead of a cock-pit built for the purpose, and the spectators are peasants instead of peers:

"Here his poor bird the inhuman cocker brings,
Arms his hard heel and clips his golden wings;
On spicy food the impatient spirit feeds,

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And shouts and curses as the battle bleeds.
Struck through his brain, deprived of both his eyes,
The vanquished bird must combat till he dies—
Must faintly peck at his victorious foe,
And reel and stagger at each feeble blow.
When fallen, the savage grasps his dabbled plumes,
For other deaths the blood-stained arms assumes,
And damns the craven fowl that lost his stake,
And only bled and perished for his sake."

As vices usually go in clusters, so in this amusement cruelty, gambling, and curses meet together—cruelty which tortures the animal world, gambling which inflicts ruin upon fellow-men, curses which strike at Omnipotence himself. The compiler, who called it a recreation for persons of birth and distinction, says immediately after of prize-fighting, that though "it displayed the dexterity of the persons engaged in it, it was an *inhuman* sort of diversion, and frequently attended with effusion of blood." In those days a prize-fight meant a fight with swords, and we are told by Sir Richard Steele that the combatants "cut collops of flesh" from one another for the gratification of the crowd. But these gladiators, at least, were voluntary victims and were paid for their suffering; and debasing as was the sport both to the actors and the spectators, it was less hateful than exciting a couple of fowls to peck each other to pieces, and watching the process with fiendish exultation. Who could recognize in the eager attendants upon that bloody ring Shakspeare's "paragon of animals, in action like an angel! in apprehension like a god!"? Yet the exhibition itself was only a portion of the evil. Cruelty is the parent of worse cruelty, and the hardening process did not always stop at the cock-pit. A rich man, towards the close of the last century, had a favorite bird which had won for him several profitable matches. At last it lost, and the owner showed his gratitude for its past services by tying it to a spit and roasting it alive. Its screams brought some gentlemen who were in the house to its rescue; but the miscreant seized a poker and declared he would kill any person who came between him and his vengeance. In the midst of his imprecations he dropped down dead, suddenly summoned to the tribunal of his Maker, to urge if he could the equitable petition—

"The mercy I to others show
That mercy show to me."

The sports of the field come distinctly under the denomination of cruelty when the creatures are neither destroyed because they are themselves destructive, nor because they are wanted for food. The principle does not affect the taking of game, which is an article of diet, and which can not be killed more painlessly than by shooting. But the question remains how far we are justified in seeking our pleasure in the act of slaughter itself. M. Miertsching, a Moravian missionary, who accompanied Captain M'Clure's Arctic expedition in the capacity of Esquimaux interpreter, describes, in his journal, an exciting conflict with some musk-oxen. In reviewing the entry on his return to Europe, he avows that he read it with feelings entirely different from those with which it was penned. He was pained, in the retrospect, to think that the first man upon which these inoffensive animals had ever set eyes should send a bullet into their brains in token of his dominion over them. But at the time, as he states, he was a hunter in heart and soul, and did not pause to reflect. This, we suspect, is the reason why thousands feel no compunction at pursuits which a tender spirit, like that of Cowper, regarded with aversion. The excitement of the chase drowns consideration. That the misgivings of men less eager for sport are not the consequences of a morbid sensitiveness is clear when the manly and practical mind of Scott rebelled against the proceeding. "I was never quite at ease," he said to Basil Hall, in conversation, "when I had knocked down my black-cock, and going to pick him up, he cast back his dying eye with a look of reproach. I don't affect to be more squeamish than my neighbors, but I am not ashamed to say that use never reconciled me fully to the cruelty of the affair. At all events, now that I can do as I like without fear or ridicule, I take more pleasure in seeing the birds fly past me unharmed. I don't carry this nicety, however, beyond my own person." Whatever may be urged in favor of shooting, angling with a worm, or any species of live bait, is absolute atrocity. "Leave a fourth part of the worm," says a modern writer, "beyond the point of the hook, as you will thus afford it more room to wriggle, and appear lively in the water."

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No more forcible argument could be penned in condemnation of the usage. Low as the feeling of worms may be, all the protracted pain of which they are capable is drawn forth by a treatment for which no sort of apology can be pleaded. Boswell thought that nothing except Johnson's inflexible veracity could have accredited his assertion, that, as he was passing by a fishmonger who was skinning an eel alive, he heard him curse it because it would not lie still. Nevertheless many a boy may be heard denouncing the worm he is hooking for the same offense as was committed by the eel; and the child is too often in this respect the father of the man.

Another pretense for cruelty is the aversion we take to some creatures because they are ugly. This is the common reason for killing toads. Frogs, in consequence of an unfortunate family resemblance, are involved in the calamity; for Pope says that the only excuse he could ever hear urged for destroying them was, that they were so like toads. It must be admitted that there are creatures which are naturally offensive to us, and if they intrude into our houses, or multiply beyond measure, we must kill them if we can not drive them away. But to massacre a toad when he is crawling along a path, merely because he does not come up to our ideas of loveliness, shows a wonderful indifference to the sacred rights of sentient beings. A considerate, not to speak of a gentle, heart would feel as Uncle Toby felt when he apostrophized the fly which was buzzing about him: "Go, go, little fly; there is room enough in the world both for thee and for me." That God's creatures should seem ugly to us, when nothing in nature can be ugly, is one of our imperfections; and instead of fiercely extirpating what we are too ignorant to admire, it should be a lesson of humility to us that we can not see with more understanding eyes. It is a libel upon the Creator to condemn the image in which he has made his creatures, and to tear out their lives and deface their forms because they are not fashioned according to our notions of beauty.

Closely allied to cruelty towards ugly animals is the cruelty which arises from what is called antipathy. Some people have an antipathy to spiders, others to cats, and, what shows the unreasonableness of the passion, the same creature which is the aversion of one person is the favorite of another. Antipathy, in general, means undefined fear, as Dr. Johnson has pointed out in the "Rambler;" and fear is always cruel, since it seeks its safety in the destruction of the object of its dread. "Because you are a coward, must I then die?" This is the detestable doctrine which the pusillanimous in troubled times have often applied to their opponents, and is a poor apology even when applied to brutes. Men and women too should be ashamed to convert their silly apprehensions into a sentence of death upon an innoxious creature, which never designed them any harm. Let *them* grow wise, and let the innocent animals live. To the fear of antipathy must be added the fear which springs from superstition. Don Quixote repeats the legend which avers that King Arthur did not die, but was turned into a raven; "for which reason," continues the knight, "it can not be proved that from that time to this any Englishman hath killed one of these birds." If the raven ever enjoyed this charmed life, he has since paid for the immunity. Most of the lower orders are in haste to exterminate both ravens and owls, because they imagine that the croak of the one and the hoot of the other announce some calamity past or to come, which is just as if, when intelligence was brought them of a piece of ill-fortune, they hoped to cancel the mischief by murdering the messenger. Let them be as timid as they please in the dark, but, because God has created the owl to mouse in the dusk, let them not suffer their fears to convert it into a harbinger of evil, and imagine that the music by which it expresses its joy is harshly sounding our doom. Let them leave it to gamekeepers to be the executioners of these lovely and useful birds of the night—to gamekeepers who, if they had their will, would allow no feathered thing to fly in the air except pheasants and partridges, nor any quadruped to run upon the earth except hares and rabbits.

Another source of cruelty is temper. When it is remembered what a vast sum of misery temper causes in the world, how many homes are darkened, and how many hearts are saddened by it—when we consider that its persecutions have not even the purifying consequences of most other calamities, inasmuch as its effects upon its innocent victims are rather cankerous

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than medicinal—when we call to mind that a bright face and a bright disposition are like sunshine in a house, and a gloomy, lowering countenance as depressing as an arctic night, we must acknowledge that temper itself is only another form of cruelty, and a very bad form too. But it also prompts a vast deal of the cruelty which is ordinarily called by that name. A good groom, says Bishop Berkeley, will rather stroke than strike. An ill-tempered man commonly strikes instead of strokes. The enormities which have been perpetrated upon animals in fits of rage are past counting up. How have dogs been lashed and kicked, how have beasts of burden been whipped and spurred, how have sheep and oxen been goaded till their sides ran down with gore! Often the provocation was only that the beast did not display more intelligence and endurance than had been given it by God—that, knowing no better, it had made some slight mistake—that, weary and foot-sore, it did not manifest the same speed and spirit as when fresh and untraveled—often only that it had the misfortune to have a drunken master. There are people indeed who will plead passion as an apology for their violence; but one vice can never extenuate another, and it will not atone for our cruelty that it had ill temper for its parent. He who reflects upon his own mistakes and misdoings will excuse the fault of a dumb creature that has not his reason to direct it, and will learn patience if only in pity to himself. Man is worse than the most venomous reptile or the most savage beast if he maltreats the creatures which serve his needs, since no beast is under equal obligations to the animal world.

"The wolf who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
Nor wore her warming fleece; nor has the steer,
At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs,
E'er plowed for him."

With no sort of conscience can we use animals as culprits when their sinews are the very life of ours. When we ride, we sit upon the skin of the pig; when we walk, we tread upon the skin of the bullock; we wear the skin of the kid upon our hands, and the fleece of the sheep upon our backs. More than half the world are human beings in sheep's clothing. We eat the flesh of some creatures, of some we drink the milk, upon others we are dependent for the cultivation of the soil; and if it is a pain to us to suffer hunger and cold, we should be scrupulous to avoid inflicting wanton misery upon the animals by means of which we are warmed and fed. Mr. Waterton witnessed the annual ceremony at Rome of pronouncing a public benediction upon the beasts of burden. This humane naturalist rejoiced to think that the blessing would insure them better treatment from their owners. Whether or no the effect was what he anticipated, there is a practical benediction which is forever proceeding from the hearts of all good men, and which shows itself in admiration of the animal world as the work of God, in sympathy with them as sentient beings, and in gratitude to them as benefactors to ourselves.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE PHENOMENA OF HUNGER AND THIRST.

Hunger is one of the beneficent and terrible instincts. It is, indeed, the very fire of life, underlying all impulses to labor, and moving man to noble activities by its imperious demands. Look where we may, we see it as the motive power which sets the vast array of human machinery in action. It is Hunger which brings these stalwart navvies together in orderly gangs to cut paths through mountains, to throw bridges across rivers, to intersect the land with the great iron-ways which bring city into daily communication with city. Hunger is the over-

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seer of those men erecting palaces, prison-houses, barracks, and villas. Hunger sits at the loom, which with stealthy power is weaving the wondrous fabrics of cotton and silk. Hunger labors at the furnace and the plow, coercing the native indolence of man into strenuous and incessant activity. Let food be abundant and easy of access, and civilization becomes impossible; for our higher efforts are dependent on our lower impulses in an indissoluble manner. Nothing but the necessities of food will force man to labor, which he hates, and will always avoid when possible. And although this seems obvious only when applied to the laboring classes, it is equally though less obviously true when applied to all other classes, for the money we all labor to gain is nothing but food, and the surplus of food, which will buy other men's labor.

If in this sense Hunger is seen to be a beneficent instinct, in another sense it is terrible, for when its progress is unchecked it becomes a devouring flame, destroying all that is noble in man, subjugating his humanity, and making the brute dominant in him, till finally life itself is extinguished. Beside the picture of the activities it inspires, we might also place a picture of the ferocities it evokes. Many an appalling story might be cited, from that of Ugolino in the famine-tower, to those of wretched shipwrecked men and women who have been impelled by the madness of starvation to murder their companions that they might feed upon their flesh.

What is this Hunger—what its causes and effect? In one sense we may all be said to know what Hunger is; in another sense no man can enlighten us; we have all felt it, but Science as yet has been unable to furnish any sufficient explanation. Between the gentle and agreeable stimulus known as Appetite, and the agony of Starvation, there are infinite gradations. The early stages are familiar even to the wealthy; but only the very poor, or those who have undergone exceptional calamities, such as shipwreck and the like, know any thing of the later stages. We all know what it is to be hungry, even very hungry; but the terrible approaches of protracted hunger are exceptional experiences. From materials furnished by sad experiences, both familiar and exceptional, I will endeavor to state the capital phenomena and their causes.

In every living organism there is an incessant and reciprocal activity of *waste* and *repair*. The living fabric in the very actions which constitute its life, is momently yielding up its particles to destruction, like the coal which is burned in the furnace; so much coal to so much heat, so much waste of tissue to so much vital activity. You can not wink your eye, move your finger, or think a thought, but some minute particle of your substance must be sacrificed in doing so. Unless the coal which is burning be from time to time replaced, the fire soon smoulders, and finally goes out; unless the substance of your body which is wasting be from time to time furnished with fresh food, life flickers, and at length becomes extinct. Hunger is the instinct which teaches us to replenish the empty furnace. But although the want of food, necessary to repair the waste of life, is the primary cause of Hunger, it does not, as is often erroneously stated, in itself constitute Hunger. The absence of necessary food causes the sensation, but it is not itself the sensation. Food may be absent without any sensation, such as we express by the word Hunger, being felt; as in the case of insane people, who frequently subject themselves to prolonged abstinence from food, without any hungry cravings; and, in a lesser degree, it is familiar to us all how any violent emotion of grief or joy will completely destroy, not only the sense of Hunger, but our possibility of even swallowing the food which an hour before was cravingly desired. Further, it is known that the feeling of Hunger may be allayed by opium, tobacco, or even by inorganic substances introduced into the stomach, although none of these can supply the deficiency of food. Want of food is therefore the primary, but not the proximate, cause of Hunger. I am using the word Hunger in its popular sense here, as indicating that specific sensation which impels us to eat; when the subject has been more fully unfolded, the reader will see how far this popular sense of the word is applicable to all the phenomena.

We can now understand why Hunger should recur periodically, and with a frequency in proportion to the demands of nutrition. Young animals demand food more frequently than the adult; birds and mammalia more frequently than reptiles and fishes. A lethargic boa-constrictor will only feed about once a month, a

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lively rabbit twenty times a day. Temperature has also its influence on the frequency of the recurrence: cold excites the appetite of warm-blooded animals, but diminishes that of the cold-blooded, the majority of which cease to take any food at the temperature of freezing. Those warm-blooded animals which present the curious phenomenon of "winter sleep," resemble the cold-blooded animals in this respect; during hybernation they need no food, because almost all the vital actions are suspended. It is found that, at this temperature of freezing, even digestion is suspended. Hunter fed lizards at the commencement of winter, and from time to time opened them, without perceiving any indications of digestion having gone on; and when spring returned, those lizards which were still living, vomited the food which they had retained undigested in their stomachs during the whole winter.*

Besides the usual conditions of recurring appetite, there are some unusual conditions, depending on peculiarities in the individual, or on certain states of the organism. Thus during convalescence after some maladies, especially fevers, the appetite is almost incessant; and Admiral Byron relates that, after suffering from a month's starvation during a shipwreck, he and his companions, when on shore, were not content with gorging themselves while at table, but filled their pockets that they might eat during the intervals of meals. In certain diseases there is a craving for food which no supplies allay; but of this we need not speak here.

The animal body is often compared with a steam-engine, of which the *food* is the *fuel* in the furnace, furnishing the motor power. As an illustration, this may be acceptable enough, but, like many other illustrations, it is often accepted as if it were a real analogy, a true expression of the facts. As an analogy, its failure is conspicuous. No engine burns its *own substance* as fuel: its motor power is all derived from the coke which is burning in the furnace, and is in direct constant proportion to the amount of coke consumed; when the coke is exhausted, the engine stops. But every organism consumes its own body: it does not burn food, but tissue. The fervid wheels of life were made out of food, and in their action motor power is evolved. The difference between the organism and the mechanism is this: the production of heat in the organism is not the *cause* of its activity, but the *result* of it; whereas in the mechanism the activity originates in and is sustained by the heat. Remove the coals which generate the steam, and you immediately arrest the action of the mechanism; but long after all the food has disappeared, and become transformed into the solids and liquids of the living fabric, the organism continues to manifest all the powers which it manifested before. There is of course a limit to this continuance, inasmuch as vital activity is dependent on the destruction of tissue. The man who takes no food lives like a spendthrift on his capital, and can not survive his capital. He is observed to get thin, pale, and feeble, because he is spending without replenishing his coffers; he is gradually *impoverishing* himself because life is waste; for life moves along the stepping-stones of change, and change is death.

If we examine the blood of a starving man, we shall find its elementary composition to be precisely similar to that of the same man in his healthy state, but the *proportions* of that composition will be greatly altered; the globules—which may be denominated the nutritive solids of the blood—are much diminished in quantity, the inorganic constituents, which are the products of destroyed tissues, much increased. In fact, these inorganic products, like the pawn-tickets found in the spendthrift's desk, are significant of the extravagance and the poverty which point to ruin.

We can not say how long such a spendthrift life may continue, because time has no definite relation to the phenomena of starvation; these depend on certain specific changes going on in the body, which may occur with indefinite rapidity. Within the same period of time the whole cycle of change necessary for destruction may have completed itself, or only a few of the stages in this cycle may have been gone through; a man under certain conditions will not survive six days' fasting, and under other conditions he will survive six weeks. But if we can not with any precision say *how long* starvation will be in effecting its fatal end, we can say *how much* waste is fatal. From the celebrated

* HUNTER: *Observations on Certain Parts of the Animal Economy.*

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experiments of Chossat on Inanition,* it appears that death arrives whenever the waste reaches an average proportion of 0.4. That is to say, supposing an animal to weigh 100 lb., it will succumb when its weight is reduced to 60 lb. Death may of course ensue before that point is reached, but not be prolonged after it. The average loss which can be sustained is 40 per cent; sometimes the loss is greater, especially if the animal be very fat; thus in the *Transactions of the Linnæn Society*, a case is reported of a fat pig which was buried under thirty feet of chalk for one hundred and sixty days; his weight fell in that period no less than 75 per cent. Curiously enough, as an illustration of what was just said respecting time not being an index, fishes and reptiles were found by Chossat to perish at precisely the same limit of *weight* as warm-blooded animals, but they required a period three-and-twenty times as long to do it in: thus if the experiment be performed of starving a bird and a frog during the warm weather, although both will perish when their loss of weight reaches 40 per cent, the one will not survive a week, the other will survive three-and-twenty weeks.

Having clearly fixed these principles, we may proceed to consider the many remarkable cases of *prolonged fasting* which appeal to the credulity of the public, and which find a place even in very grave treatises, as well as in the less critical columns of newspapers. Are we to believe these marvels or reject them? and on what grounds are we justified in rejecting them? Such questions the reader will frequently be called upon to answer; and as a contribution towards the formation of a definite and philosophical judgment, I will state some of the most striking cases on record, and the physiological principles implied in them.

The human body is in many respects so different from that of animals, especially in its complexity, that we can draw no very accurate conclusion from *their* powers of enduring abstinence; but after all, the differences will only be differences of degree, and the same physiological laws must regulate both, so that we may be certain of the effect of abstinence on man not being *essentially* dissimilar to that on all other warm-blooded animals. Let us therefore, first see how the case stands with animals. The experiments of Pommer establish that carnivorous animals resist starvation longer than the herbivorous; birds of prey longer than birds feeding on seeds and fruits. I think we might *à priori* have deduced this conclusion from the known differences in the *intervals* of recurring hunger, and in the different quantities of food eaten by the two classes. The carnivorous animal eats voraciously when food is within reach, but having satisfied his appetite, he remains several hours before again feeling hungry; and in a state of nature the intervals between his meals are necessarily variable, and often much prolonged, because his food is neither abundant nor easy of access. The herbivorous animal, on the other hand, has his food constantly within reach, and is almost always eating, because an enormous amount of vegetable food is needed to furnish him with sustenance. The lion, or the cat, becomes inured to long abstinence; the rabbit or the cow scarcely knows the feeling. It is clear, therefore, that the one will better endure long fasting than the other. Chossat's experiments on eight-and-forty birds and animals show that the average duration of life exceeded nine days and a half—the maximum being twenty days and a half, the minimum a little more than two days. The young always die first, the adult before the aged: this is true of men as of animals. Some of the simpler animals exhibit remarkable powers of endurance. Latreille pinned a spider to a cork, and after four months found it still alive. Baker kept a stag-beetle three years in a box without food, and at the end of that period it flew away. Muller relates that a scorpion not only survived the voyage from Africa to Holland, but continued without food for nine months afterwards. Rondelet kept a fish three years without food, and Rudolphi a *Proteus anguineus* five years! Snakes, we know, live for many months without eating; and Redi found that a seal lived, out of water, and without food, four weeks. In these cases, except the fish kept by Rondelet, the animals were quiescent, and did not waste their substance by the ordinary activities; and with regard to the fish, some doubts may be entertained whether it did not find worms and larvæ in the water.

Passing from animals to man, we find that death arrives on the fifth or sixth

* CHOSSAT: *Recherches Expérimentales sur l'Inanition.* 1843.

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day of total abstinence from food and drink. But this is a general statement to which various exceptions may be named. Much depends on the peculiar constitution of the individual, his age, health, and other conditions. Some die on the second and third days; others survive till the tenth, eleventh, and even sixteenth days. Again, considerable differences will result from the different situations in which the men are placed—such as those of quiescence or activity, of temperature, moisture, etc.

The examples of protracted fasting recorded are, as usual, deficient for the most part in that rigorous authenticity which is demanded by science; many of them are obviously fabulous exaggerations. M. Bérard has borrowed the following from Haller, adding some cases which came under his own knowledge. I give them as specimens, not as data:

"A young girl, ashamed to confess her poverty, went without food for seventy-eight days, during which she only sucked lemons.

"Another woman of the same place remained four months without food, and another fasted a whole year.

"Haller reports two other cases of fasting for three and four years.

"Mackenzie reports in the *Philosophical Transactions*, the story of a young girl who had lock-jaw for eighteen years, and had taken no food during four years.

"A Scotch woman is reported in the *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. lxvii., to have lived eight years without taking any thing except a little water on one or two occasions.

"A case of fasting for ten years is celebrated in many works. Fabrice de Hilden, who took precautions against deception, says that Eva Flegen neither ate nor drank during six years.

"But all these stories are surpassed by that of a woman who remained fifty years without food; it is added, however, that she sometimes took skimmed milk."

"Admitting," says M. Bérard, "that there has been deception in some of these cases, and that the love of the marvelous has presided over the narration of others, we can not refuse to believe that some are authentic. Every year such cases are registered. In 1836, M. Lavigne invited me to visit a woman of fifty-two, who, after having reduced herself to a glass of milk daily during eighteen months, had taken nothing in the shape of food or drink during the last five months. In 1839, M. Parizot communicated to me the fact of a girl at Marcilly who had taken no solid nutriment for six years, and for the last five years no liquid or solid. In 1838, M. Plongeau wrote to me to say that he had seen a woman at Ayrens, aged eight-and-forty, who during the last eight years had received no nourishment whatever."*

It is rather startling to find so learned a physiologist as M. Bérard recording such cases, and trying to explain them. The possibility of deception and exaggeration is so great, that we are tempted to reject almost every one of these cases rather than reject all physiological teaching.

The following is one of the most extraordinary of the cases which are repeated by modern writers with confidence. Janet M'Leod, after epilepsy and fever, remained five years in bed, *seldom speaking*, and receiving food only by constraint. At length she obstinately refused all sustenance, her jaws became locked, and in attempting to force them open two of her teeth were broken. A small quantity of liquid was introduced by the aperture, none of which she swallowed, and dough made of oatmeal was likewise rejected. *She slept much*, and her head was bent down on her breast. In this deplorable state she continued four years, without her relatives being aware of her receiving any aliment except a little water; but after a longer interval she revived, and subsisted on crumbs of bread with milk, or water sucked from her hand.

Attention is called to the two facts of Janet's seldom speaking and sleeping much, because, supposing the case to be true, they materially affect the question. In a state of such quiescence as is here implied, the waste of the body would be reduced to a minimum, consequently the need of food would be minimized. Nevertheless, in the present state of Physiology, I think we are justified in asserting that some deception or exaggeration, not now ascertainable, is at the bottom of this as of all similar cases; and until a case free from all suspicion shall have been produced for the satisfaction of Science, we are bound to deny the probability of such stories; since that which all our knowledge shows to be in itself contradictory, and, as far as we can judge, *not possible*, must necessarily have the highest improbability, and can only be accepted on the most rigorous evidence. Either we must give up our Physiology altogether, or we must reject these stories.

* Berard: *Cours de Physiologie*, 1848, vol. i. p. 538.

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For observe, on the one hand, several of the reported cases of long fasting have been subsequently proved to be impostures, and this naturally throws a suspicion over all similar cases. On the other hand, physiological laws, established by induction from thousands of facts tested in every variety of method, pronounce these cases to be not possible; and we are called upon to decide whether it is more probable that these inductions should be wrong, or that some imposture or exaggeration should lie at the bottom of the narrated marvels? There can not be a moment's hesitation as to which alternative we must accept; but the reader will naturally desire a clear conception of the physiological contradictions which I have asserted to be implied in these marvelous narratives—the more so as many professed physiologists do not seem to be aware of them.

Supposing the *waste* of the body to be reduced to a minimum by the perfect quiescence in which the patients remained, we must still bear in mind that this diminution is not total arrest of waste. The patient scarcely moves, seldom speaks, and sleeps much. Very little destruction of tissue will take place, compared with the amount destroyed by the same person in ordinary activity, and very little food will be needed to repair such waste; but although *comparatively* small the amount of waste will be *absolutely* large; we can not say how large it will be, we can only say that it must be large. Let us fix our attention on only two sources of this waste, and the proof will be evident. The production of animal heat is only possible through a large amount of chemical change going on in the organism; it is produced by "direct combustion," (according to the chemical school of physiologists,) by "the disengagement of heat in chemical compositions and decompositions," (according to another school,) and according to all schools the high temperature of the body depends on organic processes, which necessarily imply waste of tissue. The warmth of the bed in which the patient lies is not sufficient to preserve her temperature at its proper height; she must burn her own substance to keep up her animal heat; and when we think of the high degree of temperature maintained during a period of four years, solely by the combustion of the body itself, we shall see at once that it is utterly *impossible* any organism, during so long a period, could sustain such waste without repair. Here, then, is the dilemma: either Janet M'Leod *did* maintain the ordinary temperature of the body during these four years, in which case she must have destroyed more tissue to produce that heat than she could have had originally; or she did *not* maintain the ordinary temperature, in which case she would have died from the very want of this animal heat, since all organisms perish when their normal temperature is considerably lowered.

Let us now consider the second source of waste. Janet breathed during these four years; gently, we may suppose, and with no deep inspirations, yet constantly, day and night without interruption. Now, what does this breathing depend on? It depends on the constant interchange between carbonic acid in the blood and oxygen in the air. Unless there were carbonic acid in the blood, no exchange could take place, no breathing could be effected. Every moment, therefore, some small portion of carbonic acid must be separated from the blood, and replaced by oxygen. Whence came this carbonic acid? From destruction of tissue. Directly, or indirectly, carbonic acid was produced in the act of waste. Its presence implies waste, and the act of breathing implies a continuous supply of such waste. That this is no hypothesis, but the simple expression of the facts, every physiologist knows. It may be rendered generally intelligible by referring to what is observed by the hybernating animals. The dormouse begins its winter sleep well clothed with fat. It never moves for months; its respiration is slow and feeble, but it does breathe, and the waste of its fat, which this breathing causes, is very noticeable at the close of winter. Now, if we suppose Janet to have been in a state of "suspended vitality" analogous to that of the dormouse, we shall still have to admit that her breathing alone would gradually waste her substance; and however slow that waste may be supposed, it can not have been such that four years would not have exhausted the whole body. Every time she moved in bed, every time she spoke, every time she raised her hand, the rate of waste will be accelerated. It is found that a slug kept without food loses one eleventh of its weight in six weeks. We can not admit that, even in a bed-ridden girl, the vital activity would be slower than in a slug;

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and we know from Chossat's experiments that the loss of four tenths of weight destroys all animals.

From these general considerations, which might be multiplied, I affirm that, unless all Physiology is a delusion, the marvelous stories of four years' fasting, and the like, are impostures; and the affirmation is strengthened by all the cases we know in which the motive and possibility of deception are eliminated. Thus when men have voluntarily starved themselves to death, they have never survived three months. Granié, who murdered his wife, starved himself in the prison of Toulouse, and expired on the sixty-third day, during which time he drank water, and occasionally ate a little. The religious enthusiast, whom Dr. Willan refers to, lived only two months, although he occasionally sucked an orange. They only survived thus long, because in abstaining from solid food, they did not also abstain from liquid. Life is considerably prolonged if liquid be taken. Redi found that birds kept without water as well as food lived only nine days; those to whom he gave water lived twenty days.* I can not, however, agree with those physiologists who, like Burdach and Bérard, attribute this sustaining power of water to the organic particles suspended in it; because such an amount must necessarily be quite inadequate to supply the loss of an organism whose waste is rapid; and we must remember that an animal dies of *Thirst* even more rapidly than of Hunger: so that when water is withheld, the death is hastened by the complication of two causes. Now Janet M'Leod, and other persons said to have lived without food or drink, were under the pressure of these two causes, and sustained that pressure, we are told, four years!

We are thus forced to reject all narratives of absolute fasting prolonged over three months; and having considered the effects of total abstinence, we may now inquire into the effects of partial abstinence. An animal deprived of food perishes wherever its loss of weight reaches a certain point; and, curiously enough, *insufficiency of food* causes death at precisely the same point, that is, as soon as the original weight is reduced to six tenths. Men, therefore, reduced to an insufficient allowance, whether from famine, shipwreck, or siege, will inevitably perish unless the allowance be increased, just as if they had received no food at all, only they will be longer before they succumb. An important lesson is contained in this fact, and one which should never be forgotten in the management of prisons, schools, or work-houses.

Terrible are the aspects of starving men; and it is well that we should know these aspects, lest we be the dupes of impostors, or confound the truly wretched with the professional mendicant. The first noticeable point is the excessive thinness of starving men, which is not the leanness of lean men, but manifests itself as unmistakable emaciation. The face is always lividly pale, the cheeks are sunken, the eyes—oh! what an expression in the eyes! never to be forgotten by those who have once seen it: all the vitality of the body seems centred there, in feverish brightness; the pupil is dilated, and the eye is fixed in a wild stare which is never vailed by the winking lids. All movements of the body are slow and difficult: the hand trembles; the voice is feeble; intelligence seems gone; the wretched sufferers, when asked what they feel, have but one answer: "We are Hungry."

There is one remarkable fact with reference to starvation which may here be noted, and that is the resistance opposed by the nervous substance to the effects of emaciation. Instead of being the first to suffer from deficient food, as its complexity and the lateness of its appearance in the animal series would lead us to suppose, the nervous tissue is the last affected. From the experiments of Chossat we learn that, in 100 parts, 93 were lost of fat, 52 of the liver, 42 of the muscle, 16 of the bones, and only two of the nerve-substance, by the time starvation has terminated in death. The idea of our solid bones, principally composed of inorganic matter, losing eight times as much as our semi-liquid nerves, which are so predominantly organic in their structure, will seem very paradoxical; and the paradox is increased when we learn that, in spite of fat being beyond all proportion the most destructible tissue in the body, Von Bibra finds the fat in the brain scarcely affected in starvation, although the fat in the muscles has been greatly wasted.* It is this which enables us to

* Redi: *Osservazioni intorno agli animali viventi.*

* Canstatt: *Jahresbericht*, 1854, p. 119.

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explain the sleeplessness of men and animals suffering from hunger. A starving man has been known to remain seven days and nights without sleep. This nervous excitability, which often manifests itself as delirium, probably arises from the disengagement of the brain from those organic activities which in the normal state call so largely on its energies; for, as I have elsewhere endeavored to show, the energies of the brain are not expended only on intelligence and emotion, but likewise, and to a great extent, on the functions of nutrition and locomotion. Considering the brain as a center or fountain of influence, we may detect three streams in which the influence flows—a nutritive stream, a locomotive stream, and a sensitive stream. If the demand from the nutritive stream be large, the supply to the sensitive and locomotive streams will be proportionately reduced. Deep thought or anxiety disturbs the digestion and circulation; violent and protracted exercise amounting to fatigue, incapacitates for thinking; the habitually trained athlete is nearly an idiot, the over-eater little better. When, therefore, a man is starving, the amount of nervous activity usually expended on his nutritive system is disengaged, and as his feebleness diminishes his muscular activity, the amount of nervous influence usually expended on locomotion is reduced, leaving the brain with all this surplus activity to prey upon itself: sleeplessness and madness naturally result.

Respecting the agonies endured by starving men, we have little accurate information. When those who have undergone the horrors of starvation are preserved, and attempt to recount them, they can not do more than give vague indications; for there is nothing more difficult to describe than the sensations of the alimentary canal, even during the continuance of the sensation; and how difficult it is to describe them when past, may be conceived by any one who attempts to do so in his own case. Most of the narratives we have, are recorded by men little accustomed to analyze their sensations, and we must be content to fix our attention on the general characteristics of these narratives. From these cases two may be selected.

Goldsmith says that the captain of a wrecked vessel told him that "he was the only person who had not lost his senses when they received accidental relief. He assured me his pains at first were so great as to be often tempted to eat a part of the men who died, and which the rest of his crew actually lived upon. He said that, during the continuance of this paroxysm, he found his pains insupportable, and was desirous at one time of anticipating that death which he thought inevitable. But *his pains gradually ceased after the sixth day*, (for they had water in the ship, which kept them alive so long,) and then he was in a state rather of languor than desire; nor did he much wish for food except when he saw others eating. The latter part of the time when his health was almost destroyed, a thousand strange images rose upon his mind, and every one of his senses began to bring him wrong information. When he was presented with food by the ship's company that took him up, he could not help looking at it with loathing instead of desire; and it was not till after four days that his stomach was brought to its natural tone, when the violence of his appetite returned with a sort of canine eagerness."*

The next case is peculiarly valuable, as being the daily record of a man who voluntarily starved himself. He was a merchant, whose losses so preyed upon his mind that he resolved on suicide; and after roaming about the country from the 12th to the 15th of September, 1818, dug himself a grave in the wood, and remained there till the 3d of October, when he was found, still living, by an innkeeper. Hufeland, who records the case, says that, after an abstinence of eighteen days, the man still breathed, but expired immediately after a little bouillon had been forced down his throat. On his person they found a diary, written in pencil, from which the following are extracts:

"*Sept.* 16.—The generous philanthropist who may find my corpse is requested to bury it, and to repay himself for the trouble by my clothes, my purse, my pocket-book, and knife. I have not committed suicide, but I die of starvation, because bad men have deprived me of my fortune, and I do not choose to be a burden on my friends. It is unnecessary to open my body, since I have said I die of starvation.

"*Sept.* 17.—What a night I have passed! It has rained; I am wet through. I have been so cold.

* *History of the Earth*, vol ii. p. 126.

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"*Sept.* 18.—The cold and rain forced me to get up and walk; my walk was very feeble. Thirst made me lick up the water which still rested on the mushrooms. How nasty that water was!

"*Sept.* 19.—The cold, the length of the nights, the slightness of my clothing, which makes me feel the cold more keenly, have given me great suffering.

"*Sept.* 20.—In my stomach there is terrible commotion; hunger, and, above all, thirst, becomes more and more frightful. For three days there has been no rain. Would that I could lick up the water from the mushrooms now!

"*Sept.* 21.—Unable to endure the torture of thirst, I crawled with great labor to an inn, where I bought a bottle of beer, which did not quench my thirst. In the evening I drank some water from the pump, near the inn where I bought the beer.

"*Sept.* 23.—Yesterday I could scarcely move, much less write. To-day thirst made me go to the pump; the water was icy cold, and made me sick. I had convulsions until evening; nevertheless, I returned to the pump.

"*Sept.* 26—My legs seem dead. For three days I have been unable to go to the pump. Thirst increases. My weakness is such that I could scarcely trace these lines to-day.

"*Sept.* 29—I have been unable to move. It has rained. My clothes are not dry. No one would believe how much I suffer. During the rain some drops fell into my mouth, which did not quench my thirst. Yesterday I saw a peasant about ten yards from me. I bowed to him. He returned my salutation. It is with great regret I die. Weakness and convulsions prevent my writing more. I feel this is the last time . . . ."

This pathetic case illustrates, as indeed all other cases do, the truth that Thirst is far more terrible than Hunger. His resolution was not strong enough to resist the desire for drink, yet he never seems to have faltered in his determination to refrain from food. It will be further noticed that he ceases to complain of the cold when thirst sets in fiercely, because then fever had also supervened.

The sensation of Hunger is at first rather agreeable, but it quickly becomes unpleasant if prolonged. The sense of keen appetite is delightful, but that "sinking in the stomach" which ensues, soon passes from an uneasy sensation into positive pain. The pain soon becomes acute; and if food be still withheld, we feel as if the stomach were being torn by pincers. A state of general exhaustion, feverishness, headache, light-headedness, often flaming into madness, follows. The whole being seems possessed by one desire, before which even the energetic instinct of maternity has been known to give way, and mothers have disputed with their companions for the flesh of their dead children.

But let us avert our eyes from such scenes, and turn them on that of the eight colliers, who were shut up in a pit for one hundred and thirty-six hours.* The first day they shared between them half a pound of bread, a morsel of cheese, and two mugs of wine, which one of them had brought into the mine, and refused to keep for himself alone. Two of the men had eaten before descending into the mine, and they generously declared that they should not die sooner than the others, and would not share the small supply of food. It is very remarkable that these men, who for five days had no nourishment whatever, declared, when they were rescued, that their abstinence had not greatly inconvenienced them. If we knew more of the circumstances we might explain this now inexplicable fact.

Having considered the subject of Hunger under these general aspects, we may now endeavor to answer the question—What causes the sensation of Hunger?

It has been seen that the absence of food needed to repair the waste of tissue is the primary cause; but it has also been seen that this primary cause may exist without the existence of that sensation known to us as Hunger. All animals need food, but we have no ground for supposing that polypes, jelly-fish, and other simpler animals destitute of a nervous system, feel the sensation of Hunger; we must therefore seek for some more proximate cause of this sensation. The popular notion is that Hunger arises from emptiness of the stomach, which, according to some physiologists, allows the walls of the stomach to rub against each other, and the friction causes the sensation. It is easy to show the inaccuracy of this hypothesis, but two facts will suffice here: first, the stomach is always empty some time before Hunger is felt; secondly, it may be empty for days together—in illness—without the slightest sensation of Hunger being felt.

Another notion is, that the gastric juice

* This case is quoted by LONGET in his *Traité de Physiologie*, 1857.

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accumulates in the stomach, and attacks its walls. Such a cause would certainly be ample for the effect, and I know but of one objection to our accepting it, namely, that the fact on which the explanation rests is unfortunately a fiction; the gastric juice does *not* accumulate in the empty stomach, but is only secreted after the stimulus of food.

A more ingenious explanation has been propounded by Dr. Beaumont, whose name is always cited when Digestion is under discussion, because he was enabled to enrich science with many valuable observations, made on a patient who had a hole in his stomach, produced by a gunshot wound. "During the hours of fasting," says Dr. Beaumont, "the gastric juice is slowly being secreted in the follicles and retained in their tubes, thereby distending them; this distention, when moderate, produces the sensation of Appetite, when more powerful, of Hunger." There are several analogies which give color to this explanation. Thus, milk is slowly accumulated in the breast, and the sense of fullness, if unrelieved, soon passes into that of pain. But ingenious as the explanation is, a closer scrutiny causes us to reject it. Out of many arguments which might be urged, I will mention only two—one anatomical, and one physiological. If the gastric juice were accumulated in the tubes, there is no anatomical obstruction to its immediate passage into the stomach, and the distention would be obviated. Nor have we any good ground for supposing that an accumulation does take place; for Dr. Beaumont's argument that it *must* take place, because it flows so abundantly on the introduction of food into the stomach, would equally prove that tears must be accumulated in advance, because they gush forth so copiously on the first stimulus of grief, and that saliva must be accumulated, because it flows so freely whenever a stimulus is presented. While, therefore, Dr. Beaumont's explanation wants an anatomical basis, it is still more directly at variance with the physiological fact, that when food is injected into the veins or the intestines, the sensation of Hunger disappears, although the stomach is as empty as it was before, and the tubes as distended as they were before.

The fact last named would dispose us to believe that want of food was, after all, the proximate as well as the primary cause of Hunger, did we not know that tobacco, opium, and even inorganic substances, introduced into the stomach will remove the sensation. Humboldt tells us of savages who eat clay to allay their hunger; and we all know how the first mouthful of food takes away the sharpness of the sensation, although two or three hours must elapse before the food will really have *entered* the body. For we must remember that food in the stomach is as much *outside* the organism as if it were in the hand. The alimentary canal is nothing but a folding in of the general envelope, like the inverted finger of a glove, and until the absorbent vessels carry the food from the stomach *into* the circulating system, the food remains *outside*.

Here, then, are two noticeable facts: we may relieve the sensation of Hunger without directly acting on the stomach, the mere supply of food to the blood sufficing; and we may relieve the sensation simply by acting on the stomach, the want of food being as great as before. Do not these facts indicate that Hunger must be related to the *general* state of the system, and to the *particular* state of the stomach? If we once regard the subject in this light, we shall be easily led to perceive that although the general state of the system, under deficiency of food, is the primary cause of Hunger, it is only the cause of it in as far as it produces a certain condition of the stomach; and this condition of the stomach is the proximate cause of the sensation. I think this mode of viewing it will extricate us from the difficulties which have been brought forward in the many discussions as to whether the stomach, or one part of the nervous system, is the *seat* of Hunger. The stomach is the seat of the sensation, just as the eyes are the seat of the sensation of sleepiness; the general state of exhaustion which causes the eyes to droop heavily, and the general state of the system which causes the stomach to produce the sensation of hunger, are equally the origins of the two: and as in sleepiness we may relieve the sensation by bathing the eyes with cold water, yet this will not relieve the general exhaustion; so in hunger, we may relieve the sensation by opium, or even clay, but this will not relieve the general state of the system which produced the sensation.

Although it is evident that the general state of the system must be felt, and to it we owe those daily variations in comfort

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which we express in the terms "vigor," "gladness," "lassitude," "depression," etc., physiologists have not assigned a name to such sensations. The time will come when it will be found necessary to distinguish the Systemic Sensations, (or those arising in the system in general,) from the Organic Sensations, (or those arising in the separate organs,) as these latter are distinguished from those of the five special Senses of Hearing, Sight, etc. In a popular exposition, such as I am now employed on, the current terms must be accepted; and although, therefore, strict accuracy would lead us to say that Hunger, as a Systemic Sensation, is caused by want of food, to repair the waste of tissue, and as an Organic Sensation, it is caused by a specific condition of the stomach; yet, following popular language, we must say that Hunger is a sensation having its seat in the stomach; and all the arguments or experiments which attempt to prove that its seat must be elsewhere, have reference to the general state of the system, but not to the specific sensation known to us as Hunger.

If we examine the stomach of a fasting animal, we shall find it pale, and in a condition of obvious *atony*. The blood has retreated from the smaller vessels, and circulates only in the larger channels. But no sooner is the organ stimulated by the introduction of food, or any irritant substance, than this pale surface becomes visibly congested, turgescent, and its secretions pour forth abundantly. With this rush of blood to the stomach the sensation of uneasiness is carried away. Hence we may conclude that Hunger is in some way dependent on the state of the circulation in the stomach.

*Thirst* closely resembles Hunger in being a general or Systemic sensation, although it is usually considered only as a local and Organic sensation—the dryness of the mouth and throat. This dryness of the throat and mouth, so familiar to us all, is produced by a deficiency of liquid in the body; but it may be, and often is, produced when there is no deficiency in the general system, nothing but a local disturbance, this disturbance producing a local sensation. Wines, coffee, spices, etc., create a strong feeling of thirst, yet the two first increase the quantity of liquid instead of diminishing it. And we know how ineffectual liquid in any quantity is to quench the feeling of Thirst under some conditions, especially after long suffering.

Andersson, in his travels in Africa, describes the sufferings of his men and cattle, adding, "even when the thirsty men and animals were let loose in the water, although they drank to repletion, the water seemed to have lost its property, for our best endeavors to slake our thirst proved unavailing."* The long continuance of Thirst had produced a certain feverish condition which could not be immediately relieved when the system received its necessary supply of liquid; this shows that although deficiency of liquid is the primary cause of Thirst, the proximate cause must be some local affection which has been induced.

On the other hand, this local sensation is so dependent on the system, that if water be injected into the veins or the intestines, Thirst disappears, although the mouth and throat have not been touched. A humid atmosphere prevents Thirst; a bath relieves it, because the water is absorbed through the skin. On this principle, Franklin grounds his advice to men who are exposed to scarcity of drink: they should bathe themselves in tubs of salt water, he says. This would undoubtedly relieve their thirst, but it is a plan which would be excessively dangerous in shipwrecks, unless food were abundant, since the abstraction of so much heat as would follow a bath would in all probability be fatal.

As deficiency of food to supply the waste of tissue is the primary cause of Hunger, so deficiency of water to supply the waste which goes on incessantly in the excretions, respiration, and perspiration, is the primary cause of Thirst. Every time we breathe we throw from our lungs a quantity of water in the form of vapor; and we are made sensible of this when the breath condenses on the colder surface of glass or steel, and when, as in winter, the atmosphere is sufficiently cold to condense the vapor on its issuing from our mouths. This is only one source of the waste of water: a more important source is that of perspiration, which in hot weather, or during violent exercise, causes the water to roll down our skins with obtrusive copiousness. But even when we are perfectly quiescent, the loss

* ANDERSSON: *Lake Ngami*, p. 38.

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of water, although not obvious, is considerable. It is calculated that there are no less than twenty-eight miles of tubing on the surface of the human body, from which the water will escape as *insensible perspiration;* and although the amount of water which is thus evaporated from the surface mus necessarily vary with the clothing, the activity, and even the peculiar constitution of the individual, an average estimate has been reached which shows that from *two to three pounds of water* are daily evaporated from the skin. From the lungs it is ascertained that every minute we throw off from four to seven grains of water, from the skin eleven grains. To these must be added the quantity abstracted by the kidneys, a variable but important element in the sum.

It may not at first be clear to the reader why an abstraction of water daily should profoundly affect the organism unless an equivalent be restored. What can it matter that the body should lose a little water as vapor? Is water an essential part of the body? Is it indispensable to life? Not only is water an essential part of the body, it might be called the *most* essential, if preëminence could be given where all are indispensable. In quantity, water has an enormous preponderance over all other constituents: it forms 70 per cent of the whole weight! There is not a single tissue in the body—not even that of bone, not even the enamel of the teeth—into the composition of which water does not enter as a necessary ingredient. In some of the tissues, and those the most active, it forms the chief ingredient. In the nervous tissue 800 parts out of every 1000 are of water; in the lungs 830; in the pancreas 871; in the retina no less than 927. Commensurate with this anatomical preponderance, is the physiological importance of water. It is the carrier of the food, the vehicle of waste. It holds gases in solution, dissolves solids, gives every tissue its physical character, and is the indispensable condition of that ceaseless change of composition and decomposition on which the continuance of life depends.

Such being the part played by water in the organism, we can understand how the oscillations of so important a fluid must necessarily bring with it oscillations in our feelings of comfort and discomfort, and how any unusual abstraction of it must produce that disturbance of the general system which is known under the name of Raging Thirst—a disturbance far more terrible than that of starvation, and for this reason: During abstinence from food, the organism can still live upon its own substance, which furnishes all the necessary material; but during abstinence from liquid, the organism has no such source of supply within itself. Men have been known to endure absolute privation of food for some weeks, but three days of absolute privation of drink (unless in a moist atmosphere) is perhaps the limit of endurance. Thirst is the most atrocious torture ever invented by Oriental tyrants. It is that which most effectually tames animals. Mr. Astley, when he had a refractory horse, always used thirst as the most effective power of coercion, giving a little water as the reward for every act of obedience. The histories of shipwreck paint fearful pictures of the sufferings endured from thirst; and one of the most appalling cases known is the celebrated imprisonment of one hundred and forty-six men in the Black Hole at Calcutta—a case frequently alluded to, but which must be cited here at some length on account of its physiological bearing:

The Governor of Fort-William at Calcutta, having imprisoned a merchant—the well-known Omychund—the infamous Nabob of Bengal, Surajah Dowlah, on the look-out for a pretext, marched against Fort-William with a considerable force, besieged and took it, and imprisoned the surviving part of the garrison in the barrack-room named the Black Hole. The letter in which Mr. Holwell, the officer in command, describes the horrors of this imprisonment is printed in the *Annual Register* for 1758, and from it the following extracts are made:

"Figure to yourself the situation of a hundred and forty-six wretches, exhausted by continual fatigue and exhaustion, crammed together in a cube of eighteen feet, in a close sultry night in Bengal, shut up to the eastward and southward (the only quarters whence air could reach us) by dead walls, and by a wall and door to the north, open only to the westward by two windows, strongly barred with iron, from which we could receive scarce any the least circulation of fresh air. . . . We had been but a few minutes confined before every one fell into a perspiration so profuse, you can form no idea of it. This brought on a raging thirst, which increased in proportion as the body was drained of its moisture. Various expedients were thought of to give more room and air. To gain the



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former it was moved to put off their clothes; this was approved as a happy motion, and in a few moments every one was stripped—myself, Mr. Court, and the two young gentlemen by me, excepted. For a little while they flattered themselves with having gained a mighty advantage; every hat was put in motion to gain a circulation of air, and Mr. Baillie proposed that every man should sit down on his hams. This expedient was several times put in practice, and at each time many of the poor creatures, whose natural strength was less than that of others, or who had been more exhausted, and could not immediately recover their legs when the word was given to rise—fell to rise no more, for they were instantly trod to death or suffocated. When the whole body sat down, they were so closely wedged together that they were obliged to use many efforts before they could get up again. Before nine o'clock every man's thirst grew intolerable, and respiration difficult. Efforts were made to force the door, but in vain. Many insults were used to the guard to provoke them to fire on us. For my own part, I hitherto felt little pain or uneasiness, but what resulted from my anxiety for the sufferings of those within. By keeping my face close between two of the bars I obtained air enough to give my lungs easy play, though my perspiration was excessive, and thirst commencing. At this period so strong a urinous volatile effluvia came from the prison that I was not able to turn my head that way for more than a few seconds at a time.

"Now every body, except those situated in and near the windows, began to grow outrageous, and many delirious. *Water! water!* became the general cry. An old Jemmantdaar, taking pity on us, ordered the people to bring us some skins of water. This was what I dreaded. I foresaw it would prove the ruin of the small chance left us, and essayed many times to speak to him privately to forbid it being brought; but the clamor was so loud, it became impossible. The water appeared. Words can not paint the universal agitation and raving the sight of it threw us into. I flattered myself that some, by preserving an equal temper of mind, might outlive the night; but now the reflection which gave me the greatest pain was, that I saw no possibility of one escaping to tell the dismal tale. *Until the water came I had not myself suffered much from thirst, which instantly grew excessive.* We had no means of conveying it into the prison but by hats forced through the bars; and thus myself, and Coles, and Scott supplied them as fast as possible. But those who have experienced intense thirst, or are acquainted with the cause and nature of this appetite, will be sufficiently sensible it could receive no more than a momentary alleviation: the cause still subsisted. Though we brought full hats through the bars, there ensued such violent struggles and frequent contests to get it, that before it reached the lips of any one, there would be scarcely a small tea-cupful left in them. These supplies, like sprinkling water on fire, only seemed to feed the flame. Oh! my dear sir, how shall I give you a just conception of what I felt at the cries and cravings of those in the remoter parts of the prison, who could not entertain a probable hope of obtaining a drop, yet could not divest themselves of expectation, however unavailing, calling on me by the tender considerations of affection and friendship. The confusion now became general and horrid. Several quitted the other window (the only chance they had for life) to force their way to the water, and the throng and press upon the window was beyond bearing; many, forcing their way from the further part of the room, pressed down those in their passage who had less strength, and trampled them to death.

"From about nine to eleven I sustained this cruel scene, still supplying them with water, though my legs were almost broke with the weight against them. By this time I myself was near pressed to death, and my two companions, with Mr. Parker, who had forced himself to the window, were really so. At last I became so pressed and wedged up, I was deprived of all motion. Determined now to give every thing up, I called to them, and begged them, as a last instance of their regard, that they would relieve the pressure upon me, and permit me to retire out of the window to die in quiet. They gave way, and with much difficulty I forced a passage into the center of the prison, where the throng was less by the many dead, amounting to one third, and the numbers who flocked to the windows; for by this time they had water also at the other window. . . . I laid myself down on some of the dead, and, recommending myself to Heaven, had the comfort of thinking my sufferings could have no long duration. My thirst now grew insupportable, and the difficulty of breathing much increased; and I had not remained in this situation ten minutes before I was seized with a pain in my breast, and palpitation of heart, both to the most exquisite degree. These obliged me to get up again, but still the pain, palpitation, and difficulty of breathing increased. I retained my senses notwithstanding, and had the grief to see death not so near me as I had hoped, but could no longer bear the pains I suffered without attempting a relief, which I knew fresh air would and could only give me. I instantly determined to push for the window opposite to me, and by an effort of double the strength I ever before possessed, gained the third rank at it—with one hand seized a bar, and by that means gained a second, though I think there were at least six or seven ranks between me and the window. *In a few moments the pain, palpitation, and difficulty of breathing ceased*, but the thirst continued intolerable. I called aloud: '*Water for God's sake.*' I had been concluded dead; but as soon as the men found me amongst them, they still had the respect and tenderness for me to cry out, '*Give him water!*' nor would one of them at the window attempt to touch it till I had drunk. *But from the water I had no relief; my thirst was rather increased by it;*

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so I determined to drink no more, but patiently wait the event. I kept my mouth moist from time to time by sucking the perspiration out of my shirt-sleeves, and catching the drops as they fell like heavy rain from my head and face; you can hardly imagine how unhappy I was if any of them escaped my mouth. . . . I was observed by one of my companions on the right in the expedient of allaying my thirst by sucking my shirt-sleeve. He took the hint, and robbed me from time to time of a considerable part of my store; though, after I detected him, I had the address to begin on that sleeve first when I thought my reservoirs were sufficiently replenished, and our mouths and noses often met in contact. This man was one of the few who escaped death, and he has since paid me the compliment of assuring me he believed he owed his life to the many comfortable draughts he had from my sleeves. No Bristol water could be more soft or pleasant than what arose from perspiration.

"By half-past eleven the much greater number of those living were in an outrageous delirium, and others quite ungovernable; few retaining any calmness but the ranks near the windows. They now all found that water, instead of relieving their uneasiness, rather heightened it, and Air! air! was the general cry. Every insult that could be devised against the guard was repeated to provoke them to fire on us, every man that could, rushing tumultuously towards the windows with eager hopes of meeting the first shot. But these failing, they whose strength and spirits were quite exhausted laid themselves down, and quietly expired upon their fellows; others who had yet some strength and vigor left, made a last effort for the windows, and several succeeded by leaping and scrambling over the backs and heads of those in the first ranks; and got hold of the bars, from which there was no removing them. Many to the right and left sunk with the violent pressure, and were soon suffocated; for now a steam arose from the living and the dead, which affected us in all its circumstances, as if we were forcibly held by our heads over a bowl of strong volatile spirit of hartshorn until suffocated; nor could the effluvia of the one be distinguished from the other. I need not ask your commiseration when I tell you that in this plight, from half an hour after eleven till two in the morning, I sustained the weight of a heavy man with his knees on my back, and the pressure of his whole body on my head; a Dutch sergeant who had taken his seat on my left shoulder, and a black soldier bearing on my right; all which nothing would have enabled me to support but the props and pressure equally sustaining me all round. The two latter I frequently dislodged by shifting my hold on the bars, and driving my knuckles into their ribs; but my friend above stuck fast, and, as he held by two bars, was immovable. The repeated trials I made to dislodge this insufferable incumbrance upon me, at last quite exhausted me, and towards two o'clock, finding I must quit the window or sink where I was, I resolved on the former, having borne truly for the sake of others, infinitely more for life than the best of it is worth.

"I was at this time sensible of no pain and little uneasiness. I found a stupor coming on apace, and laid myself down by that gallant old man, the Reverend Jervas Bellamy, who lay dead with his son, the lieutenant, hand in hand, near the southernmost wall of the prison. Of what passed in the interval, to the time of my resurrection from this hole of horrors, I can give you no account."

At six in the morning the door was opened, when only three-and-twenty out of the hundred and forty-six still breathed. These were subsequently revived. Although the principal cause of this mortality must be ascribed to the vitiated atmosphere rather than to Thirst, we nevertheless see some of the frightful phenomena of thirst exemplified in this narrative. Death by asphyxia (from vitiated air) is generally peaceful, and not at all such as is described in the foregoing. Attention is moreover called to certain passages in italics. These show that the sensation of thirst is not merely a systemic sensation dependent on a deficiency of liquid in the system, but a specific sensation dependent on a local disturbance: the more water these men drank, the more dreadful seemed their thirst; and the mere sight of water rendered the sensation, which before was endurable, quite intolerable. The increase of the sensation following a supply of water, would be wholly inexplicable to those who maintain that the proximate cause of thirst is deficiency of liquid; but is not wholly inexplicable, if we regard the deficiency as the primary, not the proximate cause; for this primary cause having set up a feverish condition in the mouth and throat, that condition will continue after the original cause has ceased to exist. The stimulus of cold water is only a momentary relief in this case, and exaggerates the sensation by stimulating a greater flow of blood to the parts. If, instead of cold water, a little lukewarm tea, or milk and water had been drunk, permanent relief would have been attained; or if instead of cold water a lump of ice had been taken into the mouth, and allowed to melt there, the effect would have been very different—a transitory application of cold increasing the flow of blood, a continuous application driving it away. If, therefore, the reader is ever suffering from intense thirst, let

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him remember that warm drinks are better than cold drinks, ice is better than water.

We must not, however, forget that although, where a deficiency of liquid has occasioned a feverish condition of the mouth and throat, no supply of cold liquid will at once remove that condition, the relief of the systemic sensation not immediately producing relief of the special sensation, nevertheless, so long as the system is in need of liquid, the feeling of thirst must continue. Claude Bernard observed that a dog which had an opening in its stomach drank unceasingly, because the water ran out as fast as it was swallowed; in vain the water moistened mouth and throat on its way to the stomach, thirst was not appeased because the water was not absorbed. The dog drank till fatigue forced it to pause, and a few minutes afterwards recommenced the same hopeless toil; but no sooner was the opening closed and the water retained in the stomach, from whence it was absorbed into the system, than thirst quickly vanished.*

After learning the physiological importance of water, and remembering how the water is continually being removed from the body in respiration, perspiration, and the various excretions, we are greatly puzzled by the great variations which animals exhibit in the quantity they drink. The difficulty is not explained by a reference to the food of the animals, some vegetable feeders requiring large quantities of water, while others subsist for months without drinking, the supply they receive in the vegetables they eat being sufficient for their wants. Dr. Livingstone found the elands on the Kalahari Desert, although in places where water was perfectly inaccessible, with every indication of being in splendid condition, and their stomachs actually contained considerable quantities of water. "I examined carefully the whole alimentary canal," he says, "in order to see if there were any peculiarity which might account for the fact that these animals can subsist for months together without drinking, but found nothing. Other animals, such as the düiker, (*Cephalopus mergens*,) the stienbuck, (*Tragulus rupestris*,) the gemsbuck, (*Oryx capensis*,) and the porcupine, are all able to subsist for many months at a time by living on bulbs and tubers containing moisture. Some animals, on the other hand, are never seen but in the vicinity of water. The presence of the rhinoceros, buffalo, and gnu, of the giraffe, zebra, and pallah, (*Antelope melampus*,) is always a certain indication of water being within seven or eight miles."* The only solution of the difficulty which presents itself to my mind is, that animals which can subsist long without drinking, do not lose more water by evaporation and excretion than can be replaced by their vegetable food, since that they *require* the same amount of water as other animals for the performance of all their functions is physiologically certain. It has been observed that in persons who voluntarily abstain from drinking, the excretions were diminished to a minimum. Sauvages, in his *Nosologia Medica*, mentions the case of a member of the University of Toulouse who never knew what thirst was, and passed several months, even in the heat of summer, without drinking. Another case is cited by the same author of a woman who took no liquid for forty days. M. Bérard thinks that the marvelousness of these facts disappears when we remember how much liquid is contained in all food;† but I am rather disposed to doubt the accuracy of the facts than to accept such an explanation; at any rate they are facts so very exceptional as to have little bearing on our general argument.

The effects of Thirst are first a dryness of the mouth, palate, and throat; the secretions become less copious; the mouth is covered with a thick mucus, the tongue cleaves to the palate, the voice becomes hoarse. Then the eyes flash fire, the breathing becomes difficult, a feverish excitement, often passing into delirium, comes on. Sleep is fitful, and distressed by dreams like those of Tantalus. The men shipwrecked in the Medusa dreamt constantly of shady woods and running streams. It is to be noticed that the sensation of Thirst is never agreeable, no matter how slight it may be, and in this respect is unlike Hunger, which, in its incipient state of Appetite, is decidedly agreeable. The bodies of those who have perished from Thirst show a general dryness of all the tissues, a thickening of the

* Claude Bernard: *Leçons de Physiol. Expérimentale*, ii. 51.

* *Missionary Travels in South-Africa*, p. 56.
† Berard: *Cours de Physiol.* ii. 504.

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humors, a certain degree of coagulation of the blood, numberless indications of inflammation, and sometimes gangrene of the principal viscera. According to Longet, Thirst kills by an inflammatory fever, Hunger by a putrid fever.*

Such are Hunger and Thirst, two mighty impulses, beneficent and terrible, monitors ever vigilant, warning us of the need there is for Food and Drink, sources of exquisite pleasure and of exquisite pains, motives to strenuous endeavor, and s rvants to our higher aims. We are all familiar with them in their gentler aspects; may the reader never know either in its dreadful importunities!

# A STRANGE STORY.

INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF BERNADOTTE.—When Gustavus Adolphus was deposed by the conspiracy of a party in 1809, his uncle, the Duke of Sudermania, was placed on the throne, and became Charles XIII. Gustavus had married Frederica Dorothea, Princess of Baden, by whom he had two sons, both, equally with their father, excluded from the throne, and who followed him into exile. The new king having no children, biased by the new intrigues of the day, afterwards adopted Bernadotte as his successor, who came to Sweden, and was elected Prince-Royal. On the departure of Gustavus and his sons, the Queen did not follow them into exile; she remained in Stockholm, shut up in her palace, where her presence was embarrassing to the Court of her uncle, and seldom did she mix with the world except on some particular occasions of etiquette, from which she could not well remain absent without giving offense to the Government. Charles XIII., at last wishing to place his niece in a more agreeable position, urged her strongly to triumph over her grief, attempt to forget the past, and make an effort to receive the hereditary prince, Charles John. After much hesitation she at last consented to submit, and an entertainment was announced at her palace, which was only to consist of cards and tea, as dancing had never been allowed under her roof since her misfortunes.

The whole Court was invited, and all the distinguished foreigners. Sudden indisposition prevented the old King from joining the party. The Queen did the honors with great seeming affability, and played a rubber of whist with the Hereditary Prince and the Ambassadors of England and Russia. After cards the tea was served, with a magnificent plateau prepared for the Queen and the Prince. The Queen advanced, and poured out the tea into two cups, indicating one to the Prince, who, just as he was in the act of taking it, suddenly felt the pressure of a thumb on his shoulder forcible and significant enough to convince him that it was meant for a warning, the purport of which as quickly flashed upon his senses. With considerable presence of mind he immediately exclaimed, "Ah! madam, it is impossible that I can permit your Majesty to serve me!" and seizing the plateau, turned it around adroitly in such a manner that the cup which was intended for him was placed before the Queen and the other before himself. The Queen turned mortally pale; and Charles John watched the event with anxiety, still uncertain whether his suspicions were grounded! Was she about to confess her crime! No! she quickly recovers, takes the cup, makes a smiling salutation to the Prince, and drinks up the contents to the last drop. On the following day the *Gazette* of Stockholm contained the following short paragraph: "The Queen Dorothea died suddenly during the night, and the cause of her death was generally imputed to apoplexy." This happened in 1813.—*Raikes' Journal.*

* LONGET, *Traité de Physiol.* 1857.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

# THE PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE SEA.*

We are a wonderful people. Our mathematicians, engineers, and mechanicians yield to none; and none can surpass, even if they can equal, the indomitable energy and inexhaustible wealth which bring, at last, the great works designed by the scientific or by some heaven-born and persevering genius like George Stephenson, to complete perfection and satisfactory action. But this vaulting energy too frequently overleaps itself.

We set to work under a great master spirit now no longer upon earth to burrow, mole-like under the Thames; and, after the angry river has broken through into it, and been pumped out of it once or twice, make all right and tight, and finish the tunnel at a fabulous expense, that people may look up and wonder; for as to all purposes of utility the result is next to *nil*. We forge an Atlantic electrical cable to unite America with England by a bridge of burning thought, and can't pay it out without making it part. We cast a noble big bell, and can not adjust the iron tongue which is to warn us of the flight of the hours so as not to crack it. We build a huge vessel, which is to throw the ship of Dionysius into the shade, and is already the admiration of the world. We name it, in the wantonness of our audacity, after the monster that taketh his pastime in the ocean, and, like Robinson Crusoe's boat, it sticks fast on land. We destroy a flock of hydraulic rams, annihilate lots of crabs, and snap a sufficiency of chains to which those that bound Prometheus to the rock and were riveted by the stern hands of Strength and Force, must have been as threads, in a vain attempt to get the Leviathan into the Thames. By efforts almost superhuman, continued day after day, week after week, has the huge bulk been moved by inches at the cost of thousands of pounds, and deeply do we regret to add, at the price of human life. And now, while we write, the enormous mass — after having drawn all the moorings and anchors out of their sockets, as Cartwright or Bell would draw so many teeth—is stationary; rams, crabs, moorings, and anchors having been, for the present, given up as bad jobs.

Now, we have no doubt that we shall succeed, ultimately, in all these Titanic works, as we have in the Thames Tunnel —after they have cost about three times as much as they would have cost if a little more thought, a little more knowledge, and a little less conceit had been bestowed upon the forces which were to act upon them, before the trial was made. A competent acquaintance with dynamics would, in the case of the big ship, have prevented all the trouble, anxiety, monstrous expense, and lamentable loss of life, if it was held to be absolutely necessary to cut a caper and shove her broadside on into the water, instead of building her in a dry dock, and quietly floating her out. The dormant strength of that most stubborn of powers, the *vis inertiæ*, seems to have been altogether overlooked. By the way, when the Leviathan is afloat and fairly in blue water, what dock is ready for her when she requires repairs?

But it is so pleasant to spend other people's money, and the splendors are so self-complacent and confident. "It must succeed"—"it can't fail"—and woe to the humble but sound man of science who dares, in his honesty and out of his hard-earned and ill-paid knowledge, to hint an objection. If all tales be true, and we may rely upon the best possible public instructor, which rarely misleads, and when it does, is pretty sharply contradicted, and if that won't do, legally corrected, we need not look far back for an illustration. "You think that there will be a failure," says Captain Grand, stalking up to a quiet man who has ventured to express a doubt as to the machinery and proposed method

* *The Physical Geography of the Sea.* By M. F. Maury, LL.D., U.S.N., Superintendent of the National Observatory. An entirely New Edition, with Addenda. New York: Harper and Brothers. London: S. Low, Son, and Co. 1857.

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of paying out the thought-bearing cable, "then this ship is no place for you." Away steams the ship, the eyes of Europe are upon her, and, one fine day, "snap!" goes the cable, and then "who'd have thought it?" is the exclamation.

For the cracked state of poor Big Ben we are comforted by the cool observation that we are not worse off than our neighbors, for did not the great Roman Catholic bell at Montreal crack? and besides the best bells are capricious, and show an alacrity at cracking, whilst the bad ones, sometimes, obstinately last very long, like — what bell do you think, dear Oxonian reader? — Great Tom of Oxford! Now this is rather too much from the ingenious gentleman who designed, and well-designed, and by himself, or his agents destroyed, the Great Westminster Monitor. He has a very good ear — so had Dean Aldrich — and we recommend him to renew his acquaintance with an ancient bit of harmony which tells another tale of the bonny Christ Church bells that sound so woundy great, so wondrous sweet, and troll so merrily, merrily.* No: choose some other scape-goat than "The mighty Tom." How often in our youth have we run from far beyond Carfax, as he sonorously told us that we ought to be in College, and knocked in just as he was tolling "one hundred and one."

Let us not be misunderstood. We know that accidents will happen. We admire the devotion of the accomplished designer to his work, and we know, by experience, that Tristram Shandy was all over right when he wrote that a man's hobby horse is the tenderest part about him; but old friends like *The Mighty* of Oxford must not be abused to cover a failure. For our own parts, we shall be content when we find that New Ben is fairly settled in his tower, and speaking to the people in a tone no worse than Tom's.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, and though it is dangerous to prophesy or to be too hopeful, we doubt not that those who live long enough will see all these great works accomplished. Englishmen won't be beat. Ultimately the cable will be laid down from shore to shore — the Leviathan will be got into the water somehow, without raising the ghost of Archimedes, though it *was* ten to one in favor of the snail-creeping launch and *is* now twelve to one against it—and Big Ben will rise like a phenix from the foundry, and realize the most musical descriptions in Schiller's exquisite Song of the Bell.*

It must, however, be confessed that we have of late been rather too fertile in failures of all kinds, and without much excuse for them. Warnings seem to be altogether lost upon subscribers and projectors; and yet this is not only the age of Diddlesex companies but of Scientific associations and publications. There is hardly a branch of knowledge, ology or no ology, that has not its "Society." London is as over-societied as it is over-clubbed, or we should propose an "Anti-failure" or "Look before you leap" association. As for the Institutions frequented by the thousands eager to be conducted along the royal road to learning, their name is legion. Lectures are the order of the day, and sciolism doth abound. But the large measure of sound information collected in the Transactions of the scientific and learned societies and associations, and in books which are daily issuing from the press of Europe and America, leaves little apology for what we have heard tenderly called our late "mishaps," not without excuses for one and all of them—to all which might be gently and justly suggested the old and true *mot—Qui s' excuse s' accuse.*

At the risk of being pooh-poohed, or worse, we would hint to those more immediately interested in the completion of that grand work, the construction and junction of the Great Atlantic electrical cable, a careful perusal of the valuable work whose title heads this humble paper. In it may be seen, among other practical observations, the result of the collection of the experience of those who go down to the sea in ships, as noted on the "Wind and Current charts" so widely diffused among them, and the effect already produced by those notes on Navigation. It was held, and, as the consequences prove, justly held, that a good wind and current chart would show the young navigator, launched on his first voyage, the tracks of a thousand vessels which had plowed the same liquid region, and place before his eyes their no longer evanescent furrows. He would see on his cabin-table

* "Hark the bonny Christ Church bells."—Round for three voices. DEAN ALDRICH.

* Lied von der Glocke.

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not only the tracks of those antecedent vessels, but the experience of each commander as to the winds and currents, the temperature of the ocean, and the variation of the needle encountered and observed on his watery way. All this he would see at a glance, instead of groping in the dark, as he must have done without these bright lamps lighted slowly but surely in the dearest of all schools

Brother Jonathan is very spry, rather too apt to go a-head, and sometimes at the expense of his European relation. But he sees a good notion at a glance, and strikes while the iron is hot; never does *he* turn his back upon opportunity. Accordingly.

"The quick practical mind of the American ship-master took hold of the proposition at once. To him the field was inviting, for he saw in it the promise of a rich harvest and of many useful results.

"So, in a little while, there were more than a thousand navigators engaged day and night, and in all parts of the ocean, in making and recording observations according to a uniform plan, and in furthering this attempt to increase our knowledge as to the winds and currents of the sea, and other phenomena that relate to its safe navigation and physical geography."

But first there was one great obstacle to be overcome, that which makes the Leviathan land-fettered, the *vis inertiæ*. It is not so easy to revolutionize the rule of thumb. "It did for my father before me and it will do for me—I am quite content." "Content"—yes, and this is precisely the species of content which, especially in an enterprising age, leads to beggary and shipwreck. Navigators were, therefore, told that if each one would agree to cooperate in a general plan of observations at sea, and would send regularly, at the end of every cruise, an abstract log of their voyage to the National Observatory at Washington, he should, for so doing, be furnished, free of cost, with a copy of the charts and sailing directions that might be founded on these observations, (p. ix.)

We shall endeavor to lay before our readers a sketch of the results of these observations as they have dropped from the lucid pen of Mr. Maury, not without regret that our limited space forbids so extensive a notice as the merits of this last and greatly improved edition deserve.

The first two chapters of this teeming book treat of that river in the ocean which never fails in the most severe droughts, and, in the mightiest floods, never overflows—the Gulf Stream; a river whose banks and bottoms are formed of cold water, whilst its current is warm. The fountain of this river—which is roof-shaped, more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and rolls along a volume of water more than a thousand times greater—is in the Gulf of Mexico; its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. An indigo blue colors its waters as far out from the Gulf as the coasts of Carolina, and marks them so distinctly that their line of separation from the common sea-water may be traced by the eye. Often one half of a vessel may be seen floating in Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in the ordinary water of the ocean; "so sharp is the line, and such the want of affinity between those waters, and such, too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common water of the sea."

Where the Mississippi and the Missouri come together, a like reluctance of their meeting waters to mingle prevails, and may be traced for miles below the junction of the two mighty rivers. A similar line of demarkation distinguishes for some distance the waters of the Rhone after its confluence with the Arve, and also, in some degree, with the Saone, though upon an infinitesimally smaller scale.

Mr. Maury passes in review the theories of Captain Livingstone—who seems to have been singularly unfortunate, and to have been altogether swamped in this overwhelming and puzzling Stream, for he launched two on it, both of which have been upset. Dr. Franklin repeated the opinion which had struck deeper into the minds of sea-faring people—that the Gulf Stream is the escaping of the waters that have been forced into the Caribbean Sea by the trade-winds, and that it is the pressure of those winds upon the water which drives up into that sea a head, as it were, for this powerful stream. Upon this theory Mr Maury remarks that—

"We know of instances in which waters have been accumulated on one side of a lake, or in one end of a canal, at the expense of the other. The pressure of the trade-winds may *assist* to give the Gulf Stream its initial velocity, but are they of themselves adequate to such an effect? To my mind, the laws of Hydrostatics, as at present expounded, appear by no means to war-

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rant the conclusion that it is, unless the aid of other agents also be brought to bear."

Our author then quotes Admiral Smyth's valuable memoir on the Mediterranean,* referring to the Admiral's observation that a continuance, in the Sea of Tuscany, of "gusty gales" from the southwest, has been known to raise its surface no less than twelve feet above its ordinary level, and to occasion a strong surface-drift through the Strait of Bonifaccio. But Mr. Maury—with good reason, as we think—will not allow that Strait to be a parallel to the Gulf Stream; for in the strait you have no deep and narrow channel-way to conduct those waters off like a miniature river even in that sea, but a mere surface-flow, such as usually follows the piling up of water in any mere pond or gulf above the ordinary level. No: the Bonifaccio current does not flow like "a river in the sea" across the Mediterranean, but spreads itself out as soon it has passed the Straits, and, like glory, or a circle in the water, loses itself by spreading. And broadly does the Bonifaccio current spread as soon as it finds sea-room. Our author comes to the conclusion that the trade-winds are not the cause of the Gulf Stream.

The deep blue of that ocean-river is due to its more intense degree of saltness; for its waters are salter (§ 29) than the waters of the sea through which they flow. "Blue water" is Jack's name for the real "briny" far, far away from any land; and, as every sea-boy will tell you, "the greener the hue the fresher the water."

Admiral Beechey's well-known chart, showing the tracks of more than one hundred bottles, presents the inference that the waters from every quarter of the Atlantic tend toward the Gulf of Mexico and its stream. Bottles cast into the sea midway between the Old and New Worlds near the coasts of, Europe, Africa, and America, at the extreme north or farthest south have been found either in the West-Indies, on our Isles, or within the range of Gulf Stream waters.

"Of two cast out together in south latitude on the coast of Africa, one was found on the island of Trinidad; the other on Guernsey, in the English Channel. In the absence of positive information on the subject, the circumstantial evidence that the latter performed the tour of the Gulf is all but conclusive. And there is reason to suppose that some of the bottles of the Admiral's chart have also performed the tour of the Gulf Stream; then, without being cast ashore, have returned with the drift along the coast of Africa into the intertropical region, thence through the Caribbean Sea, and so on with the Gulf Stream again."—P. 29.

In the triangular space between the Azores, Canaries, and the Cape de Verd Islands, and in the midway of the Atlantic, the speed of ships is often lessened by the wide-spreading, thickly-matted Sargasso or Gulf Weed, covering an area equal in extent to the Mississippi valley. It is hardly matter of wonder that the sight of it alarmed Columbus' crew, who thought that it marked the limits of navigation, and that it would be more than presumption to venture further; it seems, indeed, at a little distance sufficiently substantial for a walk upon it, and it swarms with animal life, minute for the most part. Patches of the weed of this Sargasso Sea are always to be found floating along the outer edge of the Gulf Stream:

"Now, if bits of cork or chaff, or any floating substance, be put into a basin, and a circular motion be given to the water, all the light substances will be found crowding together near the center of the pool where there is the least motion. Just such a basin is the Atlantic Ocean to the Gulf Stream; and the Sargasso Sea is the center of the whirl. Columbus first found this weedy sea in his voyage of discovery; there it has remained to this day, moving up and down, and changing its position like the calms of Cancer, according to the seasons, the storms, and the winds. Exact observations as to its limits and their range, extending back for fifty years, assure us that its mean position has not been altered since that time."—P. 30.

The chemical properties, or—as Mr. Maury proposes to call them, and we see no reason why they should not be so called—*galvanic* properties, were tested by patient, careful, and laborious researches carried on for a period of ten years, commencing in 1843, when the Secretary of the United States Navy took measures for procuring observations and experiments with regard to the corrosive effects of sea-water upon the copper sheathing of ships. The result of these observations was proof of the fact that the copper on

* Mr. Maury justly characterizes Admiral Smyth's work, entitled *The Mediterranean; a Memoir, Physical, Historical, and Nautical*, as by far the most interesting book touching the physical geography of the Mediterranean.

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the bottom of vessels cruising in the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico, suffers more from the action of sea-water than the copper of ships cruising elsewhere. "In other words, the salts of these waters create the most powerful galvanic battery that is found in the ocean."—P. 35.

But why are the waters in one part of the sea salter and heavier, and in another lighter and less salt, than the average of sea-water?

Legions of living agents are at work in various marine localities to produce the effect involved in the question. Corals, testaceous and other mollusks, crustaceans and annelids, are employed in this agency; and in secreting the solid matter for their structures, external and internal, silently and slowly, but surely, help to cause the difference. To these physical agents are added heat and radiation, evaporation and precipitation.

Let us see how our author brings this heaviness and lightness to bear upon the striking phenomenon before us:

"We have, on one side, the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico, with their waters of brine; on the other, the Great Polar basin, the Baltic and the North Sea, the two latter with waters that are but little more than brackish. In one set of these sea-basins the water is heavy; in the other it is light. Between them the ocean intervenes; but water is bound to seek and to maintain its level; and here therefore we unmask one of the agents concerned in causing Gulf Stream. What is the influence of this agent—that is, how great is it, and to what extent does it go—we can not say; only it is at least one of the agents concerned. Moreover, speculate as we may as to all the agencies concerned in collecting these waters, that have supplied the trade-winds with vapor, into the Caribbean Sea, and then in driving them across the Atlantic—of this we may be sure, that the salt which the trade-wind vapor leaves behind in the tropics has to be conveyed away from the trade-wind region, to be mixed up again in due proportion with the other water of the sea—the Baltic Sea and the Arctic Ocean included; and that these are some of the waters at least which we see running off through the Gulf Stream. To convey them away is doubtless one of the offices which, in the economy of the ocean, has been assigned to it."

The temperature of the Gulf Stream exhibits a wide difference between its waters and those of the neighboring ocean. On a winter's day, and as high up as the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, this difference ranges as high as 20°, and even 30°. Water expands by heat, and this increase of temperature may more than compensate for the difference in saltness, and leave the Gulf Stream waters lighter. If they be lighter, they should occupy a higher level than those through which they flow; and figures based on sufficient data show that the middle or axis of this Ocean Stream should attain a height of nearly two feet above the contiguous waters of the Atlantic. Thus, the surface of the Stream should present a double inclined plane, from which the water would run down on each side as from the roof of a house. As this superficial water runs off the top, the same weight of colder water runs in at the bottom, raising up the cold-water bed of the Gulf Stream, causing it to become shallower and shallower as it goes north.

That this Stream is roof-shaped, is proved not only by circumstantial evidence, but also by the observations of navigators.

The Gulf Stream casts upon its outer edge sea-weed, driftwood, and all other solid bodies floating on it. Why is this?

In addition to the roof-shaped current as a cause, Mr. Maury finds another in the diurnal rotation of the earth, (p. 41;) and he arrays some stubborn facts against the opinions of Major Rennell and Arago, who make the coasts of the United States and the shoals of Nantucket turn the Gulf Stream eastward.

That there are in this Stream threads of warmer, separated by streaks of cooler water, is indicated by the observations of the United States Coast Survey; and as these streaks are not found in the Stream as it issues from its fountain, our author considers them as an incident of the process by which its waters gradually grow cool.

The hottest water in the Gulf Stream is also the lightest, and as it rises to the top, evaporation and exposure cool it; but the surface is replenished by fresh supplies of hot water from below. Some merriment was produced at the expense of one of the many of our defunct commissions of sewers, by an assertion that the commissioners had actually constructed one of their sewers so that, if it ran at all, it must run up-hill: "only fancy water running up hill—the thing is impossible!" It is dangerous to talk of impossibilities, and wiser, if we can not comprehend a phenomenon, to remember, in-

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stead of scoffing, Trim's humble answer upon another "impossible" occasion—"it might if God pleased." In a winter's day, the waters at the surface of the Gulf Stream off Cape Hatteras may be at 80°. At the depth of five hundred fathoms, actual observations have shown that the thermometer will stand at 57°. If you follow the Stream thence off the Capes of Virginia, a hundred and twenty miles, you will find, after carefully noting the water thermometer all the way, that the instrument stands a degree or two less at the surface, while all is cooler below:

"In other words, the stratum of water at 57°, which was three thousand feet below the surface off Hatteras, has, in a course of one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty miles in a horizontal direction, ascended, vertically, six hundred feet; that is, this stratum has run up-hill with an ascent of five or six feet to the mile."—P. 49.

This marvelous Ocean River is the great regulator of our climate, of which the Merry Monarch, who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one, said that, after all, there were in England more days when one could be out and about, than in any other country where he had been. We write in mid-winter, and the waning year will soon be among the things that were. We may guess the temperature of cold and pitiless Labrador at this season; but here in the south-west of our favored isle, and under the genial influence of the Gulf Stream, we note the following plants in bloom on Christmas Day in the open air—common China rose, ruby rose, damask rose, Gloire de Dijon (one of the "tea" roses,) primroses, double purple primroses, garden anemone, wall-flower, Pyrus Japonica, purple mezereon, (strong in leaf,) yellow jasmin, common nasturtium, lobelia gracilis, purple phlox, pheasant's eye, common garden stock, common daisy, (numerous,) common marygold, besides the usual winter flowers; and raspberries with the leaves on, and ripe fruit. In the Upper Crescent at Bath, pomegranates are hanging on the walls of a house; and ripe strawberries have been gathered in a garden in Cornwall. Besides these, many plants which are usually blasted by the breath of the Frost-genius long ere this time, are in vigorous leaf, and flourishing.* It is, to be sure, an unusually mild season, and we doubt not that, according to the old adage, as the day grows longer the cold will grow stronger; but think of the difference between our climate and those which are not blessed by the mitigation borne on the bosom of the beneficent Stream, which reposes on a couch of cold water.

"As a rule, the hottest water of the Gulf Stream is at or near the surface; and as the deep-sea thermometer is sent down, it shows that these waters, though still warmer than the water on either side at corresponding depths, gradually become less and less warm until the bottom of the current is reached. There is reason to believe that the warm waters of the Gulf Stream are nowhere permitted, in the oceanic economy, to touch the bottom of the sea. There is every where a cushion of cool water between them and the solid parts of the earth's crust. This arrangement is suggestive, and strikingly beautiful. One of the benign offices of the Gulf Stream is to convey heat from the Gulf of Mexico, where otherwise it would become excessive, and to dispense it in regions beyond the Atlantic for the amelioration of the climates of the British Islands and of all Western Europe. Now cold water is one of the best non-conductors of heat, and if the warm water of the Gulf Stream was sent across the Atlantic in contact with the solid crust of the earth—comparatively a good conductor of heat—instead of being sent across, as it is, in contact with a cold, non-conducting cushion of cool water to fend it from the bottom, all its heat would be lost in the first part of the way, and the soft climates of both France and England would be as that of Labrador, severe in the extreme, and ice-bound."—P. 49.

Truly His paths are in the great waters.

Man is an imitative animal, though it may be doubted whether he had in his mind the great oceanic warming apparatus when he devised the mode of making houses comfortable throughout in winter. Let us look into the American National Observatory, with Mr. Maury for our guide. Hot water is the basis of the method of warming the building. The furnace and caldron are placed at a distance from the apartments to be warmed, and pipes conduct the heated water from

* For instance, the everlasting pea, fuchsia, (throwing up shoots, and a dwarf one in flower,) narrow and broad-leaved myrtles, field beans (*vicia faba*) a foot and a half high, with the floral leaves developed, etc. The standard roses have kept their leaves, and some are in forward flower-bud; nor is the elder entirely denuded. We have also received information on which we can rely, that at Bayonne the first crop of peas is in blossom.

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the caldron under the suprintendent's dwelling, over into one of the basement rooms of the Observatory. The pipes are then *flared* out so as to present a large cooling surface, they are then again united into one, and through this iron vein, the water, being now cooled, returns of its own accord into the caldron. So that cool water is returning all the time and flowing in at the bottom of the caldron, whilst hot water is continually flowing out at the top.

"The ventilation of the Observatory is so arranged that the circulation of the atmosphere through it, is led from this basement room, where the pipes are, to all other parts of the building; and, in the process of this circulation, the warmth conveyed by the water to the basement is taken thence by the air and distributed over all the rooms. Now, to compare small things with great, we have in the warm waters which are confined in the Gulf of Mexico, just such a heating apparatus for Great Britain, the North-Atlantic, and Western Europe.

"The furnace is the torrid zone; the Mexican Gulf and Caribbean Sea are the caldrons; the Gulf Stream is the conducting pipe. From the Grand Banks of Newfoundland to the shores of Europe is the basement—the hot-air chamber—in which this pipe is flared out so as to present a large cooling surface. Here the circulation of the atmosphere is arranged by Nature; and it is such that the warmth thus conveyed into this warm-air chamber of mid-ocean is taken up by the genial west winds, and dispensed, in the most benign manner, throughout Great Britain and the west of Europe."—Pp. 50, 51.

The maximum temperature of the water-heated air-chamber of the Observatory is, Mr. Maury tells us, about 90°. The maximum temperature of the Gulf Stream is 86°, or about 9° above the ocean temperature, "due the latitude." At 10° increase of its latitude, only 2° of temperature are lost by it; and, after a run of three thousand miles northward, it still preserves, even in winter, summer heat. Crossing with this temperature the 40th degree of north latitude, and there overflowing its liquid banks, it spreads itself out far and wide—for thousands of square leagues, covering the ocean with a warm carpet which mitigates so effectually the rigor of a European winter. Its motion is now slower, but its dispensation of genial warmth more liberal till it meets our Islands, which divide it, and one part goes into the Spitzbergen basin, whilst the other enters the Bay of Biscay, carrying with them a degree of warmth considerably above the ordinary ocean temperature. Hence the mild and moist atmosphere which so much softens climate wherever that atmosphere arising from such an immense volume of heated water, is carried.

All nature, invalid or valid, animate or inanimate, feels the difference between the rule of Eurus and that of Zephyrus. Flora shrinks before the dry parching blast of the former, and expands all her charms to the gentle breath of the latter. Even the strong man wraps himself more closely in his cloak when Eurus predominates; but he doffs it so soon as he feels the genial influence of the Zephyr:

"Every west wind that blows crosses the Stream on its way to Europe, and carries with it a portion of this heat to temper there the northern winds of winter. It is the influence of this stream upon climate that makes Erin the 'Emerald Isle of the Sea,' and that clothes the shores of Albion in evergreen robes; while in the same latitude, on this side, the coasts of Labrador are fast bound in fetters of ice. In a valuable paper on currents,* Mr. Redfield states, that in 1831 the harbor of St. John's, Newfoundland, was closed with ice as late as the month of June; yet who ever heard of the port of Liverpool, on the other side, though 2° further north, being closed with ice, even in the dead of winter?"—P. 52.

Even in the Orkneys,† the ponds are not frozen in winter; and the great Northern Wizard who called up Minna and Brenda, has not omitted to tell of the mildness of the temperature.‡ If any additional evidence were wanting to prove that the Orkney islanders owe their comparatively soft climate to the grand oceanic heating apparatus, it would be found in the driftwood from the West-Indies occasionally cast ashore on those islands by the Gulf Stream.

But while the surface temperature of the Stream is 80°, the deep-sea thermometer has registered a temperature as low as 35° (Fahrenheit) at the bottom; and these cold waters doubtless come down from the north to replace the warm water sent through the Gulf Stream to moderate the frigidity of Spitzbergen.—P. 54.

The best indication of the cold currents which temper the warmth, and one of which has been found at the equator

* *American Journal of Science*, vol. xiv. p. 293.
† Lat. near 60°. ‡ *Pirate*, c. i.

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(§ 23,) two hundred miles broad, and 23° colder than the surface water, may, perhaps, be found in the sea mammals and fish. The whales, for instance, first pointed out the existence of the Gulf Stream by their avoidance of its waters. It must not, however, be supposed that the Gulf Stream is without fish. The great advent of bonito and albicore, which, following the Stream, had invaded the English Channel, and the consequent alarm of the Cornish and Devon fishermen occasioned by the havoc made by those predaceous tropical species among the pilchards, may still be remembered by those of our readers who are interested in fisheries. But, generally speaking, the value of sea-fish for the table is in an inverse ratio to the warmth of the water in which they swim. The epicure looks out for those whose muscle has been braced by the cold waters, and has acquired that firmness and flavor without which it is comparatively valueless. The temperature of the Mediterranean is 4° or 5° above the ocean-temperature of the same latitude. The ancient Romans had few fish worth eating except the Red Mullets, whose dying hues as they shone through the crystal vase gladdened the gloating eyes of those crual sensualists. They sent to our ultima Thule for oysters; and Domitian's great Rhombus that convened the senate to decree a dish worthy of the finny giant, was, probably, but a woolly affair. What would Apicius or Lucullus have given for a British turbot, if either of them had once enjoyed its firmness and flavor, heightened by the rich relish of the sapid lobster-sauce instead of their own putrescent *garum?* Their palates were never solaced by North Sea cod or Dublin Bay haddock; whatever may have been the luck of those who reaped the advantage of Cæsar's invasion. The sea-temperature of the United States from Maine to Florida is comparatively low, and the tables of the fortunate inhabitants are supplied with excellent fish. A Virginian "Sheep's Head" is justly esteemed as a firm, delicious fish; but one taken in the warm water on the edge of the Gulf Stream but a few miles off, is worthless for the table, so flabbily soft is it. The same difference is patent in other fish till they have undergone the cold water cure. The fish of the Society Islands,

"Where the rocks of coral grow,"

vie in the richness of their colors with the dazzling plumage of the birds and the gorgeous brightness of the insects and flowers—but there an end. The fish delight the eye, but cheat the palate. Even Jack, who is always on the look-out to vary his mess, prefers his eternal salt junk to a dish of these insipid beauties.

Drifting along with the Gulf Stream vast *schools* of young sea-nettles (*Medusæ?*) float. Whither are they bound? They constitute, we are told, the principal food of the *Right* Whale, and he has as great an antipathy to the warm bath of the Gulf Stream as Auld Clootie has to holy water. An intelligent sea-captain bound for England informed Mr. Maury that, several years ago, he fell in, on the coast of Florida with "such a school of young sea-nettles as had never before been heard of." The sea was overspread with them for many leagues, and the worthy skipper compared their appearance to acorns floating in a stream; but the *nettles* were so thick as completely to cover the surface, and he was five or six days in sailing through them. Sixty days afterwards, on his homeward voyage, he fell in with them again off the Western Islands, and then, three or four days passed before he got through them. He was sure that they were the same, for he had never before seen any like them; and, on both occasions, he had frequently hauled up buckets full of them for examination. To the Western Islands, where this plentiful table is spread for them, do the whales greatly resort, and thus, as our author observes, the Gulf of Mexico is the harvest-field, and the Gulf Stream the gleaner which collects the sea-fruitage produced there, and conveys it thousands of miles away to the hungry whale with the providential care of that Great and Good Being who feeds the young ravens and cares for the sparrow.

But if the Gulf Stream, in its milder mood, obeys this benevolent behest, it is also, in Blue-jacket language, the great "weather breeder" of the North-Atlantic. She is the mother of the "Storm-Blast," and awful is the war of elments where he strikes with his "o'ertaking wings." Think of the atmospheric disturbance indicated by such thermometer-leaps as that recorded by Sir Philip Brooke, who found the air on each side of the Gulf Stream at freezing point while its waters drove the mercury up to 80°.

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But the "tyrannous and strong"* offspring sometimes turns its rage against its parent, as when it forced the Stream back to its sources, piling up the water in the Gulf to the height of thirty feet. The Ledbury, Snow, was caught by it, and attempted to ride it out. When the storm abated, the crew found themselves high up on the dry land, and the skipper discovered that he had let go her anchor among the tree-tops on Elliott's Key. The Florida Keys were inundated to the depth of many feet; and when the dammed up water escaped with a tremendous rush from its confinement, and met the fury of the gale, mountain waves were raised compared with which those in an ordinary gale are but a Tilbury sea—as high as a twopenny loaf—to use Jack's contemptuous expression. The awful sublimity of the scene in the Gulf Stream, upon this occasion, was, they say, never surpassed, though Mr. Maury notices in the very next page the "great hurricane" of 1780, which commenced at Barbadoes, and in which the bark was blown from the trees, and the fruits of the earth were destroyed. The fury of this awful visitation was felt

"Under the roots of the ocean."

"The very bottom and depths of the sea were uprooted, and the waves rose to such a height that forts and castles were washed away, and their great guns carried about in the air like chaff; houses were razed, ships were wrecked, and the bodies of men and beasts lifted up in the air and dashed to pieces in the storm. At the different Islands, not less than twenty thousand persons lost their lives on shore, while, farther to the north, the Stirling Castle and the Dover Castle men-of-war went down at sea, and fifty sail were driven on shore at the Bermudas."

This furious hurricane, which tore up and cast on shore rocks from a bottom seven fathoms in depth, seems to have been as fatal to human life as the earthquakes which have, just now, desolated the neighborhood of Naples, and led to the cookery of the blood of St. Januarius,† and far surpasses the wild freaks of Father Tiber; almost realizing the Roman terror that Deucalion's time was coming over again.

Jack, who fears nothing natural, looks grave at a storm in the Gulf Stream. It is not so much its rage, as the "ugly sea" which such a storm gets up, the stream running one way and the furious wind blowing another, that takes the smile off his cheerful countenance. In December, 1853, the fine new steam-ship San Francisco, which sailed from New-York with United States troops, and was bound for California, was struck by the o'ertaking wings of the Storm-Blast as she was crossing the Gulf Stream. One terrible sea swept her decks; and one hundred and seventy-nine souls, officers and men, were hurled overboard—

"Poor souls! they perished."

This occasion, melancholy as it was, called forth a triumph of science; for though the vessels which were sent in search of her did not find her, she was seen at the very locality pointed out by Mr. Maury in the instructions which he prepared for the cutter which was dispatched to seek her. Before the cutter sailed, The Kilby, The Three Bells, and the Antarctic had without the knowledge of anxious friends at home, fallen in with and relieved the wreck. But if the cutter had been in time, she would have found the San Francisco precisely at the point indicated by Mr. Maury, who records with pride, that though the Kilby lost sight of the wreck at night, and the next morning could not find her, and did not know which way to look for the crippled vessel, those on shore could, by a system of philosophical deduction, point out exactly the whereabouts of the disabled steamer.

Not that the notion that the Gulf Stream is the parent of these whirlwind-storms is new. Our Admiralty, several years ago, set on foot inquiries as to the cause of the storms in certain parts of the Atlantic which "swallow navigation up," and the conclusion was, that they were occasioned by the irregularity between the temperature of the Stream and of the neighboring regions, both in the air and water.

The third chapter treats of the atmosphere generally, and embraces the attendant phenomena, whilst it abounds in sound and useful practical information. The fourth chapter, On the Land and Sea

* And now the Storm-Blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.
*The Ancient Mariner.*

† See the graphic account of "Our Own Correspondent." *Times*, January 2, 1858.

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Breezes, is equally good, but owes most of its brilliancy to that accomplished painter with the pen, Lieutenant Marin Jansen, of the Dutch Navy: * take the following, for example:

"Upon the northern coast of Java, the phenomenon of daily land and sea breezes is finely developed. There, as the gorgeous 'eye of day' rises almost perpendicularly from the sea with fiery ardor, in a cloudless sky, it is greeted by the volcanoes with a column of white smoke which, ascending from the conical summits high in the firmament above, forms a crown, or assumes the form of an immense bouquet that they seem to offer to the dawn; then the joyful land-breeze plays over the flood, which, in the torrid zone, furnishes with its fresh breath so much enjoyment to the inhabitants of that sultry belt of earth, for by means of it, every thing is refreshed and beautiful. Then, under the influence of the glorious accompaniments of the break of day, the silence of the night is awakened, and we hear commencing every where the morning hymn of nature. All that lives feels the necessity of pouring forth, each in its way, and in various tones and accents, a song of praise.

"The inhabitants of the deep, awakened by the clear light of day, prepare themselves for labor. Corals, and thousands of crustacea, await, perhaps impatiently, the advent of the sea-breeze, which shall cause evaporation to take place more rapidly, and thus provide them with a bountiful store of building materials for their picturesque and artfully constructed dwellings: these they know how to paint and to polish in the depths of the sea more beautifully than can be accomplished by any human art. Like them, also, the plants of the sea are dependent upon the winds, and upon the sunshine; for upon these depend the vapor and the rains which feed the streams that bring nourishment for them into the sea."

The fifth chapter treats of Sea Fogs and Sea Dust.

Sea Dust?

Yes: seamen who tell of "red fogs" which they sometimes encounter, especially near the Cape de Verd Islands, meet in other parts of the sea with showers of dust. What these showers precipitate in the Mediterranean is called "sirocco dust," and in other parts "African dust," because the winds on whose wings they are borne are supposed to blow from the Sirocco desert, or some other parched region of the African continent. The dust is of a brick-red or cinnamon color, and sometimes falls so thickly as to cover sails and rigging when the ship on which it comes down is hundreds of miles from the land.

"This dust, when subjected to microscopic examination, is found to consist of infusoria and organisms whose habitat is not Africa, but South-America, and in the south-east trade-wind region of South-America. Professor Ehrenberg has examined specimens of sea dust from the Cape de Verds and the regions thereabout, from Malta, Genoa, Lyons, and the Tyrol; and he has found a similarity among them as striking as it would have been had these specimens been all taken from the same pile. South-American forms he recognizes in all of them; indeed, they are the prevailing forms in every specimen he has examined."—P. 117.

Though the rain dust when collected in parcels and sent to Ehrenberg, was "brick-red" or "yellow-ochre," it was less deeply shaded when seen by Humboldt, who describes it as imparting a straw color to the atmosphere.

This chapter is immediately followed by those—On the Probable Relation between Magnetism and the Circulation of the Atmosphere—a treatise in itself, which we unwillingly pass by; On the Currents of the Sea—full of interest and utility; and, On the Open Sea of the Arctic Ocean. In the last-named chapter, the laudable habit of the whalers—who have their harpoons marked with date and name of ship is noticed, and the deduction, from the examination of stricken "fish," as they are most incorrectly called, that there was a north-west passage, stated. And here, by the way, we must not omit the discovery that Right Whales can not pass the equator. The tropical regions of the ocean are to your Right Whale as a sea of fire, and, like a sensible mammal, he keeps out of hot water.

Next comes the interesting chapter on the Salts of the Sea, in which our author does not forget sea-shells, their agency upon the system of oceanic currents and their assistance in regulation of climate. The chapter on The Equatorial Cloud-ring follows, with the seamen's characteristical division of the ocean into regions according to the winds, as, for instance, the "trade-wind regions"—"the variables"—"the horse latitudes"—"the doldrums," etc. In common parlance, any unfortunate party in a parlor, all silent and all*—in a listless state of *ennui*, are said

* Jansen's *Appendix to the Physical Geography of the Sea*, translated from the Dutch by Mrs. Breed, Washington.

* Is it a party in a parlor? etc., etc., etc.

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to be in the doldrums. The "Equatorial Doldrums" is—it looks wrong, but it isn't—a region of baffling winds and calms, where

> "All in a hot and copper sky,
> The bloody Sun, at noon,
> Right up above the mast doth stand,
> No bigger than the moon—"

and the unhappy emigrants from Europe to Australia who survive, may say with the Ancient Mariner,

> "Day after day, day after day,
> We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
> As idle as a painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean."

Then it is that the children and invalids suffer most; and Mr. Maury truly and forcibly characterizes the locality as "a frightful grave-yard on the way-side to that golden land."

But what can the "horse latitudes" be?

They are the belts of calms and light airs which border the polar edge of the north-east trades, and obtained their name from the frequent delay of vessels bound from New-England to the West-Indies with a deck-load of horses in this calm belt of Cancer, and the consequent compulsion to throw some of the unfortunate quadrupeds overboard on account of the want of fresh water.

In the eleventh chapter we have the Geological Agency of the Winds; the twelfth carries us to the Depths of the Ocean; and in the thirteenth we float on the Basin of the Atlantic. The Winds are fully discussed in the fourteenth chapter; and in the fifteenth, the Climates of the Ocean; but we must pass on, not without a sigh that diminishing space forbids us to dive with Schleiden into the liquid crystal of the Indian Ocean, and realize with him the fairy tales of our childhood's dreams among strangely-branching thickets bearing living flowers and dense masses of Meandrinas, Astræas, Explanarias, Madrepores, and all the vivid, animated plants of the mermaid's garden; or to linger over the Marine "Milky Way," sparkling and glowing with the life of incipient organisms, as its waters run across the Atlantic. Neither must we be tempted by the sixteenth chapter, on the Drift of the Sea, which opens to us the Lagullas current with its adjunct, nor stop to feel the "pulse of the sea," or indulge in the fisheries, and gambol with that warm-water mammal, the Sperm Whale. The voices of Storms and Typhoons, Hurricanes, and Cyclones, calling from the pages of the seventeenth chapter, must be unheeded; and the great race-course of the ocean, so graphically described in the eighteenth chapter, on Routes, must be left unvisited. In the nineteenth chapter we have the sound and eloquent author's Last Word on MARINE METEOROLOGY, are told how navigators may obtain a set of MAURY CHARTS, and learn the recommendations of the Brussels Conference of August, 1853, consisting of representatives from France, England, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Holland, Denmark, Belgium, Portugal, and the United States, though last, not least, for with them this great movement commenced. Prussia, Spain, Sardinia, the Holy See, the free city of Hamburg, the republics of Bremen and Chili, and the empires of Austria and Brazil have since offered their coöperation in this noble plan for bringing the sea regularly within the domains of philosophical research, and crowding the ocean with observers, whose observations are to be continued in peace and war. Whatever political storms may darken the horizon, this concentrated scientific light will burn steadily; for even when the dogs of war are let slip, the abstract log—as the journal which contains these observations is called—is to be held sacred.

"Baron Humboldt is of opinion that the results already obtained from this system of research are sufficient to give rise to a new department of science which he has called PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE SEA. If so much have already been accomplished by one nation, what may we not expect in a few years from the joint coöperation of so many?

"Rarely before has there been such a sublime spectacle presented to the scientific world: all nations agreeing to unite and coöperate in carrying out one system of philosophical research with regard to the sea. Though they may be enemies in all else, here they are to be friends. Every ship that navigates the high seas with these charts and blank abstract logs on board may henceforth be regarded as a floating observatory, a temple of science. The instruments used by every coöperating vessel are to be compared with standards that are common to all; so that an observation that is made any where and in any ship, may be referred to and compared with all similar observations by all other ships in all parts of the world."—P. xi.

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Truly it is a grand spectacle to see all civilized nations concurring to form a Universal Marine Safety Society, and reversing the Pirate's motto, "Friends to the sea and enemies to all who sail upon it."

That the Nestor of philosophers was justified in setting his approving seal on this great benevolent contract, is manifest from the results already obtained. Mr. Maury soon had to record that the passage from Washington to the equator was shortened ten days. Before the commencement of this undertaking, the average passage to California was 183 days; but when our author wrote his Introduction to his first edition (1855) the average was reduced to 135 days. Between England and Australia the average time going, without these charts, was ascertained to be 124 days, and coming about the same; making the round voyage one of about 250 days; but, since the charts have been brought into play, the outward passage has been reduced to 97 days, and the homeward run has been effected in 63.

No argument tells more strongly on John Bull and his Brother Jonathan than that which is addressed to the breeches-pocket. At the meeting of the British Association in 1853 it was stated—and the statment was repeated in 1854—that in Bombay it was estimated that this system of research, if extended to the Indian Ocean, would produce an annual saving to British commerce, in those waters alone, of one or two millions of dollars; and, in all seas, of ten millions.

"Now let us make a calculation of the annual saving to the commerce of the United States effected by those charts and sailing directions. According to Mr. Maury, the average freight from the United States to Rio Janeiro is 17.7 cts. per ton, per day; to Australia, 20 cts.; to California also about 20 cts. The mean of this is a little over 19 cents per ton, per day; but to be within the mark we will take it at 15, and include all the ports of South-America, China, and the East-Indies.

"The sailing directions have shortened the passages to California 30 days, to Australia 20, to Rio Janeiro, 10. The mean of this is 20, but we will take it at 15, and include all the ports of South-America, China, and the East-Indies.

"We estimate the tonnage of the United States engaged in trade with these places at 1,000,000 tons per annum.

"With these data, we see that there has been effected a saving for each one of these tons of 15 cents per day for a period of 15 days, which will give an aggregate of $2,250,000 saved per annum. *This is on the outward voyage alone*, and the tonnage trading with all other parts of the world is also left out of the calculation. Take these into consideration, and also the fact that there is a vast amount of foreign tonnage trading between these places and the United States, and it will be seen that the annual sum saved will swell to an enormous amount."

But these meteorological observations which have already done so much, relate only to the sea, and do not content Mr. Maury, who thinks, and in our opinion rightly, that the plan should include the land also, and be universal. He believes that other great interests of society are to be benefited by such extension no less than commerce and navigation have been; and that a series of systematic observations directed over large districts of country, nay, over continents, to the improvement of agricultural and sanitary meteorology, would tend to a development of many interesting, important, and valuable results. (p. xi.) And here we unwillingly close one of the most satisfactory books which it has been our lot to open of late. It does not contain a page which will not amply repay a thoughtful perusal. The present edition is greatly enriched, especially in the chapters on The Gulf Stream; on The Salts of the Sea; on the Open Sea of the Arctic Ocean; and on the Basin of the Atlantic. Whenever subsequent research has thrown a luminous ray on misinterpreted or misunderstood facts, Mr. Maury has not hesitated "to tear down whatever of conjecture or theory may have been built on unstable foundations, and to reconstruct according to the best lights." Much good has he effected in his generation, and he will, we hope, live to do much more; but he has already done enough to take high rank among the benefactors of mankind.



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From the British Quarterly.

# METEORIC STONES AND COMETS.*

THE learned philosopher who proposed that we should all wear helmets to protect us against the stones that fall from the sky was only jesting; but the thousands of our countrymen who were frightened last spring by the predicted approach of a comet, felt it to be no joking matter, and many took strange precautions against it. Yet the meteorites are perhaps the more dangerous of the two; at least, it is on record that a friar at Crema, a monk at Milan, two Swedish sailors on board ship, and a herdsman and some cattle near Bordeaux, were killed by this aërial artillery, while it is doubtful whether any human being was ever injured by a comet, or could be, except through his imagination.

Much has been written of late about both these classes of phenomena; but it is remarkable that, while comets have attracted the attention of mankind in all ages, and shooting stars and luminous meteors have been constantly noticed, the periodicity of the fiery rain was not observed until within our own day, and the fall of meteoric stones was not recognized as a fact by the learned till the beginning of the present century. One nation alone has recorded these appearances in its astronomical annals—that strange people the Chinese, who made fireworks with gun-powder long before Friar Bacon was born, and directed their land-carriages by the magnetic compass, when the loadstone was a matter only of curious speculation in the western world. Their records begin before Christ 687. Some of the Greek philosophers indeed talked of stones that fell from the sun, one at Egospotamos especially, "as big as a cart," but others derided the notion; we read doubtless of *bœtuli* that fell in "a globe of fire," but these seem confounded with belemnites and flint arrow-heads. Uranus, it is true, had the reputation of fabricating stones, and the Phœnicians, who worshiped the sun, had no statue of him, but a conical black stone, which they believed he had sent down to them as his representative; yet we have a suspicion of any thing mixed up with mythology. Livy certainly says, that in the days of Tullus Hostilius there fell a shower of stones on the Alban Mount, and that the senate, skeptical about the statement, sent commissioners who reported it true enough; yet without the aid of Niebuhr we can afford to be at least as skeptical of stories of that period as the Patres Conscripti were of the prodigy. In the middle ages again, marvels of all kinds were occasionally noted; but the tales about fiery lances, or stones from heaven, are generally put in the same category as those of griffins, or geese proceeding from barnacles. Even where these meteors were well authenticated, a supernatural solution was found for them: thus at noon of November 7th, 1492, a loud confused noise was heard, and a stone weighing 260 lbs. flew down from the skies, and buried itself in a wheat-field near Ensisheim, but was dug up, visited by the Emperor Maximilian and other notables, and hung up in the church as something miraculous; and eighteen years afterwards a shower of 1120 stones rattled down near Milan, but Cardan in narrating the circumstance finds in it a political significance. Thus while the imaginary stone, which if projected into tin or lead, could turn those base metals into gold, was greedily sought by every philosopher,

* *Notices of the most Remarkable Meteors in India, of the Fall of which Accounts have been published.* By G. BUIST, LL.D., F.R.S. L. & E. *Bombay Geographical Transactions.* 8vo. 1850.

*The Comets; a Descriptive Treatise, with Accounts of Modern Discoveries, and a Table of all Calculated Comets.* By J. RUSSELL HIND, Foreign Secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society of London. 12mo. 1852.

*The Comet of* 1856. By J. RUSSELL HIND, Foreign Secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society of London. 12mo. 1857.

*Reports on Observations of Luminous Meteors.* By the Rev. BADEN POWELL, M.A., F.R.S., Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford. Presented to the British Association. 8vo. 1847 to 1856.

*Athenæum*, Sept. 5, 1857.

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those really projected from heaven were disregarded; and while there was considered to be no pursuit wiser than that of tracing the occult influence of planets over the destinies of men, any astronomer who had ventured the idea that fragments of these planets came to visit in person those mortals over whose actions they had such control, would have been pitied as a visionary, if not chained as a madman, or burnt as a heretic. However, about sixty years ago, just at the revival of science, and when thinking men, disgusted with the recent vagaries of skepticism, began to grope their way to rational faith, so many brilliant phenomena, accompanied by the fall of stones, occurred, that the notice of the scientific world and its belief could no longer be withheld. The stories doubtless were marvelous, the appearances seemed perfectly unaccountable, yet the testimony was so strong and so varied, that it could not be gainsaid, and as there are no prejudices in the human heart against meteoric stones, it was not deemed philosophical to doubt any more. From Flamborough Head, from Glasgow, from Agen near the Pyrenees, from Villefranche in the department of the Rhone, and from Benares, accounts of their fall poured in; at Barbotan near Bordeaux, at L'Aigle in Normandy, at Sienna in Italy, and at Weston in Connecticut, grand showers occurred; both the French and English annalists found that these stones differed from any terrestrial productions; a careful examination of them by Mr. Howard appeared in the "Philosophical Transactions;" and, finally, these fallen masses were introduced into the company of reputable facts, and were christened Meteoric stones, Aerolites, or Meteorites. The fiery clouds from which they sometimes fell, were naturally connected with those fiery meteors that were observed not unfrequently to fly across the vault of heaven and burst, and these again were separated by no distinct line of demarkation from shooting or falling stars. Speculations as to their origin of course arose, and they engaged the powers of such distinguished men as Olbers, Laplace, Biot, Chladni, Berzelius, Humboldt, and Herschel. Ancient records were ransacked for observations, old lists from China and Hungary were turned over, a mass of data was accumulated, and new catalogues were carefully compiled by Chasles, Chladni, Von Hoff, Kämtz, Boguslawski, Baden Powell, Coulvier Gravier, and others. Dr. Buist has collected an immense number of observations in India, and wherever star-gazers now exist there are those who watch for these errant bodies, and note their ways. Of course they hold a place in works both of astronomy and meteorology, and form the theme of many separate treatises, one of the best of which that we have come across is in the "Museum of Science and Art," edited by Dr. Lardner.

These accumulated observations are immense. Among the works at the head of this article we have placed the catalogue which the Rev. Baden Powell annually presents to the British Association for the Advancement of Science. It contains all the observations which he is able to obtain from any source during the year, systematically arranged and tabulated, with an appendix, in which any thing extraordinary is particularly described. These observations amount already to many thousands. Every year a fresh catalogue makes its appearance, and the compiler has not yet set himself to the work of generalization. We remember when, on one occasion, in Section A of the British Association, the learned Professor stepped forward with his annual catalogue, he ran over with his finger the leaves of the bulky manuscript, and began with a benignant smile and the assurance: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I am not going to read all this." In like manner, courteous reader, we beg of you not to be alarmed. After a fashion we have gone through the whole, but we do not ask you to follow us, but simply to listen to some of the more characteristic or striking phenomena, and to give attention to such theories as have been founded on them.

But before listening to theories we must look at hard facts, and the hardest of these are the stones themselves. Let us pay a visit to the British Museum. Passing the statuary of Greece and Rome, of Assyria and Egypt, up the staircase with its Papyri; through the rooms where, from their marble graves, extinct saurians and mollusks tell the wonders of primeval time; past cases of glittering minerals, till, at the end of the last room, we observe a huge, shapeless mass of iron, described as a Meteorite, which fell in Gran Chaco, La Plata, weighing 1400 lbs.; and in the adjoining glass-cases, many scores of stones, and metallic lumps, inscribed

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with the place and the date of their fall. There are some, like the large one from Thwing, in Yorkshire, and the fragment from Iowa, that might be mistaken for ordinary limestone, but inclosed in a thin black crust; others black as charcoal, like those that fell in Old Bokkeveld, Cape of Good Hope, October 13, 1838; some like a metallic honeycomb, filled with a white mineral; and others, again, which appear pure iron within, though a black crust encases them. There are specimens of the showers of Barbotan and Sienna, and of L'Aigle—of which more hereafter. The fragments are of various sizes, from that of a boy's marble to the Gran Chaco mass, more than two feet in its longest diameter. Several of these metallic masses, as that from Murfreesboro, in Tennessee, have been partially polished, and on these portions there are frequently evident the Widmanstättian figures, markings which simulate crystallizations, and which may be best compared to the interlacing pattern of the strands in a cane-bottomed chair, but without its regularity, or to the cross-hatchings of a line engraving. We believe these figures are peculiar to aerolites, and have never been seen in any iron of mortal fabrication. They are most apparent in a piece found in Lenarto, in Hungary, in 1814. Among those stones which have been seen actually to fall from the skies, are placed several which are not known to have had so exalted an origin, but which, from their general appearance, chemical composition, and peculiarity of situation, are believed to be meteorites. It will be easily understood that a large portion of those that actually fall are not seen to do so, and there is this circumstance tending greatly to the recognition of such masses, that iron does not occur native in the earth, unless it be as a thin stratum somewhere in Siberia, and sometimes in fine granules in mica slate or basalt. Hence, if an irregular lump of iron be found, which can not give a good account of itself, it becomes a fair object of suspicion, and should be seized; and, if other circumstances confirm the fact of its being a trespasser on this our globe, it may lawfully be imprisoned in a meteorological cabinet. Mistakes, however, are of course liable to occur in this respect: thus, about eighteen months ago, a tree was cut down in Battersea fields, and a large mass of iron was found curiously imbedded in the timber. A meteorite! shouted the learned men; the tree was secured, the iron was found to contain nickel and other meteoric constituents; the last meeting of the session of the Royal Society was held immediately afterwards, and in hot haste Sir Roderick Murchison, backed by a great American authority, described the wondrous treasure. But alas! some of the Jermyn-street savans had picked up in the garden, where the tree grew, some lumps of metal and slag from an iron furnace, and one of these, when analyzed by Dr. Percy, tallied most provokingly with the imbedded mass. So no more was heard of the Battersea meteorite.

What has the chemist to say about these stones? for as we have already seen, he pronounces rather authoritatively from the depths of his laboratory. We learn from him that meteorites are of two sorts, earthy or metallic, and that many are of mixed character. The earthy portion is mainly crystalline silicate of magnesia, called olivine, often contaminated with lime, alumina, potash, or soda. The metallic portion is invariably iron, which is usually, if not always, mixed with a small quantity of nickel, cobalt, sulphur, and phosphorus; chromium, manganese, zinc, tin, lead, and arsenic have been noticed in small quantities, with carbon and chlorine, the last, of course, in combination with one of the metals. Titanium, cerium, yttrium, and zirconium, are likewise mentioned in some analyses, but only as traces, and we do not feel quite clear about them. Professor J. Lawrence Smith has lately shown, that besides proper iron pyrites, there frequently exist in the middle of the metal, pieces of a bright yellow definite combination of iron, nickel, and phosphorus, which is not known to occur elsewhere, and which he has denominated Shreibersite. It used to be supposed that nickel was never found in combination with terrestrial iron, but this seems to be an error; though while these metals are not often associated in the earth beneath, they appear inseparable friends in the regions above. These stones and metallic masses, as we have already intimated, are usually covered with a black crust: this is simply oxide of iron. It is sharply defined, and frequently appears to have been fused, though, according to Humboldt, the greatest heat of a porcelain

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furnace can produce nothing similar, at least not without melting the inner portion of the iron ball.

Now that we have made acquaintance with these marvelous masses as they lie quietly before us in the Museum, we must inquire in what state they introduce themselves to men. With much splendor and a mighty tumult they make their entry; but they give no previous announcement of their visit, and whether they plunge into the sea or tear up a meadow, or dart through the thatch of a cottage, they ask no leave of man. At all hours they fall, fair weather or foul is alike to them, a cloudless sky or an electric hurricane. The general story of their descent runs somewhat thus. A little cloud is seen rapidly traversing the sky, (dark by day, luminous by night,) then exploding with a loud report it lets fly a shower of stones, or, perhaps, one stone whizzes down, and buries itself several feet in the earth, in a slanting direction; the astonished spectators dig it up, when it feels hot, and emits a sulphurous smell. They talk about it of course, and eventually it finds its way into the hands of the curious. But this is a common-place narrative. The following is M. Biot's summary of all he could gather about the striking phenomenon at L'Aigle:

"On Tuesday, the 6th Floriel, year 11, (26th April, 1803,) about one o'clock P.M., the weather being serene, there was observed from Caen, Pont d'Andemer, and the environs of Alençon, Falaise, and Verneuil, a fiery globe of a very brilliant splendor, and which moved in the atmosphere with great rapidity. Some seconds after, there was heard at L'Aigle, and in the environs of that town to the extent of more than thirty leagues in every direction, a violent explosion which lasted five or six minutes. At first there were three or four reports like those of cannon, followed by a kind of discharge which resembled the firing of musketry; after which there was heard a dreadful rumbling like the beating of a drum. The air was calm, and the sky serene, except a few clouds such as are frequently observed. This noise proceeded from a small cloud which had a rectangular form, the longest side being in the direction from east to west. It appeared motionless all the time that the phenomenon lasted, but the vapors of which it was composed were projected every moment from different sides by the effect of the successive explosions. This cloud was about half a league to the N.N.W. of the town of L'Aigle. It was at a considerable elevation in the atmosphere, for the inhabitants of two hamlets a league distant from each other, saw it at the same time above their heads. In the whole canton over which this cloud was suspended, there was heard a hissing noise, like that of a stone discharged from a sling, and a great many mineral masses exactly similar to those distinguished by the name of meteoric stones were seen to fall. The district in which these masses were projected forms an elliptical space of about two and a half leagues in length and nearly one in breadth, the greatest dimension being in a direction from S.E. to N.W., forming a declination of about 22°. This direction, which the meteor must have followed, is exactly that of the magnetic meridian, which is a remarkable circumstance. The greatest of these stones fell at the south-eastern extremity of the large axis of the ellipse, the middle-sized in the center, and the smallest at the other extremity. Hence it appears that the largest fell first, as might naturally be supposed. The largest of all those that fell weighs 17½ lbs., the smallest which I have seen weighs about two gros, (1000th part of the last.) The number of all those which fell is certainly above 2000 or 3000."

The luminosity of meteorites in their descent need not be wondered at, for the percussion of a mass of iron flying through the atmosphere with such a velocity can be shown to be quite sufficient to render it instantly red hot, and the sudden heat may account likewise for the bursting, and the presence of oxygen in the air easily explains the black crust of oxide.

Now if fiery globes are in the habit of flying over our earth for many leagues before they pour down their iron ordnance, it can not but happen that they themselves should be sometimes seen when the projectiles are not observed; for the fiery ball, especially if several miles above the earth, will attract the attention of many for a great distance round, while the broken masses may fall in a desert place, or the depths of a forest, or out at sea. What are called Bolides, or fire-balls, appear to be of this character, and it is not surprising that the connection between these and aerolites can not be often established by actual observation, for it must be remembered that by day they will generally appear as a little cloud scarcely differing from others in the sky, and thus attracting no attention, though the descent of the stones has then the best chance of being seen; while, on the other hand, at night they will be a cloud of fire extremely visible, but the detached masses will not be seen in their descent; and should some bits be afterwards lighted on, what indication would there be in ninety-nine cases

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out of a hundred that they were not ordinary stones or pieces of slag?

We believe, indeed, that the luminous meteors which figure so extensively in the catalogue above mentioned are phenomena strictly analogous to the L'Aigle fireball; but we do not necessarily affirm that the solid mass or some portion of it always reaches the earth. We select one or two narratives. Professor Bond, of Cambridge, United States, thus describes the meteor of September 30, 1850, which is called Jenny Lind's:

"My attention was called to this phenomenon by Miss Jenny Lind, who happening at the time of its first appearance to be looking at the planet Saturn through the great equatorial telescope, nearly in the direction of the meteor's path, was startled by a sudden flash of light, no doubt much concentrated by the power of the glass; probably not more than a second of time intervened before the meteor exploded, leaving a bright train of light some 8° long, extending from near the head of Medusa towards a point 3° below the star Alpha Arietis, this being the direction of motion, and projecting a portion of its mass forward about two degrees."

Professor Bond then describes how this train lasted more than an hour, becoming tortuous in its form, and he appends diagrams of its appearance at various times.

The next is one that appeared in England, February 11th, 1850:

"At Oxford, Mrs. Baden Powell described the appearance as of a small globe advancing and rapidly expanding by three or four successive jerks or bursts, at each burst remaining stationary for an instant, and thus forming successively larger globes intensely bright and blue, all the while emitting a stream of sparks on each side, till the final globe was nearly as large as the moon, which dissipated into brilliant globules shot off in all directions and appearing to fall. It was compared by another person present to an umbrella pushed onwards and alternately opened and shut rapidly."

The following is also from a lady:

"On the evening of Friday, March 19, [1847,] A. and I left Albion road, [Holloway,] about half-past eight. Not any stars were then visible, but when we were in Highbury-place, A. called my attention to what we thought a fire-balloon ascending slowly. It was in the west, a little inclining to the south. As it passed on slowly to the west, its intense brilliance convinced me that it was not an earthly thing. When it appeared to be over Hampstead (but as high in the heavens as the sun is at six o'clock in the evening when the days are longest) it shot forth several fiery coruscations, and whilst we were gazing at it broke into an *intensely* radiant cloud: this cloud sailed on slowly, and we never took our eyes off it. At this time the stars were shining. When we were in the gravel path opposite to Highbury-terrace, the cloud was higher in the heavens and more to the west. It cast a most brilliant light on the houses there, brighter than moonlight, and unlike any light I ever saw. It appeared of a blue tint on the bricks, but there was no *blue* light in the cloud itself. Suddenly, over the radiant cloud appeared another cloud *still* more brilliant, but I now felt so awe-struck, that I can not say precisely how long they hung one over the other before the most wonderful sight happened. Perhaps they remained so for two or three minutes, when from the upper cloud a small fiery ball (about the size that the largest planets appear to the naked eye) dropped into the lower cloud, and was instantly absorbed. Soon after, another similar ball dropped from the upper to the lower cloud; and then a ball apparently four or five times the size of the two preceding, fell from one cloud to the other, in the same wonderful way. Shortly after this, both clouds disappeared, apparently absorbed in the heavens, though I did see a few particles of the brilliant clouds floating about for a minute or so. Presently the moon appeared, considerably to the northward of the place where the clouds had hung. We then saw the bright light across the heavens, which you told me was zodiacal light, which lasted for more than an hour."

We wish that every lady would describe so carefully and graphically whatever extraordinary phenomenon she was fortunate enough to see; and every gentleman too. It is not often that a meteor is so honored as one that shot across the sky one night at Aden, and was mistaken by the sentry at the Turkish walls for an alarm rocket. "He discharged his musket accordingly, and gave the usual notice, when the whole garrison were summoned to arms. This is perhaps the only meteor on record that caused three thousand men to be roused from their slumbers," says Dr. Buist, and, appropriately enough, the date of the pleasant incident was April 1st.

It is exceedingly valuable when several persons in different places have made accurate observations on the same meteor. Thus, in respect to that of February 11th, 1850, already described, Mr. Glaisher was able to determine, by a comparison of data furnished by different parties, that its height at the first appearance was 84

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miles, nearly over a point 13 miles north-east of Montgomery; that its height at disappearance was 19 miles, nearly 1½ miles south-east of Biggleswade, in Bedfordshire, where it exploded; that the height of the sparks falling from it at their disappearance was 10 miles; that its path was parabolic; its real velocity 30 miles per second, and its real diameter from 1200 to 2000 feet. Of this last particular more hereafter.

In speaking of luminous meteors, we do not know how to discriminate between these more striking phenomena and what are commonly called falling or shooting stars. There is every gradation, from the gigantic balls of flame exploding violently, and flinging about pieces of metal, through brilliant shooting stars rivaling Jupiter in apparent size and leaving a luminous trail behind them, to those faint streaks and sparks of light which dart in silence across a portion of the heavens. The difference may be only one of distance, though in the first-mentioned cases the greater attraction exerted by the earth and the denser atmosphere affecting the movements of the solid body, may cause a different termination of its career.

It may be well to point out here certain errors which affect observations of meteors. The height above the horizon is apt to be exaggerated, and so is the brightness; the idea of nearness has evidently been frequently given by a meteor which has been proved from simultaneous observations in different places to have been very far off. But the most remarkable fallacy is in respect to the size—or rather there are two fallacies, the ignorant and the scientific. The ignorant fallacy is one rather of expression, when an observer records that the meteor appeared "about the size of an egg," or "had a tail six feet long and two inches wide." Now we are all apt to use such comparisons, and possibly if we made them only for our own edification, there would not be much harm in them: but it must be remembered that an egg looks of a very different size, according to the distance at which we see it, and so a meteor can only look the size of an egg *held at a certain distance*, an element of the calculation we have never once seen noticed in these records of observations. And this is a fatal want, for no two persons perhaps place their imaginary egg at the same distance from the eye, and thus each adopts his own standard. When an observer describes the luminous appearance by a comparison with one of the heavenly bodies, it is perfectly intelligible, for their apparent size does not materially change; thus "twice the size of Saturn," or "a little smaller than the full moon," are good descriptions; and if the angle subtended by the luminous body can be determined, that, of course, is better still; but, on account of the rapidity of the phenomenon, this can rarely be obtained. The scientific fallacy is that into which some astronomers have fallen, who, in computing the bulk of the incandescent mass from its apparent size and its ascertained distance, have made out enormous dimensions; for instance, that one seen on January 18th, 1713, measured 2600 feet across! Dimensions really comparable with those of the little planets that are now found in such numbers. We have never had any faith in these gigantic proportions, and are glad to see that Professor Lawrence Smith has drawn especial attention to the fact, that no conclusion can be drawn from the apparent diameter of a highly-luminous body seen at a distance. He found that an electric light from carbon points, the size of which was in reality three tenths of an inch, appeared at 100 yards one half the diameter of the moon, at a quarter of a mile three times her diameter, and at half a mile three and a half times her size. He invites us to look at a row of street-lamps, seen nearly in a line from the eye, and to observe that the apparent diameters of the flames do not decrease at all for a considerable distance, and even then by no means in proportion to the law of perspective. It is the more important to notice this fallacy as grand deductions have been drawn from the supposed prodigious dimensions of these glowing balls.

These meteors are generally colored, and this circumstance has attracted considerable attention, not only because the color is often very striking, but because it may be indicative of their composition, since different metals burn with differently colored flames; but there are several difficulties about the determination of colors which are apt to mislead.

We are inclined to believe, in the first place, that a sudden bright light quickly disappearing conveys a different impression of color to different observers; at

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any rate, the meteor of August 12th, 1850, is described by one party as yellow, by another as "of a beautiful clear blue." But supposing all persons have identically the same impression, will they not still call it by different names? We suspect this will partly account for a strange discovery of Mr. Poey, of Havana, who finds, on tabulating the recorded instances of meteors, large and small, that in the Chinese observations, compound colors prevail, while in the European observations simple primitive colors. Thus, the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire have noted only 5 blue meteors, while Baden Powell mentions 326; but 525 yellowish red ones, while he, on the contrary, recognizes no such compound color. But do the Chinese describe a color exactly as we do? Certainly, if their 305 whitish blue and 20 bluish white meteors be added to their 5 blue, it makes 330, which agrees well enough with the 326 blue, *plus* 46 bluish and 11 whity-blue, or 383 in all, of the English lists, especially as the English observations that form the basis of Poey's calculations are a little more numerous than the Chinese. Again, the 525 yellowish red meteors are somewhat counterbalanced by a much larger proportion both of red and of yellow, and 107 orange. Our theory, however, is scarcely capable of accounting for the fact noticed by Mr. Poey, that "Chinese observations show a remarkable constancy of tints during a long period of years; when an equally constant but different scale of color prevails, and this for several successive periods." It will be long before our observations can indicate whether there be such a secular variation. One point of agreement has particularly struck us on comparing these lists, the almost total absence of green, and of indigo or purple meteors.

Another notable phenomenon is the apparent change of color that takes place in meteors during their course; sometimes the change is very striking: thus a meteor seen at Bombay, on the 19th of March, 1849, was, by the account of several parties, one of the rare instances of green, but "when it exploded, it seemed resolved into a mass of red embers." Again, our old friend the meteor of February 11th, 1850, is thus described by one who saw it at Lambeth:

"As it brightened, it displayed the most lovely colors, which could be distinctly traced to the radial colors produced by the sun—at one period green, violet, (deep,) pale red, etc., and their effects through the thin stratum of clouds which were in its path were most gorgeous."

Mr. Lowe says, in 1849, "I have seen them alter their colors from blue to red, and in one instance saw a meteor of a blue color give out orange-red sparks. Mr. Hind tells me he saw a green meteor turn to a crimson color;" and last year he himself records a meteor that "when first seen was green, then changed to orange, and then to red. These changes took place suddenly without altering the size of the meteor."

But while the incandescent meteors appear generally red, orange, or blue, may we conclude that these are really the prevalent colors in the light that starts from them? We fear such would be a rash conclusion; indeed, were it consistent with the limits and scope of this article, it would be easy to show that such phenomena must give rise to optical illusions in respect to color, and that to an extent which we think has never been appreciated by those who have hitherto written on the subject. Differences by intensity, contrast, and the absorbent power of clouds and murky atmosphere, must all be taken into account before we can determine that changes of color really indicate changes in the refrangibility of the light given off by the shining mass. One point only we would mention here. Poey remarks, mainly from the observations of Coulvier Gravier, at Paris, that "changes in color in the course of the meteor are usually from white near the zenith to blue near the horizon, but sometimes from white to red." It is attempted to apply to these cases the theory by which M. Doppler seeks to explain the changing colors of certain stars; but as that theory requires the relative position of the luminous body and the observer to alter at something like the rate of 50,000 miles per second, we may dismiss it summarily. The real explanation we believe to be simply this: light of whatever refrangibility, as Helmholz has shown, if very intense, appears white, or nearly so, hence the whiteness of the fiery meteor when just over our heads; but as the intensity diminishes, whether by simple distance or by having to traverse a greater space of atmosphere, the color proper to the refrangibility,

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whether blue, red, or any other, becomes apparent to our eye.

To return to shooting-stars. Perhaps all our readers have seen these beautiful objects on some clear evening, when

> "There is no light in earth or heaven
> But the cold light of stars,"

falling in showers, as though a sudden frenzy had seized the bright eyes which usually look down so calmly from the silent spheres, or that the bands of Orion were loosed, or the stars in their courses were literally fighting, not against the Canaanitish chieftain, but against each other. Ancient records tell of stars falling on certain occasions like "a rain of fire," or "as thick as hail," or "like a shower of locusts;" and modern times have witnessed some magnificent displays of the like kind. One of the most brilliant of these took place in the United States, on the night of the 12th of November, 1833. Professor Olmsted gives a detailed account, of which the following is the substance:

"The meteors began to attract notice by their frequency as early as nine o'clock on the evening of the 12th November. The exhibition became strikingly brilliant about eleven o'clock, but most splendid of all about four o'clock, and continued with but little intermission until darkness merged in the light of day. A few large fire-balls were seen even after the sun had risen. The entire extent of the exhibition is not ascertained, but it covered no inconsiderable portion of the earth's surface. It has been traced from the longitude of 61° in the Atlantic Ocean to longitude of 100° in Central Mexico, and from the North-American lakes to the southern side of the island of Jamaica. Every where within these limits the first appearance was that of fireworks of the most imposing grandeur covering the entire vault of heaven with myriads of fire-balls, resembling sky-rockets . . . . . The meteors all seemed to emanate from one and the same point, (in the constellation Leo.) They set out at different distances from this point, and proceeded with immense velocity, describing, in some instances, an arc of 30° or 40° in less than four seconds . . . . A few observers reported that they heard a hissing noise like the rushing of a sky-rocket, and slight explosions like the bursting of the same body. It does not appear that any substance reached the ground which could be clearly established to be a residuum or deposit from the meteors. An observer at Boston estimated that the number exhibited every quarter of an hour would be 10,000; and as the phenomenon continued for seven hours, the total number must have greatly exceeded 280,000; inasmuch as this estimate was based on observations when the density of the stars was much less than its maximum."

It will be remembered that this shower took place on the night of the 12th November; and one of the most remarkable and suggestive facts about these great displays is, that they occur annually about that date, and about the 10th August. Other periods, also, have been noticed, though not so frequently, about April 23, July 26, December 7, etc. We say about, for they do not appear particular in keeping their appointments with the earth to a day or two, and they occasionally miss a year. But these periods vary. If, with M. Biot, we examine the records kept by the Chinese during different dynasties, we find, that B.C. 687, when Manasseh was reigning in Judea, and before Media, Macedon, and Rome were powers in the earth, a great star-shower appeared on March 23, and the next similar entry is on the 27th of the same month. Distinct periods occur in these records of the Celestial Empire about July 22, October 14, April 13, but never once near August 10, or November 12. Or if, with M. Chasles, we hunt up the old chronicles and monastic tales, we shall find that the heavens have shot lances of fire, year after year, on February 1, October 17, the middle of March, and that on April 4, for many years, at the end of the eleventh century, "nearly all the stars ran like dust carried by the wind."

It is a singular fact that, if we compare the forty-six notable cases in Chasles' catalogue with the fifty most remarkable Chinese showers, we find only one date common to the two lists—namely, October 14, A.D. 934. And whereas we find the July 23 period remarkably regular in China about A.D. 830 and 920, those two periods in Europe were marked by showers in February. The idea has been thrown out that there is a secular progression of these periods, but a careful comparison of the observations on record has led us to feel doubtful on this point; and to believe that the periods remain stationary for a while, and then are exchanged for other periods; the same kind of intermission of regularity occurring in reference to centuries which we have already noted in the annual recurrence of these magnificent phenomena. That there has

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not been the variation of a day in the August period for some centuries is proved by a church calendar existing in Christ College, Cambridge, where the 10th of that month, St. Lawrence's Day, is marked by the word Meteorodes; and it was a common legend, that the saint wept fiery tears on his anniversary.

Other generalizations have been made in respect to these showers; thus—

"The number of meteors varies through the successive hours, from six P.M. to six A.M., by a regular increase up to the last-named hour. The number which appear in the east is more than double the number originating in the west: those from north and south nearly equal. In other words, nearly two thirds of the whole number originate in the eastern hemisphere of the sky."

By the simultaneous observations of astronomers in different places, it has been computed by Mr. Walker that their velocity averages eighteen miles and a quarter per second, though some fly through space at the rate of twenty-four, and others glide along at the rate of only nine miles per second—sluggish meteors, content to travel at only forty times the speed of a cannon-ball. More recent computations have given the average speed at thirty-eight miles, or twice the velocity of the earth itself. From fourteen observations made at Breslau and Vienna, it was found that the visible path of the shooting stars averaged twenty-two miles and a half, and the mean duration of their light a little over a second. The height above the earth of course varies greatly, and must vary in different parts of the meteor's course. As a rule, no doubt the brighter bodies are nearer to us, some ten, others fifty miles, perhaps, above our heads, while the faint streaks, which appear like stars of the smallest magnitude, are generally at a far greater altitude; and instances are not wanting where the telescope has revealed streaming showers which the unaided eye could not detect. In the case of a shower of stars they appear in general to stream from one fixed point in the heavens, and even to have a kind of point of convergence in the opposite hemisphere. Their courses are usually downwards; but this is not always the case, for by coincident observations some have been shown to move horizontally with the earth, and others positively upwards! Their apparent course is that of a curve, but this is partly due to perspective; and sometimes a wandering star will be seen to pursue a zigzag, uncertain course, or, after proceeding straight and steadily for a while, suddenly to fly off at a sharp angle, and lose itself in the darkness.

From our present high position let us review the theories which men have framed as to the origin of meteorites. First, we may dismiss all hypotheses founded on superstition, and decide in our own minds that these strange phenomena are as amenable to the ordinary laws of God's universe as the quiet moon herself, and as open to human investigation. When, however, we think how many know little of the Supreme, save what an uneasy conscience drives them to apprehend, we do not wonder at such statements as the following from the reports of Dr. Buist:

"The oldest people in Malacca say they never witnessed such a thing before, and many, not knowing its real nature, consider it a portentous omen for evil. Some very sagely prophesy that there will be war, others that rice will be dearer; and others again aver that the world will soon be at an end. The Malays say that it is an Antooapi, or fire-spirit, sent to destroy some wicked man's house; and others, that it is the serpent of the sun which has got loose, and is going its peregrinations. We understand that a Chinaman, who had been sickly for some time previously, was so terrified by the appearance, that he sank down in a fit and instantly expired."

Let us summon the different scientific theories before our tribunal. The venerable dictum that these stones fall from the sun utters its voice first, but when asked for arguments it has none to offer. Then comes a modest suggestion that they may have been thrown up by some volcano, and have fallen down again a long way off. But on referring to the total dissimilarity of these stones from any known lavas, and the immense distance at which they sometimes fall from any active volcano, and their great rapidity, the supposition retires. A rash exclamation of "Why, to be sure, they were made in the upper regions of the atmosphere like hailstones, and fall like them, too," is heard, with a confused talk about gases, and electricity, and diamagnetism; but our theorist is reminded that there is abundance of water in the clouds to make hail of, and he is passed by till he can

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manufacture a ball of iron weighing 1000 lbs. without any metal, but merely by coaxing together unknown gases, which if like their fellows have an unlimited power of diffusibility, and keep it floating aloft while it is being made, and then fling it down in a slanting direction with thirty times the force of a cannon-ball. Then comes the theory that they are projected from lunar volcanoes with an initial velocity of 8000 feet per second, which would be sufficient to carry them within the sphere of the earth's preponderating attraction, and this theory brings with it much authority, terminating with the paper of Professor Smith, from which we have already quoted. But while it can not be disproved, it is very unfortunate for its acceptance that all the recent examinations of the volcanoes on our side of the moon have shown them in the repose of death, their fires gone out; and the theory leaves unaccounted for the rapidity of their descent and the number and periodicity of the falling stars, if indeed these latter phenomena are connected, as we can not help thinking, with the meteoric stones. The bold theory of Chladni then demands a hearing—namely, that these mysterious bodies are revolving as little planets round the sun, and are rendered visible only when they enter our atmosphere, sometimes passing along in their orbits, disturbed no doubt, but not stopped, by the nearness of their gigantic sister, and sometimes drawn irresistibly to her. This *cosmical theory*, as it is termed, supposes likewise that these lilliputian planets congregate in long clusters or rings, the orbits of which cut the plane of the ecliptic about the point which the earth occupies on August 10, November 13, etc. Now this theory, bold as it is, has gained the suffrages of most living astronomers, for it harmonizes all the observed facts, the non-terrestrial character of the stones, the force of their descent, the rapidity of the luminous meteors, and especially the periodicity and common direction of the star-showers.

We accept this cosmical theory as the best that offers itself, though we see one great difficulty. It supposes our earth, a solid sphere of 8000 miles in diameter, to overtake or be overtaken by a flock of hundreds of thousands of little pieces of metal, and that those which are visible are all within say 300 miles of the large sphere. How is it possible that by far the greater portion of these little pieces should pass or be passed by the huge globe without being swept into it, or striking themselves against it? It might happen once, that the orbit of such a cluster should come within 300 miles of that of the great globe, but never cut its actual path; but it is inconceivable that with all the perturbations to which all the bodies concerned are subject, this should happen year after year, and not with one cluster only, but with all those which have appeared as a rain of fire. And yet there is no case on record where a shower of falling stars has been attended with a shower of stones. As we can not believe that these myriads of little planets should be confined to a small belt which circles the path of the earth, and is not $\frac{1}{20}$th of its diameter, must we give up the idea that the falling stars, the larger meteors, and the fire-balls that rain down stones, are connected phenomena, or may we imagine that in a large majority of instances the solid mass is extremely small, and is dissipated to powder in the upper regions of our atmosphere? Or may we imagine that our large planet and these minute planets are insulated bodies, strongly charged with the same kind of electricity, and thus the small bodies fly from our path as we approach? We have never seen this idea broached, but it would account also for the upward motion seen in some shooting stars. The idea that these clusters are revolving round the *earth* in eccentric orbits will not explain their *annual* recurrence; and the hypothesis that we sweep through outlying portions of the zodiacal light must wait till we know something more about that appearance, and whether it is really caused by solid matter.

> "Ce n'est qu'une étoile qui file,
> Qui file, file et disparait,"

sang Béranger, but what a strange tale does it tell, not to the poet only, but to the philosopher! His eyes are opened, not as Oberon's were, when

> "Certain stars shot madly from their spheres
> To hear the sea-maid's music;"

but as one who catches some stray notes of that music of the spheres, sounded in solemn chorus by the great planets and their attendant moons, the asteroids and

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comets, and the world-dust, which revolve with a never-ceasing melody round the all-attracting sun. And should some portion of this dust be flung upon our globe, what strange news does it bring of the materials of extra-terrestrial orbs! From the circumstances of its descent we can not say whether, in its own sphere, it possessed an atmosphere, or mimicked our seas and clouds, but there it lies, a lump—like, and yet unlike our rocks—like, in containing no element but what we are familiar with, and presenting the same modes of crystallization and chemical combination, but unlike, in its deficiency of some of our commonest elements.* How strange, too, that the iron should be mixed with nickel, cobalt, chromium, and manganese, the metals most closely allied to it in chemical properties, and having nearly the same atomic weight, and that though oxygen enters into the composition of the silicates, there is not sufficient to combine with the iron or phosphorus. Well does Humboldt say:

"Accustomed to know non-telluric bodies, solely by measurement, by calculation, and by the inferences of our reason, it is with a kind of astonishment that we touch, weigh, and analyse a substance appertaining to the world without; the imagination is stimulated, and the intellect aroused and animated by a spectacle in which the uncultivated mind sees only a train of fading sparks in the clear sky, and apprehends in the blackstone which falls from the thunder-cloud only the rude product of some wild force of nature."

These sublunary phenomena have afforded us so much matter for remark that we fear we can do but scanty justice to comets, those marvelous bodies which sweep in strange curves through the solar system, and by their sudden appearance in the skies have often affrighted whole nations. About their extra-terrestrial nature there can be no doubt; indeed, our acquaintance with them is precisely opposite in its character to our knowledge of meteoric stones; we can form no conception of the materials of which they are constituted, or of the physical laws which regulate some of their phenomena, but we can trace out with great accuracy their path in space, and in many instances, predict the time of their return. The two treatises which we have placed at the head of this article are valuable contributions to our knowledge of this subject, by the well-known astronomer, Mr. Hind. The one gives, in concise and very intelligible form, a description of whatever is known respecting comets; the other discusses, in a popular manner, all the astronomical questions that have reference to the comet-panic of this summer.

As to the number of comets, it is impossible to come to any definite conclusion. Mr. Hind gives a list of six hundred and seven that have been described in Chinese or European annals; but on the one hand many of these are successive visitations of the same comet, while on the other hand, until the invention of the telescope, it was only those of great magnitude which could be seen. In the first half of the present century, eighty were observed, and during the year which is now terminating, six at least have been recorded. We may safely conclude, therefore, that there are many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of these bodies revolving round the sun in orbits all very elliptical, and sometimes so long that they approach closely to the form of the parabola, and cutting the plane of the ecliptic at every angle, some in the order of the signs and others retrograde. Each one of these is sometimes flying near the sun with marvelous rapidity, and sweeping round the sphere of fire its ever-changing tail, sometimes slowly wending its way, like a little cloud, through trackless space, cold and dark, but still obedient to the potent force which chains it to the central orb, and will draw it back at length among the nearer planets. The periods of many of these bodies have been determined very accurately—that of Encke's comet is not quite three years and four months, that of Biela's six years and a half, and several others have somewhat analogous periods, including that of Faye, which is expected to be seen next October, by those who have good telescopes. Then there are the magnificent Halley's comet, and four others, which have periods of about seventy-five years, and many which take a still longer and wider sweep into those dreary depths that sever our solar system from the nearest fixed stars. The movements of one that was observed from Paris, in 1844, indicated a periodic time of 102,050 years, subject to an uncertainty of about 3090 years!

* This difference was forcibly pointed out some years ago in this Review, by a well-known scientific writer.

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This uncertainty is an important feature of their revolutions, distinguishing them from the solid planets, which in their nearly circular orbits keep exact time, and it arises from their extreme levity, which enables them to be drawn aside by Jupiter and every other weighty globe.

Many of our readers will remember the comet of 1843, which appeared first in southern regions, but anticipating the mails, surprised our English astronomers by its sudden passage above their horizon. It far exceeded Venus in brilliancy, and was accompanied by a tail usually 45° in length, but on one occasion measuring 65°. It approached within 96,000 miles of the sun, that is, 1000 times nearer than we are, and then passed away, not to return, probably, for 376 years. Its nucleus was estimated at 5000 miles in diameter, and it "exhibited a brilliant train that on different dates was found to attain the enormous distance of 150, 180 and 200 millions of miles from the head; yet this wonderful appendage was formed in less than three weeks."

But we must have a word about these nuclei and tails. A comet always has a round head, which looks like a little cloud, thickened in the middle, though whether any portion be ever solid is very doubtful. When this nebulous ball approaches the sun, it generally throws out a tail in a direction opposite to that luminary, straight for some millions of miles, and then often curving like a sabre; and there are sometimes most remarkable luminous jets which shoot out towards the sun, and are then "suddenly forced back again upon the nucleus or curved round in the direction of the tail, on either side of the head—a phenomenon irreconcilable with the principles of gravitation alone." Then certain vibrations or oscillations have been observed, as, when in Halley's comet, "the matter of the tail seemed to be emitted in violent jets and streams, as if from orifices or fissures in the anterior part of the nucleus." It is demonstrable that some optical delusion must be connected with this appearance. Biela's comet was seen a few years since to split into two, which are each now pursuing their independent courses round the sun.

These bodies shine by reflected light, and generally are colored white or pale blue, though sometimes red, orange, or even green. They must be thinner, incomparably thinner than the thinnest wreaths of vapor, the cirri which appear in our upper atmosphere, for the light of stars suffers no visible refraction in passing through them, nor any diminution of brightness. Indeed, from some cause or other, an increase of brilliancy has been sometimes observed. The matter which will permit this is about as unknown on earth as are the forces which produce the jets and the enormous tail, and keep it in so remarkable a position towards the sun.

The fear of comets appears to have passed through two stages:

"Prior to the advent of the famous comet of 1680, which excited astonishment throughout the world from its extraordinary size, these mysterious objects were regarded merely with a superstitious awe, as the omens of evil to mankind, foreboding war and pestilence, famine, earthquakes, inundations, and a host of other dire consequences. Louis le Debonnaire, when asked why he evinced a dread of the comet of 837, which was flaming in the sky, replied, to the effect, that he felt no fear of the comet itself, but he was alarmed at the 'signification of that sign,' in this instance, his own death."

In 1066, the year of the Norman Conquest, a comet (supposed now to have been Halley's) shook its saber-like tail over Europe; but, though it menaced the independence of England, no more substantial blow was feared.

At the end of the seventeenth century, however, Halley, Whiston, and other learned men wrote about comets as though they might strike our earth, or do injury by mixing with our atmosphere. Hence the popular alarm has taken a more material form, and men who would laugh at presages dread a collision. Most strikingly was this exhibited in the past summer. It was reported that an enormous comet was to strike the earth, or brush it with its tail, on the 13th of June, and as the awful day approached, though no one knew whence the prophecy originated, multitudes on the Continent, and in this country felt the infection of fear; popular orators caught up the subject, pamphlets were written and extensively bought;*

* One of these, entitled, *Will the Comet Strike the Earth?* was a literary curiosity, as it consisted in a great measure of long extracts taken verbatim from the eloquent lecture on "the Prophet of Horeb," delivered by the Rev. Morley Punshon at Exeter Hall, before the Young Men's Christian Association, but inserted without acknowledgment or even in-

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and when the day arrived, though no comet had been observed approaching, many awaited certain death, or took absurd precautions to prevent it, removing from town to country, or *vice versâ*, or lying in bed! And many far removed from the ignorant multitude felt an uneasiness, which generally seemed to assume the form that, if the comet came near the earth it would produce great heat, though we never found such parties capable of meeting the objection that, as the strange visitor would come from so enormous a distance from the sun's influence, he must be intensely cold, if, indeed, he were not a film of frost.

But the comet did not come. Mr. Hind's book tells us what foundations there were for the panic. It appears that in 1264 a splendid comet became visible, which, according to our old friends the Chinese, had a train 100° long, while European astronomers who saw it from the middle of July till October 2, "the night of the death of Pope Urban IV.," assign it nearly the same extent. In 1556, appeared the wonderfully bright but tailless comet of Charles V., the track of which was carefully observed at the time, and which there are fair reasons for thinking was the same body as appeared in 1264. If so, it should appear about this time, the 292 years between the previous visits having been lengthened by the causes of perturbation to three centuries. The previous observations are unfortunately not very exact, and our author sums up thus:

"An attentive consideration of the various points leads us to infer that the comet of 1556 will return between the years 1857 and 1861 (always supposing it to be the same as that of 1264,) but that it is impracticable to determine the exact epoch with the imperfect data in our possession. There are one or two reasons why a preference might be claimed for the year 1858; not, however, of sufficient importance to outweigh the evidence in favor of a later period."

Should this comet return, there is still absolutely no reason for thinking it will come into contact with the earth, indeed its calculated orbit lies in a different direction, and the chances are many millions to one against it; but supposing it or some similar stranger were actually to do so, if there be a solid nucleus a blow might be given, but if the body really consist of such films as we presume, there would be rather less likelihood of its damaging the solid globe or drawing it away from its orbit, than there is of a light mist blown against an express train injuring the iron locomotive by its collision, or throwing it off the rails. We are not left, however, wholly to *à priori* reasoning to determine what would be the effect on our stability of a comet coming close to the earth.

"More than one comet we know has experienced an entire change of orbit from approaching near the great planet Jupiter, by far the most massive in the system. The comet of 1770 on two occasions became entangled among the satellites of this planet. In descending towards the sun in July, 1779, so large were the perturbations it underwent, that instead of completing its revolution, and paying us a visit in the year 1780 or thereabouts, it was thrown off into quite a different path which will not permit of its coming sufficiently near the sun to be within reach even of our most powerful telescopes. The distance between the comet and Jupiter towards the end of July, 1779, was little more than 450,000 miles, or about the distance of the second of his moons. We might thence infer that if the comet possessed any attraction, that is, if it were sufficiently massive to attract, it must have reacted upon Jupiter and his satellites, and have left unmistakable signs of its having passed in their vicinity, either by diminishing or lengthening their periods of revolution, or by distorting in some way or other the relative positions of the paths they described prior to the comet's appearance amongst them. Yet we have positive proof that no such effects followed, and are therefore justified in concluding that the mass of the comet was excessively small. Had a *solid* body of cometary dimensions traversed the system of Jupiter in the same way the results would doubtless have been widely different, and the Jovian *Times* might have announced some awkward facts."

It is of course impossible to say what effect the mixing of a comet's atmosphere with our own might have, or what derangement in compasses and telegraphs, or in the general electrical equilibrium of our sphere might ensue. But we may safely conclude that such an encounter would be very awkward—for the comet. Nevertheless, there is only just the merest possibility that we or our grandchildren should ever astonish by our impact one of these airy visitors, and exchange our present speculation for experimental knowledge.

verted commas, into a waste of most ineloquent and incongruous writing. The conclusion arrived at in the pamphlet was delightfully vague—the comet might strike the earth or it might not.

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There is one point connected with these bodies which we have not yet alluded to, namely, the acceleration observed in the periods of Encke's comet. The amount of this is small, but regular, and it is precisely what would happen were there some slight resisting medium, causing the comet to gravitate ever nearer and nearer the sun. Now, the commonly received theory of light supposes the presence of an ether throughout the whole visible universe incomparably thinner than air, but still material, and thus, perhaps, capable of affecting the flight of so unsubstantial a body. This is the explanation usually given; but an American astronomer suggests that Encke's comet may be interfered with by the meteorites, myriads of which are supposed to occupy the space between the earth and the sun. The fact that this comet approaches the great luminary within a third of the distance of our orbit is very consistent with this view, but we doubt whether the acceleration would be so regular were it due to the the passage of nebulous matter through irregular groups of little planetoids. With comets, indeed, speculation has been busy: some contend that these nebulous films are globes in the process of formation, that they are gradually condensing, and becoming more circular in their orbits—nay, that some have condensed into meteoric stones—while others see in the strange movements of the jets and tail new polar forces of wondrous energy. We await further observation and the conjoined thinking of the physicist and astronomer. Let us now stop, lest, leaving the bright sun of ascertained truth, we should ourselves fly off in an eccentric path to the dim regions of hypothesis.

From Titan.

# THE DEAD MARCH IN SAUL.

We sate within the house of God:
In storm without the clouds were flying,
Leaden the rain fell on the sod,
As heavy tears above the dying.

The organ from the dark-roofed aisle
Rolled in full surge, then retreating,
Swept us away a little while,
Music like spray about us beating.

We cast ourselves upon its sea,
We floated in harmonious motion;
Now high on billowy melody,
Now low upon a stirless ocean.

Hark! like the roll of muffled drums,
The strong triumphant death-song pealing!
Then spirit-like around us comes
One flute-like sob, as if revealing

Where the lone mother in hushed room
Kneeleth, her dead boy's picture kissing;
And, though faith smile above his tomb,
Feels that from her life's life is missing.

In Jesu's name she vails his head
With boyish memories, then, low bending,
Lights hope's clear star above the dead,
Bright as a sword its chief defending.

He died, young hero, when the war
Was rolling with triumphant billow;
His last smile was of her afar,
Ere resting on his battle-pillow.

"Tell them I died above my guns,
Fighting them while a pulse was beating;
Fast from each vein my life-blood runs;
I die in peace, the foe retreating."

On surged death's music clear and strong,
The salt tears through our heart-cells flowing;
God! for each note of that proud song
We felt how grand a debt was owing—

To the sad mother, as she prays
That God will guide her in her sorrow;
To the young widow, o'er whose days
Of broken hopes dawns grief's to-morrow.

Oh! fear not; ye shall see him shining
An angel with immortal smile;
Though more than life we are resigning,
Grief such as yours can wait awhile.

ALAN.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

# HOW WE ESCAPED FROM DELHI.

BY C. T. LE BAS.

On the 13th of January last, (1857,) I came to Delhi as judge. In the hot weather I always do my work in the morning. On Monday, May 11th, I was in my court before half-past six A.M. About nine o'clock there was a commotion; a stir, and a whisper among the Vakeels and Omlah. I asked what was the matter, and I was told that there was a row in the city. The report was, that some mutinous troopers had come over from Meerutt; but no one had any certain information. I left off work, ordered my palkee-garee at once, drove down to the Cashmere-gate, left the garee outside, and walked in.

Immediately inside the Cashmere-gate there is a large open space or square, called the Main-Guard. To the left is a lane leading to the magistrate's court, which is situated on the battlements overlooking the Jumna. In front is a wooden gate opening into a second square, containing the church, Skinner's house, the *Delhi Gazette Press*, etc. From this second square a road runs past the Magazine towards the Palace and the bridge of boats. A company of Sepoys, under an English officer, was always on duty at the Main-Guard. On this occasion a company of the 38th Native Infantry was on duty, and the officer was Lieutenant Proctor of that regiment. The men were all under arms.

Proctor told me that some mutinous Sowars had come from Meerutt, and that they were crossing or had crossed the bridge of boats. Fraser and Metcalfe, he said, had gone into the city; and Hutchinson, the acting magistrate, had gone to the cantonments to ask for military aid.

I was thinking of trying to join Metcalfe and Fraser. But an old servant of mine, whom I found in the Main-Guard, had gone through the wooden gate into the second square, and penetrated as far as the Magazine; and he told me that from the Magazine towards the Palace there was a dense crowd, and that I should never be able to get through; so I remained with Proctor. At present the above-mentioned crowd was not mutinous or turbulent; they had merely assembled to see the row.

Mr. Murphy, the collector of customs, now arrived. He brought all kinds of rumors; but still there was nothing certain, except the advent of the troopers from Meerutt. After remaining a short time he drove to his house, (outside the city,) as he wished to speak to some of the members of his family. I went with him. Outside, every thing appeared quiet, and we soon returned to the Main-Guard.

Next came Hutchinson. He announced that the 54th Native Infantry and two guns were on their way to the city. He was residing in a house close to the Cashmere-gate; and he brought out his wife and children, put them into a carriage, and sent them to the cantonment. He then went to join Fraser. I endeavored to dissuade him. I told him he would never be able to get through the dense crowd in front of the Magazine, and I wanted him to wait for the 54th. But he replied that he was the magistrate, and that he must go. I never set eyes on him again. There can be no doubt that he was murdered; but whether he contrived to get through the crowd and to join Fraser and Metcalfe, or whether he was killed in some other part of the city, we never knew.

Shortly after eleven o'clock, the 54th Native Infantry arrived. Their commanding officer, Colonel Ripley, halted them at the Main-Guard, and stopped to question us; and we told him what we knew, which was not much. While we were talking, a Sepoy came up, looking excited and alarmed. The native officer commanding the detachment on duty at the Magazine had sent him to report that the mob was beginning to get riotous and

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turbulent, and that he (the native officer) feared that the Magazine would soon be attacked. Having heard this man's story, Colonel Ripley ordered the wooden gate to be thrown open, and marched through at the head of his regiment. I remained in the Main-Guard with Proctor and his company. Presently we heard shots and loud cries; evidently there was a tumult inside. The wooden gate was not shut close: I walked up to it and looked through. The regiment was in front of Skinner's house. I could only see the backs of the men, but I could make out that there was something wrong; for the Sepoys were scattered about in groups, and appeared to be all in confusion. My servant, with several other idlers, had followed the regiment through the gate. He now came running back, seized my hand, dragged me away, and exclaimed: "If you want to save your life, you must get out of this place." I asked him what was the matter. He replied: "The troopers are killing all the officers. The Sepoys have joined; they won't do any thing; they stand and look on; they will not save the officers." I could hardly believe this, so I went and looked through the gate again. The confusion was greater; the men were more scattered; the firing was still going on; three or four troopers were visible, and they appeared to be riding up towards the gate. I left the gate, and looked round the Main-Guard. The men of Proctor's company appeared to be excited and anxious; Proctor himself I could not see. He must have been there, for I heard afterwards that he had remained in the Main-Guard till the evening: but in the confusion I missed him. (He subsequently escaped to Meerutt.) I then determined to be off. Followed by my servant above-mentioned, and also by my Jemader of Chuprassies, I turned down the lane leading to the magistrate's kutcherry, got to the battlements, descended to the river through a *kirkee*, and *walked* along the bank to Sir T. Metcalfe's house, where I was then residing.

I reached the house a little before noon. I sent out people to get intelligence. Then I bathed, dressed, got something to eat and drink, had a chillum, (I never had another out of that hookah!) and afterwards went up to the roof of the house, from whence I could get a view of the city. Now and then I heard shots; and a thick smoke was rising in the neighborhood of the Palace, as if a large house was burning.

My messengers came back, one after the other. Each had a different story. Fraser, Metcalfe, and Hutchinson had been killed —no, they were safe in the Palace; but Mr. Fraser's head-clerk, Mr. Nixon, had been killed at the Water-gate, and his body was lying in the road; the 54th Native Infantry had joined the troopers, and were plundering the city; no, the 54th had returned to the Main-Guard; but all the officers were killed, and the mob and the troopers were plundering.

Presently my palkee-garee came back. Colonel Ripley had been badly wounded and left for dead: but he afterwards managed to crawl back to the wooden gate, and two native officers of the 38th pulled him through, and consigned him to Doctor Stewart. The latter had gone in with the 54th, escaped unhurt, and returned to the Main-Guard. He now searched for a vehicle; and finding my garee outside where it had been left, he put Colonel Ripley into it, and drove back to the cantonment with him.

At last one of my chuprassies reported that two guns and the greater part of the 74th Native Infantry had marched into the city. I now began to hope that the row would be put down, but presently another man announced that the Brigadier and a number of officers and ladies had assembled at the Flagstaff Tower; and when I heard this I thought there must be something wrong. Accordingly I ordered my dog-cart and drove up to the Tower; also, I sent up a saddle-horse, half a dozen bottles of beer, some cold meat, bread, etc.

The Flagstaff Tower is situated on a high ridge between the city and the cantonment. The shortest road from the city to the cantonment crosses this hill, and runs close under the Tower; but the ascent on the city side is very steep, and people generally take the lower road, which runs round the east end of the ridge, and so enters the cantonment, for the ridge terminates before it reaches the river.

I was at the Tower a little after two P.M. The force there assembled consisted of one company of the 38th Native Infantry, two of the 74th, and two guns. The artillery-men and the men of the 74th were civil and respectful; the 38th men were insolent and disorderly.



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I shall never forget that scene. Officers, ladies, children, ayahs, and other servants were crowded in and about the Tower. Carriages and horses were standing close by. The heat was very great. Most of the children were crying, and no wonder, for they were hungry, thirsty, uncomfortable, and frightened. Many of the ladies were in a state of great despondency; some, however, were as cool and collected as posible, never shedding a tear or uttering a complaint, administering to their weaker sisters, helping to carry up ammunition to the top of the Tower, etc., etc. Here an officer was haranguing the Sepoys and endeavoring to persuade them to do their duty. There an anxious group was gathered round the Brigadier, consulting and discussing. Occasionally an officer would gallop off to the Cashmere-gate, carrying some order to Major Abbott, who was there with the 74th.

About half-past three the Magazine was blown up. The cloud of smoke which rose and hovered over the city was vast and black, but the noise of the explosion was not great.

Soon after this I was sitting in Mr. Wagentreiber's phaeton on the shady side of the Tower, talking to poor M'Whirter and an officer of the 74th. Wagentreiber and his wife and daughter came up, and he announced that they were going. I asked *where* they were going: Mrs. Wagentreiber answered. She is a daughter of the late Colonel Skinner, and is thoroughly acquainted with the native character. She said: "I don't care where we go, I want to get away from these Sepoys. If we stay here they will kill us all." The party drove off.

Presently a cart drawn by coolies came up from the Cashmere-gate. Major Abbott had collected the bodies of the officers of the 54th, and sent them up for interment. People crowded round the cart, and gazed on the bodies of our unfortunate countrymen. Among those who went to look were several Sepoys of the 38th, and as I was afterwards told, some of these men showed signs of savage joy, and made insulting remarks on the unconscious dead.

All this time my old servant was exhorting me to fly. "Why do you all stay here?" he said. "If you stay, not one of you will be left alive an hour after sunset. Do you think these Sepoys will defend you against the mutineers? They will all join; I know it. They are all one." I asked him where I could go to. "Go any where," he said. "Come back to the house, and remain there till after dark, and then cross the river and make your way to Meerutt. Or go to Kurnaul, or to Rohtuc. But, for God's sake, don't stay here!" I could not help thinking the man was right, and I should not have been sorry to go; but I did not like to ride away in the face of all the people assembled at the Tower, and (to own the truth) I did not relish the idea of wandering about the country by myself.

Four guns had been sent to the city—two with the 54th, and two with the wing of the 74th. Two of these the Brigadier recalled: he thought they would be more useful with us than in the city. We could now see these two guns approaching from the direction of the Cashmere-gate. They did not come up the steep road on the city side of the hill: they followed the lower road, and disappeared round the end of the ridge; and we expected them to come up to the Tower by the less steep road on the cantonment side. But soon musketry was heard, and the two guns reappeared from behind the ridge: they were going back towards the city by the same road, escorted by a number of Sepoys. In fact, the guns had been seized by some two hundred men of the 38th.

Captain De Tessier, who commanded the battery, rode across the hill towards the lower road. When he was about one hundred yards from the road, he pulled up, and called out "Halt!" The guns *did* halt; but immediately the Sepoys fired at De Tessier, and he came galloping back to the Tower, with his horse badly wounded; and then the guns and the Sepoys resumed their march towards the city.

Whatever we might have thought before, there could be no mistake *now:* we were in the middle of a general mutiny. The 54th had refused to act, had suffered all their officers to be murdered by the Meerutt troopers, and were now (we believed) plundering in the city. (We afterwards learned that the 54th men came back to the Cashmere-gate; but their behavior, when they were there, was as bad as possible.) What the wing of the 74th were doing we did not know. The 38th men with us at the Tower were insolent and disorderly. The 74th men with us were civil and respectful; but we felt that we could not rely upon them to defend

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us against their comrades. Of the six battery guns, only two were at the Tower. Two had been openly seized by some of the 38th men. Again and again the officers addressed the men, but these exhortations did not appear to have any effect.

At last, one of the officers suggested that we should get away while we could. At first, the Brigadier would not hear of such a thing. He said that he could not abandon his post; that we should soon have aid from Meerutt, etc., etc. But the question was agitated, and the idea of a retreat gradually became familiar to men's minds. At last, my opinion was asked. I said that I did not think the men would defend us; and that if I was right in thinking so, we ought to be off as fast as possible; to remain would be certain destruction. The Brigadier called upon me to remember that I had expressed an opinion that the men would not defend us. There was some further discussion, and at last the Brigadier determined to go. Probably this wise resolution saved the lives of the whole party.

The plan was, that we should descend the hill on the cantonment side, pass through the cantonment, turn to the right, cross the Jumna by a certain ford, and so make our way to Meerutt. There was a general idea that the Sepoys, though they would not fight for us against their comrades, would willingly escort us to another station.

The two guns started first. The ladies and children, and some ayahs and a few of the officers, got into the carriages and followed. I asked Miss S—— how she was going. She said she did not know; she should do what her brother-in-law, Dr. Balfour, did. Balfour was putting some ladies and children into one of the carriages. I asked how *he* was going. He said he must get a lift somehow, and so must his sister, as he had no vehicle. I said: "Take my dog-cart; I shall ride." He and Miss S—— got up, and then another lady and a child, and then Thomason of the Engineers; and my cart, carrying these five souls, followed the carriages. Then I walked down the hill, followed by my syce with my saddle-horse, (a bay Caubul galloway) and by three servants carrying the beer, cold meat, and bread. Among these three was the old man so often mentioned. When I got to the turn at the bottom of the hill I looked back. The Sepoys and the officers were still there, the latter were getting the men into order. I walked through the cantonment with my servants. I was quite unmolested. The guns and the carriages should have turned to the right and made for the ford, but they did not do this; when they got to the cross-road leading to the Grand Trunk road, they kept straight on. Evidently they intended to make for Kurnaul. They were going at a good trot, and I was soon left behind; but I followed the same route. Close to the Botanical Gardens (just outside the cantonment) an officer on horseback rode up. He said: "Where are the guns and the carriages?" I pointed straight ahead. He said: "They have gone the wrong road; they should have gone to the ford; I must go and bring them back;" and off he went. Presently he returned. He said, "I can not catch them; I must report to the Brigadier;" and he rode towards the cantonment. Presently he came back again. He said: "I am to bring back the guns and the carriages immediately." He went up the road at a gallop, and I did not see him again.

Soon after, another officer rode up; then several more; at last our party mustered eight or nine. They all told the same story. The men marched down the hill quietly and obediently; when they got well into the cantonment they began to disperse, intimating that they intended to remain at Delhi, and hinting that the officers had better be off as soon as possible. One Sepoy of the 74th was with us; he was on foot. But we met a syce on an artillery horse. The fellow told some lie about the Captain having sent him back. He was compelled to get off, and the horse was made over to the Sepoy. The latter mounted, and he stuck to us, and accompanied us to Kurnaul. Some of the party were now impatient to get on; so we drank my beer and had a mouthful of the cold meat and bread; and I mounted, and dismissed my servants. Then we started at a quiet canter. In a short time we came up to the two guns; they were standing in the middle of the road. We asked the men why they did not go on? They said they had no officer with them. We told them to come with us, and they followed us a little way; but, although we were not going fast, they soon dropped behind. Eventually they went back and joined the mutineers in Delhi.

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On we went, generally at a walk. Looking back, we could see the blaze of the burning bungalows; but, as yet the Goojurs were not "up," we were quite unmolested, and we met very few people on the road. Presently we reached a dâk bungalow, and here we stopped and had some tea. We remained about twenty minutes; and, just as we were starting again, we were joined by Brigadier Graves, Major Nichol, and Dr. Stewart. The Brigadier had remained behind, endeavoring to induce some of the Sepoys to come; but he could not prevail upon them, and at last he was obliged to go.

We went on again, and at sunrise we came to another dâk bungalow. Here we found Captain Martineau of the 10th Native Infantry. He had been at Umbullah, and was going to rejoin his regiment at Futtehgurh; and he had met the carriages at this dâk bungalow, and learned what had happened at Delhi. The ladies and children were dreadfully tired, and Martineau got some tea for them, and endeavored to persuade the party to stop and rest. But the ladies were anxious to get on to Umbullah, and they would not stay more than an hour or so. The horses, however, were quite knocked up; so Martineau collected horses and carriages belonging to some postal-stations in the neighborhood, and forwarded the party in this way. We breakfasted here, and about ten A.M. we started again. We now traveled in the carriages left by the first fugitives. We went at a foot's pace, our saddle-horses being led behind us. Martineau came with us. Between three and four P.M., we came to a third dâk bungalow. Having got some dinner here, we were off again at sunset; and in the morning we reached Kurnaul.

We left Delhi about seven P.M. on Monday, the 11th of May, and arrived at Kurnaul between three and four A.M. on Wednesday, the 13th.

Soon after we left the dâk bungalow, where we found Martineau, the Wagentreiber party caught us up. When they left the Flagstaff Tower they went to the country-house of a Mohammedan friend, situated on the Kurnaul road. They left this place about midnight; but by that time the country was up; the Goojurs were flocking to Delhi for plunder; and the party were attacked more than once. Wagentreiber, however, was well armed; he had two double-barreled rifles and two pair of pistols; and he killed four of the rascals and wounded several others. Mrs. Wagentreiber behaved like a heroine. She sat on the box and drove, while her husband handled his weapons.

I mentioned that the bodies of the murdered officers of the 54th were brought up to the Flagstaff Tower in a cart. When our troops got to Delhi on the 8th of June, the cart was standing where it had been left; and it still held the sad remains, now turned into an undistinguishable heap of bleached bones.

When I arrived at Kurnaul, my worldly goods and chattels consisted of the following articles—for, of course, I was well aware that whatever I left at Delhi must become the spoil of mutineers and plunderers: a hat, a brown holland coat, a neck-tie, a shirt, a pair of trowsers, a pair of shoes, a pair of socks, a cigar case, (emptied during the journey,) a stick, a pair of gloves, a railway wrapper, and a bay Caubul galloway with saddle and bridle; and my fellow fugitives were as "heinously unprovided" as myself. To be sure there was my dog-cart, with the famous New South Wales mare; but Balfour and his party had not reached the bungalow where we found Martineau; we could not hear any thing of them, and we could not say that we should ever see them again. The fact is, they turned off the road, and proceeded to a village on the canal, where Thomason's camp was pitched. (Thomason is in the Engineers, and he is an assistant to the superintendent of the canal.) Here they remained fo more than a week, the village being friendly. At last they made a push for Kurnaul, and they all arrived in safety—except the poor little child, which died in the village. On the day on which they reached Kurnaul, my mare brought them thirty-four miles under a May sun and over a heavy road.

The above is a faithful account of our Exodus from Delhi, and *of what I saw* of the mutiny. I do not pretend to describe the whole of the proceedings of that day, so memorable at Delhi, the 11th of May, 1857. I have confined myself to what I saw: *Quæ ipse miserrima vidi, et quorum pars fui.*

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From Chambers's Journal.

# A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

## HAPPY AND UNHAPPY WOMEN.

I GIVE fair warning that this is likely to be a "sentimental" chapter. Those who object to the same, and complain that these papers are "not practical," had better pass it over at once; since it treats of things essentially unpractical, impossible to be weighed and measured, handled and analyzed, yet as real in themselves as the air we breathe and the sunshine we delight in—things wholly intangible, yet the very essence and necessity of our lives.

Happiness! Can any human being undertake to define it for another? Various last-century poets have indulged in "Odes" to it, and good Mrs. Barbauld wrote a "Search" after it—a most correct, elegantly phrased, and genteel little drama, which, the *dramatis personæ* being all females, and not a bit of love in the whole, is, I believe, still acted in old-fashioned boarding-schools, with great *éclât*. The plot, if I remember right, consists of an elderly lady's leading four or five younger ones on the immemorial search, through a good many very long speeches; but whether they ever found happiness, or what it was like when found, I really have not the least recollection.

Let us hope that excellent Mrs. Barbauld is one of the very few who dare venture even the primary question — What is Happiness? Perhaps, honest woman! she is better able to answer it now.

I fear, the inevitable conclusion we must all come to is, that in this world, happiness is quite indefinable. We can no more grasp it than we can grasp the sun in the sky or the moon in the water. We can feel it interpenetrating our whole being with warmth and strength; we can see it in a pale reflection shining elsewhere; or in its total absence, we, walking in darkness, learn to appreciate what it is by what it is not. But I doubt whether any woman ever craved for it, philosophized over it, or—pardon, shade of Barbauld!—commenced the systematic search after it, and ever attained her end. For happiness is not an end—it is only a means, an adjunct, a consequence. The Omnipotent Himself could never be supposed by any, save those who out of their own human selfishness construct the attributes of Divinity, to be absorbed throughout eternity in the contemplation of His own ineffable bliss, were it not identical with His ineffable goodness and love.

Therefore, whosoever starts with "to be happy" as the *summum bonum* of existence, will assuredly find out she has made as great a mistake as when in her babyhood she cried, as most of us do, for the moon, which we can not get for all our crying. And yet it is a very good moon notwithstanding: a real moon too, who will help us to many a poetical dream, light us in many a lover's walk, till she shine over the grass of our graves upon a new generation ready to follow upon the immemorial quest, which, like the quest of the Sangreal, is only possible to pure hearts, and which the very purest can never fully attain, except through the gates of the Holy City—the New Jerusalem.

Happy and unhappy women—the adjectives being applied less with reference to position than to character, which is the only mode of judgment possible — to judge them and discourse of them is a very difficult matter at best. Yet I am afraid it can not be doubted that there is a great average of unhappiness existent among women: not merely unhappiness of circumstances, but unhappiness of soul —a state of being often as unaccountable as it is irrational, finding vent in those innumerable faults of temper and of character which arise from no inherent vice, but merely because the individual is not happy.

Possibly, women more than men are liable to this dreary mental eclipse —

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neither daylight nor darkness. A man will go poetically wretched or morbidly misanthropic, or any great misfortune will overthrow him entirely, drive him to insanity, lure him to slip out of life through the terrible by-road of suicide; but he rarely drags on existence from year to year with "nerves," "low spirits," and the various maladies of mind and temper that make many women a torment to themselves, and a burden to all connected with them.

Why is this? and is it inevitable? Any one who could in the smallest degree answer this question, would be doing something to the lessening of a great evil —greater than many other evils which, being social and practical, show more largely on the aggregate census of female woe.

Most assuredly, however unpoetical may be such a view of the matter, the origin of a great deal of unhappiness is physical disease; or rather, the loss of that healthily condition of body, which in the present state of civilization, so far removed from a state of nature, can only be kept up in any individual by the knowledge and practice of the ordinary laws of hygiene—generally the very last knowledge that women seem to have. The daily necessities of water, fresh air, proper clothing, food, and sleep, with the due regulation of each of these, without which no human being can expect to live healthily or happily, are matters in which the only excuse for lamentable neglect, is still more lamentable ignorance.

An ignorance the worse, because it is generally quite unacknowledged. If you tell a young girl that water, the colder the better, is essential to every pore of her delicate skin every morning; that daily out-door exercise, short of extreme fatigue, regular meals, employment, and amusement, are to her a vital necessity; that she should make it a part of her education to acquire a certain amount of current information on sanitary science, and especially on the laws of her own being, physical and mental: tell her this, and the chances are she will stare at you uncomprehendingly, or be shocked, as if you were saying to her something "improper," or answer flippantly: "Oh! yes; I know all that."

But what good does it do her?—when she lies in bed till ten o'clock, and sits up till any hour the next morning; eats all manner of food at all manner of irrregular intervals; is horrified at leaving her bed-room window two inches open, or at being caught in a slight shower; yet will cower all day over the fire in a high woolen dress, and put on a low muslin one in the evening. When she wears all winter thin boots, gossamer stockings, a gown open at the chest and arms, and a loose mantle that every wind blows under, yet wonders that she always has a cold!—and weighs herself down in summer-time with four petticoats heaped one over the other, yet is quite astonished that she gets hot and tired so soon! Truly, any sensible, old-fashioned body, who knows how much the health, happiness, and general well-being of this generation—and, alas! not this generation alone—depend upon these charming, lovable, fascinating young fools, can not fail to be "aggravated" by them every day.

However humiliating the fact may be to those poetical theorists who, in spite of all the laws of nature, wish to make the soul entirely independent of the body—forgetting that if so, its temporary probation in the body at all would have been quite unnecessary—I repeat there can be no really sanitary state of mind without a sane condition of body; and that one of the first requisites of happiness is good health. But as this is not meant to be an essay on domestic hygiene, I had better here leave the subject.

Its corresponding phase opens a gate of misery so wide that one almost shrinks from entering it. Infinite, past human counting or judging, are the causes of mental unhappiness. Many of them spring from a real foundation, of sorrows varied beyond all measuring or reasoning upon: of these, I do not attempt to speak, for words would be idle and presumptuous; I only speak of that frame of mind—sometimes left behind by a great trouble, sometimes arising from troubles purely imaginary—which is called "an unhappy disposition."

Its root of pain is manifold; but, with women, undoubtedly can be oftenest traced to something connected with the affections: not merely the passion called *par excellence* love, but the entire range of personal sympathies and attachments, out of which we draw the sweetness and bitterness of the best part of our lives. If otherwise—if, as the phrase goes, an individual happens to have "more head

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than heart," she may be a clever, agreeable personage, but she is not properly *a woman*—not the creature who, with all her imperfections, is nearer to heaven than man, in one particular—she "loves much." And loving is so frequently identical with suffering, either with or for or from the object beloved, that we need not go further to find the cause of the many anxious, soured faces, and irritable tempers, that we meet with among women.

Charity can not too deeply or too frequently call to mind how very difficult it is to be good, or amiable, or even commonly agreeable, when one is unhappy. I do not think this fact is enough recognized by those very worthy people who take such a world of pains to make other people virtuous, and so very little to make them happy. They sow good seed, are everlastingly weeding and watering, give it every care and advantage under the sun —except sunshine—and then they wonder that it does not flower!

One may see many a young woman who has, outwardly speaking, "every thing she can possibly want," absolutely withering in the atmosphere of a loveless home, exposed to those small ill-humors by which people mean no harm—only *do* it; chilled by reserve, wounded by neglect, or worried by anxiety over some thoughtless one who might so easily have spared her it all; safe from either misfortune or ill-treatment, yet harassed daily by petty pains and unconscious cruelties, which a stranger might laugh at; and she laughs herself when she counts them up, they are so very small — yet they are there.

"I can bear any thing," said to me a woman, no longer very young or very fascinating, or particularly clever, who had gone through seas of sorrow, yet whose blue eyes still kept the dewiness and cheerfulness of their youth; "I can bear any thing, except unkindness."

She was right. There are numberless cases where gentle creatures, who would have endured bravely any amount of real trouble, have their lives frozen up by those small unkindnesses which copy-books avouch to be "a great offense;" where an avalanche of worldly benefits, an act of undoubted generosity, or the most conscientious administering of a friendly rebuke, has had its good effects wholly neutralized by the manner in which it was done. It is vain to preach to people unless you also love them—Christianly love them; it is not the smallest use to try to make people good, unless you try at the same time—and they feel that you try—to make them happy. And you rarely can make another happy, unless you are happy yourself.

Naming the affections as the chief source of unhappiness among our sex, it would be wrong to pass over one phase of them, which must nevertheless be touched tenderly and delicately, as one that women instinctively hide out of sight and comment—I mean what is usually termed "a disappointment." Alas! as if there were no disappointments but those of love! and yet, until men and women are made differently from what God made them, it must always be, from its very secretness, and inwardness, the sharpest of all pangs, save that of conscience.

A lost love. Deny it who will, ridicule it, treat it as mere imagination and sentiment, the thing is and will be; and women do suffer therefrom, in all its infinite varieties; loss by death, by faithlessness or unworthiness, and by mistaken or unrequited affection. Of these, the second is beyond all question the worst: since there is in death a consecration which lulls the sharpest personal anguish into comparative calm; and an attachment which has always been on one side only, has a certain incompleteness which prevents its ever knowing the full agony of having and losing, while at the same time it preserves to the last a dreamy sanctity which sweetens half its pain. But to have loved and lost, either by that total disenchantment which leaves compassion as the sole substitute for love which can exist no more, or by that slow torment which is obliged to let go day by day all that constitutes the diviner part of love—namely, reverence, belief, and trust, yet clings desperately to the only thing left it, a long-suffering apologetic tenderness—this lot is the hardest for any woman to have to bear.

> "What is good for a bootless bene?
> —And she made answer, Endless sorrow."

No. There is no sorrow under heaven which is, or ought to be, endless. To believe or to make it so, is an insult to Heaven itself. Each of us must have known more than one instance when a saintly or heroic life has been developed

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from what at first seemed a stroke like death itself: a life full of the calmest and truest happiness — because it has bent itself to the Divine will, and learned the best of all lessons, to endure. But how that lesson is learned, through what bitter teaching hard to be understood or obeyed, till the hand of the Great Teacher is recognized clearly through it all, is a subject too sacred to be entered upon here.

It is a hard thing to say—and yet a truth forced upon us by daily observation —that it is *not* the women who have suffered most who are the unhappy women. A state of permanent unhappiness—not the morbid, half-cherished melancholy of youth, which generally wears off with wiser years, but that settled, incurable discontent and dissatisfaction with all things and all people, which we see in some women, is, with very rare exceptions, at once the index and the exponent of a thoroughly selfish character. Nor can it be too early impressed upon every girl that this condition of mental *malaise*, whatever be its origin, is neither a poetical nor beautiful thing, but a mere disease, and as such ought to be combated and medicined with all remedies in her power, practical, corporeal, and spiritual. For though it is folly to suppose that happiness is a matter of volition, and that we can make ourselves content and cheerful whenever we choose—a theory that many poor hypochondriacs are taunted with till they are nigh driven mad—yet, on the other hand, no sane mind is ever left without the power of self-discipline and self-control, in a measure, which measure increases in proportion as it is exercised.

Let any sufferer be once convinced that she has this power—that it is possible, by careful watch, or, better, by substitution of subjects and occupations, to abstract her mind from dwelling on some predominant idea, which otherwise runs in and out of the chambers of the brain like a haunting devil, at last growing into the monomania which, philosophy says, every human being is affected with, on some one particular point—only happily he does not know it; only let her try if she has not, with regard to her mental constitution, the same faculty which would prevent her from dancing with a sprained ankle, or imagining that there is an earthquake because her own head is spinning with fever, and she will have at least taken the first steps towards cure. As many a man sits wearying his soul out by trying to remedy some grand flaw in the plan of society, or the problem of the universe, when perhaps the chief thing wrong is his own liver, or overtasked brain; so many a woman will pine away to the brink of the grave with an imaginary broken heart, or sour to the very essence of vinegar, on account of every body's supposed ill-usage of her, when it is her own restless, dissatisfied, selfish heart which makes her at war with every body.

Would that women—and men too, but that their busier and more active lives save most of them from it — could be taught from their childhood to recognize as an evil spirit this spirit of causeless unhappiness — this demon which dwells among the tombs, and yet, which first shows itself in such a charming and picturesque form, that we hug it to our innocent breasts, and never suspect that it may enter in and dwell there till we are actually "possessed:" cease almost to be accountable beings, and are fitter for a lunatic asylum than for the home-circle, which, be it ever so bright and happy, has always, from the inevitable misfortunes of life, only too much need of sunshine rather than shadow, or permanent gloom.

Oh! if such women did but know what comfort there is in a cheerful spirit! how the heart leaps up to meet a sunshiny face, a merry tongue, an even temper, and a heart which either naturally, or, what is better, from conscientious principle, has learned to take all things on their bright side, believing that the Giver of life being all-perfect Love, the best offering we can make to Him is to enjoy to the full what he sends of good, and bear what he allows of evil—like a child who, when once it thoroughly believes in its father, believes in all his dealings with it, whether it understands them or not.

And here, if the subject were not too solemn to be more than touched upon, yet no one dare avoid it who believes that there are so such distinctions as "secular" and "religious," but that the whole earth, with all therein, is, not only on Sundays, but all days, continually "the Lord's"—I will put it to most people's experience, which is better than a hundred homilies, whether, though they may have known sincere Christians who from various causes, were not altogether happy,

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they ever knew one *happy* person, man or woman, who, whatever his or her form of creed might be, was not in heart, and speech, and daily life emphatically a follower of Christ—a Christian?

Among the many secondary influences which can be employed either by or upon a naturally anxious or morbid temperament, there is none so ready to hand, or so wholesome, as one often referred to in the course of these pages—constant employment. A very large number of women, particularly young women, are by nature constituted so exceedingly restless of mind, or with such a strong tendency to nervous depression, that they can by no possibility keep themselves in a state of even tolerable cheerfulness, except by being continually occupied. At what, matters little: even apparently useless work is far better for them than no work at all. To such I can not too strongly recommend the case of

"Honest John Tomkins the hedger and ditcher,
Who, though he was poor, didn't want to be richer,"

but always managed to keep in a state of sublime content and superabundant gayety; and how?

"He always had something or other to do,
If not for himself—for his neighbor."

And that work for our neighbor is perhaps the most useful and satisfactory of the two, because it takes us out of ourselves; which, to a person who has not a happy self to rest in, is one good thing achieved; this, quite apart from the abstract question of benevolence, or the notion of keeping a balance-sheet with heaven for work done to our fellow-creatures—certainly a very fruitless recipe for happiness.

The sufferer, on waking in the morning—that cruel moment when any incurable pain wakes up too sharply, so sharply! and the burden of a monotonous life falls down upon us, or rises like a dead blank wall before us, making us turn round on the pillar longing for another night, instead of an insupportable day—should rouse herself with the thought: "Now, what have I got to do to-day?" (Mark, not to enjoy or to suffer, only *to do*.) She should never lie down at night without counting up, with a resolute, uncompromising, unexcusing veracity: "How much have I done to-day?" "I can't be happy," she may ponder wearily; "'tis useless trying—so we'll not think about it; but how much have I done—how much can I do to-morrow?" And if she has strength steadily to fulfill this manner of life, it will be strange if, some day, the faint, involuntary thrill that we call "feeling happy"—something like that with which we stop to see a daisy at our feet in January—does not come and startle into hope the poor wandering heart.

Another element of happiness, incalculable in its influence over those of sensitive and delicate physical organization, is Order. Any one who has just quitted a disorderly household, where the rooms are untidy and "littery," where meals take place at any hour and in any fashion, where there is a general atmosphere of noise, confusion, and irregularity of doing things at all times and seasons, or not doing any thing in particular all day over; who, emerging from this, drops into a quiet, busy, regular family, where each has an appointed work, and does it; where the day moves on smoothly, subdivided by proper seasons of labor, leisure, food, and sleep—oh! what a Paradise it seems! How the restless or anxious spirit nestles down in it, and almost without volition, falls into its cheerful round, recovering tone, and calm, and strength.

"Order is Heaven's first law,"

and a mind without order can by no possibility be either a healthy or a happy mind. Therefore, beyond all sentimental sympathy, or contemptuous blame, should be impressed upon all women inclined to melancholy, or weighed down with any irremediable grief, this simple advice—to make their daily round of life as harmoniously methodical as they possibly can; leaving no odd hours, scarcely an odd ten minutes, to be idle and dreary in; and by means of orderly arranged, light, airy rooms, neat dress, and every pleasant external influence that is attainable, to leave untried none of these secondary means which are in the power of every one of us, for our own benefit or that of others, and the importance of which we never know until we have proved them.

There is another maxim—easy to give, and hard to practice—Accustom yourself always to look at the bright side of things, and never make a fuss about trifles. It is

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pitiful to see what mere nothings some women will worry and fret over—lamenting as much over an ill-made gown as others do over a lost fortune; how some people we can always depend upon for making the best, instead of the worst, of whatever happens, thus lessening our anxieties for themselves in their troubles; and oh! how infinitely comforting when we bring to them any of our own, assured that if any one can help us, they can and will; while others we never think of burdening with our cares at all, any more than we would think of putting a butterfly in harness.

The disposition which can bear trouble; which, while passing over the lesser annoyances of life, as unworthy to be measured in life's whole sum, can yet meet real affliction steadily, struggle with it while resistance is possible; conquered, sit down patiently, and let the storms sweep over; and on their passing, if they pass, rise up, and go on its way, looking up to that region of blue calm which is never long invisible to the pure of heart—this is the blessedest possession that any woman can have. Better than a house full of silver and gold, better than beauty, or high fortunes, or prosperous and satisfied love.

While, on the other hand, of all characters not radically bad, there is none more useless to herself and every body else, who inflicts more pain, anxiety, and gloom on those around her, than the one who is deprecatingly described as being "of an unhappy temperament." You may know her at once by her dull or vinegar aspect, her fidgety ways, her proneness to take the hard or ill-natured view of things and people. Possibly she is unmarried, and her mocking acquaintance insult womanhood by setting down that as the cause of her disagreeableness. Most wicked libel! There never was an unhappy old maid yet who would not have been equally unhappy as a wife—and more guilty, for she would have made two people miserable instead of one. It needs only to count up all the unhappy women one knows—women whom one would not change lots with for the riches of the Queen of Sheba—to see that most of them are those whom fate has apparently loaded with benefits, love, home, ease, luxury, leisure, and denied only the vague fine something, as indescribable as it is unattainable, the capacity to enjoy them all.

Unfortunate ones! You see by their countenances that they never know what it is to enjoy. That thrill of thankful gladness, oftenest caused by little things—a lovely bit of nature, a holiday after long toil, a sudden piece of good news, an unexpected face, or a letter that warms one's inmost heart—to them is altogether incomprehensible. To hear one of them, in her rampant phase, you would suppose the whole machinery of the universe, down even to the weather, was in league against her small individuality; that every thing every body did, or said, or thought, was with one sole purpose—her personal injury. And when she sinks to the melancholy mood, though your heart may bleed for her, aware how horribly real are her self-created sufferings, still your tenderness sits uneasily, more as a duty than a pleasure, and you often feel, and are shocked at feeling, that her presence acts upon you like the proverbial wet-blanket, and her absence gives you an involuntary sense of relief.

For, let us pity the unhappy ever so lovingly and sincerely, and strive with all our power to lift them out of their grief, when they hug it, and refuse to be lifted out of it, patience sometimes fails. Human life is so full of pain, that once past the youthful delusion that a sad countenance is interesting, and an incurable woe the most delightful thing possible, the mind instinctively turns where it can get rest, and cheer, and sunshine. And the friend who can bring to it the largest portion of these, is, of a natural necessity, the most useful, the most welcome, and the most dear.

The "happy woman"—in this our world, which is apparently meant to be the road to perfection, never its goal—you will find too few specimens to be ever likely to mistake her. But you will recognize her presence the moment she crosses your path. Not by her extreme liveliness—lively people are rarely either happy or able to diffuse happiness; but by a sense of brightness and cheerfulness that enters with her—as an evening sunbeam across your parlor wall. Like the fairy Order in the nursery-tale, she takes up the tangled threads of your mind, and reduces them to regularity, till you distinguish a clear pattern through the ugly maze. She may be neither handsome, nor clever, nor entertaining, yet somehow she makes you feel "comfortable," be-

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cause she is so comfortable herself. She shames you out of your complainings, for she makes none. Yet mayhap, since it is the divine law that we should all, like our Master, be "made perfect through suffering," you are fully aware that she has had far more sorrow than ever you had; that her daily path, had you trodden it, would be to you as gloomy and full of pitfalls as to her it is safe and bright. She may have even less than the medium lot of earthly blessings, yet all she has she enjoys to the full, and it is so pleasant to see any one enjoy! Her sorrows she neither denies nor escapes; they come to her naturally and wholesomely, and passing over, leave her full of compassion for all who may have to endure the same.

Thus, whatever her fate may be—married or single, rich or poor, in health or sickness — though a cheerful spirit has twice as much chance of health as a melancholy one—she will be all her days a living justification of the ways of Providence, who makes the light as well as the darkness, nay, makes the light out of the darkness—a help and a peacemaker to her fellow-creatures, because she is at peace in herself; undoubtedly, as is plain to all, a Happy Woman.

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From Titan.

# HALF AN HOUR WITH CHARLEMAGNE.

Is the spirit of chivalry dead and buried? or is it alive and stirring? They say it is gone — that, like Tennyson's Lady of Shalott, as soon as it left off weaving into its magic web the shadows which were reflected on its own mysterious mirror, and ran to look out at the substantial realities of life, "the curse came upon it," and it died.

> "Out flew the web and floated wide;
> The mirror cracked from side to side;
> 'The curse is come upon me,' cried
> The Lady of Shalott."

They say that as soon as this said spirit of chivalry looked out of its old feudal keep, and saw the gatherings of regularly-paid standing armies; saw deeds of incorporation presented by needy sovereigns to bluff burghers; its own arbitrary courts deserted for sober courts of law; and alchemy giving up its search after the elixir, and learning to make gunpowder; heard, moreover, the distant snort of a fresh *avatar* of the great dragon, the steam-engine, that *then* it knew its hour was come, got into its little doomed shallop, and floated helplessly away down the stream of Time. But have the sagacious individuals who talk such excellent sense as this, heard that the grand old shade of Charlemagne still rides across the Rhine every fine night on a moonbeam, to visit his favorite vineyards, and smell the good odors of his Johannisberg grapes?

It may do us no harm in this utilitarian age to spend a few minutes in Charlemagne's society—not riding behind him on his moonbeam—this would be perilous—but in sober converse concerning a few of the more picturesque events in his own remarkable history. It is not needful to pause for the sake of condoling with the poor *rois faineans* of France, who pined under the blighting shadow of their domineering "mayors of the palace"—nor will we stay behind with Charles Martel, who was surnamed "the hammerer," because he so marvelously pounded the infidels, demolishing at one blow 375,000 who had ventured across the Pyrenees: nor will we linger long even with his intrepid son Pepin, because nothing more distinguishing could be devised for his tomb than this legend: "Here lies the father of Charlemagne." And who was the mother of Charlemagne? for the mother of a great man is almost always a women of more than mediocre capacity. We must ask the old romances, and this is the scene they give us by way of reply.

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There is a beautiful lady wandering about in the great tangled forest of Mans. Judging from her stately bearing, and from the torn relics of costly attire which hang about her weary limbs, you might confidently affirm that she is high-born. But there is one feature which is not particularly aristocratic—she is endowed with an enormous foot, which nevertheless carries her safely through unheard-of dangers and bitter hardships. The pitying *trouvere* sings that she has neither "biscuit" to eat nor "good ale" to drink; and remarks that she is in great terror of the wild beasts which abound all about the dreary path of the "goose-footed maiden." Ha! she is taking shelter under the humble roof of a kindly miller. That man is trustworthy: he will protect the footsore lady: she will have cakes and good ale now, and an occasional slice of his forest venison. Look again, years after she had stepped across that homely threshold. "Bertheaux grands pieds" is there still, and she has bought all the hearts around her by her graceful courtesy. It is a marvel that she does not marry the miller's stalwart son, or one of the admiring young wood-rangers who eat a chance meal at his hospitable board. But no! Bertha cherishes secret reminiscences of a far-off palace home; she knows that she is the daughter of the King of Hungary; knows that years ago she was asked in marriage by no less a personage than Pepin; that her royal lover sent the intendant of his palace to her Hungarian home to fetch her; and that by dark treachery she was deserted in the very heart of the gloomy forest of Mans, while her conductor's fair daughter, who bore a marvelously close resemblance to herself, was substituted for her, and led in state to the expectant monarch. And so Bertha rejects the respectful suits of her wild-wood admirers the while she keeps her wondrous secret. But hark! there is a horn winding through the long aisles and misty glades of the forest. Here comes a hunter, plumed and hungry, who has lost his way in the chase. He craves the miller's hospitality, and is riveted by the charms of the disguised Lady Bertha. She in her turn confides to him her romantic tale; and the plumed hunter declares himself to be her own affianced Pepin. There is a difficulty in the way of the restoration of her rights, in the person of the false lady who has taken her place, but a bribe and a pope could easily settle such cases of conscience in the eighth century — and presently "Bertheaux grands pieds," the "goose-footed maid of the mill," is the queen of Pepin, and in process of time the mother of Charlemagne. So say the old romances; and in witness hereof, see the monastery of St. Avalle, dedicated by the restored queen to "Our Lady of the Woods;" and further, observe the female figure over the grand portal of the ancient Cathedral of Mans, for from beneath that lady's stony drapery peeps a strangely-formed foot, which can by right have belonged to no other than to the "goose-footed maiden." So much for the mother of Charlemagne. She disappears from the troublous scene, to reäppear, however, many years afterwards in a political intrigue, whereby, like many a worldly mother of the nineteenth century, she seeks to aggrandize her house by the judicious marriage of her children. Carloman and Charles were married already. Carloman loved his wife Gisberta; but Charles, he whom we call the Great, is quite ready to listen to his mother's ambitious promptings, and discards his beautiful wife, Himmeltruda, (whose birth and fate no chronicler has thought it worth while to preserve,) and speedily marries Hermengard, the daughter of Desiderius, King of the Lombards. In vain Pope Stephen storms and warns, for the Lombard was the worst enemy of the papal see; and the ire of the Pope is stirred by his own sense of impending danger, and not because Charles sinfully repudiates his innocent wife. Wait a while—this Lombard connection will not long retain its hold over Charlemagne's lawless mind. In the course of a single twelvemonth, Hermengard will be sent back to her iron-crowned father, and Hildegard, a noble Suabian lady, will be married in her stead.

And now let us take a nearer view of the remarkable man whose gigantic proportions seem to fill the whole field of vision in European history from the year 771 to the year 814. In the space of 43 years, the young Charles, occupying but half of the uneasy throne of the Frankish kingdom, the husband of an obscure wife, the tool of an intriguing mother, expands into the mighty Charlemagne, the idolized hero of romance, the fresh impersonation of the old Cæsar, chosen by pope and clergy, owned by Roman and Frank,

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feared by Saxon and Saracen, the splendid restorer of the Western Empire, extending his firm scepter and his sharp sword over France, Spain, Italy, Germany, and Hungary. It is worth while to try to take the moral and physical measurement of such a man; a Titan who could heap up kingdoms after such a fashion as this. We must not listen too deferentially to the idolatrous old romance-writers; they stretch the six feet one of his physical stature into eight feet; they give him resistless strength to match—such strength, that with his good sword "Joyeuse" he could cut in twain a horseman and his horse together. How characteristic of the twilight dawn is this impersonation of a weapon, reminding one of our own misty Arthur, and of his wondrous sword "Excalibur." And the appetite of their Frankish hero was in noble keeping with his expansive stature, being quite competent to undertake at one meal a quarter of mutton, a goose, and a couple of fowls. If Roland and Oliver, and the rest of the doughty paladins, were men of equal capacity, the duties of the commissariat must have been painfully heavy, when their master led them over the Pyrenees down into Saracenic Spain, or when crossing his own beloved river Rhine, he scoured the plains of Saxony, and pitilessly put to the sword every long-haired heathen who declined the alternative of baptism.

There is no single portrait which we may venture to accept as a true likeness of the rough-hewn Emperor of the West. He is like one of those marvelously grand statues of Michael Angelo in the Medicean Chapel at Florence: colossal in its proportions, masterly in its outlines, commanding in its attitude, the lineaments of the countenance are nevertheless so mysteriously shadowed over, that you can not read the symbolic language of the features; and the chisel has unfortunately dropped from the hand of genius before the last expressive touch was given to face or form.

Charlemagne has been treated by Montesquieu as the perfect embodiment of the philosophy of legislation; but we may be allowed to question the true vitality of laws which, though so minute as to regulate the economy of his farms and poultry-yards, and the sale of his eggs, could not insure the stability of his empire even for a single generation. Another historian detects the true germs of the people's liberty in some of the maxims to be found in Charlemagne's "Capitulars;" while, in bold contradiction to this theory, Baulainvilliers adores, in the son of Pepin, the true founder of hereditary feudalism. Another makes him splendid and wasteful as Louis Quatorze; whilst the Romish clergy worship Saint Carolus Magnus as the monarch who conferred upon their order the dangerous rights of temporal and civil jurisdiction, as well as the terrible power of spiritual dominion. Again, scholars laud the Frankish monarch, because he clustered around him a brilliant constellation of mediæval lights, such as Eginhard, the graceful reviver of Latin history; our own Alcuin, pupil of the venerable Bede, from whom Charlemagne thankfully took lessons in mathematics, logic, and rhetoric; Angilbert, whom Charlemagne used to call his Homer, and on whom he bestowed his own daughter Bertha, men whom Hallam calls the paladins of his literary court. Scholars, moreover, honor him, because, flinging aside his barbarian dress, he paced the avenue of stately ruins which mark the Forum, clad in the long tunic and chlamys of ancient Rome; his firm foot bound about with the Roman sandal. They honor him because of the Greek professorships which he founded at Salzburg and Osnaburg; because of the "seven liberal sciences" which he cultivated, and the schools which he established; because of the power of speaking Latin, and of even writing his own language, which he laboriously acquired after he had arrived at mature age; and because, while he fostered Greek and Roman literature, he loved that wild Teutonic poetry which made the oak forests of Germany ring with the lays of impossible heroes, and the legends of rude romance. Yes, it is in his own Rhein-land that Charlemagne may still be met—not by night and by moonshine, but in daily life, and amongst the simple arts of a living people. When the little fair-haired maiden fills her apron with the juicy vegetables and tasty pot-herbs, which grow in her peasant-father's garden, and her mother shreds them into the homely pot that simmers over their wood-fire, the simple folk never think that they owe the wealth of their garden-plot to the beneficent forethought of the mighty Emperor of the West. When the thrifty housewife, whose broad orchards are watered

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by the softly flowing Lahn or the beautiful Moselle, stores her purple mulberries, and stews her sunny peaches and bronzed pears for the goodman's supper, she never asks who taught them to ripen under the cool smile of a German sky. And when the stout burgher of Frankfort, or the garrison officer of Ehrenbreitstein, opens his favorite flask of Rüdesheim or Johannisberger, he forgets that, while Charlemagne was building his great minsters and his splendid dom-churches up and down the country, he was also planting the young vine wherever he could find a ledge of sunny rock that would hold a basketful of earth, and teaching its soft tendrils to cling to every native buttress and battlement on the terraced heights that overhang the Rhine.

Charlemagne was a man of shrewd sagacity, a master of happy expedients, one who kept himself on the top of the wave, and so rode triumphantly into port, mastering the stream of Time. Some heroes have come before their age, distancing the slow march of events, and so have fallen helpless upon the times, the victims of premature anticipation. Not so was Charlemagne. He rode at the head of his generation, and so marshaled the forces of the day to his mind. He fostered the growing power of an ambitious church, and made gifts and grants to the papacy with prodigal profusion; but, while so doing, he made it perfectly subservient to himself, and let it tremble at every impulse of his lordly will. It was when the reins, which he had gathered up and held firmly in his own iron-gloved hand, were jerked this way and that way, in the feeble clutch of his successors, that Rome began to use all the fearful power which he had given her.

But if we set ourselves to examine the moral features of Charlemagne, we shall find that his character will not stand the most passing scrutiny, even though we make large allowance for the lax habits of the age; while not one word can be said for the generosity of a conqueror who caused 4500 prostrate Saxons to be beheaded in one spot. The marvelous activity which gave him no more repose in winter than in summer, in peace than in war; the intellectual energy which enabled him perpetually to provide sagacious expedients to meet the growing wants of the age; in fine, the brilliant success which attended his firm and rapid tread wherever he went: these have gilded the iron effigy of the Emperor of the West. *One* defeat he suffered, and only one—that rout of his rearguard amongst the Pyrenees, still sung by the Spaniards as the battle of Ronçesvalles—where fell Roland, the pet hero of romance. But, if we try the character before us by the searching tests which Scripture supplies, we shall hesitate to call that man great who could be the slave of his passions. The history of his domestic relations is one on which we must decline to enter; yet it is but just to say, that drunkenness, though the vice of his age, was not the vice of Charlemagne.

We will take two illustrative scenes from the story of this remarkable man, and with these we shall leave communing with Charlemagne. It is the year 774. Charles has poured his Frankish legions over the wild passes of the Alps: one division taking that of Mount Cenis; the other, like the Gauls of a recent day, painfully climbing the almost inaccessible heights and depths of the Mount St. Bernard, to pour, like them, triumphantly down upon the trembling vineyards and oliveyards of Lombardy. It is Pope Hadrian I. who has beckoned the Frank over the mountains, to deliver him from the stormy menaces of Desiderius, the Lombard king. Charles has marched with the step of a conqueror down through Northern Italy, and now, at Novi, some thirty miles distant from the old city of the Cæsars, he encounters a stately procession of Roman senators and Roman nobles, with symbolic banners floating in the breeze. As he nears the gates of the city, he whom they had decorated with the tarnished name of Patrician of Rome, curbs his Gallic steed, while he paces through an avenue formed by the papal schools and the papal soldiery. Now the Frank meets a forest of crosses, and alighting from his saddle at sight of the symbol of his faith, he moves onward on foot, until, on the broad steps of St. Peter's, which he stoops to kiss, he is paternally embraced by Hadrian. But there is something more than empty show in all this ostentatious display of proud humility. The monarch enters the Domchurch of Christendom—he has a costly offering to lay upon the high altar of his faith. It is the mysterious instrument which conveys the ratification of his father's gift to the successors of St. Peter—a deed which

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gave to the heir of the fisherman of Galilee a broad and fair earthly sovereignty, a visible temporal crown to encircle his shadowy tiara. The deed of gift has disappeared, and the popes became the expounders of its provisions. But they say that the whole of that beautiful land, which stretches from the vine-clad roots of the Alps down to the golden line marked by the orange-groves of Naples, including the exarchate of old Ravenna, and even the rocky island of Corsica, was laid that day, as an offering of filial love, upon the glittering altar of St. Peter's!

We avert our dazzled gaze for forty years, and look again. We are now in the splendid cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle —in that basilica of Charlemagne, which gave a name to the city itself. It is shining with marbles and porphyry, with gems and gold. A broad and heavy flagstone has just been laboriously laid upon the mouth of a vault, which was scooped, by the order of the Emperor, before the very footstool of his marble throne—a throne which was yellow with gold, and precious with the cameos of Greece, and with the astral gems of the East. Beneath this flagstone, in a curule chair, formed of slabs of purest marble, sits erect a figure, in the cold solemnity of death. The diadem of empire is on his settled brow; silken robes of state, heavy with pearls and orfray, rest in moveless folds about him; he is girt with his baldric; his ivory horn is slung on his shoulder, and the pilgrim's pouch, which he had always worn, is still hanging from his girdle. Before him is his golden shield, and his golden scepter is yet in his rigid grasp; his famous sword "Joyeuse" leans against his moveless form; fragrant spices, and musk, and amber (vain spells against the empire of decay) fill the heavy atmosphere of the tomb; and lastly, on the lap of the dead lies the open roll of the Gospel story. On the marble slab which seals the mouth of the sepulchre are chiseled the simple words: "Carolo Magno."

In the year 1165—351 years afterwards —another emperor, Frederic Barbarossa, lifted the marble slab, and looked down into the tomb — and Charlemagne sat there still!

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From the Westminster Review.

## THE CHILD OF THE PYRAMID; OR, ARABIC LEGEND OF RABIAH.

"HASSAN"* hurries us away from civilization into the African desert. The hero is one of the right noble ancient mould, with whom every thing succeeds—the modern Antar. A lamb in gentleness, a lion in strength, Hercules in his proportions, and Adonis in countenance; can a young English lady, traveling with her father up the Nile, and thrown much into his company, resist the attractions of such a savage? But Hassan knows nothing of Emily's love, and it drops a dead fruit from the tree. Hassan is plighted to Amina, the fair daughter of Deli Pasha, and their loves, enriched with scraps of Eastern verse, are very pleasantly narrated. The English family and its domestics are an intrusion and a nuisance. Another time, Mr. Murray may trust to the interest he excites in his main characters. The writing is generally good. There is a little too much of "it is impossible to describe," and "language fails to paint," etc.; but Mr. Murray can write vigorously, and is not obliged to ask the reader to spur his own imagination. We can not resist stealing from his pages the Arabic Legend of Rabiah; and let all who read it ask themselves, whether we have any thing in fiction to surpass its wonderful beauty this year? It is also translated in such good tone that we are taught to wish that Mr. Murray would

* *Hassan; or, the Child of the Pyramid.* An Egyptian Tale. By the Hon. C. A. Murray, C.B. 2 vols. London: John W. Parker and Son, West Strand. 1857.

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take up the MSS. of the "Thousand Nights and One Night," where Torrens left it.

"Rabîah was feeble, slowly recovering from severe wounds. Who has not heard of Rabîah? the lion of the Nejd, whose eyes were like burning coals, whose form was like the at'l, (oak,) whose voice was as a tempest; before whose lance the brave fell bathed in blood, and the timid fled like herds of antelopes. . . . . When Rabîah came forth to battle and shouted his war-cry, the maidens of the Otèbah wrung their hands, saying, 'Alas for my brother!' 'Alas for my beloved!' and the mother, pressing her babe to her breast, cried: 'O my child! wilt thou see thy father to-morrow?' . . . . Now Rabîah was feeble. . . . . Some months before he had borne away from the tents of the Otèbah, Selma, the pearl of the tribe. Her form was like the Egyptian willow, her face like the full-moon in its brightness, her eyes like those of the antelope, and her teeth pearls set between two cushions of rose-leaves; her neck was a pillar of camphor, and her breasts two pomegranates rivaling each other in rounded beauty. But Selma's eyes were averted, as if in scorn; and while Rabîah was consumed by the fire of love, her heart was a locked casket whose contents none might know. . . . . The season was spring, and the tribe, with their warriors and tents, their flocks, and herds, had moved on to a higher region. Rabîah, retarded by his wounds, had remained behind, keeping with him only a few followers, his sister, and Selma; but anxiety came upon his mind, and he said: 'Let us go join the tribe.' . . . . So they went, the two maidens riding in a musàttah, (camel-litter for two,) and he also on a shibriah, (camel-litter for one;) and thus they journeyed, and Rabîah sung, in a feeble voice, the following words:

'Alas! my heart is bleeding! the arrows of the Otèbah have tasted my blood;
But their hurt is nothing; it is the glance of Selma's eye that hath pierced my heart.'

"The maidens heard the song, but Selma spoke not, and his sister wept for his wounds, but more for his unrequited love. On the second day they passed a mountain, and reaching a sandy plain they journeyed slowly across it. Suddenly a cloud of dust appeared in the distance, and one of the followers sped on a swift horse to see whence it arose. The maidens trembled like willow-leaves in the morning breeze, but Rabîah slept. The man soon returned with a loosened rein and a bloody heel, shouting: 'It is a large body of the Otèbah, and they are coming this way; there is no hope of escape; there is neither strength nor power, save in Allah!' . . . . 'Kabîah,' cried his sister, distracted with fear, 'canst thou do nothing to save us? Wilt thou see Selma carried off before thine eyes? The Otèbah are coming?' At these words Rabîah started up as if from a dream; his eyes shone like two suns. 'Bring me my led war-horse,' he shouted to his men, 'and fasten on my armor; let us see what enemy dare come near Selma while Rabîah lives.' . . . . Still, while they fastened on his armor, his old wounds opened afresh, and the blood trickled from them, and he sang the following lines:

'Truly to be near her and not have her love is worse than twenty deaths;
But to die for her is sweeter than to drink the waters of Keswer (a fountain of Paradise.)'

"When Selma heard these words she turned towards him, and tears dropped from her eyes upon her soft cheek, like dew-drops on a rose. 'Rabîah,' she cried, 'thy great love for me has torn away the vail of pride and deceit from my heart; truly my love is equal to thine; come to my arms, my beloved, let us live or die together.' Then the camels were made to kneel, and Rabîah came to the side of her litter, and she cast her arms about his neck, and he kissed her on the mouth, and their lips did not separate till their souls passed into each other, and they forgot the world. . . . . But the followers cried aloud, 'Rabîah, the Otèbah are coming!' and he tore himself from her embrace; and his great war-horse stood beside him stamping on the ground, for his ear caught the tramp of the steeds, and his wide nostrils snuffed the coming fight. None but Tarrad could bear that mighty warrior through the ranks of the foe; he was swift as an antelope, and like an elephant in his strength. . . . . Now Rabîah's armor was fastened and his helmet on his head. He looked once more upon Selma, and repeated the following lines:

'Our souls have drunk together the waters of life;
There is no separation now, not even in death.'

"Then he mounted Tarrad, and took his great spear in his hand, though his limbs were stiff, and his wounds still bled beneath his armor. 'Make all speed,' said he, 'with the camels to the Horseman's Gap, beyond it is the plain where our tribe is encamped; then you will be safe.' So they went; and when he saw the Otèbah drawing nigh, his great heart rose within him; he forgot his wounds, and the fire shot from his eyes. Then he rode towards them, and shouted his battle-cry aloud. Their hearts trembled within them, and none of them came forth to meet him. But Fèsal, the young chief of the band, who was brother to Selma, reproached them, saying: 'Are ye men, or are ye sheep, that one hundred are afraid of one? Has he not slain our brethren, and carried away the pearl of our tribe? Now is the hour of revenge!' And he went forth at speed to strike Rabîah to the earth with his lance, but Rabîah met him in full career, and warded the blow. With the shock of meeting, Fèsal and his horse rolled together on the ground. Then Rabîah wheeled round to slay him, but the young man's

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helmet had fallen off, and Rabîah knew his face, and spared him, saying: 'Thou art Selma's brother.' Then he charged the band, and he raged among them like a wolf in the sheepfold, and he pierced a strong warrior through the body—the man fell from his horse, and the lance broke. Then they set up a shout of rage and triumph, yet they could not come near him, for he had drawn his limb-dividing sword, so they shot arrows at him from a distance. Casting his eyes behind him, he saw that his camels were entering the gap, and he retreated slowly, covering himself from the arrows with his shield; thus he gained the mouth of the defile. There he stood and faced them; and though the arrows showered upon him, and blood was flowing fast down the flanks of Tarrad, he spoke and moved not, but sat still, like a horseman carved in stone in the gap. But soon an arrow, entering the eye of Tarrad, reached his brain, and he fell dead. Then Rabîah lay down behind his horse's body, covering himself also with his shield, so that they saw him not; but they continued shooting their arrows until Fèsal, who had mounted another horse, came up and staid them, saying: 'The horse is dead, and Rabîah must now be our prisoner.' Then he rode forward with a few followers, and called aloud, 'Rabîah, yield thyself; escape is now impossible;' but Rabîah gave no answer. Fèsal then advanced still nearer, and repeated the same words, adding, 'It is useless to shed more blood.' But Rabîah gave no reply. Then he approached with the caution of a hunter coming near a wounded lion, till he reached the spot, and looked upon his face. Rabîah was dead! Then pity took possession of the heart of Fèsal, and having told his followers to place the body of Rabîah and of his horse gently on one side, he galloped alone after the party that had retreated through the gap, and he knew that his sister was one; and seeing that they prepared to shoot their arrows, he said to them: 'Put away your weapons; this is the hour of grief, and not of war.' And he drew near to the litter and said: 'Sad is the news of my tongue—Rabîah is dead—the Lion of the Nejd is no more.' Then a piercing shriek came from the sister of Rabîah, and she cried: 'Let us go back to him.' Selma spoke not a word; a great stone was upon her heart, and speech and tears were denied her. So they turned back; and when they reached the spot there was a dead silence, while the camel was made to kneel down, and the two maidens came forth. Rabîah's sister wept and sobbed, holding her dead brother's hand; but Selma cast herself on the body of her beloved, and cast her arms about his neck, and again she pressed her lips to his cold lips. None dared to move her and Allah had mercy upon her, and her soul passed away in their last kiss. For many months there were wailing and lamentations among the tribes, and there was peace among them, for war lay buried in the grave where Rabîah and Selma slept side by side."

From the Eclectic Review.

# THE ATHEISMS OF GEOLOGY.*

We much doubt whether the attempt so frequently made to reconcile the Mosaic narrative of the Creation and the discoveries or deductions of Geology have been to the glory of God, and the honor of his word. The authors who, with great confidence in their several modes of concordance, have claimed for their theories the authority of Revelation, have greatly over-estimated the value of their speculations. Every Christian mind is fully convinced that whenever a want of harmony is perceived between the declarations of the Bible and the deductions of science, man has been a false interpreter of one or both. The schemes of the Mosaical geologists have, therefore, whether received or rejected, no influence upon the faith of believers in Revelation, for they have already accepted the conclusion of the Apostle: "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that those things

* *The Testimony of the Rocks; or, Geology in its Bearings on the Two Theologies, Natural and Revealed.* By Hugh Miller. Edinburgh: Shepherd & Elliot. 1857.

*Atheisms of Geology: Sir C. Lyell, Hugh Miller, etc., confronted with the Rocks.* By J. A. S. London: Piper, Stephenson & Co. 1857.

*Voices from the Rocks; or, Proofs of the Existence of Man during the Palæozoic, or most Ancient Period of the Earth: a Reply to the late Hugh Miller's "Testimony of the Rocks."* London: Judd & Glass. 1857.



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which are seen were not made of things which do appear." To the skeptic these pseudo-geological hypotheses are absolutely valueless. If he desire to bring his faith into harmony with his reason, and doubting be a state of painful suspense, he will seek for more convincing proofs of the authenticity of the divine revelation than this subject is adapted to supply; and if his incredulity be a fictitious condition of mind, assumed as a justification of the habitual neglect of religious duties, or breaches of the moral law, a comparison of Sinai and Calvary will better suit his case than a reconciliation of the mineral and Mosaical geologies.

But we are disposed to go a step further in our depreciation of this class of books; for in many instances, we believe, they have encouraged the skepticism their authors honestly intended to remove. The Mosaic narrative of the Creation is singularly brief and explicit, and speculative minds have taken advantage of the brevity to interpolate explanations after their own fashion. If a number of artists were to paint pictures from the same bare outline, their works would prove, by dissimilarity, how little the greater number must resemble the original conception, or the living subject. The narrative of the Creation supplies a series of such outlines, and minds differing in character and in cultivation perceiving them under different lights, one has given prominence to parts which another has put in distance, and many have thus lost the spirit of the sketch altogether. This dissimilarity in the protended copies has, we fear, often excited a doubt as to the truthfulness of the original; and careless, ignorant minds have been taught to despise when they were asked to admire. But in making this statement, we have no desire to repress the expression of opinion, nor to condemn controversy within the legitimate area of scriptural research, and in the spirit of Christian candor.

Although we fully admit the necessity and benefit of a rigid examination of scientific deductions, we dispute both the propriety and right of those who use science for the purpose of denouncing the conclusions which stand in the way of preconceived hypotheses; and in so doing we again enter our protest against a large number of books on the mineral and Mosaical geologies. Their authors, confessing their dependence upon scientific research, in which they have taken no part, build up their several theories, as diverse as the tongues at Babel, though announced as confessions of faith, by a systematic denunciation of the deductions and characters of the men on whom they depend for facts. Nor is this all; for these theorists are apt to abuse each other, and some make the reception of their speculations the test of individual Christianity. If a man should believe that the earth was in existence, and "without form and void," prior to the first day of the Mosaic narrative; or, with Hugh Miller, that "the six days of the Mosaic narrative were not natural days, but lengthened periods," he must take his place with "atheistical geologists," and submit to be denounced by those who hold opposite opinions as a despiser of Revelation. The author of "Voices from the Rocks" has written a comparatively sensible and modest book, less disfigured than many others teaching the same theory, by violent attacks upon the faith of those who differ in opinion, but he can not lay down the pen in that charity which "thinketh no evil."

"Although Geology," he says, "is confessedly yet in its infancy—although it mutters only a feeble and inarticulate language—although its professors are notoriously at variance as to its fundamental positions, yet it has ventured to set itself in opposition to the declarations of the Scripture of truth. Diverse theories concerning the past history of our globe swarm every season, and buzz like ephemera for a time, until they perish before a fresh generation of their kind. Various as these speculations are, however, they agree in one particular: they completely ignore, and set at naught, the revelation which it has pleased the Creator himself to give us, respecting 'the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created.' This is strange; and stranger still, Geology is believed, and Revelation is rejected; or if not positively rejected, its plainest statements are so twisted and tortured by learned critics, that they are made to harmonize with whichever theory happens to be for the nonce in most favor with geological *savants*."

There is inconsistency as well as unfairness in this accusation. The author condemns Geology because it has "set itself in opposition to the declarations of the Scripture of truth." Geology is a science of facts, and the hypotheses of geologists are rather accidental than necessary to its development. The deductions drawn from geological facts are the opinions of indi-

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viduals, and for the greater part, especially for those of a theological tendency, the science is not answerable. The author of the "Vestiges of Creation" is a geologist, and so was the late Hugh Miller, but Geology can not teach both theories—one is pure Atheism, the other is Mosaical, for even if it be heterodox, it is a hypothesis which admits the obligation of the human reason to the Divine revelation, and seeks to reconcile the scientific opinions of the author with his reading of the Mosaic narrative. Geology can not teach at one and the same time that there is no God, and that God has given a revelation which can not be rejected without sin. A man may be thoroughly acquainted with the chemical composition and physical condition of rocks, their superposition and organic remains, and yet his mind may be undecided as to the circumstances under which they have been produced, and the time occupied in their formation; but he is nevertheless entitled to call himself a geologist. The author is in error when he says that geologists "are notoriously at variance as to *its* fundamental principles." It is not possible that a science can have antagonistic principles. Difference of opinion may exist among a certain class of students, and the author has pointed out the class to which he refers—it is that to which he belongs. It embraces all those who avail themselves of the investigations of scientific men to support the speculations by which they propose to reconcile the testimony of the works and word of God. Such are the men who "every season" publish "diverse theories concerning the past history of our globe," and whose speculations, according to the author, "set at naught the revelation which it has pleased the Creator himself to give us respecting 'the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created.'" Geology is no more to be blamed for the follies or sins of these men than the laws of society are chargeable with the crimes which they have specified and denied. We heartily wish these men would leave the science alone, for if it be "confessedly in its infancy," we have not yet the information necessary for a comparison of the works and word of God.

We need not look beyond the three books before us, to sustain the position we have taken; and we might add, to prove the uselessness of their speculations, if the influence of two out of the three were not absolutely pernicious. Presuming them to have been written by Christian men, holding the authority of the Bible to be supreme, and anxious to remove every appearance of discord between the narrative of the Creation and the deductions of scientific men, we have in the results of their serious and patient research, a distressing instance of discord in their representations of the meaning of the history, as well as in the theories by which they severally attempt to explain the geological facts. Hugh Miller who, without controversy, possessed a knowledge of Geology to which the other authors before us can lay no claim, applied his earnest mind and the force of his genius to the subject, and with high authority as a Christian and a geologist, explained his method of reconciling the testimony of the works of the Creator with the words of the lawgiver. But the position he took, and the theory he proposed, are indignantly rejected. The author of the "Voices" can not "conceive how any honest believer in the inspiration of the first chapter of Genesis, can hold to a scheme which so plainly contradicts some of its most evident statements;" while the author of the "Atheisms" believes, "that metonymy, carried so far as it is in the 'Testimony of the Rocks,' is only calculated to destroy the credit of the Bible altogether, to justify infidelity, and to sap, even in the mind of the Christian himself, the whole foundation of his hope and trust." If from this apparent agreement in denouncing Hugh Miller's scheme of reconciliation, any hope of further unanimity between these writers should be entertained, it will be disappointed; for, except that they both believe the Mosaic day to be a period of four-and-twenty hours, the hypotheses by which they explain the formation of rocks are as opposed to each other as to the one they mutually condemn. Would that these authors had been actuated by that noble faith in the ultimate conquest of scientific truth, and the virtue of patience, which Kepler evinced, when, in anticipation of the skepticism of his contemporaries, he said of his "Harmonies of the World:" "It may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited six thousand years for an observer."

It is not our intention to examine the safety of the position Hugh Miller has

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taken in his "Testimony of the Rocks," or to criticise his hypothesis. We will, therefore, quote one passage from which the reader may form his own opinion of both, and pass on to some remarks upon the "Atheisms of Geology."

"I occupy exactly the position now," he says, "with respect to Geology, that the mere Christian geographer would have occupied with respect to Geography in the days of those doctors of Salamanca, who deemed it unscriptural to hold with Columbus that the world is round—not flat; or exactly the position which the mere Christian astronomer would have occupied with respect to Astronomy in the days of that Francis Turrettine, who deemed it unscriptural to hold with Newton and Galileo, that it is the earth which moves in the heavens, and the sun which stands still. The mere geographer or astronomer might have been wholly unable to discuss with Turrettine or the doctors, the niceties of Chaldaic punctuation or the various meanings of the Hebrew verbs. But this much, notwithstanding, he would be perfectly qualified to say: However great your skill as linguists, your reading of what you term the Scriptural Geography or Scriptual Astronomy, must of necessity be a false reading, seeing that it connects Scripture to what, in my character as a geographer or astronomer, I know to be a monstrously false Geography or Astronomy. Premising, then, that I make no pretensions to even the slightest skill in philology, I remark further that it has been held by accomplished philologists, that the days of the Mosaic Creation may be regarded, without doing violence to the genius of the Hebrew language, as successive periods of great extent; and certainly, in looking at my English Bible, I find that the portion of time spoken of in the first chapter of Genesis as *six* days, is spoken of in the second chapter as *one* day. True, there are other philologers, such as the late Professor Moses Stuart, who take a different view; but then I find this same Professor Stuart striving hard to make the phraseology of Moses 'fix the antiquity of the globe;' and so, as a mere geologist, I reject this philology on exactly the same principle on which the mere geographer would reject, and be justified in rejecting, the philology of the doctors of Salamanca, or on which the mere astronomer would reject, and be justified in rejecting, the philology of Turrettine and the old Franciscans. I would, in any such case, at once, and without hesitation, cut the philological knot, by determining that the philology can not be sound which would commit the Scriptures to a science that can not be true."

In this course of reasoning, the author assumes the impossibility of accounting for geological facts without admitting the lapse of a much longer period of time than that which intervened between the commencement of human chronology and the Deluge. This opinion he attempts to prove by an appeal to the testimony of the rocks and their organic remains; and we need not say how interesting these researches are made by the simple energy and grace of his style, and the amplitude of his genius. But the theory, and the argument by which it is supported, may be as false as the book is interesting. This is the substance of the charge made by the authors of the two books we have, at the commencement of this paper, associated with the "Testimony of the Rocks," and upon them we have a few remarks to make.

The author of the "Atheisms of Geology" charges geologists with Atheism. But if Atheism be a denial of the existence of God, he has made no reasonable attempt to prove that they hold this irrational dogma, and as we can not understand why these intelligent, philosophical, hard-working, scientific men should be more apt than other thinking minds to adopt the doctrine of chance, with its unconquerable difficulties, in preference to a rational belief in a First Cause, some proof of the fact must precede our consent to the assertion. The author's object is to undermine their theories and establish his own, and, strange to say, he seeks to accomplish his purpose by the use of arguments drawn from the divine attribute of omnipotence. Surely the consecutive reasoning of a logician is not necessary to prove that successful argument must be based upon some acknowledged principle—some fact or assumption admitted by the disputants. No intelligent man who believes geological theories to be false, and geologists to be atheists, could, we think, attempt to disprove their scientific conclusions by arguments drawn from the omnipotence of God. We must, therefore, either believe that the title of the book before us is a misnomer, or that the author is not careful to ascertain the precise meaning of the words he employs. The latter is the most charitable conclusion we can adopt, and he has fortunately supplied, in the commencement of his essay, an illustration of his misapplication of the offensive term he has applied to geologists, and thus provided an antidote for the poison of his pen.

Many years ago our author heard a lecturer announce the following proposition: "The facts of mathematical science are abstract and unchangeable. Thus one

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and one added together can not make any other number than two. It is impossible they can make any other number even with God. We are warranted in saying this without irreverence, for on the authority of St. Paul, we have it that some things are impossible with God, as, it is impossible for God to lie." Now this statement, strange to say, the author believes to be atheistical, or, to use his own words, it "is a system of logic calculated to ignore omnipotence and to negative the existence of an Almighty God, on the misquoted authority of his own Apostle." Much as we condemn the impropriety of applying deductions from moral or intellectual qualities to scientific facts, opinions, or assertions, and of comparing God's inability to sin with his inability to make an abstract mathematical truth a falsehood, we are quite unable to perceive Atheism in the denounced assertion. Far more strongly do we condemn the author's attempt to refute the lecturer by an illustration drawn from our Saviour's first miracle and the science of chemistry. His reasoning may be thus expressed: Oxygen is one element, hydrogen another, and the two, in certain proportions, make water; but of water Christ made wine, and as wine contains more than two elements, the assumed miracle was a deception, or one and one do not necessarily make two. Expressed in this form, the fallacy of the argument is at once perceived. The author deals with created things and creative power as if they were the same existence. Christ had before him two elements, as chemistry asserts, and by the exercise of his creative power there was an instantaneous transformation or creation, and the elements or created things were many. This miracle does not prove that in the divine prescience one and one can be some other number than two, though Omnipotence can from two substances produce any other number of substances. Had Christ broken up the two elements of water in the miraculous production of wine, and created seven out of the two, it could not be said that one seven times repeated make two, nor could the exercise of the creative power be said to throw a doubt upon the fact that one and one make two. It may be said that God has spoken to man in the terms he is accustomed to employ; but, by way of illustration, we may remark that if such an argument as that introduced by the author could be sustained, the Bible itself would be an enigma, and some of its most encouraging and consoling promises would be as valueless as the mystical dreams of the enthusiast, or the ambiguous declaration of a heathen oracle. If when Christ said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name there will I be in the midst of them," he did not mean the numbers so designated by men, but some number he could create out of two or three, how could we in pleading his promise anticipate the fulfillment?

We shall not discuss the question raised by the author whether the Apostle meant that "the impossibility of God condescending to lie, was from choice and merit in him, and not from the force of any superior law or necessity upon him." But we can not understand why the author should so represent the omnipotence of God that it should over-shadow the essential holiness of his nature, or how our conceptions of his almighty power can be strengthened by admitting his ability to convert that which is a truth into a falsehood. "Truth," says the author, "rests on the character and choice of God alone;" but God is unchangeable, "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever;" therefore, that which was true, is true, and will be true forever. So far, then, from perceiving, in the remark of the lecturer, "how deep-seated the tendency to atheistical reasoning is based in the scientific mind," we learn to distrust the judgment of the author upon questions of faith and skepticism. His error, if it does not consist in a misapplication of words, is the result of a weak perception of the essential holiness and unchangeableness of God.

From this example of the author's style of reasoning we are prepared to estimate at its true value his opposition to modern science upon the charge of atheistical tendencies. If no more serious objection can be raised, it will be acquitted of inculcating skepticism. But Geology, he says, "has taken a far more decided, culpable, and presumptuous stand against the existence and attributes of God." What that intellectual culpability may be which is of greater turpitude than the denial of the existence of God, he does not explain and we can not divine, unless it be an acknowledgment of his being and a denial of his authority. But we ought to know that if geologists have denied the being of God, no argument founded on an acknowledgment of his attributes can influence their

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minds, and to discuss with them the evidence and reasonableness of a revelation from him to man, is like reasoning to the winds, a ridiculous waste of time. Convince a wise man that there is no sun in the heavens, and he will cease to investigate the nature of its presumed emanations. But the author, though never weary of proclaiming the Atheism of geologists, treats them as reasonable men appealing to the omnipotence of God, and attempting to prove from that attribute their depravity and his jealousy for the divine word. Upon his own statement, however, the sin of geologists consist in believing that the stratified rocks are of pre-Adamic formation—in assuming that the beginning of creation was prior to the six days of the Mosaic narrative, and that at the commencement of that undefined term the earth was without form, waste or confused, and void or empty. Many geologists believe this to be the testimony of God to his own creation, confirmed by the testimony of their science. The author's reading of the Mosaic narrative does not support this view. He believes the earth to have been prepared in six days for the habitation of man, and while, upon scientific principles, he considers this to be enough, his apprehension of the divine omnipotence forbids the admission of a longer period. But the author's confidence in his right as an intelligent and Christian man to hold these opinions, should have moderated his attacks upon others. He has, however, indulged a noisy and boisterous satisfaction in heaping opprobrious epithets upon Geology and its students, as though his zeal for divine truth might be measured by the offensiveness of his epithets. Geologists are said to be "tall and strong in Atheism," their opinions are "infallible absurdities," and their theories are "absolutely and physically impossible." Geologists know as well as other men how little safety is to be found in a castle of enchantment, which may dissolve in a night and leave its inhabitants unsheltered to the ridicule of mankind. But so long as they believe their theories to be built on the rocks, and to be fortified by truth, the voice of friendship should be heard in the tones of argument and persuasion, and not in those of abuse and ridicule.

The argument upon which the author relies—that it is atheistical to believe the work of Creation to have occupied ages, as six days were sufficient for the Divine performance—is fatal to his own hypothesis, for to Omnipotence duration is a non-essential element in production. But reasoning upon his own premises, we soon discover the fallacy of his assertion. Did we not perceive the necessity of the education of the human mind, and of the cultivation of a sense of dependence, we could give no reason why man, whose life is so brief, compared with the term of existence possessed by some animals, and many vegetable organisms, should pass through the successive stages of infancy, childhood, and youth, before he attains the maturity of his being, and why it should be commenced and terminated in driveling imbecility. No serious mind will dare to impugn the omnipotence of the Creator because he did not so ordain, cause, and effect, as to abridge the periods of human weakness, and secure a longer continuance of the full powers of body and mind. By what authority, then, does the author assert that when God resolved to create a world for the residence of man, "the object so directly aimed at would be as directly and immediately accomplished, after the means selected and designed for the purpose were set in operation?" The argument employed to disprove the geological theory of lengthened periods in the formation of rocks, might be so used as to lead to gross impiety, for the solemn act of human redemption might be impugned, because four thousand years intervened between the ruin of man and the incarnation of the Redeemer.

We might here close our remarks upon the "Atheisms of Geology," but as the author professes to show upon scientific principles the condition of the earth at the commencement of the Mosaic chronology, and the manner in which the whole series of stratified rocks may have been formed in sixteen hundred years, that is to say, between the creation of Adam and the Deluge, we must devote two or three pages to a review of his hypothesis, though the task is neither easy nor pleasant, for his motto should be—

"Nunc huc, nunc illuc, et utrinque sine ordine curro."

In reference to the state of the earth, antecedent to the formation of the metamorphic rocks, our author agrees with the geologists. "The earth," he says, "must

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have been at one time a molten mass, and in this condition obeyed the law or divine command, to the supremacy of which it was introduced, and took the form of a spheroid." But upon the question of the time when the earth was in this condition, the geologists and our author, as already stated, differ essentially, for he believes this to have been its condition on the first day of the Mosaic narrative. The cooling or refrigeration of the earth, sufficient for the formation of a hard granitic surface, is supposed to have been rapidly effected, as it was surrounded by gases waiting combination for the production of water and atmospheric air, and within eight-and-forty hours after consolidation of a crust, volcanic vents and subaqueous formations may have been produced.

Compare with this hypothesis the statement of Hugh Miller:

"Addison's popular illustration drawn from one of the calculations of Newton, made in an age when comets were believed to be solid bodies, rendered the reading public familiar, considerably more than a century ago, with the vast time which large bodies greatly heated would take in cooling. 'According to Sir Isaac Newton's calculation,' said the exquisitely classical essayist, the comet that made its appearance in 1680, imbibed so much heat by its approach to the sun, that it would have been two thousand times hotter than red-hot iron had it been a globe of that metal; and that supposing it as big as the earth, and at the same distance from the sun, it would be fifty thousand years in cooling before it recovered its natural temper.' . . . It is now ascertained from the circumstance that no dew is deposited in our summer evenings, save under a clear sky, that even a thin covering of cloud—serving as a robe to keep the earth warm—prevents the surface heat of the planet from radiating into the spaces beyond. And such a cloud, thick and continuous, as must have wrapped round the earth as with a mantle during the earlier geologic periods, must have served to retard for many ages the radiation, and consequently the reduction of that internal heat of which it was itself a consequence."

As the author pledges himself to prove that all the stratified rocks were formed in the first sixteen hundred years of human chronology, and as all the mountain chains upon the earth, old Ararat included, must have been elevated within the same period, the patriarchs and fathers of our race must have been witnesses of those terrific eruptions which tilted rocks, ejected the matter of dykes and veins, and shook the world to its center unless we are prepared to believe that the antediluvian population was located on a bare granite promontory, and providentially exempted from the operation of those natural causes which in every other portion of the globe heaped mass upon mass, and entombed the remains of all living creatures.

One might think that no theorist would demur to the proposition, that if one stratum lies upon another, the lower must have been deposited before the upper; and that if this arrangement be observed in many places, in different countries, and indeed all the world over, the chronological relations of the rocks may be fairly assumed, when their contact is not visible. Our author adopts the first part of the proposition, and denies the second. "The undeviating order of succession," he says, "does not imply an undeviating order in point of chronological existence." To give an illustration of this dogma we may suppose him to admit that when the lias underlies, and is in contact with, the inferior oolite, the former was deposited before the latter; but when the two beds are in different districts or countries, and the superposition is not seen, there is no evidence of chronological succession, and the geologist is at liberty to assume their contemporaneous origin. But we will take the author's own illustration. "The old red sandstone," he says, "is not a universal formation, and when from any cause superposition can not be traced, chronological succession can not be allowed, for while the old red sandstone was being accumulated in one place, the carboniferous rocks may have been produced in another, and the new red sandstone in a third." This is the hypothesis he has had the daring to promulgate as one of the means of reconciling Geology and Scripture. It is nothing to him that the old red sandstone, mountain limestone, and coal measures, give so many evidences of violent disturbance, while the horizontality of the new red sandstone as clearly demonstrates the deposition after the disturbing agent had expended itself. The defense of this fallacy upon the plea that the old red sandstone is a limited formation, and that it is unphilosophical to assume a suspension of natural agencies on one part of the earth while this rock was being produced in another, is unfair as well as untrue. The old red sandstone, we fearlessly assert, is not a more local formation than other palæozoic rocks; and

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abundant evidence could be given of the extent and violence of the subterranean forces by which the earth was shaken at the commencement and close of the epoch of its production. He must be a bold theorist who talks about the old red sandstone being a local formation. We pass over the significant fact of its forming the ochils and sidlaws of Scotland, covering a large area in the south of Ireland, composing many of the lofty hills of Hereford, Monmouth, and Brecknock, spreading over large tracts of country in South-Wales and Devon, and almost surrounding the coal-fields of the West. If it were confined to our own isles it might be called local; but it is the rock of the great plains of Central Europe, and is found in Siberia, Russia, Germany, and Belgium; in Southern and Central Africa; in North-America; in Brazil, and on the flanks of the Himalaya Mountains.

Should we admit the author's premises, deny the sedimentary character of nearly all the stratified rocks, and reject the possibility of the long periods of physical activity imagined by geologists to have been necessary for their formation, and the revolutions which have successively affected the earth, the author is prepared to give us an explanation of the means by which the whole series above the granite may have been formed in sixteen hundred years. In illustration of his theory, he presents us with an explanation of the formation of the coal measures—as bold an effort of generalization as could be forced by an opponent upon a theorist. The formation of coal in lakes or estuaries by the accumulation of vegetable matter floated down rivers, or by the submergence of forests and peat bogs, are theories utterly inadequate to the effect, and are contemptuously rejected. We are not much surprised at this decision, for many geologists regard them as unsatisfactory conjectures, and the author will certainly be heard with attention if he can suggest a better explanation. Lyell himself once advocated the theory of transport, but after he had "seen calamites near Pictou, in Nova Scotia, buried at various heights in sandstone, and in erect attitudes," he adopted Brogmart's opinion of submergence. Having once resigned a favored hypothesis in deference to evidence, there is reason to believe he will be willing to accept any other more explanatory of the phenomena. The circumstances are, therefore, favorable to the promulgation of a new theory among the stiff-necked geologists, for there are no strong convictions or prejudices to overcome. Let us see how the author acquits himself.

The subject resolves itself into two questions—How was vegetable matter accumulated for the formation of coal, and how were the associated beds produced? Although it has been said by an eminent geologist that the vegetable matter from twenty-five square feet of ground will produce only one pound of carbon, we have the author's assertion that a single forest of endogens would suffice for the formation of the thickest-known bed of coal. This is a bold statement, for the seams of coal are sometimes of considerable thickness: the Bodder Vawr, of South-Wales, is ten feet thick; the South Vawr, thirteen feet, and the great seam of the Dudley and Wolverhampton district, is thirty feet. In reference to the time occupied in the production, he says: "The whole coal measures in growth and deposition altogether took no more than the brief span of an antediluvian lifetime." This appears a too liberal allowance, considering how much was to be done in sixteen hundred years, but we think a less period could not be given. A few facts will probably bring the reader to the same conclusion. The coal measures of the Forest of Dean consist of 160 beds of various substances, of which thirty-two are coal, varying in thickness from three inches to six feet. "The thickness of the upper shales and sandstones of Dean Forest," says Sir Henry de la Beche, "is about 1255 feet, making with 1055 feet of the central sandstones and 455 feet of a sand stone series referable to the Farewell Rock, a total depth of 2765 feet for the coal measures in Dean Forest, in which we have the lower shales absent." The same series in the Bristol Basin is estimated at a thickness of 6280 feet, and is composed of 295 beds; and in some other districts, the number and thickness of the beds is still greater. But we pass on, and leave our author to explain how the coal beds with their associate strata were formed:

"A cause peculiarly applicable to the period, and to all the earlier formations, must have frequently manifested itself in immediate and most intimate connection with the subterranean

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forces we have mentioned, namely, *extensive landslips*, or slips of the soil and loose surface matter from the deep and long slopes of great and sudden upheavals to the beds, or submarine valleys, or levels at their base. Such slips, whether of forests, mosses, or pastoral vegetation, occasioned by the sudden upheaval into slopes of an expanse of country—from, it might be, fifteen to twenty miles in extent in some cases—may have hurled together upon the plains below an amount of vegetable matter, more or less regular in its equality of deposition, under the denuding and disposing power of the agitated ocean, which would account, without the slightest strain of ingenuity, for the thickest carboniferous deposits yet known. These deposits might have occurred layer above layer, as wooded, marshy, or pasture land on either side or boundary of the bed of deposit, was successively or alternately upheaved."

This is the new theory of the coal measures, which, by its general application, is to overturn all former hypotheses, and reconcile geological phenomena with the Mosaic narrative. If we should accept this explanation, and be at any future time asked to describe the formation of the great coal-field of South-Wales, we must do it in such some terms as the following: Imagine the large area—now so picturesque in its outline, so rich though apparently so unproductive—to have been one a part of the sea bed, surrounded by impenetrable woods and the richest vegetation of a more than tropical luxuriance. When the ocean in perfect serenity was reflecting the sunbeams, and a gorgeous light was playing on its shores—when the plumes of the fern tree scarcely moved in the breeze, and strange fish sought shelter in deep water, or under the shadow of a rock, from the intensity of the heat, the earth trembled, and the gentle uplands rose into frightful precipices, towering to the skies in majestic altitudes loftier than the highest peak of the Himalaya mountains. Raised to this giddy height the hanging woods and rich pastures tottered, and in one mighty mass tumbled into the ocean; and the ruin covered that large space which is now the great coal-field of South-Wales. This overthrown forest is one of the seams of coal from which the miner, after the lapse of about five thousand years, is supplying fuel for your dwellings. As the theorist says, it is absurd to think that wood can sink, and that, as he believes, the largest forest in the world would produce "a miserably attenuated carboniferous deposit." We may wonder how a clean bituminous coal of five or six feet in thickness could have been produced from such a mixture of vegetable matter, soil, and detritus, but this we are compelled to believe; and we may anxiously inquire how slip could have followed slip, covering on each occasion an area of many square miles, until vegetable matter was accumulated for some thirty or forty seams of coal in this interesting and nationally important district. There may be other difficulties in the way of belief; you may demur to the adequacy of the cause to account for the extent and uniformity of the effect; you may be unable to account for the separation of one substance from another in the short space of time allowed for the succession of catastrophes; you may not understand how thick beds of compact ironstone, rich under-clays crowded with stigmaria, and well-defined beds of sandstone could have been produced by landslips; and you may marvel how forests, could have had such rapid growth upon spots bare of soil; but these objections will be quite unimportant if you are as determined as the author to believe any thing in preference to the conclusions of geologists.

We can not close these remarks without alluding to the important subject of the distribution of organic remains, for it is over them the reconciliation of God's word and works will be made. Geologists are falsely accused of saying with the atheist: "Nature is the only cause—nature was everlasting." We only guess at the meaning of the author in the magniloquent sentence: "Animated nature, undelivered from the vacuous domain of pristine nonentity, awaited the great will of the Everlasting." But we perfectly understand the expression, "God created great whales, and every living thing that moveth," and we believe it; our intellect receives the fact, our faith approves it, and we rejoice to know that that God is our God, in whom we live, move, and have our being. No germ of Atheism, we hope, exists in this confession of faith. Believing in the almighty power of God, who "created heaven and earth and all that in them is," and rejecting all the folly and impiety of the Vestigians, we stand upon the same ground as our author.

But the terms of our agreement do not end here, for the author admits the main facts of science in reference to the nature and distribution of organic remains. What

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these facts are we shall briefly state. It is frequently difficult to ascertain by mineralogical tests to what portion of the geological series a certain rock belongs; and if no fossils are found, the investigator must, in the absence of other proofs, trust to sagacious conjecture. We might mention, as examples, many limestones of different ages so closely resembling varieties of that important mass on which the carboniferous series rests, as to be undistinguishable by composition and structure. But when a handful of fossils is extracted, the enigma is solved, and the relative position of a palæozoic or secondary rock is as correctly determined as though the inferior and over-lying beds were seen in contact. Such an identification would be impossible, if the several strata, or groups of strata, did not possess organic remains peculiar to themselves. This fact has been justly considered one of the fundamental principles of the science; and many geologists believe that even in the present imperfect state of their knowledge, it may be satisfactorily explained. There has been, they say, an increase in the number, and an elevation in the types, of organic forms from the time of the production of the lowest fossiliferous rock to the deposition of the most modern tertiary; but while new forms have been introduced into each successive bed, others have disappeared. The Silurian rocks, for example, contain the relics of numerous Trilobites of many genera, as well as species, and wherever these rocks occur, whether in Europe, Asia, or America, there the remains of these curious crustaceans are collected—a fact which seems to imply that they were present in all the existing seas of that period. For a time the Trilobite was the predominant form of animal life, but when the mountain limestone was deposited, the race had become diminutive in size and unimportant in number; and soon after, or during the formation of that deposit was extinct. In the lias beds are found the remains of enormous reptiles, and they were the lords of the sea or of its coasts; but their numbers rapidly decreased, and above the chalk no remains of this once powerful race are found. But it is in the study of the remains of molluscous animals we become most conscious of the constant change in the character of the fauna. In each succeeding group of rocks some new forms are discovered, and some old ones are lost. There are a few genera which have left their remains, in a greater or lesser number, in formations of all ages, and have still living representatives: the remains of the Lingula, for example, are abundant in the lowest fossiliferous strata, and of the same animal there are living representatives in the Indian Ocean and on the coast of Australia; but of the species found in the palæozoic and secondary strata, not one is at this moment known to be in existence. Upon this subject we may quote the remarks of Hugh Miller:

"Every plant and animal that now lives upon earth began to be during the great tertiary periods, and had no place among the plants and animals of the great secondary division. We can trace several of our existing quadrupeds, such as the badger, the hare, the fox, the red deer, and the wild cat, up to the earlier times of the Pleistocene; and not a few of our existing shells, such as the great pecten, the edible oyster, the whelk, and the pelican's-foot shell, up to the greatly earlier times of the coralline crag. But at certain definite lines in the deposits of the past, representative of certain points in the course of time, the existing mammals and molluscs cease to appear, and we find their places occupied by other mammals and molluscs. . . . . We thus know that in certain periods, nearer or more remote, all our existing molluscs began to exist, and that they had no existence during the previous periods which were, however, richer in animals of the same great molluscan group than the present time."

In an attempt to reconcile his theory to these facts, the author fails completely, for he depends upon the influence of climate and circumstances for the production of those specific differences, which he can not deny, and thus comes so nearly in contact with the Lamarckian hypothesis as to be in danger of the atheistical infection with which he believes the geologist to be afflicted. He makes no attempt to explain why the helix, purpura, and many other prolific genera of molluscous animals are not found in the secondary rocks; though supposing them to have existed at the time of the deposition of those formations, we can not understand why animals now so abundant, in individuals as well as in species, should have escaped entombment in some of the immense accumulations of mineral matter. Nor does he give a reason why the number of genera in the pliocene tertiaries should be nearly four times more numerous than in

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the Silurians, and in existing seas be multiplied eightfold; nor explain how it can have happened, that during the formation of rocks, some animals of the same species should have been distributed all the world over, though now severally confined to localities by their adaptations to climate; but he does confess to the difficulty of finding some cold spot on the world before the Flood, where the progenitors of the Arctic fauna could have found shelter.

We are not among those who find no difficulty in reconciling the received facts of modern Geology with the Mosaic narrative of the Creation. We do not believe that the scientific investigation is yet sufficiently extensive to admit of that minute comparison which is necessary to establish a perfect harmony. We have lived long enough to remember the abandonment of one favorite geological hypothesis after another; the introduction of opinions which at an earlier period would have been unanimously condemned, and we may say, the reconstruction of the science. But extensive as the surveys of modern geologists have been, the necessity of investigation is still acknowledged, and many doubtful theories wait disproof or confirmation. Against such crude hypotheses as the one to which reference has been made, we, therefore, earnestly protest. The Bible is not in danger from the attack of the sciences, for if among their students there should be men, who from an antipathy to the natural freedom its public reception always insures, to its stern morality, or to the spiritual life it reveals, seize upon assumed facts to oppose its occasional allusions to subjects of scientific investigation, the large majority of thinking men are willing to wait the development of physical truths, and the result will approve their prudence.

The author of "Voices from the Rocks" is as much opposed to the doctrine of long geological periods and the pre-Adamic formation of the earth, as the author of "Atheisms," but takes a bolder and perhaps safer position by attributing all fossiliferous stratified rocks to the Deluge. He has thus avoided the necessity of excluding that limited district occupied by the antediluvian race, from the operation of those physical causes by which rocks were formed; and it is certainly less difficult—regarding the geological series simply as an accumulation of mineral matter—to believe that stratified rocks may have been heaped together in one year by such extraordinary agencies as produced a universal deluge, than by landslips in sixteen hundred years. There is, also, some reason in the argument he employs to prove that certain subaqueous formations can not at any period have been a part of the dry land, as they give no evidence of denudation, fluviatile deposits, or alluvial soils; but he states some facts too broadly, and omits others which would greatly modify his conclusions. He altogether fails, we think, to disprove the theory of the overthrow of ancient forests, and the fossilization of vegetable productions on the localities where they grew. In discussing the age of some human remains he arrives, upon most inconclusive evidence, at the following startling result: "Here, then, we have an undeniable proof of the existence of the human race during the formation of the palæozoic rocks, thus striking at the very root of the whole system of modern Geology." But, although we object to this and many other of his opinions, and dispute some of his assumed facts—as, for example, the presumed absence in England of belemnites found in the chalk of Ireland and France—we must give him credit for some originality in the discussion of his subject, and approve the spirit in which the book is, for the most part, written. These merits, however, do not compensate for the error of having made a comparison which, in the present state of science, places the Divine revelation in a position antagonistic to the deductions of eminent and practical men of science. The highest commendation we can give to the authors of the best books on the Mosaical Geology is due to every man who writes with a good intention.

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

# VITTORIA COLONNA.

THE year 1490 was one of those periods that intervene between an old decaying system, ready to perish, and a new time, full, indeed, of disquietude, uncertainty, and strife, yet containing within itself the more perfect order that is to come. "Men are near awaking," says Novalis, "when they dream that they dream;" and there were many evident signs that the slumber, which had been long and deep, was now about to be broken.

In this year of threatening spiritual and temporal revolution, Anna, daughter of the Duke of Urbino, and wife of Fabrizio Colonna, Grand Constable of the Kingdom of Naples, gave birth to a daughter in the Castle of Marino, twelve miles distant from Rome, who soon after received the name of Vittoria—a name which her life teaches us to associate with a noble mind, a sweet countenance, and a heart most pure.

Vittoria early gave signs of a beauty which was to subdue proud hearts; and early, too, if we believe her biographers, she manifested those extraordinary powers which have placed her in the first rank of female poets. Yet, though thus pre-eminent in her own time, how scanty is our knowledge of this incomparable Italian lady. Sismondi makes no mention of her name in his History of the Literature of Southern Europe. The little that is generally known has been gathered from casual remarks by Hallam, Roscoe, Robertson, Ranke, Duppa, M'Crie, and other writers of less note. Dr. Harford, in his recent biography of Michael Angelo, has appended a sketch of Vittoria's Life and Poetry; but this he has taken almost verbatim from the notice prefixed by Rota to the last edition of her works. Rota, in his turn, is mainly indebted to Giovio, the historian, and the French encyclopædist, Bullart. Making use of these various materials, we shall sketch Vittoria's biography.

Amongst the most intimate friends of Fabrizio Colonna, father of Vittoria, was Don Alfonso, Marquis of Pescara, to whom a son was born the same year that Vittoria saw the light. Wishing to strengthen their friendship by the possession of common interests, Pescara proposed to Colonna that their children should be betrothed in marriage. Fabrizio consented, and this engagement was solemnly made when the children were not more than four years of age.

We do not hear much of Vittoria until she was sixteen. We are told that her parents bestowed much attention upon her education; and we must understand this word in no limited sense; for they educated both body and mind, and, most of all, her affections. What wonder, then, that when she came to womanhood, great lords and nobles crowded to her feet, irresistibly attracted by her learning; by the wit which prevented that learning from becoming pedantry; by her warmth of heart; and by the magic of her beauty.

Among other nobles who followed in her train, were the Dukes of Savoy and Braganza. Each made her an offer of marriage. To both, as to all other suitors, she made the same reply—her hand was not her own.

Vittoria was what, in modern times, would be spitefully called a "blue-stocking." She not only knew how to write her own language with correctness and grace, but had studied ancient literature, and was guilty of composing Latin verse. Some allowance must be made for this serious failing. In our own country, half a century nearer these more becoming times, the gentle Lady Jane Grey studied Plato in his own tongue; and Ascham declared that "there were not four persons in court or college" who knew Greek better than our Queen Elizabeth.

Italy has even greater cause to blush, for, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the Professor's Chair of Jurisprudence, at the University of Bologna, was filled by a woman, and no less than five women subsequently held the professorships of jurisprudence, philosophy, and mathematics at the same university!

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The Marquis of Pescara died at the siege of Naples, in 1496, and his son succeeded to the ancestral honors when but an infant. As he grew up he became scarcely less an object of attraction than Vittoria. Brave, generous and handsome, he was quite a cavalier of the good old time, when courage was not deemed another name for brute force. He could wield the pen as well as the sword, and would, as was the fashion of the young men of that day, address to his Vittoria sonnets à la Petrarca; or, like our own noble-hearted Montrose, sing:

"But if thou wilt he constant, then,
And faithful of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never seen before,
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee evermore."

The marriage of this "peerless couple," to use Rota's words, was celebrated, in 1507, with great pomp; the united ages of bride and bridegroom not exceeding thirty-four years. For a short time after the wedding they resided at Ischia, that "epitome of the whole earth," as Bishop Berkeley afterwards termed it.

But since 1490, that time, as we have said, of coming troubles, many events of the utmost importance had taken place in Italy. One French king, Charles VIII., had crossed the Alps, and having overrun the fair plains of the Peninsula, had overturned the power of the Medici at Florence, marched into the eternal city, and pointed his cannon against the Castle of St. Angelo; had, moreover, compelled the Pope to capitulate, seized the crown of Naples, and, for a time, given laws to Italy, until the different states, united by a common danger, joined with the German Emperor and Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain to drive out the intruder.

In 1500, Louis XII. also descended from the mountains, and in twenty days made himself master of the Duchy of Milan and the powerful republic of Genoa. Five years afterwards Louis made peace with the German Emperor. Three later—that is, the year after Vittoria's marriage—the celebrated League of Cambray was formed, by which Pope Julius II. united with the Kings of France and Spain to crush the formidable state of Venice. Julius, having obtained his end by means of this strong alliance, resolved to break with Louis and expel the French forces from the country.

Now was the time for every true man to rally round the standards of Italy and Spain. Pescara was not one to lag behind where duty or glory pointed the way. He had not passed his brief time of wedded happiness in slothful ease. Of him it may be as truly repeated, as was once said of the Emperor Vespasian, "Nunquam minus otiosus quam cum otiosus erat ille."

At the age of twenty-one he had acquired a reputation, not merely for bravery, but for military skill, and was appointed General-in-chief of calvary. In the following year, 1512, on the 11th of April, occurred the celebrated battle of Ravenna, in which, after a desperate struggle, the French won the day. This engagement is remarkable for the youth of two of the principal generals who commanded in it. Pescara was but twenty-two; while Gaston de Foix, nephew of the French king, was only one year older. The first was taken prisoner, together with his father-in-law, and the Cardinal Legate—de Medici, afterwards Leo X; the latter was shot, while in the ardor of pursuit, by a Spanish harquebusier. His death damped the joy of his countrymen in their hour of victory, and he carried to the grave the regrets of brave foes.

Pescara was taken to Milan; but was soon set free on the intercession of his maternal uncle, Triulzi.

During her husband's absence Vittoria lived at Naples, passing her time in reading the classics and writing poetry. She had but one theme for all her verse—her husband's praises; so that, says Bullart, "she seemed to be a new muse, destined to proclaim the renown of this great captain, and to inspire the praises which are ever due to warlike virtue." Even after Pescara had been released, the unsettled state of Italy demanded the constant presence of the General among his troops. It was only at distant intervals that he could visit his wife. This absence was rendered more bearable by the frequent letters that passed between them, full of tenderest affection, and firm unshaken faith in each other's constancy.

We must now pass over some dozen years. In 1524 occurred the battle of Biagrassa, interesting chiefly on account of the death of the renowned Bayard,

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the "chevalier sans peur et sans reproche."

On the 24th of February, in the year following, was fought the famous battle of Pavia, where the valorous Francis "lost all, save honor." Pescara, on that occasion, contributed to the success of the Allies. He, himself, was wounded, though not seriously. The victory was by no means such an one as the Italians desired. It was too decisive. They were as much in the power of Germany after it, as before they had been at the mercy of France. They accordingly sought to detach Pescara from the imperial interests, by offering him the crown of Naples.

Whether Pescara did or did not accept the proffered honor; or whether, by a feigned assent, he made a treacherous use of treachery, we know how Vittoria acted. As soon as she had heard of the proposal she wrote to her husband, reminding him of his "wonted virtue, and with what reputation and renown he had advanced the glory of many kings; that not by the grandeur of kingdoms and titles was honor acquired, but by a life of virtue, which should pass unspotted to his descendants; that she did not desire to be the wife of a king, but rather of that great captain, who, not only in war by his valor, but also in peace by his generosity, had known how to conquer the greatest kings." This was about August or September, 1525. Towards the close of the year, Pescara became seriously indisposed. As he grew worse the physicians began to feel alarmed, and communicated their fears to their patient. He ardently longed to see his faithful wife before he died; but the prayer was not to be granted. His cousin and heir, the Marquis del Vasto (for he left no children) closed his eyes a few days after.

Vittoria no sooner heard of the serious illness of her husband than she set out from Naples. On her way she passed through Rome, and there, and every where, was received with extraordinary honors. But when she had proceeded no farther than Viterbo, the fatal news reached her. The blow was terrible. She was no ordinary wife weeping for an ordinary husband. Hers was not such a loss as one year's tears and weeds would suffice to mourn. For a long time she refused to be comforted; and showed that, with all her high intellectual endowments, she had but a woman's heart, most tender, most true. At last she checked her grief, and——married the Duke of Braganza? By no means. She was still young, and very beautiful, and, moreover, famous in the world of letters. So, after a decent interval, princes and lords crowded around the widow, as, twenty years before, they had thronged around the maiden. Again they made her offers of marriage; but each and all she gently, though firmly, refused, saying, "My bright sun," (so she used always to call her husband,) "although he is set to others, still lives and shines for me." For the first seven years of her widowhood Vittoria gave herself up to the study and the writing of sonnets in praise of her husband. There are not less than one hundred and twenty-five of these extant; and it can not be denied that they manifest more real feeling than the famous sonnets of Petrarch. They are infinitely more genuine in their tone, and almost wholly free from the wearisome conceits which disfigure the poems of Laura's lover. Indeed, while it is still a matter of dispute whether the Beatrice of Dante, the Laura of Petrarch, and the "Donna" of Michael Angelo, are historical personages, there is no doubt that Vittoria's verses are not the result of ingenuity, but the offspring of deep affection, hallowed by the sense of loss. The following elegant epigram has been variously ascribed to Flaminio, Mosconi; but with more justice to Ariosto:

"Non vivam sine, te mi Brute, exterrita dixit
Portia, et ardentes sorbuit ore faces;
*Avale*, te extincto, dixit *Victoria*, vivam
Perpetuo mœstas sic dolitura dies.
Utraque Romana est, sed in hoc *Victoria* major,
Nulla dolere potest mortua, viva dolet."

The same idea is brought out in the 112th of Vittoria's sonnets:

"Beata lei, che con un fuoco estinse
L'altro più interno, e dall ardita Morte
Fu'l martir lungo in sì brev'ora spento.
Ma timor dell' eterne fè più corte
Le pene sue; lo mio furor distrinse
Maggoir paura, e non minor tormento."

Yet, though thus bravely meeting sorrow, the mourner did not the less look forward to death as her only release, her best and truest friend. About this time she wrote three sonnets (Nos. 38, 39, and 40) on the death of the parents of Molza, who died on the same day:

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"Quanta invidia al mio cor, felici e rare
Anime, porge il vostro ardente e forte
Nodo, che l' ultime ore a voi di morte
Fè dolci, che con sempre agli altri amare!"
—*Son.* 38.

Perhaps one of the most beautiful sonnets Vittoria ever wrote, and that one which has been best rendered into English, is the 43d, in Rota's collection, commencing:

"Parmi, che'l sol non porga illume usato."

The translator in this case is Mr. James Glassford, who some twenty-five years ago, published "Lyrical Compositions from the Italian Poets:"

"Methinks the sun his wonted beams denies,
Nor lends so fair light to his sister car;
Methinks each planet mild, and lovely star,
Has left its sweet course in the spangled skies:
Fallen is the heart of noble enterprise,
True glory perished, and the pride of war;
All grace and every virtue faded are;
The leaf is withered, and the flow'ret dies;
Unmoved I am, though earth and heaven invite,
Warmed by no ray, nor fanned if zephyr blow;
All offices of Nature are deranged,
Since the *bright Sun* that cheered me vanished so.
The sources of the world have quite been changed;
Ah! no, but sorrow vails them from my sight."

"This beautiful sonnet," writes the Edinburgh Reviewer, "reminds us of some of those in the noble collection of Dedicatory Sonnets prefixed to the 'Faery Queene.' Vittoria is one of the best of the Italian sonneteers; and, in grave dignity, and the absence of conceits and epigrammatic turns, approaches nearly to the style of Wordsworth."—*Edinburgh Review, January*, 1835.

After a period of retirement, Vittoria again appeared in society, and her friendship was courted by the *literati* of that brilliant age. Among those who could claim acquaintance with her, we find Martelli, Giovio the historian, Flaminio the poet, "whose Latin verses," says Hallam, "are often equal in beauty and purity to those of Tibullus himself." Castiglione wrote his *Cortigiano* greatly to please her. Bernardo Tasso she substantially befriended; for when he lost all his property in the political turmoils of that time, Vittoria gave him such assistance as called forth his gratitude; and his more illustrious son was taught to look up to the gentle lady with heartfelt devotion. With Pietro Bembo she held frequent correspondence; while best known of all her friends was Ariosto himself, who, in the 37th canto of his *Orlando Furioso*, alludes to her as "another sun lightening the heavens:"

"Vittoria è il nome, e ben conviensi a nata
Fra le vittorie; e a chi o vada, or stanzi,
Di trofei sempre, e di trionfi ornata
La Vittoria abbia seco o dietro, o innanzi."

Seven years Vittoria spent in writing these elegiacal sonnets. A great change then came over her. She began to doubt whether it was right to give up so much precious time to tears and sad memories. The cause of this change is ascertainable.

At this period Juan Valdez, (or Valdesso,) a Spanish nobleman holding office at Naples, exercised a powerful influence over the minds of those with whom he came in contact. He was one of those men who do much, without making any show. He studied theology, and became attached to simpler views than the Romish Church could offer. A perfect gentleman, a thorough scholar, endowed with excellent qualities of head and heart, it was no marvel that he won the affections of every one. His mingled gentleness and power made a vast impression upon Vittoria. By him she was taught to look with favor on the Reformation movement in Italy. At this time the Reformed doctrines had obtained a higher ascendency in that country than they have ever since held. The Reformation was of a far more intellectual character there than in Germany. Consequently, while in the North the new doctrines were embraced by the peasantry, in the South they were adopted almost exclusively by the nobility and gentry, the *literati* and students at the universities. Hence it followed, that the teaching of Luther remains to this day, and the lessons inculcated by the scholar-like Valdez have altogether died out of Italy.

Among Vittoria's leading friends at this time were the cardinals Contarini and Pole. The latter had left England in order to escape the displeasure of Henry VIII. for his conduct on the divorce question. Both Englishman and Italian had

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become acquainted with the main tenets of the German divines; but, unlike the Reformers, they viewed separation from Rome as the greatest calamity that could befall the Church, and were ready to give up any dogma for the sake of visible unity. Pole was Vittoria's spiritual guide. He watched her with the deepest solicitude, lest her love for scriptural truth should induce her to secede from the Church of Rome; and about this time she joined one of those societies which, under the name of "*Oratories of Divine Love*," were accustomed to meet in the different Italian cities for "mutual edification, the worship of God, preaching, and the practice of spiritual exercises."

Among the most prominent characters of the period was Bernardino Ochino. A man of deep earnestness, his search after truth led him at first to become a Franciscan; but finding the discipline of that order not sufficiently strict, he joined the society of the Capuchins. Yet frequent fastings and severe penance did not satisfy him. Like Luther, his cell was the scene of many a desperate conflict with the powers of evil.

In Italy it was not, as in Germany, the custom for the regular clergy to preach. This duty was performed by the monks and friars. The chapters of the different orders chose such of their number as possessed the greatest powers of eloquence, and sent them to preach in the principal towns during Lent, which was the only time of the year when the people received religious instruction. Ochino had attained this highest reach of a monk's ambition. At each returning season of humiliation he addressed vast multitudes in one or other of the cities of Italy. Multitudes crowded to hear him. He caused the avaricious to become liberal; the proud he taught humility. He melted all hearts by the fire of his language. "That man," said Charles V., "would make the stones weep." So great was his fame, that in 1538, four years after he had joined the Capuchin brotherhood, the people of Venice used every effort to induce him to preach in their city. Cardinal Bembo writes to Vittoria, begging her to exercise her great influence over Ochino for that purpose. Vittoria was successful; and, in one of Bembo's letters to the Marchioness, dated from Venice, February 23, 1539, he describes the effect which the friar had produced upon his hearers, and adds: "From the whole city I send your Highness immortal thanks for the favor that you have done us; and I especially will ever feel obliged to you." And again, on the 14th April, he writes: "Our Frate Bernardino, whom I desire henceforth to call mine, as well as yours, is at present adored in this city. There is not a man or woman who does not extol him to the skies." Ochino did not, for some time, openly inculcate the Reformed doctrines. He left his hearers to draw their own conclusion. They could draw but one; and as the preacher waxed bolder in denouncing the infamous corruptions of Church as well as State, vague suspicions that the devout and revered brother was not quite sound, ripened into certainty. Formal complaints were laid against him. These he answered with irresistible force. But soon after, while preaching at Venice, in 1542, he heard that one of his personal friends, a convert of Valdez, had been imprisoned for heresy. Then, when all the senators and principal persons of the city were present, he burst forth into impassioned exclamations: "To what purpose do we exhaust ourselves, if those, O noble Venice! queen of the Adriatic—if those who preach to you the Truth are to be thrown into prisons, thrust into cells, and loaded with chains and fetters? What place will be left to us? Oh! that we had liberty to preach the Truth! How many blind, who now grope their way in the dark, would then be restored to light!"

Soon after this, Ochino was summoned to Rome. He proceeded as far as Florence, but, finding that his death was resolved upon, he fled to Geneva, and there openly joined the Reformers, with whom he had long secretly sympathized.

Another of the notables of this time was Renée, Duchess of Ferrara, and daughter of Louis XII. of France. From her kindness of heart, her superior accomplishments, her engaging manners, and her many virtues, she earned the honorable name of the "Good Duchess." In her early maiden life she had formed an intimacy with many of the leading Reformers who frequented the court of Margaret Queen of Navarre. After her marriage with Ercole II., Duke of Ferrara, she clung to the teaching of the French Reformers. But in Italy caution was needed. She invited to her court those who thought with her; but it was as *literati* they came, and not as the exposers of ecclesiastical

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corruption. Upon the terrace of the ducal palace would often assemble a goodly company, intent upon one great subject. There might have been seen, sitting near the "Good Duchess," Olympia Morata, the most learned, and Julia Gonzaga, the most beautiful women of Italy. At their feet, gazing with large wondering eyes, would sit little Leonora d'Este, still a child, and not yet ripened into that perfect loveliness which Tasso found so fatal to his peace. There, too, grouped around these noble ladies, appeared the Cardinal Pole, with anxious face, full of dread, lest the poison of heresy should infect them, while Contarini strove to cheer his audience with hopes of a bright future. Carnesecchi, standing next to him, seemed already wearing the bright crown of victory, soon to be exchanged for fiery martyrdom. Stern and gloomy, John Calvin, known here as Charles Heppeville, knits his brows in anger at the temporizing policy of Contarini and Pole. Valdez, too, is here, justly claiming the "grand old name of gentleman," as he smooths away the half-uttered taunts of the uncompromising Genevan, doing what he can to mediate between him and Ochino, who, in burning words, carries the hearers with him, urging that the hour to break with Rome, decisively, has not yet arrived. Others there are of lesser note; Flaminio, the poet, and missionaries from the Waldenses, sent to visit their brethren on the hills of Italy. The homage of the company is divided between Renée and Vittoria, Marchioness of Pescara. The beauty of the latter still remains, albeit time and sorrow have dimmed the brightness of her eye, and tinged her hair with gray. She is calm and resigned; full of earnest desire for the truth; listening reverently to all that is said, and pondering the words in her heart.*

Looking back through three centuries upon those distinguished assemblies, we wonder how it was that so many refined minds, so many generous hearts, so many noble intellects, failed to produce a lasting influence upon the Italian mind. Was it that this people, so prone to gorgeous display, and all the "luxury of devotion," was naturally unfit for the severe austerity of Northern worship? or, was it that the Reformers of Italy were too refined, too intellectual, and not sufficiently endowed with the mental and physical strength of Luther?

We must retrace our steps. During Vittoria's seven years' sadness were probably written the whole of the 125 sonnets, placed by Rota in the first part of his edition. To this period doubtless belong the *Canzoni*, which Roscoe esteems above her sonnets; while subsequently must have been written the 212 *Rime Spirituali*, and the *Stanze*, of which the above-mentioned historian remarks, that in simplicity, harmony, and elegance of style, they equal the "productions of any of her cotemporaries, and in lively description and genuine poetry excel them all, excepting only those of the inimitable Ariosto." In the first-mentioned sonnets, and in the *Canzoni*, she dwells on the eventful life and noble actions of her husband.

In 1537 a friendship commenced which, more than any other circumstance, has handed Vittoria's name down through 300 years, and caused the general reader to have some knowledge, at least, of her history, even though he may be ignorant of her writings.

It was at Rome that Vittoria first saw Michael Angelo. She was then in her forty-seventh year, he in his sixty-fourth. This fact must preclude all ideas of a romantic attachment on the part of the great artist. We can not look on this as another illustration of "the Loves of the Poets," but be content with a more common-place view. And yet the affection which this "king of men" felt for our poetess was of no common sort. He looked up to her with reverence. His love for her was that of the artist. He loved her as we do not find he had loved any other woman. More than Laura was to Petrarch—even as Beatrice was to Dante—in his sonnets he makes frequent mention of Vittoria. Mr. Taylor has thus translated one of these:

"If it be true that any beauteous thing
Raises the pure and just desire of man
From earth to God, the Eternal Fount of all,
Such I believe my love; for, as in her
So fair, in whom I all besides forget,
I view the gentle work of her Creator,
I have no care for any other thing
Whilst thus I live. Nor is it marvelous,
Since the effect is not of my own power,
If the soul doth by nature, tempted forth,

* We are partly indebted to the authoress of "Sketches of Christian Life," for the above description.



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Enamored through the eyes,
Repose upon the eyes which it resembleth,
And through them riseth to the primal love
As to its end; and honors in admiring;
For, who adores the Creator needs must love
his work."

Though Angelo's writings often partake of the obscurity of the other great Italian poets, so that it is not always easy to determine whether he is speaking of an abstraction, there can be no doubt that in this case he does refer to an actual person. The last line proves it. In a sonnet translated by Dr. Harford, he speaks of Vittoria as embodying those æsthetic ideas which all his life long he had been striving to express. In another he speaks of painful doubts, which he beseeches her to solve:

"I, lady, to your sacred penmanship
Present the blank page of my troubled mind,
That you, in dissipation of my doubts,
May on it write how my benighted soul
Of its desired end may not so fail
As to incur at length a fatal fall.
Be you the writer, who have taught me how
To tread by fairest paths the way to heaven."

The same year that Vittoria became acquainted with Angelo she formed the design of visiting Jerusalem. From this she was dissuaded by her cousin, the Marquis Del Vasto. In 1541 she determined to retire into a convent, and joined a sisterhood at Orvieto. Thence, a few months after, she removed to the convent of Santa Caterina, at Viterbo, this being the town where she first heard the sad tidings of her husband's death. Towards the end of 1546 Vittoria returned from Viterbo to Rome, and took up her residence at the convent of Sta-Anna. At the beginning of 1547 she became seriously ill, and was removed to the palace of Giuliano Cesarini. She rapidly grew worse. On the 15th of February, she made her will,* and very shortly after her gentle spirit rejoined the spirit of him whom she had so long loved and lost.

Mr. Landor, in his very beautiful *Imaginary Conversation* between Vittoria and Michael Angelo, has made Vittoria say: "When death approaches me, be present, Michael Angelo, and shed as pure tears on this hand as I did on the hand of Pescara."

"Madonna!" replied Angelo, "they are these, they are these! Endure them now rather! Merciful God! grant me to behold her at that hour, not in the palace of a hero, not in the chamber of a saint, but from thine everlasting mansions!"

The prayer was not granted. During the last moments of her life, Angelo came to her bedside, and kissed the hand that was now well nigh cold.

Those who live long learn to be out of love with life. Angelo had worked hard through a protracted existence, and had received but little emolument or honor. In his eighty-second year, his aged and faithful servant, Urbino, died. The old man sat with him night and day, and tended him in his last illness. He, himself, lived seven years longer, and expired, February 17th, 1563.

Some idea of the great popularity of Vittoria's writings may be gathered from the commendatory notices which Rota has attached to them. Many of these are by contemporaries, and all speak almost extravagantly of her powers, calling her divine and godlike. More than this. While the first edition of her poems appeared in 1538, a second was published in 1539, a third in 1540, a fourth in 1544, a fifth and sixth in 1548, a seventh in 1552, and three more in the same century. Since then editions have been published in 1692 and 1698, and in 1760, this being Rota's, and we believe the last.

* Vittoria bequeathed 10,000 crowns to Pole, which he refused to accept. He ordered it to be added to the fortune of the Marchioness's niece, when she married Don Garcia.

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# THE ROYAL WEDDING.

The marriage of Prince Frederick Wilhelm of Prussia, with the Princess Royal of England, named Victoria Adelaide Maria Louisa, after her august mother and the Queen Dowager, was celebrated with imperial splendor on Monday, Jan. 25, 1858, in St. James's Palace. It was no ordinary occasion. The programme, as a whole, formed an interesting chapter in the history of the royal family of England. It caused the great heart of England to quicken its pulsations with unwonted interest and pleasure.

Desirous of prolonging and extending the pulsations of interest which Americans on this side the water may be supposed to feel in what deeply concerns the English people, we have thought it as fitting as it would be acceptable to the patrons and friends of this journal to adorn our present number with the portraits of the royal personages whose nuptials have caused such a thrill of pleasure. We have sought for the most perfect likenesses of the originals, and Mr. Sartain, as our readers well know, is accomplished in artistic skill to do his part. The portraits must speak for themselves, if they speak at all.

We subjoin the following sketches as matters of interest and information:

Prince Frederick William Nicholas Charles was born on the 18th of October, 1831. His father, the Prince of Prussia, is brother and heir to the reigning King, and at present actually rules in Prussia as regent, during the declining health of the monarch. Prince Frederick is the only son of the Prince of Prussia, and, of course, heir presumptive to the crown. The mother of Prince Frederick, a daughter of the Grand Duke of Weimar, bears an illustrious character as a lady of noble disposition, a lover of freedom, the friend of letters, and patroness of every liberal art. The Prince, her son is said to be a fine-looking young man, in height about five feet nine inches, with graceful and dignified manners, blue eyes, a German face, and amiable disposition. The Princess Royal, the eldest child and daughter of Victoria, was born in the year of the Queen's marriage, November 21st, 1840, and was welcomed with enthusiasm by the English public, who regarded her at the time as a new heir to the throne. Her christening was celebrated with signal grandeur in the Throne Room of Buckingham Palace, and many eminent persons were present, who have since passed from mortal scenes. Foremost of these were the Queen Dowager, the Duke of Wellington, Viscount Melbourne, and the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge. The Princess is fair and delicately formed, and has grown up as charming in person as she is accomplished in mind and manners. Her eyes are blue and of an arched expression, and her movements are full of grace, dignity, and ease. At the date of her marriage she had seen seventeen years and sixty-five days. A few years hence may see her Queen of Prussia, and her next brother King of England, on the decease of her excellent queen-mother, Victoria.

### BETROTHAL OF THE ROYAL BRIDE.

It was in the autumn of 1855, and in the midst of the public rejoicing at the news of the fall of Sebastopol, that Prince Frederick William of Prussia, nephew of the reigning King, and heir presumptive to the crown, without much previous public announcement, came to pay a visit to her Majesty, who, with the Royal family, was at Balmoral, where the Court had arrived from the south the week before. His Royal Highness entered Aberdeen on Friday, September 14, and proceeded by the Dundee Railway towards the Royal residence, being met at Banchory by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, who, accompanied by General Sir George Grey, had posted thirty miles to greet his arrival. The Prussian Prince, who was attended by Colonel Heintze, was received by the Queen, attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, on his arrival at Balmoral.

On the 28th of September, the ordinary calm routine of rural enjoyment which marked the sojourn of the Court in her Majesty's favorite highland home, was diversified by a dance to the tenantry on the Balmoral property, at which were

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present some non-commissioned officers and soldiers of the 79th and 93d Regiments who had served in the Crimea, and who happened to be quartered at Ballater. At this joyous and interesting gathering the Prince of Prussia was present. On the Monday following, his Royal Highness took his departure for London, accompanied as far as Braemar by the Queen and Prince Albert. He arrived in London on the following day, and on the Tuesday following, his Royal Highness took his departure from London for Berlin.

A few weeks after Prince Frederick William's return home, the *Cross*, a Berlin newspaper, announced, apparently on authority, the betrothal. The bridegroom elect made frequent visits, from time to time, to England, and took part with the Court in many interesting ceremonials.

On June 6, 1856, her Majesty and the Prince Consort went to a grand fancy dress ball at Hanover Square Rooms, given in aid of the funds of the Royal Academy of Music. The Princess Royal and Prince Frederick of Prussia were also of the august party—the former simply attired in a white robe and a wreath of flowers.

Prince Frederick of Prussia paid a visit to England in May, 1857, and was present, with the Princess Royal and others of the Royal family at the christening of her Majesty's youngest child, the Princess Beatrice. Meantime the official announcement of the betrothal of Prince Frederick William with the Princess Royal of England was published in the *Staats Anzeiger*.

On the 18th of May her Majesty communicated the gratifying intelligence to the House of Commons, in a gracious message, which was brought up by Lord Palmerston, asking for the concurrence and assistance of this House in enabling her to make such provision for her eldest daughter, with a view to the said marriage, as may be suitable to the dignity of the Crown and the honor of the country.

A provision was made for her Royal Highness of £40,000 as an outfit, and an annuity of £8000 a year for life from the date of her intended marriage.

### THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

The marriage of the Princess Royal with Prince Frederick William of Prussia was celebrated yesterday in the Chapel of St. James's Palace, with all the splendor of modern state ceremonial. The day was even more generally kept as a holiday by all classes in the metropolis than had been expected, and the crowds that collected in the Park and the vicinity of the Palace were immense, though the place did not allow of much out-door pageantry. A transient glimpse of the royal party and foreign guests was all that could be obtained, yet the event excited interest enough to keep those thousands together for many hours. It was a good and hearty popular feeling, and the unmistakable manner in which it was displayed must have been very gratifying.

Among those who attended the ceremony were representatives of an eventful past, and those in whom repose the hopes of the future. By the side of the young Princess was Leopold of Belgium, with his spare and wiry form and historical figure, whom time has lightly touched. Did not his thoughts go back forty years, to another scene, with what changes and chances since? A few steps in advance of our Queen walked Lord Palmerston, bearing the sword of state, and looking quite able to do much more with the emblematic weapon than carry it, if need were; he also can recur to political and official memories of nearly two generations. These are the veterans who connect the present with the past; but, on the whole, the chief characteristic of the scene was the youth of the principal persons in it. The august parents of the bride are still in the noon of life; the princely bridegroom has but just arrived at manhood, and his beautiful and royal bride is in the very bloom of youth. There was something even touching in the glance she threw round her as she passed, so confiding in its simple hopefulness; many a heart whispered, God bless her! and long defer the day when that fair young brow will have to bear the weight of a crown.

Although the morning was raw and cold, the crowd began to gather at a very early hour; every moment added to its numbers, and in an incredibly short time the space between Buckingham Palace and St. James's, with the exception of the avenue reserved for the passage of the Royal carriages, was completely filled. Towards noon, when the royal party were expected to leave Buckingham Palace, the concourse of spectators was immense. The route to be followed by the royal party was kept by a detachment of Life Guards,

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aided by a numerous body of police; and although their temper was occasionally sorely tried, they contrived to maintain effective order. Shortly before noon the bridal procession left Buckingham Palace. It consisted of upwards of twenty carriages.

First came the Princess of Prussia, the Duke of Saxe Coburg, the Princes Frederick Charles, Frederick Albert, and Adalbert of Prussia, the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, the Duke of Brabant, the Count of Flanders, and their respective suites in coaches drawn each by two horses. After a short interval followed the bridegroom in a state carriage drawn by black horses. His Royal Highness was escorted by a detachment of Life Guards, and attended by the gentlemen of his suite. His reception by the multitude was most enthusiastic. The remaining coaches were occupied by Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, the Bride, the Prince of Wales, and the other members of the Royal Family. Her Majesty and the Princess Royal rode together in a carriage drawn by cream-colored horses, and the cheers which greeted their appearance were vehement and prolonged. A strong detachment of the Life Guards closed the procession.

Upon arriving at St. James's the royal party alighted under a covered way erected at the private entrance from the garden. The passage of the processions through Queen Anne's Room, the Tapestry Room, and the Armory, was a scene splendid and impressive. The ladies who occupied the seats prepared for the occasion, and the greater part of whom were in the bloom of youth, were all in full court dress, and the dazzling effect of their jewels and feathers, their silks and laces, but above all, their natural charms, may easily be imagined. They rose as each procession passed before them, and did homage to it by a deep obeisance, which was graciously acknowledged by Her Majesty and the other principal personages.

Most of the gentlemen present wore a military or a naval uniform, and the flashing of swords and the glitter of gold lace added yet another feature of brilliancy to the scene. At the top of the great staircase leading to the Color Court were the initials of the bride and bridegroom formed of white flowers upon a background of evergreens, plaited so as to compose a rich natural tapestry, the whole supported by palm branches, displaying the colors of England and Prussia. The railings and balustrades were richly gilded and decorated with flowers, and on the landings of the stairs were immense draped mirrors, which reflected and multiplied the processions as they passed, still further increasing the magnificence of the spectacle.

### THE COLONNADE.

The greatest portion of the spectators who were admitted by tickets within the Palace were accommodated in the Colonnade, along which the three processions passed from the state rooms to the chapel. The entrance to these seats was from the lower end of St. James's street, and before the hour of opening the doors, a crowd, chiefly of ladies, had gathered round them. The arrangements were carried out very punctually. At ten precisely, the ticket-holders were admitted, and though there was something of a rush, yet, as access to the top tier of seats that rose from the pillar side of the colonnade upwards was given by three separate stairways, there was no confusion. The first-comers chose the best seats and the lower tiers were speedily occupied.

The seats were covered with scarlet cloth, crossed by blue lines marking the space for each person. But as the majority were ladies, it required some polite interference on the part of the attendants, and much compression of voluminous skirts, before the seats could be made to hold the appointed number. In half an hour the whole space was filled. Then began the period of waiting, incident to all such occasions; it was enlivened by the frequent passing of uniforms up and down the colonnade, the heralds and pursuivants being especially active; now and then a Minister, a Gold Stick, or some well-known military name was noted. There were some errors of course; Clarence, King at Arms, was mistaken for a Yeoman of the Guard, and a party of diplomatists were generally supposed to be Prussian footmen. Random speculations of this kind, and criticisms of each other's toilettes by the ladies, filled up the time very agreeably.

The prevailing style of dress was befitting a bridal; there were so many white bonnets and gauzy vails that it might have been supposed a large number of brides

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had been dispersed among the spectators. There were singularly few gentlemen; parties had evidently been made up with only the indispensable amount of male escort. The scene, therefore, was all color, tier on tier, like a brilliant slope of flowers. The spaces between the pillars of the colonnade were hung with wreaths of ivy, holly, and other evergreens, fastened with rosettes and streamers of white satin; the opposite wall was similarly decorated, with the addition of bouquets of palm leaves and flowers. Beneath every rosette was the plume and helmet of a tall guardsman, also his cuirass, and finally, his boots; the red coat being all but merged in the scarlet drapery behind him.

Shortly before twelve, an order to these statue-like warriors to "carry swords," produced a clash and glancing of steel for a salute, and the Princess of Prussia and her attendants passed into the chapel.

Soon after twelve, the sound of trumpets advancing from the inner apartments, gave notice of the approach of her Majesty; as the head of the procession entered the colonnade, the spectators rose, and the line passed to the chapel.

Her Royal Highness looked pale, but returned the greeting with which she was welcomed very gracefully, and with perfect self-possession. A more beautiful sight can scarcely be imagined than that presented by these groups while passing; but beautiful even as a spectacle, the general feeling it awakened was something better than admiration. The sincerest wishes for the happiness of the young and royal bride accompanied her on her way.

### THE CHAPEL ROYAL.

The entrance to the Chapel Royal was in the Ambassador's Court, fronting the windows from which her Majesty was proclaimed in June, 1837. It was the usual narrow doorway, almost close under the apartments where Marshal Blucher was lodged in 1815, and out of the windows of which he used to lean and return the greetings of the crowds that assembled in the court to gaze upon him.

Among all the alterations which the Chapel Royal has undergone, those which have been made for this ceremonial are by no means among the least. Holbein himself would not have known his work amid yesterday's improvements; and that they are great improvements, may be judged from the fact that the interior of the building looked not only rich but almost spacious, and as if it really was meant to accommodate a number of visitors. The old high pews had been entirely swept away, and a sufficiently broad path left up the center of the building from the doorway to the altar. On either side of this, rising one above the other, are four rows of seats, covered with crimson and bordered with gold lace. These accommodate 150 persons—the gentlemen being allowed a space of twenty inches and the ladies no more than two feet. The latter indulgence, however, as it turned out, was a most feeble and inadequate concession to the fashions of the day, and great was the struggling and grievous the injury to robes of state before the ladies could reduce themselves to the required standard.

Above these seats and along the walls at each side, at about eight feet from the ground, two galleries have been erected, which are intended to be temporary, but which have been so massively constructed, so richly adorned, and effect such a great improvement in the interior, that is to be hoped they will be suffered to remain. The cornice of the galleries is ornamented with a handsome scrollwork of carved oak in keeping with the rest of the chapel; light blue and gold columns support them in the front, and from the spandrils of the arches spring gold beadings, marking the outline of the whole in the most tasteful manner. Over each column is a shield with the royal cipher surmounted with the crown, and a light handsome railing of blue and gold closes the whole in front. These galleries held yesterday, when full, rather less than 150 peers and peeresses, making the total number of seated visitors who could witness the ceremony from all parts of the chapel not quite 300.

There were other places than these, however, in which many peers and peeresses were placed, but angels' visits are frequent compared with the number of glimpses which they could have had of what was passing. We presume, however, the privilege of being under the same roof when the ceremonial took place was considered all-sufficient. The seats provided for the representatives of the public press were really excellent and well placed, affording ample accommodation for all the journalists present. They were on the

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basement floor, on the left-hand side, and corresponded with the seats occupied by most of her Majesty's Ministers on the right of the chapel. According to a popular court fiction, however, no reporters were supposed to be present.

At the upper end of the Chapel, round the *haut-pas* and altar, all the walls had been hung with the richest crimson silk velvet with a deep and massive bullion fringe. The effect of this was rather too heavy, and in the shadows and corners of the sacred building it seemed so dark in tone as to have almost the appearance of black drapery. But for the extra window which has been added to that end of the chapel, this would have been a most serious error. The altar is draped in the same style, and a beautiful semi-circular communion rail runs round the whole. The communion-table is heightened to bear the gold plate, which shows gorgeously upon the crimson velvet. The plate here is most massive, though not so antique as is generally supposed, the saints of the commonwealth having manifested a most carnal weakness for the beautiful service which was given to the church by Charles I.

One noble flagon of this set, however, still remains, though the history of the hairbreath 'scapes from the grasp of the fifth-monarchy men would almost fill a volume. The rest of the service including the noble and lofty candelabra and the large salver of the Last Supper, is mostly of the time of Anne and the first George. It includes a massive gold service of Anne's reign—the only one of the kind in the possession of the Crown. Round the altar on the right and left, forty or fifty magnificent settees in crimson and gold were carefully arranged. The low chair of state on the left, with five little stools, two at one side and three at the other, showed at once where Her Majesty would sit, surrounded by her royal children. Her Majesty's pew, over the entrance, was richly dressed and decorated anew for the accommodation of the Corps Diplomatique, all the chief members of which were, of course, to be present on such an occasion.

The first visitors who arrived at the chapel were Lord Campbell and Lady Stratheden. His Lordship wore his rich collar of office, fastened at each shoulder with white favors. Following in rapid succession came the Countess of Mulgrave, the Hon. Mrs. Grey, the Countess of Bessborough, Viscountess Sydney, Viscountess Combermere, Lady Ernest Bruce, Lady Foley, Lady Alfred Paget, etc. All these ladies wore full court dress, with plumes and jewels, and their arrival enabled one to form a fair idea of the matchless brilliancy the appearance of the chapel would present when filled. A group of heralds in their tabards, emblazoned with all the heraldic devices of the British Empire—Clarencieux King of Arms, Norroy King of Arms, and Garter Principal King of Arms, were the next gorgeous additions to the general tableaux.

The Right Hon. M. T. Baines and Mrs. Baines were the first of the Ministerial visitors. Mr. Baines wore the Ministerial uniform, but no wedding favor, neither did Mr. Vernon Smith, nor Mr. Labouchere. These, however, were the only exceptions.

It was now near 11 o'clock, and the visitors began to pour in rapidly. The Marchioness of Clanricarde came, then Sir Charles and Lady Mary Wood, Lord and Lady Stanley of Alderly, Lord and Lady Ebury, the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke, Lord and Lady Panmure, Sir George and Lady Grey. The Duke of Atholl came in full Highland costume. The Duke of Richmond wore the uniform of the Sussex Militia, of which he is the Colonel; the Duke of Buccleuch, the uniform of Militia Aide-de-Camp to the Queen; the Duke of Manchester, the uniform of Major of the Hunts Militia.

The Dukes of Newcastle and Argyll both wore the Ministerial uniform, as did also the Earl of Derby. The Duchess of Richmond, the Countess of Jersey, the Countess of Derby, and Countess Mountedgcumbe, all sat together, the first three ladies being particularly conspicuous for the richness of their dresses and the brilliancy of their jewels. Sir George and Lady Cornewall Lewis, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Marchioness of Abercorn, Marchioness of Breadalbane, and Duchess of Wellington were among the late comers, as was also the Countess of Granville.

The names we have mentioned are merely those of the visitors who were most conspicuously placed, and though a fair average selection as to rank, they are in number but a tithe of the distinguished assemblage which crowded the building.

It was now twelve o'clock, and every place was filled save those reserved for the royal

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actors in the ceremonial, and their suites. The busy hum of subdued laughter and constant conversation arose from every part of the little building; feathers waved and diamonds glittered, and the whole scene was one of indescribable animation and brilliancy. The dresses of the peeresses who occupied all the front seats of the galleries, though crushed and crumpled so that even the most penetrating of Court milliners could not have recognized them, were in themselves a pageant, and one which for variety in effect and color is seldom seen.

It is now past twelve o'clock, and the excitement of expectation increases every moment. Ladies who are driven near the door intrigue successfully to change their places with lords who are nearer to the altar. A noble countess drops her cloak and shawl over the gallery rail on to the floor with a heavy "flop," and a general titter ensues. It is increased as another peeress, looking over, moults the feathers from her head-dress, and they come sailing slowly down, and every one looks up much as people do at the theater when a play-bill goes eddying over into the pit. Suddenly there is a little stir, and the Princess of Prussia enters the chapel magnificently attired in a robe of white satin, and with her train borne by the youthful Countess Hacke.

With her Royal Highness come their Highnesses Prince Adalbert and Prince Frederick Charles, and a most brilliant suite of Prussian officers. The whole brilliant audience of the chapel rises *en masse* and bows as the Princess Royal's mother-in-law elect passes on to the altar. Hardly are they seated there, on the left-hand side, when faintly in the distance the long-blown, clear, defiant notes of the trumpeters are heard. They come nearer and nearer, and the last arrivals among the visitors hasten to arrange themselves, while the officers of the household fall into brilliant line along the pathway up the chapel at either side. Step by step the advance of the trumpeters is followed; now they are descending the staircase, the regular roll and beat of the silver kettle-drums become audible, and the prolonged triumphant flourish proclaims the approach of Majesty.

The trumpeters, pursuivants, clerks, and equerries file off outside the chapel, but the Lord Steward, Norroy, Clarencieux, Garter, the Lord Privy Seal, the President of the Council, the Lord Chancellor, the Earl Marshal of England, and others of high note and rank, all enter. But they enter almost unobserved, for from behind them comes the Princess Mary of Cambridge, her train borne by Lady Arabella Sackville West. A murmur of admiration, which neither time nor place could altogether subdue, greets her as she enters the chapel, bowing with stately elegance in return for the homage rendered. After her Royal Highness comes the Duke of Cambridge, attended by Colonel Tyrwhitt; and to the Duke also a tribute of cordial respect is paid.

The Duchess of Cambridge is received in the same manner, but a deeper reverence awaits the Duchess of Kent, who smilingly, and as to friends, returns the greeting. The next great notability is the veteran Premier, who bears before the Queen the Sword of State in ponderous solemnity. After this even the Royal Princes are unnoticed, and every one bows slowly and deeply as Her Majesty, leading in either hand Prince Arthur and Prince Leopold, enters the chapel. Of course, on these occasions there is no applause, and nothing but the prolonged obeisances denote the depth of loyal welcome with which the royal mother of the bride is welcomed.

The Queen looks, as she always looks, kindly and amiable, but self-possessed and stately. On her head is a crown of jewels such as relieves all apprehensions as to the effect which the late Hanoverian "raid" upon the royal caskets might have had upon Her Majesty's toilet. Courtesying in acknowledgment of the profound homage with which she is welcomed, Her Majesty passes at once to her chair of state on the left of the altar, and which is placed between the five embroidered settees occupied by the yougest Royal children. From this time all remain standing in the presence of Majesty, even the Princess of Prussia, who stands on the opposite side of the altar.

Lord Palmerston on the Queen's right hand, bears the Sword of State, while the Duchess of Sutherland, herself attired in almost royal magnificence, stands on the left by right of office as Mistress of the Robes. Again there is another pause of intense interest, and again the drums and trumpets are heard, and ushered in with the same imposing ceremonies, comes the procession of the Bridegroom. On the

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right walks his Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia, his father, and on his left his brother, Prince Albert. All eyes, however, are fixed upon the royal bridegroom, as he walks slowly, but with the most perfect ease and elegance of action, up the center of the Chapel. He wears the uniform of Prussian General, with the insignia of the Order of the Black Eagle of Prussia.

The uniform shows his tall figure to advantage, and sets off his frank, open countenance and prepossessing bearing. Near the altar he stops before Her Majesty's chair of state, and slowly bows with the most profound reverence, and turning to his royal mother, he bows again with equal respect, but less deeply than to the Queen, and then, kneeling in the center of the chapel, prays with earnest devotion for a few minutes. His prayers ended, he rises, and stands at the right hand of the altar, waiting his bride, and likewise submitting to such a scrutiny from the hundreds of brilliant eyes as never bachelor withstood alone before.

Again a pause ensues—a pause of impressive solemnity, for expectation seems wrought to the highest pitch, and no one speaks, and few even move to disturb the stately solemnity that reigns over the whole interior, while even the most illustrious of the royal guests seem struck, and gaze with open admiration on the scene around. It is, indeed, one which might well rivet the attention of princes, one of those gorgeous visions seldom seen and never forgotten, for within the precincts of that little Chapel sits the throned Sovereign of the British Empire, with her court and princely guests, and surrounded by the greatest and most influential members of the greatest and most influential aristocracy in the whole world. The very building, so small, and yet so rich in its contents, almost suggests the idea of a grand jewel casket, in which all that the nation most values and reverences is put away for greater safety.

After a while, the Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain again quit the Chapel to usher in the procession of the bride. The trumpets were again heard nearer and nearer, till again they die away in subdued cadence, which has an inexpressibly soft and beautiful effect.

The great officers of State enter the Chapel, but no one heeds them, for there is a peculiar movement without, and a soft rustling of silk is clearly audible. In another second the bride is at the door, and stands "Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls," that bloom in fair array behind her.

The illustrious personage on whom her right hand gently rests, is the Prince consort; on her left stands His Majesty the King of the Belgians; both are in full uniform, and wear the collars and insignia of the great European Order of Knighthood to which each belongs. All-absorbing is the interest excited by the appearance of the bride herself. The gorgeous vail she wears depending from her head-dress is thrown off, and hanging in massive folds behind, leaves the expression of her face completely visible as she walks slowly, her head slightly stooped in bashfulness, and her eyes cast down upon the ground. Thus all can see distinctly the mild amiable expression of her face, so replete with kindness and deep feeling, and that peculiarly touching aspect of sensitiveness, to attempt to portray which would "only prove how vainly words essay to fix the spark of beauty's heavenly ray." Her bright bloom of color has completely deserted her; and even when compared with her snowy dress, her cheeks seem pale, and her whole appearance denotes tremulousness and agitation.

In these ceremonies we believe the dress of the bride ranks only next in importance to the celebration of the service; but on this occasion the Princess Royal wore one so thoroughly in good taste that it is difficult to remark any thing, save that it is exquisitely becoming, beautiful and white. In fact, its unity only recalls to mind the belle of the French Court, who is said to dress with such a perfection of good taste that one can never observe what she wears. While, however, we mention this as the actual effect of the costume, we may state, for the further information of our readers, that it was manufactured by Mrs. Darvill, designed by Miss Janet Fife, and composed of a rich robe of white moire antique, ornamented with three flounces of Honiton lace.

The design of the lace consists of bouquets in open work of the rose shamrock and thistle in three medallions. At the top of each flounce in front of the dress are wreaths of orange and myrtle blossoms—the latter being the bridal flower of Germany—every wreath terminating

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with bouquets of the same flowers, and the length of each being so graduated as to give the appearance of a robe defined by flowers. The apex of this floral pyramid is formed by a large bouquet worn on the girdle. The train, which is of the unusual length of more than three yards, is of white moire antique, trimmed with two rows of Honiton lace, surmounted by wreaths similar to those on the flounces of the dress, with bouquets at short intervals.

Next to the interest excited by the appearance of the bride herself is the feeling created by the fair bridesmaids, who "in gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls," follow in stately array, bearing up the rich train of the Princess Royal between them. The ladies honored with this distinguished mark of royal favor are among the personal friends of the young bride, and, what is singular, are every one lineally descended from the great royal houses of England and Scotland. They follow the bride two by two—Lady Susan Charlotte Catherine Pelham Clinton, daughter of the Duke of Newcastle; Lady Cecelia Catherine Gordon Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond; Lady Katherine Hamilton, daughter of the Marquis of Abercorn; Lady Emma Charlotte Smith Stanley, daughter of the Earl of Derby; Lady Susan Catherine Mary Murray, daughter of the Earl of Dunmore; Lady Constance Villiers, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon; Lady Victoria Noel, daughter of the Earl of Gainsborough; and Lady Cecelia Maria Charlotte Molyneux, daughter of the Earl of Sefton.

The dresses worn by this fair train are from a design furnished by the illustrious bride herself. They consist of a white glace petticoat, entirely covered by six deep tulle flounces, over which falls a tunic of tulle trimmed with ruches of tulle, looped up on one side with a bouquet of pink roses and white heather. The body is trimmed with draperies of tulle, with hanging sleeves of the same material trimmed with ruches. A bouquet of the same flowers is worn in the girdle and upon each shoulder.

As the bride passes up to the altar, she stops and makes a deep reverence to her mother, though with evident agitation, and her face flushes like crimson; then, again turning, she renders the same homage to the Prince of Prussia. As she does so the bridegroom elect advances; and, kneeling on one knee, presses her hand with an expression of fervent admiration that moved the august audience. Taking their places then at the altar, and with their illustrious relatives standing round in a group of unequaled brilliancy, the service commences with the chorale, which peals through the little building with the most solemn effect. The words are particularly appropriate, full of feeling and piety, and the audience follow them in a whispered cadence as the choir sing:

"This day, with gladsome voice and heart,
We praise thy name, O Lord! who art
Of all good things the giver!
For England's first-born Hope we pray!
Be near her now, and ever!
King of kings, Lords of lords,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Hear us, while we kneel before thee!"

The hymn over, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury took his place in the center of the altar, and assisted by the Bishop of London, as Dean of the Chapel Royal, the Bishop of Oxford, as Lord High Almoner, the Bishop of Chester as Clerk of the Closet, the Dean of Windsor, as Domestic Chaplain, and the Rev. Dr. Wesley, as Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal, the marriage service is commenced at exactly ten minutes to one.

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The usual prayer was then offered, and the Primate, joining their hands together, said: "Whom God has joined, let no man put asunder." A psalm and the Hallelujah Chorus followed.

Hardly had the last words of the chorus died away in solemn echoes, when the ceremonial, as arranged by chamberlains and heralds, ended; and the bride, giving vent to her evidently long pent-up feelings, turned and flung herself upon her mother's bosom with a suddenness and depth of feeling that thrilled through every heart. Again and again her Majesty strained her to her heart and kissed her, and tried to conceal her emotion, but it was both needless and in vain, for all perceived it, and there were few who did not share it.

We need not mention how the bridegroom embraced her, and how, as she quitted him, with the tears now plainly stealing down her cheeks, she threw herself into the arms of her father, while her royal husband was embraced by the Princess of Prussia in a manner that

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evinced all that only a mother's love can show. The most affecting recognition, however, took place between the bridegroom and his royal father; for the latter seemed overpowered with emotion, and the former, after clasping him twice to his heart, knelt and kissed his parent's hand.

The Queen then rose, hurrying across the *haut pas* with the Prince Consort, embraced the Princess of Prussia as one sister would another after long parting, and turning to the Prince of Prussia gave him her hand, which as he stooped to kiss she stopped him, and declined the condescension by offering her cheek in stead.

But words will feebly convey the effect of the warmth, the abandonment of affection and friendship with which these geeetings passed, the reverence with which the bridegroom saluted Her Majesty, the manly heartiness with which he wrung the Prince Consort's hand, for by the working of his face it was evident he could not trust his tongue to speak.

After a few minutes had been allowed for the illustrious personages to recover their composure, during which the bride again lost hers, while she received, with all the affecting warmth of a young and attached family, the congratulations of her brothers and sisters, the procession prepared to leave the church. There was some little hurry as the various personages fell into their places, but at last the bride and bridegroom left.

There was no mistake about the expression of the bride's face as she quitted the sacred building. Her delicate color returned, her eyes sparkled with emotion, and there was such a light of happiness upon her features as she turned upon her royal husband a look of the most supreme affection, that even the most reserved felt moved, and an audible "God bless her!" passing from mouth to mouth accompanied her on her way.

The procession of Her Majesty then passed to the throne room in the same order in which it entered the chapel. There on a splendid table lay the register, in which the ceremony was entered, and duly attested, by an immense number of those present and by the members of the royal families in the following order: Victoria, Albert, (Prince Consort,) Prince of Prussia, Augusta, (Princess of Prussia and Duchess of Saxony,) Leopold, Victoria, Albert, Edward, Alfred, Alice, Augusta, George, Mary Adelaide.

In the evening the illumination of the city of London was general, including the residences of the several foreign Ambassadors and Ministers. "A simple gas star shone outside the house of the Ambassador of the United States."

Various demonstrations of rejoicing and loyalty took place in different parts of the country. In most places the day was observed as a holiday. At Manchester and the vicinity dinners were given to the poor. At Liverpool flags were exhibited, the shipping was gaily dressed, and the church bells were rung. —*London Times, Jan.* 26.

At the Queen's State Concert, on the evening of the wedding-day, two new stanzas, composed by Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, were added to *God save the Queen!* and sung by soloists and chorus. None surpass us in genuine admiration of Tennyson, but we must candidly own that this addition is not worth copying.

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ULTIMA THULE. — "Ultima Thule" is the name given in early history to the northernmost part of the habitable world; hence the Latin phrase *Ultima Thule*, the utmost stretch of boundary. Mr. Hogg, in a paper read to the Royal Society of Literature, in 1853, stated that it had been a common opinion that the Ultima Thule of the Romans was Iceland, but that he considered this rested upon no good authority. On the contrary, he believed that the Feroe Islands represent their Ultima Thule, it not being probable that, if the Romans had reached Iceland, they would have omitted discovering Greenland and America. Nothing certain is known of Iceland till the ninth century, though it has been imagined that the English and Irish were acquainted with its existence, as the Venerable Bede is said to have described the island pretty accurately. The Icelandic chronicle commences with the landing of the Norwegians, and states that a pirate of the name of Naddodr was driven by a storm upon Iceland in A.D. 861.

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# LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING; OR, JERUSALEM AS IT WAS, AS IT IS, AND AS IT IS TO BE. By J. T. BARCLAY, M.D., Missionary to Jerusalem. Philadelphia: James Challen & Sons, Bulletin Buildings. New-York: Stanford & Delisser, No. 637 Broadway. 1858.

THE very title of this book is a great condensed volume in itself. It is suggestive of abundant thoughts—awakening sacred emotions, carrying the mind at once far back along the track of time, into remote ages—to ancient Salem, the city of Melchisedek, and gathers around it a grand constellation of historic scenes and reminiscences—a vast assembly of prophets, apostles, saints, martyrs, and holy men of old, leaving the mind, as it were, into the very presence-chamber of the Deity—to the Garden, to the Sanhedrim, to the bar of Pilate, and to the affecting scenes of Calvary and the cross. The author of this book, Dr. Barclay, spent three years and a half as a missionary amid these scenes and associations of ancient sacred story—spending much time in careful and intelligent research among the old localities and foundations of this "City of the Great King;" reflecting light on many doubtful points, making investigations of great practical value, illustrative of Bible history. This handsome volume of six hundred and twenty-seven pages is a valuable accession to the sacred literature of the age. The researches, the statements, the facts spread out on these pages, illustrated by well-executed maps and drawings, entitle Dr. Barclay to the gratitude of the Christian world, and the enterprising publishers to hearty thanks and a liberal and extensive patronage.

THE HUGUENOTS.—A serious opera in four acts has been arranged and introduced at the Academy of Music, by Mr. Ullman, with great success. The interest and excitement awakened by its performance is unusual, it is said, though we have not seen it. Nor is it strange that it should be so, with the requisite accessions of music and scenery. There is a sacredness and charm in the very name Huguenots. Huguenots form a great historic chapter in annals of France, of our race—a great drama—a thrilling tragedy in this world's history, which can not and will not be forgotten. The memory of St. Bartholomew's day will never die. We would that the name Huguenots were blazed in letters of living light upon every evening's sky, like the rainbow on the clouds of day. All should read the history of the Huguenots, as a great lesson: whether they hear or not the rich music of Meyerbeer.

DR. LIVINGSTONE is about to sail for Lisbon, in order to make arrangements with the Portuguese Government relative to the navigation of the Zambesi river, and commercial intercourse with those regions of the interior where the coast is under the Crown of Portugal. Dr. Livingstone intends to return to this country for a short time before finally starting for the scene of his scientific and missionary labors.

SOLAR SPOTS.—A very large group of spots was visible near the western limb of the sun on the day of the 16th, and several other smaller spots were scattered over its surface. The group at the western edge was almost large enough to be seen with the naked eye, and consisted of three or four dark spots surrounded with the usual penumbra, which extended to a considerable distance from the nuclei. The bright streaks and veins which are sometimes seen near the edges of the sun were likewise very conspicuous, and were most advantageously seen in the neighborhood of the group.

A NEW COMET, the sixth of 1857, was discovered at Florence on the 11th ult., by M. Donati. This comet also, like the preceding ones, has been discovered in the northern part of the heavens.

A CELEBRATED Frenchwoman said that the greatest blessing woman can receive on earth, is the continuance of the affection of her husband after marriage.

SEPOY CRUELTY.—We regret to state that a young lady, the daughter of a highly respected clergyman of Bristol, who married a gentleman connected with the Indian service about a year since, has just returned, not only widowed, but terribly mutilated. The Sepoys have cut her tongue out, and inflicted other injuries. The melancholy circumstance has created much sensation, for it has brought the horrors of the war before us in their reality, and not the least in the parish from whence the lady went forth, so short a time since, in the bloom of beauty, to the enjoyment, as it was believed, of a very happy lot in life.

FROM a return just published, it is shown that in the year ended 31st March last, the paper duty amounted to £1,138,880, whilst in the previous year the amount was £1,047,430.

ON Monday, according to a return printed, the duty on tobacco and snuff in the year ending the 31st March last was £5,210,116.

THE same day an official document was issued showing that in the year ended the 31st March last, the duties on spirits amounted to £11,435 881. In the preceding year the duties were £10,350,479

NANA SAHIB.—The following is the description of the person of this miscreant, taken from the *Agra Government Gazette:* "The Nana is forty-two years of age. Hair black; complexion light-wheat colored; large eyes, and flat round face. He is understood to wear a beard. Height, about five feet eight inches. He wears his hair very short, (or at least did so,) leaving only so much as a skull-cap would cover. He is full in person, and of powerful frame. He has not the Mahratta hooked nose with broad nostrils, but a straight, well-shaped one. He has a servant with a cut ear, who never leaves his side."

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